

Superstar 1611

Chapter 1611: The people of the world fall to their knees!

At the venue!

On TV!

The entire world was silenced!

Ha Qiqi was dumbfounded!

Little Wang's jaw dropped!

Anthony's jaw dropped!

Felicia's jaw dropped!

In the live broadcast camera, the Economics Prize winner who was taking a sip of water spat it out!

Nothing like that had happened before in all 50 years of the Nobel Prize award ceremony. The nominees, staff, guests, media reporters, and even the viewers watching television at home were all dumbfounded at this moment. It was as though 10,000 grass mud horses had galloped past in front of their eyes!

...

England.

The Internet blew up!

"Holy shit!"

"Who is that?"

"Whose leg was it?"

"Jesus! W-What just happened?"

"God, what did I just see?"

"The Literature Prize winner was tripped?!"

...

Japan.

"Who was that?"

"Why does that leg look so familiar?"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"I saw it! It was Zhang Ye!"

“Damn, was it really him?”

“How is he so bold!”

“What does he not dare to do!”

“True that, this fellow was really notorious back then!”

...

Korea.

“Oh my God!”

“Zhang Ye is crazy!”

“This leg looks familiar!”

“At the Olympics, he did exactly the same thing by tripping an international referee!”

“Oh yeah, I remember now. This isn’t the first time he’s done something like this!”

“I’m gonna faint! He’s too bold!”

“I really have to take my hat off to this Chinese guy!”

...

America.

“It’s him?”

“Gone With the Wind’s author?”

“The hooligan of the literary field, Bangalore, was tripped by someone?”

“Tripping someone at the Nobel Prize award ceremony?”

“Is that Chinese author crazy?”

“My God! Why are there so many hooligans in the literary field!”

“This is a global broadcast!”

“Yeah, everyone in the world is watching this!”

...

India.

The people’s resentment was boiling over!

“Fuck your sister!”

“Zhang Ye!”

“That Chinese guy is so despicable!”

“That bastard!”

“How dare he do that!”

“This is provocation!”

“He purposely trying to make a fool of us!”

...

Back at home.

His mother was shocked!

His father nearly fell off the sofa!

His mother asked, “Old Zhang, was that our son’s leg?”

His father said, dabbing at his sweat, “I think so.”

Wu Zeqing affirmed, “It was him.”

His mother broke down and bellowed, “This is a global broadcast!”

...

At Central TV.

The live broadcast studio was terribly quiet at this moment.

The host and the studio’s guest commentator were stunned.

The host said, “Um...uh...it seems like an accident has happened at the venue.”

The guest commentator said, sweating, “What on earth just happened?”

“Let’s play it back in slow motion.”

A lot of people who were watching the Central TV live broadcast nearly burst out laughing!

A replay?

In slow motion?

Do you think this is a soccer match!

It was the first time they had encountered a slow motion replay for an award ceremony!

...

At Spring Garden’s place.

Xiaodong went crazy!

Li Xiaoxian’s legs turned to rubber!

Amy was dumbfounded!

“Did you guys see that?”

“Yes.”

“I didn’t see it wrong, did I?”

“No, you didn’t.”

“I’m gonna faint!”

...

At Zhang Ye’s Studio.

Many of the staff fell out of their chairs!

“Director Zhang!”

“What the heck!”

“It’s over! We’re done for!”

“This is going turn into something major!”

“Are we—are we going to get blacklisted from the Nobel Prizes?”

...

On Weibo.

“Face-smacking Zhang has gone mad!”

“Zhang Ye is gonna soar to the Heavens!”

“Damn, he really turned physical!”

“This is a global broadcast! It’s a fucking global broadcast!”

“Teacher Zhang, I’m kneeling to you!”

“The entire world is watching the live broadcast. This is the Nobel Prize award ceremony! Do you think that is happening back at home?!”

“Aiyo, I really have to hand it to Teacher Zhang!”

“I’m genuflecting as well! Teacher Zhang is too rash! He always gets into a fight without any warning! Like he’d care that this is broadcast live around the world!”

“This is great. Face-smacking Zhang’s notoriety is gonna spread across the world this time!”

“I knew it! I knew that Teacher Zhang would cause some trouble when he went overseas! This fellow doesn’t give a fuck about the occasion!”

“The glory of that trip feels so familiar.”

“Of course it feels familiar! Back here at home, who knows how many people have already been felled by the feet of Zhang Ye! This is the fucking Zhang Ye’s claim to fame move!”

“Motherfucker, why do I feel like laughing the more I hear you guys talk about this!”

“Pfft, hahahahaha! I can’t hold it in any longer either!”

“Although it’s a little inappropriate, I would still like to say: Teacher Zhang, beautifully done!”

“That Indian author was absolutely asking for it!”

“He asked for it by being a showoff in front of Zhang Ye!”

“It’s been four years, but Face-smacking Zhang’s temper is still the same as ever. He still takes action when it’s called for and never hesitates to do so!”

...

Yao Jiancai.

Ning Lan.

Zhang Yuanqi.

Zhang Ye’s family.

Zhang Ye’s friends.

The Chinese citizens.

The Japanese citizens.

The French citizens.

The Australian citizens.

Countless countries around the world were left kneeling!

Why would you dare to do that!

How could you do something like that!

Y-You’re too mean!

...

At the venue.

The live broadcast was still continuing.

Bangalore got up angrily and pointed at Zhang Ye. He roared at him, “What did you do!”

Then everyone became even more exasperated. Zhang Ye looked straight at Bangalore’s bloody face and asked in confusion, “Huh? What’s wrong?”

Bangalore nearly fainted in anger. “You!”

Anthony was stunned!

Felicia was stunned!

The four physicists that Zhang Ye had gotten to know were also stunned!

What kind of expression is that?

Just what the heck is that expression?

Can you be any more thick-skinned than this!

The trip had been witnessed by everyone in the venue and around the world. But to everyone's surprise, Zhang Ye was playing dumb before everyone!

Anthony wiped at his sweat. "Zhang—"

The Japanese author snorted and said, "So now you know why I was unwilling to get to know him? You've seen it for yourself? The biggest hooligan in the global literary field has actually been sitting close to you all this while! Yet you considered him the angel!" The Japanese author didn't appear surprised by what Zhang Ye did at all.

Felicia and Anthony were speechless.

Little Wang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Director Zhang."

Ha Qiqi covered her face and felt like she had been completely disgraced. If this had been recorded, so be it. They could edit out this incident. Even if it would still cause a stir, it could be containable at least. Unfortunately, this had to happen on a live broadcast. And it was even fucking broadcast live around the world! "The winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature gets attacked by a Chinese author?" Thinking about the headlines that would be splashed across international media, Ha Qiqi was speechless!

But Zhang Ye thought otherwise.

His take on this matter was extremely simple. He had been unhappy with the behavior of the Indian for a long time!

Acting arrogant with me?

Saying that the world owes you the prize?

You're even feeling all righteous about saying that?

Fuck off!

If I had gotten the Nobel Prize, I would've cared about my image and my actions. But since the prize has already been awarded, it has nothing to do with this bro anymore! Why would I still care who you are?!

I don't give a damn at all!

Chapter 1612: The Nobel Peace Prize is announced!

In a certain country.

In a household.

“Mom, come quickly!”

“What’s the matter, Tom?”

“The winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature has been tripped by someone!”

“Tom, children shouldn’t tell lies.”

“It’s true, Mom!”

“Impossible, this is broadcast live around the world.”

“I swear it happened! Come and see, quick!”

“What?”

Similar scenes were playing out around the world.

Many people around the world who were originally uninterested in the Nobel Prize award ceremony had also been called over to watch it by their families and friends. They sat down in front of their televisions with a look of shock! The Literature Prize and Peace Prize had always been the highlights of the award ceremony and were closely watched by people all over the world. The number of people watching had already doubled or tripled from the prior announcements of the other prizes. But now that Bangalore had been tripped, the viewership ratings of the Nobel Prize award ceremony started increasing at a terrifying rate!

The global viewership ratings!

The global viewership numbers!

They were all rising like crazy!

...

On an international social media site.

In just a short time, this trending news kept popping up!

“Oh my God. I’ve dug up some news regarding that Chinese author!”

“What news?”

“It’s about the things that he did in Asia in the past!”

“I found something too! Oh my God!”

“He gave up an award? It was an international math award?”

“He beat up an Olympic referee?”

“He trashed a hotel? So that Japanese hotel got trashed because of him?”

“He even beat up a Korean celebrity too?”

The Panda Burning Incense and CIH viruses were created by him?”

“Back then, hackers from all over the world viewed China as a forbidden zone, and many well-known hacker groups from all over the world declared that they would not invade the Chinese Internet in at least ten years. So it was all because of this Chinese author?”

“Just what kind of a person is he!”

“There’s actually such a hooligan of a person in the world?”

...

At the venue.

The medical personnel rushed over.

They helped Bangalore up and treated his wound.

“Zhang Ye!”

“Just you wait!”

“Just you wait, I tell you!”

Bangalore was yelling in fury.

Faced with an out of control scenario, the venue’s staff rushed over to calm him down. “Mr. Bangalore, please rest for a while. We’re still in the middle of the live broadcast. Let’s wait until after the award ceremony to handle things.”

Bangalore nearly fainted in anger. “Why are you still giving awards out!”

Beside him, quite a few nominees were also trying to persuade him.

“Calm down.”

“Let’s wait until the awards are all given out.”

“The entire world is watching.”

“You’re not that badly hurt anyway.”

“The medal can be replaced even if it broke.”

Bangalore saw red at the words!

Fuck you!

How is this “not that badly hurt”?

Why don’t you fucking crash to the ground before saying that!

Everyone chipped in with a word or two, but none of them sided with Bangalore. He had offended too many people over the years, plus the “acceptance speech” he had just given probably added even more people to that list. The wicked could only be subdued by the wicked, so when they finally saw someone who was willing to stand up to Bangalore and teach him a lesson, a lot of them couldn’t help but gloat in their heads. They thought to themselves, You’re usually so smug, but now you’ve finally met a tough opponent!

In the corner, several Nobel Prize nominees were laughing under their breaths.

“The Indian author has been totally disgraced.”

“He asked for it by behaving so arrogantly.”

“He probably did not think that he would meet someone who is more of a hooligan than him!”

“That Indian author only knows how to talk tough!”

“Yeah, that Chinese author is the real badass here. I didn’t expect that he could be such a thorn in the side because he was all smiles and being so friendly!”

“How do you guys think this matter will be handled?”

“Who knows?”

Several of the foundation’s people also came over to persuade Bangalore.

Finally, Bangalore clenched his teeth and sat back down. “Alright, I’ll wait for the award ceremony to finish! I want a fair explanation of this after that! And a proper answer for my country!”

The drama was temporarily glossed over.

The Nobel Foundation’s people heaved a sigh of relief.

Only then did the director, who was standing onstage all this while, pick up the microphone again. He smiled apologetically and said to the live audience members and into the live broadcast camera, “Sorry to keep everyone waiting. There was a small incident. I hope it didn’t affect anyone. Next, I will be announcing the winner for this year’s Nobel Peace Prize, the last Nobel Prize that we will be giving out this year!”

Following that, the explanation of the prize began.

One minute.

Two minutes.

Perhaps the director was trying to turn the atmosphere at the award ceremony back around, so he gave a very interesting explanation of the history of the Nobel Peace Prize.

Gradually, many of the live audience members and viewers watching TV refocused on the awards.

Although they had gone through an unprecedented “side show,” everyone still managed to refocus their attention back on the award ceremony when it was time for the Nobel Peace Prize winner to be announced. The Literature Prize and the Peace Prize. These were two of the most anticipated and

valuable awards of the Nobel Prizes. If there had to be a comparison, then needless to say, the Peace Prize would definitely have to be much more important than the Literature Prize. The Nobel Peace Prize was the only award that was not given out every year. For example, last year, five years ago, nine years ago, there were no winners at all. This also reflected the value and weight of the Nobel Peace Prize. In addition, it was one of the hardest Nobel Prizes to win as the entry barrier to it was the highest. Nothing else came close!

In the history of the Nobel Peace Prize, the winners were all very famous and important people in the world!

Presidents.

Premiers.

Prime ministers.

Chairmen.

Great philanthropists.

Since they could not invite such people to the award ceremony, the Nobel Peace Prize was the only Nobel Prize that didn't have any nominees.

Everyone in the venue was discussing.

"Which president will it be this year?"

"The Russian president?"

"He already won the Peace Prize four years ago."

"Oh, right, I forgot."

"The current American president has also won it before?"

"Although it was very controversial, he did win it."

"Then there isn't really anyone left to pick from."

"Will it go unawarded again this year?"

In the crowd.

There were also people who didn't care.

Like Zhang Ye, for example. He crossed his legs and leaned back in his seat, no longer bothering to act like a gentleman. Since he didn't manage to win the Nobel Prize, he was no longer interested in the other awards.

Little Wang scratched her head. "He won't call the police, will he?"

Ha Qiqi said bitterly, "Why do we always manage to get into trouble with the police whenever we're overseas?"

Little Wang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She said, "I guess that's our lot in life. In any case, I'm used to it."

Zhang Ye said, "Why aren't they continuing with the award ceremony? We can head back to Beijing after all of this is done."

Ha Qiqi rolled her eyes and said, "We might not even be able to make it back home."

Zhang Ye shrugged and said, "If anything happens, I'll just get locked up over here for a few days. You two can go back first."

"You make it sound so simple." Ha Qiqi said helplessly, "I reckon Little Wang's and my passports are also going to get put on the global blacklist. In the future, I doubt anyone will let us into their countries."

Anthony was a local. "Zhang, if you really get into trouble with the police, I'll bail you out."

Zhang Ye smiled. He turned around and said, "Just by that, I'm making you a friend." Then he laughed and said, "There's no need to bail me out. I've had a lot of experience in situations like this."

Little Wang pouted and replied in English, "Mr. Anthony, you don't have to worry. In this aspect, our Director Zhang has been through many of such experiences. He has already had many run-ins with the police of a lot of countries."

Anthony said, "Huh?"

Felicia clasped her forehead.

Their attention was no longer on the award ceremony.

Behind, Bangalore was fuming and glaring at Zhang Ye. He wasn't looking at the stage at all.

At this moment, an awards staff member brought up a red card and handed it to the director.

The foundation's director nodded and then gently said with a smile, "Next up, I will be announcing the winner of this year's Nobel Peace Prize—"

He raised the card.

And flipped it open.

The director looked at it for a few seconds.

The entire world's people were holding their breaths!

Zhang Ye was still chatting with Anthony and the others.

Bangalore was still glaring at Zhang Ye.

All of a sudden, the director raised his head and looked into the audience with a smile.

"This year's Nobel Peace Prize winner is—"

"His name is—"

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

The director said calmly, “—the Chinese author, Zhang Ye!”

Zhang Ye was still in the midst of a conversation when he suddenly looked up!

Little Wang was so surprised that she squealed!

Ha Qiqi was absolutely dumbfounded!

Anthony was stunned!

Felicia was shocked!

Bangalore fell out of his seat!

In this moment!

It fell silent in the venue!

The entire world went silent!

Chapter 1613: ‘I Have a Dream’!

At the venue.

It was dead quiet.

So quiet that the sound of Bangalore crashing to the floor could be heard!

So quiet that the sounds of a few Nobel Prize nominees doing spit takes could be heard!

Zhang Ye was still leaning back in his seat with a posture that wasn’t very proper, with his hand maintaining the posture from when he was chatting with Anthony and Felicia. He turned his head to the stage and looked dumbfoundedly at the director, then at the winner’s card in his hands!

Little Wang’s jaw was hanging. “W-What did he say?”

Ha Qiqi said in shock, “Zhang Ye?”

Felicia looked like she had her tail stepped on. “Chinese author?”

Anthony was going crazy. “The Nobel Peace Prize?!”

Zhang Ye pointed at himself in disbelief. “Me?”

Bangalore became agitated. “Th-This is impossible!”

If the prize recipient was only known as Zhang Ye, everyone would surely think that it was just someone with the exact same name. However, when the announcement of the prize winner was made, the

director added the prefix “Chinese author” to his name. Only one person had the name of Zhang Ye and could be called a Chinese author in this event!

Instantly, everyone at the venue stared at him in shock!

Instantly, the live broadcast cameras aimed at him in a frenzy!

Then screams rang out!

“Oh my God!”

“The Peace Prize?”

“A Chinese author?”

“Heavens!”

“This—this—”

“Who can tell me what just happened!”

“This is the Nobel Peace Prize we’re talking about!”

“The most important of the Nobel Prizes!”

“Could they have gotten it wrong?”

“Could the Nobel Foundation have made a mistake?”

Watching TV.

Zhang Ye’s parents were dumbfounded!

His parents-in-law were dumbfounded!

His three sisters were dumbfounded!

The staff of Zhang Ye’s Studio were dumbfounded!

Yao Jiancai was dumbfounded!

Ning Lan was dumbfounded!

Spring Garden was dumbfounded!

China!

Japan!

Korea!

America!

The UK!

Russia!

The entire world's people were dumbfounded!

People around the world stared at their television in shock and could not believe their ears!

Not just them, even Zhang Ye, who was sitting in the audience, could not believe it either. Perhaps he had thought about getting the Literature Prize, or even the Mathematics Prize and the Physics Prize. But the Nobel Peace Prize? He had never even thought of it before! Not a single thought at all!

Me?

The Peace Prize?

Are you kidding me?

How could I have anything to do with this prize ever in my lifetime?

Suddenly, Little Wang exclaimed, "Director Zhang! The Americans repealed that Exclusion Act!"

Ha Qiqi also thought of something. "And the peace talks that Russia is holding!"

Zhang Ye was stunned. "Ah?"

Repealing the bill?

The Russian peace talks?

What the hell has that fucking got to do with me!

At this moment, the Nobel Foundation's director who was standing onstage looked at Zhang Ye with a smile. He picked up the microphone and said, "This is the first time that the Nobel Peace Prize has been presented during the ceremony itself. Would the recipient please come up on stage to receive the prize and give an acceptance speech?" After a pause, he said, "Mr. Zhang Ye, please come up on stage."

Anthony nudged him. "Zhang! Go on!"

Felicia said excitedly, "Zhang! Quickly go and accept the prize! Hurry up!"

Only then did Zhang Ye stand up in a daze.

A lot of people were currently looking at the director in shock!

Only then did they remember that this director of the Nobel Foundation was a black person!

Bangalore went crazy!

A lot of others at the venue also went crazy!

Their minds were no longer able to process this. If Zhang Ye hadn't tripped someone, they might not have had such a great reaction. But what exactly happened earlier? Everyone around the world saw the Chinese man trip the Nobel laureate in Literature to the ground. A person like this! A hooligan like this! Someone who was so full of violence!

The Nobel Peace Prize?

Fuck your sister!

Th-This doesn't make any sense at all!

There must have been a mistake!

Zhang Ye had gone onstage.

That black director nodded while smiling and handed the medal to Zhang Ye. "This is the first time a Peace Prize has been awarded to a writer. A novel that helped America repeal the last remaining Exclusion Act; a novel that saved the citizens of Russia and many neighboring countries from the baptism of war; a novel that helped the entire world realize the horrors of war and the importance of unity. It saved hundreds of millions, maybe even billions of people from going through war. Today, I am very proud and honored to be able to hand this medal to you."

Zhang Ye accepted it in a daze.

The director made a gesture to take it from there before walking off the stage.

The rest of the time was to be allocated to Zhang Ye.

The cameras of the media were all aimed at him!

At this moment, the entire world's attention was on Zhang Ye's face!

Everyone knew that this Chinese man must have not prepared a speech. Perhaps he did prepare one, but it would definitely have been for the Literature Prize instead!

Zhang Ye took the microphone. He had no idea what to say.

It's me?

It's really me?

Hans wiped his sweat away. "Zhang doesn't believe it himself either!"

Anna could also see that. "Who can believe it!"

Paige gave a wry smile. "Do the Russian negotiations and the repeal of the American bill really have anything to do with him?"

A mathematician nearby added, "Let's see what he has to say."

Ha Qiqi clenched her fists. "Come on, Director Zhang!"

Little Wang said anxiously, "Say something! Hurry up and say something!"

Then Zhang Ye spoke.

On the stage.

Right here.

On this day.

Zhang Ye delivered a speech that would shock the entire world!

He looked at the camera and everyone else. “I have a dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up, live out the true meaning of its creed: ‘We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.’ I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Africa sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. I have a dream that one day even India, a country sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low. The rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together!”

The people in the live audience were stunned!

The viewers watching TV were also dumbfounded from hearing the speech!

Some people’s blood was racing with excitement!

Some people wanted to vomit blood!

For example, Bangalore nearly blew his top!

India?

Sweltering with the heat of injustice?

Sweltering with the heat of oppression?

Fuck your grandpa!

Zhang Ye said loudly, “This is our hope. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for peace together, knowing that we will have peace one day.”

With every word, he spoke louder and louder!

Zhang Ye raised both his hands.

“And so let peace ring from the prodigious hilltops of America. Let peace ring from the mighty mountains of India! Let peace ring from the snowcapped Urals of Russia. Let peace ring from the volcanic mountains of the Atlantic! From every mountainside, let peace ring!”

The venue was shocked!

The world was shocked!

This was, of course, their first time listening to this speech. But if the people from Zhang Ye’s previous world were present, they would definitely find it familiar, very familiar, extremely familiar—because this was one of the greatest speeches given back in Zhang Ye’s previous world. It was called “I Have a Dream”!

Immediately, applause rang out!

Anthony jumped to his feet. "Bravo!"

Felicia was also quite excited. "Well said!"

Little Wang's hands were red from clapping. "Well done, Director Zhang!"

Ha Qiqi was so excited she was overwhelmed by a rush of emotions!

That was fantastic!

It was so well said!

Director Zhang was still Director Zhang. He would never drop the ball at the critical juncture. So what if he hadn't prepared a speech? So what if there was no draft? This was Zhang Ye they were talking about! On any occasion, at any time, he would not require a prepared speech!

Applause!

Screams!

Cheers!

A lot of people couldn't help clapping when they heard this speech!

Quite a few people from the Nobel Foundation were also nodding in approval as they stood up to clap!

The Japanese author rolled his eyes.

Bangalore also found himself going crazy! You have a dream? Let peace ring? Like I'd fucking believe you! You don't need to write a draft to bullshit, do you!

The world's number one hacker!

The Panda Burning Incense that destroyed Korea!

Making weapons for China!

Trashing a Japanese hotel!

Beating up a Korean celebrity!

And even resorting to underhanded moves at the Nobel Prize award ceremony to hit someone!

There really wasn't another person as much a hooligan as him in the world!

He really was the most notorious bastard in the entire world!

The Nobel Peace Prize?

Goddammit, did you make a mistake?!

How did you see any signs of "peace" in this bastard!

On the stage.

At this moment, Zhang Ye was also very confused. Even he himself felt that this was a tad nonsensical. He had thought that getting the Literature Prize would've been good enough, but he had never expected that he would actually end up with the Nobel Peace Prize instead. This was an even bigger award than the Nobel Prize in Literature!

Chapter 1614: The entire world is made to laugh!

Japan.

Countless citizens closed their eyes in disbelief!

"Oh no!"

"Oh my God!"

"Please tell me this is not true!"

"Why is it him! How can it be him!"

"Yeah, how can it be this guy!"

"That eunuch won the Peace Prize?"

...

Korea.

There was a wave of cries in the country!

Those who had been infected by the Panda Burning Incense virus years ago nearly flipped their tables and started cursing!

"This—"

"They really gave it to him?!"

"Holy fuck!"

"Is the Nobel Prize Committee stupid?!"

"He tripped over the Indian author just now! It happened just a while ago! Didn't you guys see that? Did you really not see that?! Has the committee gone crazy?!"

...

The UK.

"This is unbelievable!"

"They actually gave it to a Chinese man?"

"The Peace Prize is the most important award of the Nobel Prizes!"

"This award is too unexpected!"

"No one could have expected this!"

"Zhang Ye? I'll remember his name."

"This person is truly capable. He was obviously unprepared before going onstage, yet he could deliver such a rousing speech. Impressive."

...

India.

The citizens were enraged. Countless people were cursing and swearing!

"Sweltering with the heat of injustice?"

"Sweltering with the heat of oppression?"

"He even wants the sound of peace to ring out from our country?"

"You're the one who's sweltering with the heat of injustice!"

"You were the one who tripped Teacher Bangalore, yet you're still fucking making sarcastic remarks about us? Why don't you just die!"

"This person is too infuriating!"

"How can there be such a shameless person around!"

...

America.

This dramatic news also shocked the American people.

"The Nobel Prize has been won by a Chinese person for the first time?"

"The crucial thing is that it's the Peace Prize!"

"There has never been a Chinese person who has stood on such a high pedestal!"

"China these days feels different."

"Zhang Ye? This Chinese guy is quite different."

...

An international hacker group.

Many of the members were dumbfounded by the news.

"Holy shit!"

"Even a hacker can win the Nobel Peace Prize?"

“What has become of the world?”

“Boss, why don’t you make a push for the Nobel Prizes next year as well?”

“Get lost!”

...

Back at home.

His mother said dumbfoundedly, “It’s really my son?”

Wu Zeqing acknowledged and said with a smile, “We’ve gotten the Nobel Prize!”

His mother asked again, “My son really won it?”

His father got so emotional that his eyes reddened. “Yes! It’s our son! The Nobel Peace Prize! You’ve been repeating yourself more than ten times!”

Then his mother went crazy and took out her cell phone. “Quick! Give our relatives and friends a call!”

His father said, “There’s no need to do that! Everyone has definitely found out!”

Sisi’s childish voice rang out.

“Daddy is awesome!”

“Daddy is awesome!”

...

At Zhang Ye’s maternal grandma’s house.

There were also screams in this house!

“Our brother has won! He’s won!”

“So cool!”

“It’s really our brother!”

“We have a cousin who’s a Nobel Prize laureate!”

“That’s right! That’s right! I can brag about this for the rest of my life!”

His grandparents were also looking at the television in astonishment. They didn’t know how to express what they were feeling!

...

At his in-law’s house.

Li Qinqin was thrilled and excited!

Wu Changhe looked very stunned!

“The Peace Prize?”

...

At Zhang Ye’s Studio.

Everyone was roaring in celebration!

“We’ve won!”

“We’ve won!”

Someone was crying. “We really did it! We really won!”

“Director Zhang is gonna blow up!”

“We’ll be breaking into the International Celebrity Rankings Index soon!”

A lot of the studio staff were already in tears. They were crying and shouting at the same time. But no matter how many words they said or tears they cried, it was still not enough to express the excitement they had!

...

At the Chinese Academy of Sciences.

It was chaos here as the eight buildings were overrun by shouting!

“He’s won it!”

“Professor Zhang has won the Nobel Prize!”

“Oh my God! Oh my God!”

“He really pulled it off!”

“Hahahaha! Old Zhou! What did I say! Ah? What did I say? I knew this kid wouldn’t have a problem! I knew he could do it!”

...

At Central TV.

In the live broadcast studio.

The host was incoherent!

The host said, “He won it! He won it! The Nobel Peace Prize is ours! The Nobel Prize has been awarded to a Chinese person for the first time!”

Even the guest stood up and declared loudly, “Please remember this day, everyone! Please remember this name! Zhang Ye! He has won the first Nobel Prize for China! I’m very proud right now. I’m proud of Teacher Zhang, and I’m proud to be Chinese!”

The female host was also tearing up. "My current emotions echo Professor Sun's. Everyone witnessed how Teacher Zhang missed out on the Nobel Prize in Literature and might have turned off their television right after. But who could have expected that at the end, at the very last moment, Teacher Zhang Ye managed to bring a Nobel Peace Prize home! This moment belongs to the Chinese people. It is the moment when China's name is ringing out across the entire world! Amazing! Teacher Zhang, you're fantastic!"

...

At Spring Garden's place.

Amy's mouth was still wide open. She hadn't been able to close her mouth all this while!

Xiaodong, who still looked very shocked, was unable to believe her ears. She pointed at the television and asked Li Xiaoxian, who was next to her, "Zhang Ye?"

"Yes."

"The Peace Prize?"

"Yes."

Xiaodong nearly vomited blood!

...

Dong Shanshan's house.

His old classmates were all looking at one another.

Several of them were floored!

"Zhang'er has won the Peace Prize?"

"When did the Nobel Foundation become so humorous?"

"To award the Peace Prize to this fellow, can it get more ironic?!"

"I'm feeling faint. Someone get me some wine to calm my nerves!"

...

On Weibo.

The Chinese netizens were writhing in excitement!

"Face-smacking Zhang?"

"The Peace Prize?"

"Th-This is too face smacking!"

"Who would have thought that this bastard could actually bring home the Peace Prize! Is he thinking of scaring everyone around the world to death?! It's the Nobel Peace Prize, alright!"

“Face-smacking Zhang is going down in the annals of history!”

“Yeah, not only is he going down in the annals of China’s history, he is going to fucking go down in the annals of world history!”

“Pfft!”

“That Indian author is gonna be crying!”

“Don’t mention that Indian author, even I am fucking crying!”

There was still a minority who did not know about this matter.

Some people had only just signed into Weibo.

“Ah?”

“What are you guys talking about?”

“What’s going on here? What about the Peace Prize?”

“Previous posters, don’t you know yet? Then let me tell you all a joke. The joke is: Zhang Ye has won the Nobel Peace Prize!”

“Pfft, don’t joke!”

“Do you guys think I’m an idiot?”

“Hahaha, if Face-smacking Zhang won the Peace Prize, then I’ll go and run for the American presidency!”

Then tens of thousands of people replied to that Weibo comment!

“Go on then!”

“Hurry and go!”

“I’m cramping up from laughing!”

“Bro, all the best!”

“Pfft, you people better go and watch the news!”

In such a short period of time, tens of thousands of people had come to join in on the fun, dumbfounding those people!

Only then did they realize that something was wrong and quickly went to check the news.

If they didn’t check, it would have been fine. But when they saw it, they either vomited blood or fainted!

What?

It’s true?!

...

In this world, many things were simply unacceptable.

For example, pigs flying.

For example, an iron tree blooming.

For example, a vegetarian tiger.

For example, Zhang Ye winning the Nobel Peace Prize.

Everyone in China was cheering at Zhang Ye's Nobel Prize win. But the only problem was that this Nobel Prize made them slightly embarrassed, and they didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Who was Zhang Ye?

China, Japan, and Korea knew him better than anyone else!

He was someone who would scold people regardless of the occasion!

He was a hooligan who would unexpectedly lay a hand on others!

He was an asshole who would make trouble out of nothing at all!

Counting the number of times that Zhang Ye had done such things over the years, none of those incidents would fucking have any correlation to the word "peace" at all! Yet it was exactly this person who won the Peace Prize!

Very soon, the news headlines were published as well!

America.

The UK.

France.

Japan.

Russia.

A similar headline appeared on the news all over the world.

It was a very long headline that had never appeared in the history of the news before.

"The Nobel Prize in Literature nominee who tripped the Nobel Prize in Literature winner at the Nobel Prize awards ceremony wins the Nobel Peace Prize!"

This joke made the entire world laugh!

Chapter 1615: The people from the embassy arrive!

At the venue.

The live broadcast ended. The award ceremony was also over.

Everyone got up and left their seats. Naturally, the Nobel Prize recipients were the focus of everyone's attention. Many friends and colleagues congratulated them, as did reporters. In previous years, once the award ceremony ended, the media from all over the world would surround the Nobel laureates, hoping to get the first interview after the awards had been given out. However, the atmosphere today was a bit funny. When the live broadcast camera switched off, all the reporters were moved!

"Mr. Zhang Ye!"

"Mr. Zhang!"

"I'm with the BBC!"

"I'm a reporter from ABC!"

"I'm with the CBC!"

"Please accept our interview!"

"Can we have two minutes of your time, please?"

Countless people looked at Zhang Ye in a surprise. They just managed to blink their eyes before the international media surrounded Zhang Ye!

The Economics Prize recipient?

The Physics Prize recipient?

The Mathematics Prize recipient?

None of the reporters went over to them!

Almost all the reporters were sprinting towards Zhang Ye with their microphones and cameras. A few foreign reporters couldn't squeeze in and even resorted to squatting down and pushing their microphones into the crowd. That scene, that situation, it was ridiculous.

Little Wang felt very flattered.

Ha Qiqi said in a hurry, "One at a time, please, one at a time!"

Zhang Ye maintained his smile and stood there patiently, waiting for them to ask their questions.

This was his chance to get on the international media and television stations to boost his international fame. For a celebrity like Zhang Ye, this was too rare an opportunity, so of course he would not reject them.

A female Spanish reporter asked, "Did you ever think you'd win the Nobel Peace Prize?"

Perhaps because she had been too anxious, she spoke in Spanish. When she realized, she immediately thought of asking in English again.

However, Zhang Ye answered her in Spanish. "Honestly, it never crossed my mind before. This award was indeed unexpected."

The female Spanish reporter was startled. "You, you can speak Spanish?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "A little."

The female Spanish reporter said, "May I ask if *Gone With the Wind* will get published in Spanish?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Definitely."

A German reporter beside her quickly said, "Did you make up your acceptance speech on the spot?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye said in German, "As I've said, I really hadn't expected to get this award, so I just said what I was thinking and shared my thoughts."

The German reporter was taken aback!

You know German too?

The surrounding reporters were also stunned when they heard this!

You can actually speak so many languages? Aren't you too professional!

One.

Five.

Ten.

Zhang Ye dealt with reporters from all over the world.

At the end, a Chinese reporter finally squeezed in after much effort. He hurriedly said, "Teacher Zhang, I'm with Central TV! I'm with Central TV!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Go ahead."

The Chinese reporter quickly asked, "First of all, let me congratulate you for bringing home the first Nobel Prize for China. But when the award was announced earlier, I noticed a lot of people all over the world doubting it. They're saying that you're part of the grassroots and don't deserve the Nobel Prize. They claim that there are a lot of other people more qualified than you to receive this award. In the past years, this award was only given out to country leaders who have identity and status. This is very different from what you represent, so what do you have to say?"

Little Wang looked at Zhang Ye.

Ha Qiqi had a grave expression on her face. This was a rather difficult question to answer.

But nobody expected Zhang Ye to smile and say, "I agree with this viewpoint."

He had remembered a famous quote from Guo Degang.

The Chinese reporter was stunned. "Ah?"

Zhang Ye chuckled. "I am part of the grassroots."

The Chinese reporter said without thinking, "Uh, is that so?"

Zhang Ye put up his fingers and raised a few examples. "What exactly are grassroots? They're made of up things like ginseng, lingzhi¹, and cordyceps."

Ginseng?

Lingzhi?

Every example that he mentioned floored all the people around him!

You call those fucking grassroots?

Those things are more valuable than gold!

Zhang Ye sighed. "It's stuff like these that can't even be shown off. I can't compare to those people who are like red toons², leeks, or cabbages you'd find in a greenhouse." As he spoke, he gave a thumbs up. "They're all so green³!"

The Chinese reporter did a spit take!

Little Wang and Ha Qiqi were speechless.

The two of them didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

When he was dealing with the foreign reporters, Zhang Ye spoke properly to them, perhaps due to restrictions in language. But when he answered the Chinese reporter, everything that Zhang Ye spouted was nonsense. In his mother tongue, Zhang Ye had gained absolute mastery in the language. He could scold people without using any vulgarities.

The interview ended.

The international reporters all had a great harvest.

At this moment, Zhang Ye's friends came over!

Anna said excitedly, "Zhang, congratulations!"

Zhang Ye opened his arms and embraced her. "Thank you, Professor Anna."

Anthony laughed heartily. "You're gonna get famous!"

Professor Hans also laughed and said, "Zhang, aren't you going to treat us?"

"Sure thing." Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I'll treat everyone to lunch afterwards. All of you must show up!"

Suddenly, Ha Qiqi's expression changed. "Director Zhang!"

Zhang Ye looked at her.

He saw Ha Qiqi nudge her chin at the outside.

Several English police officers arrived.

Beside them, a furious Bangalore was pointing in Zhang Ye's direction. He was rambling to them after reporting him to the police at some point earlier.

It fell silent!

Quite a few people were looking in this direction.

The chief police officer said, "Are you Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye did not say anything.

But Bangalore shouted, "It's him!"

Anthony took two steps forward. "What are you all trying to do?"

The English police officer said, "We're looking for Zhang Ye to understand the situation. Please step aside."

Zhang Ye tugged at Anthony and said, "Don't worry, let me handle this."

All of a sudden, another large group of people walked in from outside.

From their appearances, the group of roughly eight people turned out to be Chinese. All of them were dressed in suits and looked very formal, startling many people who were at the scene.

The lead Chinese guy said, "Wait!"

The English police officer turned around. "Huh?"

The lead Chinese guy pulled out his identification. "We're from the Chinese embassy. Professor Zhang Ye is on a special visa, so we cannot allow you all to take him away. If there's something, you can speak with us."

The embassy?

They've sent someone from the embassy?

Bangalore's expression darkened.

Anthony heaved a sigh of relief.

Felicia also felt a sense of relief.

They knew that with the embassy coming forward, this matter would definitely be resolved very quickly.

Zhang Ye and Ha Qiqi had not expected that the Chinese embassy in England would get alarmed either. For China to come out and help handle his issues? Who else could possibly get such treatment?

The Chinese embassy officials were very tough.

The English police officers could only seek advice from their superiors since this was out of their hands.

10 minutes later.

Both sides were done communicating over the problem.

The embassy official told Zhang Ye, "Professor Zhang, you're free to leave now."

Zhang Ye asked, "It's settled just like that?"

The embassy official said, "You can go back to rest at your hotel first. We'll pick it up from here to settle the issue with them. Once everything is fine, you'll be free to return home. We will arrange for your plane tickets as well. This is something that Ambassador Lin has specially instructed us to oversee. Just rest up and don't worry yourself over anything else."

Zhang Ye said gratefully, "I'm sorry to have caused you all such an inconvenience."

The embassy official gave a bitter smile. "As long as you know that. Please don't be so rash again in the future."

In fact, before Zhang Ye came to England, the Chinese military had already informed the Chinese embassy here through official channels that they must ensure Zhang Ye's safety in England. If anything happened, they had to make sure to send him back to China at all costs. The embassy staff obviously knew what Zhang Ye meant to China. He was one of the top three key protected scientists in China. Further, he was now the person who won the Nobel Peace Prize for China. Anything could happen to anyone, except Zhang Ye!

Therefore, they had to come.

They had to send Zhang Ye off.

This greatly astonished everyone at the venue!

Chapter 1616: Zhang Ye's debut on the International Celebrity Rankings Index!

A day later.

Beijing, the capital's airport.

Zhang Ye was all smiles. "We're finally home."

Ha Qiqi smiled. "I still like China better."

"I was terrified each day we spent abroad." Little Wang giggled and said, "Director Zhang, if you have to go overseas again in the future, please don't bring me along. We should leave such 'good opportunities' to our colleagues at the studio. It's fortunate that the embassy officials showed up and fished us out of trouble. Otherwise, we really might not have come back."

Zhang Ye glanced at the two suitcases in her hands. "But it looks to me that you enjoyed the shopping."

Little Wang blushed. "Not true."

Ha Qiqi was also a bit embarrassed. "I bought quite a few things too."

"Come on." Zhang Ye said, "It's time to go home."

It had only been three days since he left, but Zhang Ye was already very anxious to return home.

However, when the three of them exited the arrival gates, they were shocked!

Both ends of the passage were densely packed with people who were here to welcome them home!

A 1,000 people!

5,000 people!

Over 10,000 people!

Some of them were screaming!

Some of them were holding up banners!

—Welcome home, our hero!

—Congratulations, Teacher Zhang, on winning the Nobel Peace Prize!

—Face-smacking Zhang's glory, shocking the world!

—Zhang Ye, Zhang Ye, I love you!

—Honor for China, glory for us Chinese!

—Annihilate the Indian, a surprise win, congratulations to Teacher Zhang on a safe return!

All of those banners dazzled the eye.

"Zhang Ye has come out!"

"He's here!"

"How handsome!"

"Teacher Zhang! Look over here! Look over here!"

"You're the best!"

"We've finally gotten a Nobel Prize!"

"Zhang Ye, I want a picture with you!"

"Zhang Ye, I want your babies!"

"Ahhhhh! I'm so excited!!"

"You're the pride of the Chinese people!"

"Well done! You haven't embarrassed the Chinese people!"

It was very crowded, and everyone was screaming nonstop. Many reporters were also trying to squeeze their way in with their cameras. This crazy scene of over 10,000 people was spectacular. The situation kept going out of control!

Little Wang exclaimed, "Why are there so many people?"

Zhang Ye was very touched. He quickly hollered, "Thank you! Thank you!"

It was only a short 10-minute walk to the parking lot, but Zhang Ye and company took over an hour to get there. The crowd, reporters, and airport security staff had them surrounded the entire way there. In

China, it was a common occurrence for people to come and greet their celebrity idols at the airport. However, such a large welcome party was complete unprecedented. This was no longer something that could be described as greeting a celebrity at the airport. It was more like welcoming a hero back home!

10,000 people!

15,000 people!

The further they walked, the more people gathered around them!

However, the trio of Zhang Ye and company were not angered by this, nor did not they get impatient. They just walked and stopped, and walked and stopped, giving thanks to the people who came to receive them.

In the parking lot.

The three of them finally got into their transportation.

The studio staff were all in the minibus!

Tong Fu exclaimed in surprise, "Director Zhang!"

Wu Yi excitedly went up to give him a hug. "That was so impressive! Impressive!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It was just a happy coincidence, I didn't expect to win the Nobel Prize either."

"It's such a surprise!" Zhang Zuo belly laughed and said, "You might not know how it was here in China since you were in England, but the Internet, streets, and the media were all blowing up over this!"

Zhang Ye said, "Is that so?"

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "Let's get going first!"

The driver shouted, "Sit tight, everyone. We're leaving."

On the way, everyone was pulling and tugging at Ha Qiqi and Little Wang, asking nonstop about what happened.

Little Wang said without reservation, "You guys didn't see Director Zhang extend his foot and make the Indian author bleed from his head. Did you watch the live broadcast? Those of you who weren't there definitely can't get a sense of the atmosphere. For real, in that instant it happened, the entire hall fell silent, and I saw those foreign reporters staring with wide eyes. Ahem, but of course, Sister Ha and I also broke down mentally on the spot. We thought it was all over for us, that Director Zhang had caused yet another disaster. But in the end, who could have guessed that Director Zhang would go on to win the Nobel Peace Prize!"

Tong Fu got very excited from listening. "Tell us the details!"

Zhang Zuo also said, "Yeah, give us the details!"

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "What details can there be? Everyone who was there was startled by what happened!"

They were all chatting.

Smiling, Zhang Ye lowered his head to check his cell phone. He had only just turned it on to check the Chinese news and netizen comments. But before he could read much, his phone starting ringing like crazy.

...

It was Fellow Chi.

“Why am I just getting through?”

“I just got off the plane and turned on my phone.”

“Haha, on behalf of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, I offer you our congratulations.”

“Thank you, Fellow Chi.”

“Bring the medal over some time and let me have a look. There are a lot of people at the academy waiting to take a picture with you.”

“Sure thing, no problem.”

...

Grandma Zhang Xia also called.

“Zhang’er.”

“Hey, Grandma Zhang.”

“Congratulations to you.”

“Thank you, and the same to you.”

“You’ve surprised the world this time.”

...

Ning Lan also called shortly after.

“You’re back in the country?”

“I just got off the plane.”

“”You’re really good at surprising people!”

“Haha, I guess.”

“You will definitely break into the international celebrity rankings.”

“Who knows, the international rankings index has not been updated yet.”

...

Dong Shanshan also called.

"Treat us!"

"Pfft, alright."

"Our old classmates are all demanding that you treat us to a big meal this time."

"Alright, pick any place you guys like. How have you been lately? Has your movie started screening yet?"

"What screening? It's been delayed. The news is all over you right now. Your name has been occupying all of the news, headlines, and television shows for the past two days. At this time, who would dare to vie with you for attention? Director Li's new movie knows to take a step back for now!"

"Are you sure it's that exaggerated?"

"Just take a look for yourself."

...

The minibus was still on the road.

Zhang Ye fielded calls one after another.

All of a sudden, Ha Qiqi's cell phone rang. After taking the call, she took a deep breath and hung up. Then she looked at Zhang Ye and the others. "I've just received news!"

Zhang Zuo asked, "What's the matter?"

Ha Qiqi said nervously, "The international celebrity rankings will be updated soon!"

Zhang Ye, who was still on his phone, also looked over. "When?"

Ha Qiqi said, "In ten minutes."

Little Wang asked, "Shouldn't it be at midnight?"

Ha Qiqi said, "It's not like they follow our Beijing time."

"Ah, that's true." Little Wang facepalmed. "Will we be able to get on the rankings? Will we?"

Zhang Zuo was also getting anxious. This was something that would decide their future developments. "Although Director Zhang hasn't appeared on the international celebrity rankings yet and is definitely below the international C-list rankings, he must not be too far away from it. Furthermore, there is the attention gained from the global sales of *Gone With the Wind* and his Nobel Prize win. And then, there's also that trip that most definitely shocked the entire world so much that the other laureates from yesterday's Nobel Prize award ceremony combined can't take the spotlight away from Director Zhang. With this kind of exposure, if he still doesn't make it into the international rankings, it would be quite strange."

Ha Qiqi said excitedly, "And there's also one more thing! The additional percentage to the popularity score from winning the Nobel Peace Prize!"

"That's right, that's right, that's right," Tong Fu repeated. "This is the most important factor of all!"

Little Wang said, "What's the percentage?"

Ha Qiqi said, "I've checked it. It will be 1.3 times his international popularity score. Even at Director Zhang's previous popularity score, which had him somewhere in the D-list international rankings, he should be able to get onto the international C-list rankings after this!"

Little Wang clasped her hands. "Please let him get in! He must break into the C-list rankings!"

One minute.

Two minutes.

Three minutes.

It was all quiet in the minibus.

Everyone was both nervous and looking forward to the International Celebrity Rankings Index getting refreshed.

Writing a novel.

Vying for the Nobel Prize.

Everything they did before this was all for this day.

Time slowly ticked by.

All of a sudden, the people in the minibus shouted!

"It's been refreshed!"

"The International Celebrity Rankings Index has been refreshed!"

"What spot are we?"

"Did Director Zhang manage to get onto it?"

"Hahahaha! Take a look for yourselves!"

Everyone gathered!

On this day, Zhang Ye's name appeared on the latest international celebrity rankings!

The International Celebrity Rankings Index.

International C-list Rankings.

#67: Zhang Ye (China).

When the studio staff saw it, they shouted in surprise and thrill!

International C-list?

67th place?

How could that be possible!

C-Could they have gotten it wrong?

Little Wang jumped up. “Oh my God! 67th? 67th?”

Tong Fu screamed, “Aren’t there only a 100 people on the International C-list Rankings?”

A lot of them started to anxiously scroll down to check if this was the truth. Indeed, there was no mistake about it. There really were only a 100 people on the International C-list Rankings! What did this mean? This was too terrifying to think about. They had initially thought that it would be enough for Director Zhang to break into the international celebrity rankings. Before this, whether it was them, the people, or the media, all of them thought that if Zhang Ye actually won the Nobel Prize, he would rank last or second to last at the bottom of the international celebrity rankings. A few Chinese celebrities had briefly appeared on the international rankings before, but they were always ranked near the bottom at around 99th or 100th place. So they thought that Zhang Ye would be the same!

But this?

International C-list Ranking of 67th place?

This was fucking near the middle of the International C-list Rankings!

Director Zhang’s international popularity had already reached such a high standard?

Chapter 1617: China’s Troll Army stuns the world!

On Weibo.

“We’re in! We’re in!”

“In what?”

“Go and check out the international celebrity rankings!”

“What? Zhang Ye has made it in?”

“Not only that, he’s ranked 67th on the C-list rankings too!”

“That high?”

“He’s already closing in on the middle of the International C-list Rankings?”

“Holy shit! Face-smacking Zhang is soaring to the Heavens!”

“We have to call him International Zhang from now on!”

...

The Chinese media.

“He really pulled it off!”

“Winning the Nobel Prize, getting onto the international celebrity rankings, Zhang Ye has undoubtedly become the number one celebrity of China!”

“Yeah, no one in China has achieved anything like this before!”

“There’s finally a trace of a Chinese person on the international celebrity rankings?”

“And it’s not a last place spot either!”

“To be placed 67th in his debut appearance on the International C-list Rankings, not even Lillian managed something that! Lillian still had to slowly climb her way up from the bottom!”

...

At a get-together in the entertainment circle.

“He really made it into the international celebrity rankings!”

“God, he’s already closing in on the middle of the C-list?”

“Look at that person who’s behind him in the rankings. That’s the famous American host, Dave!”

“Dave has been nudged down by him. He’s now in 68th place of the international C-list rankings?”

“Today, Zhang Ye has achieved what Zhang Yuanqi and Xu Meilan were unable to achieve!”

“Face-smacking Zhang has really broken into the international scene!”

...

Zhang Ye’s fan club.

“My large saber is again again again again again again again again again again again again again unable to endure the thirst! Brothers and sisters, it’s time to register on international social media! Once you’ve registered, add me. My handle is Big Knife!”

“Pfft, Big Saber Bro, what are you trying to do!”

“Big Knife? I can’t even start to roast a name like that!”

“Big Saber Bro’s English is simple and violent!”

“Are we gonna go international now?”

“Yeah, Teacher Zhang has advanced into the international entertainment circle, so we cannot just remain within our country’s borders. We definitely have to accompany Teacher Zhang to conquer the world!”

“Got it!”

“Haha, I’ve already registered my account!”

“I’m here!”

“My account registration is complete as well!”

“Let the world experience the storm that our Chinese Troll Army brings!”

“It’s time for the world to know about the power of the Chinese Troll Army!”

“Hahaha, that’s right. We have nothing but people!”

“Looks like I’ll have to practice my English hard!”

“Who has the book A Thousand Swears in English? Lend it to me so I can practice!”

...

Japan.

“What’s happening?”

“There’s an update on the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index?”

“Why is Zhang Ye’s name on it?”

“Zhang Ye has reopened his Asian celebrity ranking? Who reopened it for him?”

“What place is he in?”

“Third! He’s in third place on the Asian S-list rankings!”

...

Korea.

“Zhang Ye’s Asian celebrity ranking has been reopened!”

“He won the Nobel Peace Prize, so he’s practically unstoppable now!”

“Quickly go and look at the international celebrity rankings!”

“Ah? He’s an international C-lister now?”

“67th place?”

...

America.

“The Nobel Peace Prize laureate has ascended into the international celebrity rankings?”

“Is it that Chinese man?”

“It’s him, the rankings were refreshed!”

“His popularity is that high already?”

“Dave has dropped in the rankings?”

“It’s the first time I’m seeing a Chinese celebrity in these rankings!”

...

India.

“Your grandpa!”

“Based on what!”

“What does that Chinese man have!”

“How can a person like this get on the international celebrity rankings?”

“I can’t accept this!”

“Me neither!”

“Come, let’s go on social media to insult him!”

“Let’s do it together!”

...

On an international social media site.

“That Chinese guy has gotten onto the celebrity rankings?”

“I don’t like that Chinese guy. He’s such a hooligan!”

“Yeah, he’s probably not gonna last long on the international celebrity rankings.”

“That’s right, the competition in the international celebrity rankings is not something that the Chinese entertainment industry can match. There are changes in the rankings practically every day, and people fall off the top to be replaced by new ones. There have been many precedents, and even if they are the top international celebrities, a rumor or a scandal is enough to bring them down from the top overnight. The competition is too intense. It’s like a meat grinder for celebrities from all over the world. It won’t be that easy for that Chinese guy to gain a foothold.”

“I’m not optimistic of his chances either.”

“Haha, let’s see how long he can last on the celebrity rankings then!”

“I bet two months.”

“I bet one month!”

The American netizens

The UK netizens.

The Australian netizens.

The German netizens.

The Japanese netizens.

Netizens from all over the world were currently discussing the Chinese celebrity’s ascendancy into the international celebrity rankings. If this were the Zhang Ye of the past, the world’s netizens would definitely not have paid any attention to him. Even during the time when Zhang Ye was the most wanted hacker in the world, he still wouldn’t have attracted as much discussion as he was now. After all, his Nobel Prize win of the Nobel Peace Prize and his entry into the international entertainment circle was

quite a big deal for the world. Naturally, a lot of people would be discussing it. From this point alone, it could be seen that Zhang Ye's rise into the international celebrity rankings was based on his international popularity score.

Soon after, the Indian netizens also appeared.

"Zhang Ye is just a hooligan!"

"Punish this murderer severely!"

"He's not worthy of being on the international celebrity rankings!"

"If he can be on it, so can Bangalore!"

"I suggest that we add Bangalore's name to the international celebrity rankings as well!"

"Right, remove Zhang Ye!"

Vitriol!

Personal attacks!

Discrediting!

Denouncements!

They were crazily attacking Zhang Ye!

In an instant, the international social media site was bustling with activity!

Finding it amusing, netizens from all over the world came to have a look!

It was right at this time that a wave of anonymous new accounts appeared. The moment they showed up, the Indian netizens were surrounded!

"Idiots!"

"Fuck you!"

"What about Bangalore? He's dogshit!"

"If you won an award, keep quiet and don't come here to brag! Haha, what a joke! You should find out about who Teacher Zhang is first! Don't think you can have things your way!"

"Be thankful that Teacher Zhang only used his leg this time. If he had used his hands, Bangalore would've been crushed!"

"My big knife is again again again again again again again again again again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

"*****!"

"*****!"

It was all vulgarities!

A lot of the comments had been censored!

10,000 people!

50,000 people!

100,000 people!

The Indians were stunned!

The Americans were stunned!

The French were stunned!

The Canadians were stunned!

The world's netizens were stunned!

It was the Chinese!

Over a 100,000 of them!

The Indian netizens who were scolding Zhang Ye earlier had only numbered around 300 to 500. At most, there were no more than 600 of them. However, when the Troll Army from China showed up on a large scale, the Indian netizens did not even have a chance to speak and were drowned out!

The Indian netizens saw red!

"What the fuck!"

"Why are there so many people?"

"Get them!"

"Let's attack together!"

"No, we can't outscold them!"

"There...there are too many of them!"

That's right! They were drowned out!

The overwhelming formation that showed up dumbfounded the world's netizens!

They arrived together!

They were well-trained!

There was a tacit understanding!

It was just like an army!

Each person only had to scold once, and a 100 others would copy-paste the reply below it. It was a sight to behold!

Just one attempt was enough to defeat the Indian netizens!

It was as if this were a fight between an adult and a child. There was absolutely no chance of hitting back!

On the international social media site.

The netizens from the different countries were all stunned.

“How terrifying!”

“Damn, what just happened?”

“The Indian netizens were defeated?”

“This is too scary!”

“So this is the Chinese Troll Army?”

“The Chinese are too scary!”

They came in a hurry.

And left in a hurry.

All they left behind were the stunned looks of the world’s people!

This was the first time that the Chinese Troll Army had gone international, but it was enough to leave an indelible impression on the world’s netizens. A lot of people couldn’t help but think of the same thing: The Chinese netizens play too dirty!

...

In China.

On Weibo.

“Fuck!”

“Zhang Ye’s fan club has gone onto the international social media site to fight!”

“Hahahaha, I saw it!”

“How awesome! They were so ferocious! I thought it was really funny!”

“Zhang Ye’s fans are too fearsome!”

“The Indian netizens must be crying now after they got scolded to no end!”

“The Indian netizens are really weak in an online argument. We just showed up and they crumbled. There’s no rush from the scolding battle at all! Can they not be so weak!”

“Pfft, do you think they’re Chinese? Our Chinese people’s swearing has already reached the pinnacle. Besides, is this the first time you’ve heard about the infamy of our Chinese Troll Army? In particular, Zhang Ye’s troll army has got the strongest combat power of all. They’re considered unmatched in the entire legion of China’s Troll Armies, so how could the foreigners possibly fight against them?”

“China’s Troll Army has become famous!”

“Yeah, they must have fucking stunned the entire world!”

“Hahahaha, the foreign netizens have all been shocked. When have they ever come across guerrillas as united and orderly as this!”

...

Along the way.

The minibus was stuck in traffic.

The studio staff also received news of the matter.

Little Wang was floored.

Zhang Zuo gave a wry smile.

Zhang Ye facepalmed.

Ha Qiqi said helplessly, “I wonder if it’s a good thing or a bad thing for the Chinese Troll Army to go international. Why do I feel like our reputation is absolutely going down the drain!”

Zhang Ye threw up his hands and said, “Just let it go down the drain. It’s never been good before anyway.”

Ha Qiqi said nervously, “You seem really accepting of that?”

Everyone laughed.

Chapter 1618: A letter and a reply!

Back at home.

After getting stuck in traffic for most of the journey, the minibus finally arrived at its destination.

Zhang Ye was so eager that when the vehicle came to a stop, he immediately jumped out after taking his luggage. He said with a smile, “I’m finally home.”

Then the villa’s door flew open!

Pop!

Pop!

Pop!

Confetti and streamers cascaded!

A group of people rushed out cheering!

Zhang Ye was startled. “Whoa, what’s with this!”

His daughter.

His cousins.

Old Wu's relatives.

His relatives.

Even Chenchen and Yang Shu were among them!

His three sisters screamed, "Brother, you're so awesome!"

His eldest younger sister popped a party popper. "We warmly welcome our brother back home!"

Wu Mo belly laughed. "Have you checked the international celebrity rankings yet? You're on it! You've gotten onto the rankings!"

"Little Ye," his mother-in-law said excitedly, "you've really done our family proud this time!"

His mother strode up to him. "Where's the medal?"

Zhang Ye said, "It's with Old Ha."

His second sister exclaimed, "I want to see the medal too! I want to see it too!"

"Let Little Ye into the house first!" his father said loudly.

"Daddy!" His daughter ran over to him.

Zhang Ye smiled so broadly his eyes disappeared. He lowered himself and picked his daughter up. "Did you miss Daddy?"

Sisi nodded. "Yes! Daddy, where's my present?"

Zhang Ye chuckled and said, "It's in the suitcase. I'll get it for you in a bit."

His first and second uncle also asked to see the Nobel Peace Prize medal and insisted on taking a picture with it.

Ha Qiqi carefully handed it to them. "Slowly, handle it carefully."

At this moment, Wu Zeqing walked out with a smile. She said to the studio staff, "Come on in. I've already made some food. Eat before you all go."

Zhang Zuo hurriedly waved his hands. "No, no."

Little Wang also said quickly, "Sister-in-law, don't stand on ceremony with us."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Little Ye has won an award, and every one of you has been working hard behind the scenes to make it happen. Come in and have something to eat."

Zhang Ye also spoke. "Yeah, come in and let's eat together."

The studio staff finally relented and went inside the villa.

The celebratory feast was already prepared. There were three tables in all, and it was clear that the entire family had been waiting for him to come back. However, when Zhang Ye arrived, it felt as though he was no longer the star of the show. That honor belonged to the Nobel Prize medal. His family did not care about eating and began taking turns taking pictures with it. His mother refused to let go of the medal and made them take over twenty pictures of her with it. After taking pictures with the medal, they all started posting it onto their Weibo or Moments. It was a very boisterous scene.

“This is the Nobel Prize medal!”

“It’s so beautiful!”

“Haha, 70 people have already liked my post.”

“Uncle, are you done taking pictures yet? Take another one for me.”

“Wait a while, I’ll be done soon.”

“Aiyo, let’s start eating first.”

“Ah, right, let’s eat.”

The celebratory feast began.

His family members were all very happy, happy to the point of being thrilled. Although Zhang Ye had won a lot of honors in the past, it was very different this time. This was China’s first ever Nobel Prize, and it was even the most prestigious Nobel Peace Prize.

Ring, ring, ring.

Old Wu’s cell phone rang.

A moment later, Wu Zeqing handed the phone to him. “It’s for you.”

Zhang Ye was taking a sip at this second. “Who is it? I’ll take it later, we’re eating.”

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, “It’s the minister of the Central Publicity Department.”

It fell silent in the house.

Zhang Ye was also taken aback. He took the phone and said: “Hello?”

On the other end of the line, he heard a middle-aged man laughing. “Teacher Zhang, congratulations.”

Zhang Ye laughed and said: “Leader, I respond to anyone calling me teacher but you.”

The middle-aged man also laughed. “Come now! You’re the first ever Chinese Nobel Prize laureate. Of course you’re deserving of the title ‘teacher’ in front of anybody. Let me congratulate you on behalf of the Central Publicity Department and thank you as well.”

Zhang Ye said: “You’re being too generous with your words. It’s me that should be thanking the country for cultivating and supporting me.”

Following, another few calls came.

Some of them called Zhang Ye's cell phone.

While others called Wu Zeqing's cell phone to look for him.

From the military.

From the Chinese Academy of Sciences.

From the Chinese Academy of Engineering.

From Central TV.

The calls were all made personally by the key leaders of the various official departments. They were all calling to offer an official congratulation rather than a personal one.

Finally, there was even an email.

Ha Qiqi suddenly shouted, "Director Zhang, there's an email!"

Zhang Ye asked, "Who is it from? Read it to me."

Ha Qiqi quickly came over, looking awe-inspired. "I'm afraid you better look at this yourself."

Zhang Ye was taken back. "Eh?"

He opened the email.

The contents looked just like a regular congratulatory message.

But when they reached the end of the message, everyone gasped.

The email was from—the General Office of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China ¹ !

Zhang Ye wiped his sweat and looked towards Old Wu. "Do I need to reply to this?"

The studio staff all vomited blood. They shouted, "Of course you have to! You most definitely need to do that!"

His mother was fuming and kicked her son. "This is no ordinary congratulatory message! You don't even intend to reply to Central? Do you want to die?!"

Zhang Ye said nervously, "I was asking precisely because I didn't know!"

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Yes, it's better to reply."

Zhang Ye asked, "What should I write then?"

Wu Zeqing said, "You can reply however you want."

His father-in-law repeatedly reminded, "Don't you dare reply however you want, hear that!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes and said, "Dad, with my literary flair, how bad do you think it could get?"

Wu Changhe curled his lips. "This is not about having a literary flair or not. When you reply to Central, there are rules to abide by, and you have to be formal about it. With that Beijing slang of yours, it would surely give Central a shock."

Everyone laughed.

Zhang Ye just had to prove him wrong. "Formal? I got it." He turned around and asked Old Wu, "Where did we keep the four treasures? I'll write a reply to them right away."

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Calligraphy?"

Zhang Ye grunted an affirmative.

In turn, Wu Zeqing said to her nephew, "Little Mo, go to the study on the second floor and bring the items for your Uncle."

"Alright." Wu Mo immediately went to get them.

Very quickly, the four treasures were brought down.

Everyone was very curious about what Zhang Ye would write, so they all made some space for him.

Sisi was blinking her big eyes and asking, "Sister Chenchen, what is Daddy doing?"

Chenchen pulled her by her little hand and walked outside. "Stay away, your daddy is trying to act cool again."

Grinding the inkstone.

Picking up the brush.

A beautiful semi-cursive was written onto the paper.

Everyone was amazed by it. No one had expected that Zhang Ye would actually reply with a poem.

...

" Hymn ² "

A vast expanse of rolling peaks and rivers and grasslands,

Countless dense villages, roosters crowing and dogs barking,

Connected to an originally wild Asian land,

An arid wind whistles across a wilderness of weeds,

Low, dark clouds gather overhead the eastbound, gurgling stream,

An untold number of years buried in somber forests.

They quietly embrace me—

The never-ending stories tell of never-ending disasters; silence

Is love, or an aerie of eagles flying high,
Or dried-up eyes expecting a gush of hot tears to stream
When the steadfast gray ranks are crawling across the distant horizon;
I have too many words, my feelings too long-standing.
I want to use the desolate deserts, rugged paths, and mule carts,
I want to use canoes, wildflowers on hills, and rainy weather,
I want to use e'rything to hug you, you.
The population I see e'rywhere, oh,
People living and working in disgrace, people stooping,
I want to embrace each one of you with my bloody hands.
Because you have risen up, one peoples.
This is like the centuries-old, enduring wind,
This is like the endless groans and chilliness
Coming from the dilapidated eaves,
It sings atop a withered canopy of trees;
It has blown past barren swampland, reeds, and chirping insects,
This is like the sound of ravens flying overhead.
When I passed by, lingering on the road,
I was lingering for the history of disgrace
Among vast rivers and mountains, still waiting,
Waiting, as we had suffered too silently for too long,
But now we have risen up, one peoples,
But now we have risen up, a nation.
...
He signed off on it.
And put away the brush.
His feelings.
His anger.
His pride.

It was all contained within.

Zhang Ye said, "Send the reply."

Ha Qiqi took a picture of the calligraphy piece in a daze and sent the reply.

Wu Mo suddenly looked at Zhang Ye.

A lot of people in the house also looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye asked Old Wu, "Will this reply do?"

Wu Zeqing smiled. She held her husband's hand. "There's no reply better than this."

...

On the same night.

People's Daily published Zhang Ye's reply!

Xinhua News, Youth Daily, and many other mainstream media outlets also published Zhang Ye's reply prominently on the front page of their newspapers. It was headlined:

—"We have risen up, a nation!"

Chapter 1619: Central TV International's invitation!

Three days later.

The table on the first-floor living room was piling up with newspapers that reported about Zhang Ye over the past few days. Old Wu had placed them together after Zhang Ye's parents kept bringing over stacks of newspapers on a daily basis. This did not include the news reports on the various television stations and foreign media outlets, as well as those from the online media. Counting everything, they likely couldn't finish reading all of the news even if they spent two days and two nights reading them word by word.

In the morning.

After Old Wu went to work, Zhang Ye got up early and stayed at home to take care of their daughter.

"Daddy, are you going out today too?"

"Nope. I've finished all the business and entertainment for the past few days."

"Daddy, I want to watch a cartoon."

"Not today."

"But why?"

"It's Army Day¹ today. We're going to watch the parade."

"Daddy, what is Army Day?"

"It's a very, very important holiday."

"Oh, then Sisi doesn't want to watch cartoons anymore."

"Good girl."

The military parade began.

Zhang Ye was cuddling his daughter on the sofa as they watched television together. He wanted to expose her to some patriotic education.

Zhang Ye was very happy today, as well as very honored. Bringing home a Nobel Prize was considered a great gift for his country.

Half an hour.

An hour.

The doorbell rang. It was the studio staff.

When Ha Qiqi saw what was on TV, she smiled and said, "You're watching it too?"

"Of course." Zhang Ye said, "Take a seat and make yourselves comfortable. Pour yourselves a drink if you want."

Zhang Zuo chuckled and said, "You're even making your daughter watch?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "I need her to learn to love her country at a young age."

Little Wang said nervously, "Would a child understand?"

Zhang Ye said, "She'll have to watch it even if she doesn't understand. My only fear is that she'll start worshipping foreigners when she grows up."

Tong Fu cramped up with laughter. "Director Zhang, you're overthinking it. I can't say if other people's children will worship foreigners, but I'm definitely sure that your daughter won't. On this point, the entire country's citizens will guarantee it, so rest assured that Sisi will definitely follow in both your and Minister Wu's footsteps."

What sort of a person was Zhang Ye?

He was a well-known nationalist!

The spiritual leader of the nationalistic youths of China!

Would his child worship foreigners? The entire country's citizens wouldn't have any of that!

Sisi pointed at the television and said, "Daddy, they're really good at walking!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "That's called parade march². These are our country's soldiers are."

Sisi said excitedly, "Is Daddy also as amazing as them?"

"Daddy doesn't know how to do the parade march," Zhang Ye said with a laugh.

However, Ha Qiqi said to Sisi, "Sisi, although your father is not a soldier and doesn't know how to parade march, our soldiers walking with such confidence today and with their heads held high is all thanks to your father. Look, this aircraft formation is made up of the latest fighter jets that your father designed. Then, there's also China's first ever Nobel Prize that your father won for us too. That's also why our country's soldiers are becoming stronger, and why our country's soldiers are becoming more confident. Only when they can hold their heads up high will they be able to march in such an upright manner in front of the whole world. You are still young and might not understand, but you will know what your father's name means to China when you grow up."

Sisi said happily, "I understand, Daddy is the greatest!"

Zhang Ye patted his daughter on her head. "Let's watch the military parade."

Sisi said, "Mhm!"

Zhang Zuo asked, "Director Zhang, what type of missile is this?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "It's a C-5 ICBM."

Ha Qiqi blinked and said, "Is it good?"

Zhang Ye said, "It's the latest model of ICBMs and can hit the mainland of America, so do you think it's good?"

Little Wang said excitedly, "How about this one? And this one?"

All of them knew that Zhang Ye had been working with the military after starting his prison sentence and had participated in many research projects and weapons research. Since he knew the subject inside and out, they asked him everything they wanted to know. Zhang Ye fielded their questions and detailed the military equipment that he was very familiar with.

Soon after.

The military parade ended.

Zhang Ye put Sisi upstairs to play by herself while he and the studio staff discussed some matters. They had to sort out the details of their future direction. To Zhang Ye and his studio, they had reached a new height that no other Chinese celebrity had reached before. From here on out, there weren't any prior references for them to follow, and they would have to figure out how to continue on this path they were taking.

Everyone sat down for a meeting.

Ha Qiqi said, "Why don't you set a direction?"

Zhang Zuo asked, "How are we going to carry on?"

"Actually..." Zhang Ye smiled. "I don't know either."

Little Wang exclaimed, "Then what should we do?"

Zhang Ye spread his hands. "I'm quite surprised we reach this height, so how could I have any plans? We can only take it one step at a time."

Ha Qiqi said, "In the past few days since we returned, we've been researching the International Celebrity Rankings Index. It's really too competitive and dissimilar to our domestic celebrity rankings that hardly see any change each month. The rankings change basically every day, with people getting onto the rankings and others falling off of it. This is why we're all quite jittery about it. Although the Nobel Prize win helped us make a shock entry into the rankings, our foundation is still pretty shallow. The popularity can come fast, but it can disappear quickly as well. These days, there are already hardly any additional reports and coverage in the foreign media. The attention we got from winning the Nobel Prize has almost faded, so how are we going to continue making inroads on the international scene?"

Zhang Ye asked, "Do we have any jobs invitations?"

Ha Qiqi gave a wry smile. "There are quite a few offers domestically but nothing from the international scene as of yet."

Zhang Zuo said, "Our domestic popularity has become saturated. Almost every person in the country has become your fan, so there isn't really a point in taking on variety shows or TV series anymore. We won't be making any progress that way, so our goal is definitely to fight our way overseas. That's where our citizens and domestic industry want to see you heading as well. They want to know how far you can go and how much you can spread the name of China internationally."

Zhang Ye said, "But no one is extending invitations to me?"

Ha Qiqi suddenly asked, "Are you very knowledgeable on military affairs and weapons systems?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "What do you think?"

"Then we still have a pretty good offer in China," Ha Qiqi said.

Zhang Ye asked with interest, "What is it?"

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "Central TV has contacted us regarding an interview touching on military affairs since we're in the midst of celebrating Army Day."

Little Wang said, "Isn't that still a domestic broadcast?"

"It's not." Ha Qiqi said, "It will be broadcast on Central TV International³."

Zhang Ye said, "CTV International?"

Ha Qiqi nodded. "That's right. Almost every country in the world can watch it, and it's also the only international channel that China has. Although not everyone in those countries might catch it, they can still receive the broadcast signal. As for how the interview will turn out and how many people will watch it, that will all depend on you. I think with the popularity you've earned from winning the Nobel Peace Prize and your international celebrity ranking, you should still be quite popular internationally. It's likely that many foreigners will still be interested in you, so this should be a pretty good opportunity."

Tong Fu scratched his head. "I know about Central TV International. Some programs are dubbed in English while others have English subtitles, but the viewership ratings aren't that high, right? There are not too many people who watch it in China, right?"

Zhang Zuo said, "But at least it's an international channel. Its viewership range is incomparable and covers the entire world, so it won't hurt to try. In the past, CTV International didn't do well because the programs were all similar, and we didn't have any international celebrities to speak of. But now that Director Zhang has stepped onto the international scene, his appeal and influence are certainly not the same as before. Perhaps that might have a positive effect."

They discussed it for a long time.

Finally, Zhang Ye made the decision. "Alright, we'll give it a try."

Ha Qiqi smiled. "OK, I'll go and contact Central TV and have them to set a time."

Very quickly, Zhang Ye's first job invitation after breaking into the international entertainment industry was confirmed!

Chapter 1620: Is this something that a Nobel Peace Prize recipient should say?

The next day.

In the morning.

The news had already spread around China.

"Teacher Zhang is going to be interviewed?"

"Yeah, it will be on Central TV International!"

"This will be his first appearance since breaking into the international scene."

"I'm looking forward to it. I've heard that it will be a military show."

"The People's Liberation Army has astonished the world with their military parade this year."

"That's right, a lot of foreign media outlets have given the parade full coverage, and even the western media outlets are reporting about it as well. This is the first time that so much of our military equipment and weapons have been showcased to the public. Moreover, they are all our latest, self-developed equipment, and many of the weapons technology are at a world-first standard!"

"I'm interested in hearing what Zhang Ye has to say."

"Would he know anything?"

"Pfft, you seem to have forgotten who it was that designed the new generation fighter jet?"

"Oh, right, right, I forgot Zhang Ye is an expert in military science."

"I would like to know about Zhang Ye's opinions regarding military affairs."

“Yeah, in the field of weapons research, Zhang Ye is still an authoritative figure.”

The public was looking forward to it.

The media paid close attention.

The military attached great importance to this.

In recent times, everyone’s attention had been focused on the military. They were all very interested in matters related to this aspect. When they heard that Zhang Ye was going to be interviewed on a military show on CTV International, it immediately raised a lot of discussions. A combination of Zhang Ye and military affairs needed no publicity at all. There was a natural attractiveness to something like that.

...

Meanwhile.

At Central TV.

At the recording studio of CTV International.

Recording had not started yet, but the guests and host were already here.

Coincidentally, Zhang Ye happened to know them.

Zhang Ye greeted, “Fellow Chi, I’ll be partnering with you today?”

It was Chi Xue, one of the few female research fellows of the Chinese Academy of Sciences.

Chi Xue smiled and shook his hand. “So it’s Fellow Zhang, long time no see.”

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “What’s with the long time no see? We just met at the State Science and Technology Awards.”

Yu Yingyi said with a smile, “You two are familiar with each other? That’s great, it’ll be easier to handle the program.” Then she said to Chi Xue, “Hello, Fellow Chi. My name is Yu Yingyi, and I will be the host for today’s interview. You can just call me Little Yu. It’s nice to meet you.”

Chi Xue shook hands with her. “Hello.”

Zhang Ye said in amusement, “You’ve grown taller?”

Yu Yingyi rolled her eyes. “It’s just the high heels.”

Zhang Ye said, “Since when did you get transferred from the Sports Channel to CTV International?”

“I just came over this year,” Yu Yingyi said with a smile.

Chi Xue said in surprise, “So you two know each other too?”

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “More than that. We were even university classmates.”

The three of them started chatting.

The producer also came over to communicate.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ye's cell phone rang. When he saw the caller ID, he walked away to answer it. It was someone from the military.

"Hello?"

"Fellow Zhang, it's me, Old Li."

"General Li, hello."

"Are you recording the interview?"

"Not yet. You know about it too?"

"Of course I know. That's why I'm calling to give you a heads-up. You know too many military secrets, so you have to know your limits and not reveal too much. As for the projects and related military secrets that have not been announced yet, be sure to zip your lips. Don't forget you have a confidentiality agreement with us. Anything else that can be said and has already been announced to the public, go ahead and talk about them. There won't be any restrictions on that. Just be sure to control what you say."

"I understand."

"Also, this is an international channel, so you better perform well. It's likely that military organizations from all over the world will be keeping tabs on us. They are interested to see what our weapons construction and strategic thinking are like. Haha, all the countries have now set up specialized research groups to deal with China. If you find a suitable opportunity, feel free to throw them off with some misleading claims."

"Sure, I know what to do."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye smiled.

Chi Xue asked, "What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye said, "That was General Li. He left some instructions for us."

Chi Xue giggled and corrected, "You mean he left some instructions for you, right?"

Zhang Ye did not comment.

The military did not give any notice to Chi Xue and had only informed Zhang Ye to pay close attention to what he said on the show. Clearly, this was because Zhang Ye knew much more than Chi Xue in the military science and research fields. In these few years, Zhang Ye had worked with a vast amount of military information that Chi Xue had no access to.

Yu Yingyi checked her watch. "It's almost time."

A producer came up to them. "Teachers, please get to your seats. Fellow Chi, sit over here. Fellow Zhang, sit over here. This will be a recorded program, and if you feel that something is not right, we can stop at any time. This is the microphone. Try to speak as close to it as possible so that you can be heard clearly. If there's anything else that you don't understand, feel free to ask us."

Yu Yingyi said in a speechless manner, "What's there to ask?"

The producer blinked. "Ah?"

Yu Yingyi pointed at Zhang Ye and said with a laugh, "The person sitting in front of you has won the highest award in the hosting profession, yet you're instructing him on what to watch out for? What does he not know?"

The producer facepalmed after he was reminded about this. "Hai, I forgot all about that."

Zhang Ye had not been in any programs in a very long time. Furthermore, he also won the Highest Science and Technology Award and the Nobel Peace Prize this year, so a lot of people had already forgotten that this fellow used to be a professional host. Filming a television show? Recording a television show? He was the most veteran of veterans.

Testing the microphones' volume.

Tuning the equipment.

Three.

Two.

One.

Recording began.

...

On the same night.

At 8 PM sharp.

Central TV International Channel's Army Day Special premiered.

The program was to be shown over three episodes.

The global satellite signals were transmitted simultaneously. There were already English subtitles as well.

...

In China.

"It's beginning, it's beginning!"

"The show has started!"

"Haha, Teacher Zhang is here!"

"I'm waiting to listen to Zhang Ye's professional views."

"Let's hope they'll reveal some secrets that we commoners don't know."

“Yeah, the guests that were invited onto the military shows in the past have always been laypeople. Even though they claim to be military experts, they’re at most amateur military geeks. They definitely don’t have any real experience with the military and weapons research. All they do is analyze the issue based on statistics and add their logic. But Zhang Ye is different. He’s a real military expert who has participated in many weapons system projects. He definitely knows much more than the others, so we will surely hear about a lot of things this time.”

...

India.

“Eh?”

“China’s channel?”

“Isn’t this person Zhang Ye?”

“Damn, it’s really him!”

“This goddamned fellow!”

“Let’s listen to what he has to say!”

...

Japan.

“Zhang Ye is on CTV International?”

“Why is he on it?”

“A military expert?”

“Yes, I think he is the deputy chief designer of China’s fighter jet project.”

“Let’s have a listen and see what he will talk about.”

...

America.

“It’s the Nobel Peace Prize laureate?”

“China has an international channel too?”

“I guess we just didn’t notice it before.”

“China’s military parade was broadcast to the world yesterday. It looked impressive.”

“China’s military strength is developing really quickly.”

“Let’s watch and see what other new weapons systems and strategies they have.”

...

Pakistan.

"It's our Chinese brothers!"

"I know him, he's Zhang Ye!"

"They're our all-weather ally!"

"There's been a lot of clashes at the border recently. Let's see what their experts have to say about that."

...

Canada.

"Come and see this. It's an interview on the military show of China."

"Looks uninteresting."

"Why's that? Don't you always watch military shows?"

"China's military shows have always covered topics like peace, negotiations, and protests. There's nothing other than that, so it's really pointless."

"Should I change the channel then?"

"Never mind, let's just have a look."

...

Russia.

The UK.

France.

Korea.

Many countries turned their attention to the television show.

Needless to say, Central TV International's viewership ratings had blown up back in China. At this moment, in addition to China, there were also some people from around the world who were watching this program. Some of them had randomly switched to this channel, while others had tuned in specifically after finding out about it through the news or comments on the Internet. First, they did so because they were interested in understanding China's military strength and strategy. And second, they were interested in a fellow like Zhang Ye who dared to trip someone at the Nobel Prize award ceremony.

As an international celebrity, the appeal of Zhang Ye's name was no longer limited to just within China. It had spread all over the world.

...

On TV.

Yu Yingyi said with a smile, "Good evening, everyone. Welcome to Central TV International Channel's Army Day Special. Today, we are honored to have Fellow Chi Xue of the Chinese Academy of Sciences on our show."

Chi Xue greeted the audience, "Good evening, everyone."

Next, Yu Yingyi introduced, "As well as the famous scientist, mathematician, military expert, Chinese Academy of Sciences' research fellow, Chinese Academy of Engineering's research fellow, and Nobel Peace Prize laureate, Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Hello, everyone."

Yu Yingyi said, "It's Army Day again."

Chi Xue said, "That's right."

Yu Yingyi asked, "Fellow Chi, what are your views on the military parade this year?"

Chi Xue smiled. "It was very stunning to watch, and it also made my blood race with excitement."

Yu Yingyi grinned and said, "I have the same feelings as you. It feels like our country has become stronger. So next, I would like to ask a slightly more sensitive question. What is your understanding of the recent border dispute?"

Chi Xue turned serious and said, "It's a provocation and a very serious matter. I feel that everyone should sit down and negotiate the problem by addressing the dispute clearly based on international law, to see who is in the right and wrong. To see who were the ones to cross the borders first. The issue itself is actually very clear."

Yu Yingyi nodded and turned her head. "Fellow Zhang, what is your opinion on the matter?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "My opinion differs from that of Fellow Chi's."

"Oh?" Yu Yingyi said, "So what's your take on it?"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "There's nothing to talk about. Just attack them!"

Yu Yingyi said, "Ah?"

Attack...attack them!?

What kind of language was this?

Chi Xue rolled her eyes.

The entire recording studio fell silent!

Zhang Ye said, "We should always advocate and hope for peace. But if there are any unprovoked territorial disputes when the law is clear, there's nothing left to talk about. Just take them on! We should go out and fight! If we're afraid that such actions will start a war, that would be overthinking it. It's impossible that would happen. They're already in the wrong to begin with, so there's no reason for them to fight. Do you expect that they would hit back? No way! They wouldn't have the guts to do so, nor the strength, nor the rights based on international law. So what more can be said? Sometimes, we

need to let the world see our country's determination in upholding the peace. This is why I say we should get them!"

Yu Yingyi was speechless.

Chi Xue was speechless.

The Chinese people were speechless.

People around the world were speechless.

Attack them?

Take them on?

Get them?

What kind of language is this!

Aren't you being too harsh with your words!

I-Is this something that a Nobel Peace Prize recipient should say?

When has anyone seen a Nobel Peace Prize laureate talk like this before?!