

Superstar 191

Chapter 191: Teacher Little Zhang joins the Film Crew!

The next day.

Morning.

The wind was getting stronger as it blew across the windows and made ghostly howls.

After waking up and showering, Zhang Ye received a message. It was sent from Zhang Yuanqi's number. Without mentioning the subject, she only sent him an address. It was the address of the outskirts of Beijing where the movie studios were located. The message also included a telephone number as well as a time. There were two words beside the telephone number — Assistant Director. As for the time, it was indicated as before 4 in the afternoon. The Heavenly Queen must have arranged it and meant for him to report there.

It was still early, so Zhang Ye went online to research on the movie. Although the filming was not over yet nor was it about to be screened, some information were already available before the premiere. The movie was called "The Great Pugilistic World". It was probably not a movie from Zhang Ye's world, anyway he had never heard of this title before. The movie synopsis was about a youth in ancient times whose parents were killed. He dragged partners along with him, traversing Wudang and beating Shaolin to avenge them. It was the stereotypical revenge genre movie. Of course, that was how the online summary was written. As for the details, he was not sure either.

Zhang Ye set off in the afternoon. He did not drive as he knew that he would be with the filming crew for the next few days. He did not know where they would be headed to anyway, driving would instead be inconvenient. He packed some clothes along and took a cab to a bus depot. From there, he took a long distance bus to the destination.

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In the suburbs.

At a certain movie studio.

It was a little deserted and cheap looking here. Zhang Ye looked around for a full day before he walked a distance and found the studio. This place was usually open. It could be considered as a tourist destination for visitors. But most of the time, like today, the studios were shut off to the public. The outside was densely packed with cars. It was estimated that there were about two or three filming crews inside so it was not considered a small place.

He reached the gates.

"Who are you?" a crew member looked at him.

Zhang Ye said, "I'm here to take part in the shoot for 'The Great Pugilistic World'."

The crew member waved his hand, "If you don't have a pass, you aren't allowed in. I'm sorry."

Zhang Ye was annoyed, he could only make a call to the deputy director with the number in the message. He was probably busy as no one answered at first. It might have been put on silent mode. Zhang Ye smoked a cigarette before trying again 10 minutes later. This time, the call was answered, "Hello, Assistant Director, I am Zhang Ye. Sister Zhang asked me to contact you."

"Zhang Ye? Oh, I remember. Hello."

"I've already reached the outside of the movie studios, but they won't let me in. What do you say?"

"Alright, wait there for a while. I've work to attend to so I can't leave here. I will get someone to bring you in."

After a short while, a 40 to 50-year-old man came outside. He had a simple face and looked very honest. But he had shifty eyes which made him look rather dishonest at the same time. It felt like they were eyes of a thief. Zhang Ye saw him and found him to be quite familiar looking. He had a rather good memory and somehow felt like he had seen him on TV last week at his parents' house. He had a minor role on a TV serial. It was a city life drama. If he was not wrong, this man was acting as the main character's good friend's father. Zhang Ye did not understand this world's dramas, he had only watched a few. But it was a coincidence that he had seen those few scenes before and the man was standing right in front of him. He was rather good and could act in a funny role.

"Zhang Ye?" Yao Jiancai walked towards him.

Zhang Ye reached out his hand, "That's me, and you are?"

Yao Jiancai smiled and shook his hands, "I am Yao Jiancai, you may call me Old Yao. The deputy director asked me to come fetch you."

Yao Jiancai?

Biting Building Materials? (literally translated)

Hearing this name, you would know immediately this person couldn't be young.

"Yo, that's too much trouble for you." Zhang Ye smiled. "I've watched your shows before. Your acting was really good, you totally brought out the happiness with that role of a father."

Maybe Yao Jiancai did not expect someone to know him as he had been acting for many years but remained obscure. He was forever a member of the supporting cast, so he laughed and said, "Not too bad, not too bad." After that, he passed a staff card to him and they both strutted into the studio. Then, Yao Jiancai spoke with the air of a veteran to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang ah, you are a newbie? I've been acting for so many years and I've never heard of you?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "You can say that."

"Looking at you. You must've just graduated? From Beijing Film Academy? Majored in performing arts?" Yao Jiancai asked.

Zhang Ye said briefly, "Beijing Broadcasting Institute"

Only did Yao Jiancai made an oh sound, "Broadcasting, the Drama Film and Television faculty there isn't too bad, but the best faculty there is still Radio Broadcast Studies faculty, yea...." After saying that, he lowered his voice and said, "I only heard about it today morning, the director had arranged a pretty good supporting role for you. There are a few fight scenes and several lines for you. Your surname is Zhang? Is that Producer Zhang your dad? Eh, can't be. You don't look alike. Oh, are you the Deputy Director's relative?" Old Yao looked like an honest man, but he spoke without any propriety and felt like an old slacker.

Zhang Ye said, "No, I don't know anyone from the film crew."

Yao Jiancai said wonderingly, "Then that's weird. This movie can be considered quite a big production, they wouldn't use a newbie in it. You are a lucky kid, getting this job just after graduation. Even a Beijing Film Academy Performing Arts major would usually need to go through six months or a year's worth of hardship and they still might not even be able to get a role. Even if they did, they can only get a minor role, hur hur. You better grab hold of this opportunity. People like us who don't have looks or outstanding features, if we want to survive in this industry, we have to take every chance. If you don't know something, you can ask me."

Old Yao was very sociable, he would say whatever he thought and didn't take Zhang Ye to be an outsider. This made Zhang Ye smile wryly but he could tell that comrade Old Yao was very nice to him, "Thanks, Uncle Yao."

"What Uncle Yao, call me Old Yao!"

"OK, Old Yao, Hur Hur."

"That's how it should be, don't be modest with me. Stay around me in the future, we will have good food and wine together!"

After exchanging a few words, the old and the young duo were already putting arms to shoulders. Zhang Ye rather liked him, he realized that Old Yao was similar to him. His words did not carry too much meaning, so there was nothing to be on guard for.

The movie studio was very big.

How big was it? It was very big!

A construction set from the 60s or 70s, a set from the Republic of China years, a town set of the ancient times. The sets placed side by side made one dizzy from seeing them.

He reached where the filming crew of "The Great Pugilistic World" was.

The camera seemed to have stopped rolling, a few actors who were wearing ancient costumes were seated by the corner, drinking water. Director Jiang was facing them and explaining the scene and giving some pointers. Over the other side, was a crew in charge of set layout. There were many people, numbering around 30 to 40 people.

"Assistant Director, I've brought the person here," Yao Jiancai said.

The assistant director looked at Zhang Ye, then walked over to greet, "Teacher Zhang, you're here? The script has been prepared, please take a look at your lines. I will get someone to do your makeup for you."

Zhang Ye took the script, "Okay."

The assistant director said worriedly, "There's a fight scene, so there's a possibility you might get hurt, you...?"

"I will follow your arrangements, I'm okay with anything." Zhang Ye agreed without hesitation.

Teacher Zhang?

What Teacher?

Yao Jiancai was stunned as he did not understand.

At this moment, a crew staff's eye lit up. He quickly took a book over, "Teacher Zhang, I've been waiting for you the whole day. I knew you were coming, so I had my book and pen ready. Can I have your autograph?" His accent was that of a Beijing local, so obviously, he knew who Zhang Ye was.

"Sure." Zhang Ye did not say much and signed it for him.

"Aiyo, isn't this Teacher Little Zhang?" a girl who had a minor role as suggested by her costume, came running over, "You are here for the filming too? Why didn't anyone tell me. My dad and mum are super fans of yours. I see them watching 'Lecture Room' everyday when I go home. They even said that the new lecture can't be compared to yours, so they don't intend to watch it anymore. They keep bugging me to download your collection of 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Thanks to your dad and mum for their support."

"Come, let's have a photo together," said the girl.

"Alright." Zhang Ye stood shoulder to shoulder with her.

The girl took out her phone and snapped a picture before going back to memorize her script.

Director Jiang also saw Zhang Ye but didn't say much. He could be considered as a second tier director in the country and even that would make him more well known than Zhang Ye. He was only a minor character, so he didn't need to be too bothered about him. He definitely needed to accede to Zhang Yuanqi's request, but Zhang Ye was not that big a star for him to prioritize him. Zhang Ye did have some fame in Beijing but not in other places. For the movie that Director Jiang was directing, the main leads and supporting cast were all easily more well-known than Zhang Ye. They were at minimum B-List or C-List celebrities. This was why Director Jiang did not bother too much about Zhang Ye, he was just doing the Heavenly Queen a favor by arranging a role for him. That was all there was to it.

And so, the others were confused.

A change of profession often meant a different field of knowledge. They were not in the same profession as Zhang Ye from the beginning. With the fact that most of the film crew were not living in

Beijing as they had to travel all around the country for filming, most of the people there did not know Zhang Ye or where he was from.

Yao Jiancai was one of them, he was dazed.

Wasn't Little Zhang a newbie? Why did some people want his autograph and have photos together?

Thinking of the time when he first joined the film crew, only a cleaning auntie liked his shows and had asked him for an autograph. He did not get such V.I.P. treatment!

"Little Yan." Yao Jiancai strolled around to the girl's side, "Who is this Zhang Ye?"

The girl said doubtfully, "Uncle Yao, don't you live in Beijing, how can you not know who he is?"

Yao Jiancai said, "I've been away to the south for filming for the past few months. I don't use the internet either, I don't get things like new technology anyways because of my age."

The girl laughed, "If you want to know about Zhang Ye's deeds, I don't think I can finish telling you about them today. In any case, he is very famous in Beijing. He has written novels, done radio hosting, TV hosting, been a lecturer, produced a public service advertisement and can match couplets. Especially in the field of poetry and scolding people, Teacher Zhang Ye is unbeatable. After the live broadcast incident recently, Teacher Zhang Ye already has no opponents left!" It could be said that she was very familiar about Zhang Ye's deeds, so she explained it briefly to Yao Jiancai.

Scolding a colleague on Weibo!

Scolding his unit at the Silver Microphone Awards!

Scolding the Writers' Association at the couplet competition!

Scolding a leader during a live broadcast on television!

After hearing all of that, Yao Jiancai was immediately stunned to the heavens!

F**k! This Teacher Little Zhang....is such a talent!

Chapter 192: Zhang Ye's Real and Fake Kung Fu!

The movie studio.

At a tiny corner, on a row of benches.

Zhang Ye was sitting there reading the script. It contained the lines for his role. It was simple, just a few lines. The difficulty was in the fight scenes. To Zhang Ye, who was filming for the first time, this was a challenge.

But he believed that he could do it well. As Zhang Ye always said, confidence was very important. If you did not believe in yourself, then you will lose confidence and as a result, you will not be able to do it. Because you had already lost half the battle before you fought it. This was a very intriguing thing, if you had the confidence, then you would surely be able to do it! This was not bullshit, nor was it scaremongering. In the field of psychology, there had been studies on it. A plebeian could never become a rich handsome person? It was only fantasy? It was definitely not the case! So what if he was a

plebeian? So what if a plebeian was weak and ugly? As long as one firmly believed in one's success, as long as one firmly believed that he could do it, then there would be a day that he would become...an extremely confident weak and ugly plebeian!

"Little Zhang!" Yao Jiancai came over.

Zhang Ye kept his script, "Hey, what's the matter?"

Yao Jiancai said in a speechless manner, "Didn't you say you were a rookie?"

"But I am a rookie," Zhang Ye said with his eyes blinking.

Only then did Yao Jiancai realize that since Zhang Ye had never acted in movies, he was indeed a complete newcomer in the filming industry. "I only just got to know that you are pretty famous in Beijing."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "It's nothing. I can't compare with you."

This was not him being modest. If he were to really compete with Yao Jiancai in fame, despite always being a supporting character, how many shows had Yao Jiancai acted in over all those years? He did have some fame in the country. Well, although it was not that much, he was much better than Zhang Ye who was only known in the Beijing circles. At least he was not as "limited".

"Fine," Yao Jiancai laughed, "In Beijing, there are definitely more people who know you than me. Nice, you are promising. You can even compose poems?"

"Nothing serious," Zhang Ye said.

After hearing of Zhang Ye's deeds, Yao Jiancai increasingly found that Zhang Ye's attitude matched his appetite. He sat beside Zhang Ye and put his arms around his shoulder, "Quickly tell me the process of how you smacked the face of your television station's Leader. Haha, it was to the point of every television station in the country not daring to hire you? Forcing you to act? Kid, you sure are impressive! You are so frisky! Not bad, not bad. You have a bit of my style like me back in the day!"

"You also did something like that?"

"No?"

"Then what was that about your style?"

"Hai, it was just an analogy."

"..."

The old and young duo had gotten close through their chatting. They even exchanged telephone numbers and were like old pals.

Suddenly, a stout man in his thirties walked over. He was the film crew's martial arts director. He looked very strong and it was clear at a glance that he practiced kung fu. "Which one of you is Zhang Ye?"

"I am." Zhang Ye stood up with the script in hand.

The martial arts director glanced at him and said with a speechless manner, "You are acting as young hero Chen?"

This was Zhang Ye's role. He nodded, "That's right."

The martial arts director sized him up and then squeezed his arms. After some evaluation, he turned and left without saying a word. He went directly to the Assistant Director, "Assistant Director, are you sure you didn't make a mistake? That Zhang Ye is acting as young hero Chen? He won't do as young hero Chen. He's small in size and his attacks would look weak like a girl's. You can't get a substitute for a supporting actor. And even if you looked for one, no one is suitable. How are we to film?"

The Assistant Director looked at him and said, "If you think he won't do, then train him well. Teach him the motions. The role has been decided, so there won't be any changes. The rest is your job."

The martial arts director said, "But I can't make something out of nothing. Let's not talk about his looks, just his physique is terrible. It will have an adverse effect on the filming."

The two began to quarrel.

Zhang Ye felt helpless. Man, he had been looked down upon on the first day of filming.

Finally, the martial arts director came back without any success. He looked at Zhang Ye and said with a sense of powerlessness, "Have you filmed a martial arts scene before?"

Zhang Ye shook his head.

The martial arts director asked, "Have you acted before?"

Zhang Ye shook his head again.

The martial arts director said, "Have you practiced dancing before?"

Zhang Ye still shook his head.

The martial arts director slapped himself in the forehead. Man, he was useless on all fronts!

This movie had quite a large investment and was considered a medium to large production, hence the requirements of the actors were very high. It was not like low-cost martial arts movies where a punch or kick would do. If they did so, people would die laughing at them. Hence, the actors they found had some foundation in martial arts or had acted in martial arts movies. Even the main lead could not be too shabby. He had to have the arms and the figure. Furthermore, a substitute could be used for the main lead, but how could one find a substitute for a supporting actor?

The martial arts director had a headache.

Yao Jiancai was the funny fellow in the film crew, so he could easily speak with anyone. "This lad is my good friend, please take care of him."

The martial arts director said, "Uncle Yao, young hero Chen has quite a few scenes in the movie. It's at least a minute and half of screen time. There are quite a lot of advanced movements required, but he..."

Zhang Ye summoned his courage and said, "Why don't we try it out?"

The martial arts director found a sword and passed it to him, "Wave the sword twice for me to see."

Zhang Ye took it over and immediately felt high-spirited. With a flick of his wrist, he caused sword beams to flicker in the air...Alright, those were just adjectives with artistic embellishment. Actually he just waved the sword in the air. This was a real sword and due to the soft nature of a sword, this shake of the sword nearly stabbed Yao Jiancai.

Yao Jiancai was so scared out of his wits that he retreated a few steps, "Take it easy, bro."

The martial arts director then instructed Zhang Ye to do a few other actions. However, when Zhang Ye followed his instructions, it was still a mismatch. His person and the sword were not well-coordinated. There was no elegance, nor was there any forcefulness. It had the mood of an "old farmer crossing the river", and the old farmer was one that did not know how to swim.

"Learn from me!"

"Alright."

"Follow my demonstration. This way. Your wrist has to be straight. Your lower body has to be stable. No swaying!"

"This way? Will this do?"

"Aiyah, what do you mean will this do!? Are you practicing aerobics?"

After a long period of back and forth, the martial arts director could no longer endure it. He got another supporting actor. It was easy to tell that this person had probably practiced martial arts in the past. The martial arts director let the actor demonstrate to Zhang Ye as well as attempt a fighting scene. However, Zhang Ye, who was a complete rookie, was unable to match the actor. Either his lines did not match or his martial arts motions were lacking. The actor was feeling quite vexed in the end.

The acting elsewhere had finished filming. Quite a few people had noticed the commotion here. Many people were amused by Zhang Ye's "clumsy-handed" swordplay.

"Hur Hur.."

"What is this?"

"We can film this? Are we even filming a wuxia movie?"

"His actions are quite strong. I couldn't tell that he had so much strength? It looks like his kicks are quite forceful too, but..it's just not pretty. It's too ugly."

"So what if he's famous in Beijing. He's not cut out for acting."

"Don't spout irresponsible words. Do you think Teacher Zhang is like the bunch of you who are veterans in this circle? Teacher Zhang is a learned man. To think you ridicule him? I'm telling you. Even if our entire filming crew's literary ability is combined together, we are still inferior to Teacher Zhang!"

"Every industry has its specialists."

"We aren't mocking him, but we are after all in acting, and not competing in literature."

With the filming done, they could switch locations. So the moment there was a break, more people gathered around. Some were here to join in the fun, while others were well-meaning and tried to give some advice.

The actress who had taken a picture with Zhang Ye said, "Should we try changing a few actions? The ones before are indeed too difficult. Even professional martial arts actors would have difficulties doing them."

The martial arts director sighed, "It's already been decided. If we are changing it, we need to redo the choreography. There's no time left. The Director has said that we are wrapping up in two days, so where do we have the time?"

Yao Jiancai said, "When is Zhang Ye's part?"

The assistant director also looked over, "It will be tonight. We will be driving to a new location. It's a monastery."

"Tonight? Then he wouldn't be able to make it in time even if he practices for a few days." Yao Jiancai began to worry for Zhang Ye.

The person who was most angry was Zhang Ye himself. When had this fellow ever been so embarrassed. So many people were watching him? They were pointing at him? His face was slightly red. However, he did not believe his actions were in anyway not up to mark. In terms of swordplay and kicking, he had done it properly, but these people did not agree to it. They believed Zhang Ye was not up to standard. Why? It was because this was filming for a movie. It was all about the effects and the beauty of fighting. It cared about style. The martial arts director and the other actors who practiced martial arts since they were young definitely had some foundation, but it was at most just a bit. Don't look at their muscles, if they really began fighting, Zhang Ye believed he could beat all them himself without breaking a sweat. And this was if he was unable to use the Taiji Fist.

This wasn't an exaggeration.

What did Zhang Ye know?

Taekwondo and Taiji Fist!

One was a foreign fighting style! Another was a traditional Chinese martial art!

Be it the former or latter, these kung fu were ultimately used to suppress one's enemy. Each punch and kick was the real deal and not just a pretty act. It was no joke. But what did they care about when filming a martial arts film? It was the coolness and stylishness. Every movement had to be wide and open. If they could do it, they would somersault in the air dozens of times before sending a kick towards their enemy. This was what they felt was awesome!

But from Zhang Ye's point of view, that was being a retard!

If you were to do all this cool stuff while somersaulting in midair, an enemy would have sent you flying with a kick. There were too many flaws!

However, this was the difference between industries. Zhang Ye did not look down on others because he knew some kung fu. He knew that in other people's territory and domain, he had to listen to them. This

martial arts director was a professional. This was not a problem of knowing kung fu. If a master who had practiced in Chinese martial arts came to direct, it would be unknown what the outcome of the movie would be. The actions would probably be unsightly!

Zhang Ye still maintained a heart of humility. He practiced and learned from the martial arts director. He tried to adapt as much as possible to this “martial arts act” that seemed retarded to him.

Chapter 193: Fighting with Monks!

In the outskirts.

The setting sun was nearing the Western horizon.

The film crew traveled long distance by car before they finally stopped at the foot of a mountain. About thirty people disembarked from a coach bus and three trucks that were filled with props.

There was no official written name for this mountain. The locals only called it Little Qingshan as there was a Qingshan monastery on the top of the mountain. Beijing’s landscape was definitely incomparable to locations that had beautiful natural landscapes in the South. However, Little Qingshan was an exception. The scenery was pleasant and the monastery was very popular. Many people would come here annually to burn incense and worship. Of course, there were even more filming crews like them who came to film.

This was no ordinary place.

Little Qingshan was very famous. Qingshan Monastery was also very famous.

If one wanted to ask which was the highest mountain here? Everyone would definitely point in one direction. Well, the Xiangshan mountain was a few kilometers away.

If one asked which was the most popular monastery around here? The locals would definitely point in one direction. Well, the Xiangshan Zhao Monastery was a few kilometers away.

If you asked what had the Little Qingshan had to do with Xiangshan?

Or ask what Qingshan Monastery had to do with the Zhao Monastery?

Well, actually these places have no relation at all. Let’s change topics!

The main lead did not come. He had no scenes to film today so he had gone back to rest. Director Jiang walked in front and spoke to a few important supporting actors about the scene. The Assistant Director was in charge of the prop placement. Stage management was the busiest in the filming crew. Not only did they need to busily prepare items, they had to pick up people, collect food boxes and take on the role of drivers. For such a change of filming locations that was not that far away, they still had to transport the items. Heaps of equipment were unloaded by a few stage management crew and employees. Then they transported it up the mountain. Ignoring the swords, sabers, and poles, even the few cameras were not easily transported.

The stairs went up high. It looked like a hundred meters and it extended upwards in a winding fashion.

“Little Zhang, hurry, give your old bro a hand!” After about a dozen steps, Yao Jiancai was already panting. His large belly was trembling and it looked like he was having a hard time.

Zhang Ye supported him, “Your physical fitness is lacking.”

Yao Jiancai bragged, “Back in the day, your old bro was a representative for the school’s physical education classes. I’m not in a good state today. It has been a day of filming, if not, just climbing a few hundred meters would be like child’s play.” After a few pants, he said, “Don’t you say me. Just from the few martial arts move you did, you aren’t any better than me!”

Zhang Ye smiled without saying a word. Neither did he explain.

Halfway up the mountain, Director Jiang waved his hand and shouted. “Stop. Let’s set up the cameras here. Props too!”

Everyone began to busy themselves. There was a scene along the mountainside. Clearly, they were prepared to film here. This scene was precisely where Zhang Ye’s role of “Young hero Chen” would appear.

The Assistant Director asked worriedly, “Teacher Zhang, will you manage?”

How could Zhang Ye say no as he firmly said, “I’ve no problems. We can beginning filming anytime.” He had not taken off his costume. He got a sword from the props and was prepared to act.

The martial arts director was standing by the side, “What do you mean you have no problems. Just that move of yours isn’t up to standard. Hai, you should practice before the cameras begin rolling. When the cameras begin rolling, wasting a scene is wasting money. If the Director is unhappy, he will definitely swap you out.” He was cold on the outside but warm on the inside. Although he kept saying how Zhang Ye was lacking, he was still sparing no effort to help Zhang Ye do it well.

Zhang Ye began practicing.

“Teacher Zhang, all the best.”

“Right, practice more is all you need. It’s not difficult.”

A few people from Beijing, who knew Zhang Ye, cheered him on.

In their hearts, Zhang Ye was a very mighty figure. In the literary field, he was an invincible person with no rivals in Beijing. Unfortunately, he was banned by the television stations, so he was unable to showcase his prowess. In the end, he had to film a movie, and it was a martial arts one. In their opinion, this was clearly something Zhang Ye was lacking in. Although they could see that Zhang Ye was slowly progressing, his actions were still not beautiful. A few knew that this was hard on Teacher Zhang. He was a literary scholar who did literature. It was a bit too much for him to brandish swords and swing staffs.

However, there were people in the filming crew who looked down on Zhang Ye.

“Don’t bite off more than you chew.”

“We will definitely be wasting some film later. Sigh.”

“Isn’t this causing a problem? We are all waiting to knock off after work. If he delays it, who knows what time the filming will end today.”

“Forget it. Refrain from saying so much. It’s not easy.”

A short while later, a few machinery were ready after a few adjustments.

Director Jiang sat beside Machine #1, “Alright, let’s begin!”

The villain character that was acting with Zhang Ye came over. He was carrying a sword and stood at his designated position.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and walked over too. He stood at the spot the martial arts director indicated to him. Everything was ready.

With a command from Director Jiang, the cameras began rolling!

“Young hero Chen?” The villain looked to be on guard.

Zhang Ye smiled and said his lines, “My surname is Chen, but I don’t deserve the title young hero.”

After a few words were exchanged, the two began fighting. Zhang Ye’s role was that of a helper of the main lead. The fighting scene was directly recorded. There should have been some scenes of young hero Chen before this, but it was likely to be filmed in the future. Films were seldom recorded according to the plot’s order.

There was close combat!

Saber beams and sword shadows!

This scene originally would have Zhang Ye take his enemy’s life within ten moves.

At the second move, Zhang Ye followed the established movement and blocked with his sword. Then he kicked out according to the choreography created by the martial arts director. However, this kick of his was too accurate. There was no other way about it as Zhang Ye knew kung fu. The skills he obtained from the books were too entrenched, so it was not that easy to deviate from it. His kick had aimed for the villain’s vital spot. This was a reflexive movement of Zhang Ye, and he knew things would be bad if he really made the kick. Hence, he quickly diverted it, and reduced his strength. But with the villain slashing the sword over, he “slashed” onto Zhang Ye’s shoulder!

“Cut!” Director Jiang said angrily.

The Assistant Director also said, “Why didn’t you follow the choreography?”

The villain smacked his lips, “Teacher Zhang, your kick should have been lower, then will you be at an advantage with a lowered stance. How can you be slashed by me?”

Zhang Ye was thinking that if he had not lessened his strength, you would have been sent flying by this bro’s kick. How would you even slash me? That was nonsense! However, he did not say a word. As this was not a real fight and just filming a movie, it was indeed true that Zhang Ye was in the wrong.

Following that, the cameras began rolling again.

Once...

Twice...

Thrice...

Zhang Ye followed the choreography this time. However, he kept feeling that the actions were too weird, nor could there be any strength in them. His limbs were all soft. He was unsatisfied with it. Naturally, Director Jiang would not agree to these takes!

“What are you doing!” Director Jiang’s temper was quite bad. In an annoyed manner, he said, “Do you even know how to fight? You can’t even do this tiny bit of actions? Is this very difficult?”

F**k!

And you are actually yelling at me?

Two knife-wielding burglars who were fighting me with their lives had been taken down by me! I can’t fight?

Zhang Ye stared at him. Those who knew him knew that this fellow’s temper was much worse than Director Jiang’s. He refused to submit to anyone!

The Assistant Director smoothed things over, “Teacher Zhang is an intellectual. He will definitely be slightly lacking in fighting scenes.”

Having recalled that this person was recommended by Zhang Yuanqi, Director Jiang sighed, “Let’s do another take.”

However, many of the crew had their objections. Zhang Ye was too useless in their eyes. There were still several scenes later on. They still needed to go up the mountain. How long would this filming take?

At this moment, five people came down the mountain!

“Who are you?”

“Who allowed you to gather here?”

“The monastery is a serene place! Please leave immediately!”

It was a few bald monks. They were dressed in robes and held poles in their hand. They did not look welcoming.

They had already set up the lighting and it was easy to tell at a glance. The Assistant Director was stunned, “Little masters, we had informed your abbot a month ago that we would be filming this month. Our sponsorship fees and related contracts have been drawn up. You just need to ask your abbot.”

Everyone no longer had time to show disdain at Zhang Ye’s uselessness. Instead, they looked at the few monks.

A monk looked cold as he clenched his pole tightly, “Half a month ago, our abbot was changed! Now, unauthorized people are prohibited from entry!”

Zhang Ye felt speechless hearing this.

The abbot had changed? When did monasteries engage in competition for higher positions?

The Assistant Director said with a frown, "But we have already decided on it. This scene is very important. We can't not have this scene. We will just film for a day and will be gone tomorrow."

The young monk said fiercely, "Not even an hour! Leave immediately!"

A few young monks surrounded them and blocked the path uphill.

Yao Jiancai said, "Where is your abbot? Please call him here. We will discuss it with him."

"The abbot is meditating! It's inconvenient for him to receive others!" The young monk seemed impenetrable. His expression was also arrogant. He looked down on them, "I'm giving you ten seconds! Leave immediately!"

Ten seconds?

It wasn't even enough to move their equipment!

Director Jiang was also annoyed, "Bring us to your abbot!"

The young monk stared at him, "Didn't you hear what I said? The abbot is meditating! There is still six seconds remaining! Are you leaving? We can help you leave!"

Monks were so fierce?

What sort of monks were these!?

The filming crew was extremely annoyed!

"How can you be so fierce!?! So what if we don't leave!?"

"What would you do? Will you use your poles to beat us?"

"Having gone to so many monasteries, I have never seen such unreasonable monks! Come! Try and hit me! I want to see how you are helping us leave!"

Ten seconds were up!

The young monk did not say an additional word and slammed down with his pole. With a crashing sound, a bulb was shattered. Even the lighting frame crashed down and rolled down the mountain. It nearly even swept Zhang Ye off his feet, who had not provoked anyone!

Zhang Ye's gaze turned cold.

The other filming crew members were also outraged, "What are you doing!"

Another older monk in his twenties also brandished his pole and was about to smash the camera!

At this moment, the martial arts director stood forward. With a sword from the props, he charged. Ding! He had clashed with the pole, but before he could make his next move, the young monk had flicked his pole and hit the martial arts director's stomach, sending him flying!

“Ah!” The martial arts director rolled down the stairs!

An actor and two stage management crew happened to be just below. They hurriedly caught him, stabilizing him. If he carried on rolling down, even if he did not die, he would be left half-dead. There were still tens of meters of stairs!

Chapter 194: Zhang Ye’s Taiji Fist 1 vs 4!

On Little Qingshan.

The filming crew began cursing!

“You dare hit someone?”

“You smashed our things?”

“Have you monks gone crazy?”

“Call the police! Isn’t this a society that is ruled by law?”

“You’re from the monastery, we respected you. We’ve already discussed it with you all earlier, but now you just want to take back your word like this? Even hitting our people?”

“This is too unreasonable!”

“All of you, what kind of people are you! And you call yourselves monks?”

Aren’t monks supposed to be compassionate? Ah? What if our people fell off just now! He would had fallen to his death! You guys tried to push him to his death?”

With the commotion, many people had now gathered around!

The few young monks looked at them without batting an eyelid, “We already told you to leave immediately! You guys did not listen! So don’t blame us for for not being welcoming!

Another young monk said, “We will say it once more! Are you leaving? Ah?” their faces were full of malice!

A stuntman stepped forward, “So what if we don’t leave!”

Before he could even finish the sentence, another young monk had already attacked. With a wave of his pole, it hit the stuntman on his face. Pu! The stuntman flew sideways horizontally. That showed how much strength was put into that hit!

“Little Zhao!”

“Holy fuck!”

“This gang of bald donkeys!”

That hit showed everyone the group of monks were not in the mood for discussion. They did not bother about what had been discussed nor did they have eyes for the law. If they wanted to beat you, they will beat you! It also made them understand that even though their group numbered around 30 people, they were totally outmatched by the group of monks. Initially, they felt that since most of them had

some training before and with so many years of filming martial arts movies, they'd be able to deal with these few monks! But the facts had proven that their martial arts were all just fancy moves. The martial arts director could not even take two hits before being blown away. Those stuntmen with over 10 years of experience like Little Zhao were not even able to strike. Though the monks were a little underhanded by striking first without warning, even in a fair duel, the monks were still one better than the other! It was different from this bunch of actors with their fancy moves. The monks had real weapons on hand and had trained from young in the monastery!

Fancy moves versus real skills!

With just an exchange of blows, the outcome had been decided!

Director Jiang did not bother about the equipment. Instead he ran over to the fallen stuntman and asked, "Little Zhao, how are you? Are you alright?"

Little Zhao bitterly spat out the blood in his mouth, "I'm fine!"

The Assistant Director said in a panic, "Director Jiang, a wise man does not fight when the odds are against him, let's....."

Director Jiang clenched his teeth and hesitated a moment. Just as he was about to command everyone to head down the mountain, the monks did not even wait and tried to strike another camera with a pole!

The girl who had asked for a photo with Zhang Ye was standing nearby. She suddenly threw herself in front of the camera, "If you want to hit, you have to hit me first!"

"Little Yan!"

"Sister Yan!"

"Little Yan, come back here!"

"Are you or the machine more important?"

"Stop! You even want to hit a girl? Are you even human!?"

The actress showed no fear and stared at the group of monks.

The monk who was striking with the pole hesitated but said, "A monk does not differentiate between man and woman!" After saying that, his face turned malicious and he struck the pole down on the actress!

"No!"

"Sister Yan!"

"Are you all f**king insane!"

The film crew were all in shock as they cursed. They could pass on the stuntman Little Zhao, or even the martial arts director, they were trained with good builds and were men. But the actress was a fragile female comrade. If the pole struck her, she might even become paralyzed?

Little Yan's face turned green. But she stood her ground and did not step back. She was betting her life on this!

The long pole whistled through the air!

10 cm!

5 cm!

Just as the pole was about to hit Little Yan's shoulder, as the the film crew were all shouting with rage, a figure appeared behind Little Yan's back!

It was Zhang Ye!

Everyone was stunned!

"Teacher Zhang?"

"What are you doing over there!"

"You don't even know the basic moves for the scene, those monks are....."

At this moment, Zhang Ye made a move that left everyone dumbfounded!

Zhang Ye had tried numerous times earlier during the duel with the villain during filming to use his Taiji Fist to let the filming effect be expressed more beautifully. But despite trying over and over, he could not achieve the desired effect. He had wanted to achieve those moves like in the movies, but he just couldn't do it. But right now, upon seeing so many of the equipment being smashed and the actress, who had wanted a photo with him, facing a beating, Zhang Ye's emotions were exploding. With a move of his arms and feet, he now knew that he could use Taiji!

His hands had precisely grabbed hold of the pole as it came down and with a twist of his wrist, the pole had deviated from its trajectory and slid past Little Yan's shoulder and landed with a loud slam on the ground!

The young monk was stunned.

Before he could come back to his senses, Zhang Ye's wrist followed up with a movement, seemingly without much effort, as he borrowed the momentum he obtained when the pole rebound forcefully, hitting the chin of the monk with a loud bang! The young monk's mouth was full of blood! His lower jaw had slammed into his upper jaw as four to five bloody teeth flew out from his mouth!

"Pu!" The young monk was beaten into a daze!

Zhang Ye did not let him off and used a single hand to lift and twist him around before winding up behind the young monk. Then, he landed a heavy shot to the back of the young monk's neck!

The young monk crumbled to the ground. Having his upper body being hit by Zhang Ye caused him to land on his head on a step. Without a sound, he had passed out!

"Wu Yan!"

"Brother Wu Yan!"

The few young monks all shouted that person's name in horror!

Little Yan was stunned. She looked at Zhang Ye with a dazed face and then looked at the young monk with a bloody mouth who was now lying dead on the ground.

This...

This...

"Are you looking for death!" The monk who had earlier ambushed the stuntman with an attack rushed at Zhang Ye within a few steps. The other monks also rushed forward with killing intent, their eyes full of hatred!

Looking for death?

Is this what a monk should utter?

When you wanted to kill us, we deserved it. But when we get one of your guys, then I have to die?

Zhang Ye's face turned cold. He had no intention of stepping back. Instead, he took a few large strides and headed forward, to welcome them face on. This time, he was really offended! If he had depended on those few Taekwondo skills experience books, Zhang Ye felt that it would be a chore to face even just one of them. This bunch of monks knew kung fu that was neither deep nor at a superficial level. However, their punches and kicks were all real so Zhang Ye felt that his Taekwondo would not hold up. But now with the eruption of his Taiji Fist and the experience of fighting the monk earlier, Zhang Ye worries had all faded!

One of them reached him first!

A shadow of the pole came after!

Zhang Ye used the same move, his hand grabbed hold of the pole but did not stop it. He again borrowed the momentum and with a flick of his wrists turned it downwards!

That monk did not realize what had happened. He only felt his brute strength being negated fully at that moment and the pole that was no longer in his control came crashing onto the ground! He had earlier seen the other monk being beaten unconscious but could not put his head around it. He did not understand why his junior was not a match for this person in front of him. At this moment, he could finally see it, but it was already too late!

Zhang Ye turned his palm and hit him on the chin!

That monk had followed in the previous victim's footsteps. He spat out blood and several of his teeth!

Zhang Ye struck him on the back of his neck with his hand and this second monk too had now been knocked unconscious!

The remaining two monks had now gone pale upon seeing this. They looked at each other and said, "Let's attack together!"

The shadow of the poles came down together to attack!

Zhang Ye's used the same move that allowed him greatness. With one hand, he held the pole on the left side. With his other hand, he held the pole on his right. And then seeing the monk on his left staggering, their movements messier than the two monks from earlier, he changed the direction and momentum of the pole's movement. The monk tried to increase his attacking strength but without any control, the pole flew out from his hands. With that, his legs wobbled and he lost his balance. This allowed Zhang Ye to give a kick, a Taekwondo kick to his face. It was not a kick as graceful as Taiji, but its strength was vicious! That monk collapsed on his back and groaned as he lay on the ground. Then he fainted. Following that, the monk on his right moved in. He thought he was smart and did not attack with the pole swinging down. He deviated from the previous few attacks and swung the pole at Zhang Ye sideways at his waist. But Zhang Ye managed to grab hold of the pole. With a step aside and a flick of his waist, the pole was now at Zhang Ye's waist with hardly any force. The attack had been nullified by Zhang Ye's unknown moves and he had even allowed Zhang Ye to move closer to him now. With the back of his palm, Zhang Ye hit him on the lower jaw and followed up with another to his back!

Smash!

".....Ah!" That person was also knocked unconscious!

In a space of just 10 seconds and several simple moves, four of the five monks were now lying unconscious on the floor!

Seeing this, the last monk did not rush forward no matter how foolish he was. He knew that they had met a master today! A master of the masters! He looked at his fellow disciples and turned to run back up towards the mountain!

"Senior brother!"

"Master!"

"This is not good!"

The young monk shouted until his lungs almost burst!

Zhang Ye looked at the actress, "Are you alright?"

"Ah, no, no matter." Little Yan was stuttering in her shock!

"How are the others?" Zhang Ye asked the martial arts director, "Are there any internal injuries?"

But all of them didn't say a word. They were in fact looking at Zhang Ye with shocked faces, as if they had witnessed an alien!

Yao Jiancai was dumbfounded!

Director Jiang was in a daze!

The Assistant Director and other members of the film crew were all staring at him!

To ferocious! This was too fucking ferocious!

Who said that Teacher Zhang Ye was a learned man?

Who said that Teacher Zhang was a weakling?

Weakling your sister! The martial arts director and the stuntman, Little Zhao were all no match for those people! But look at what happened? That bunch of monks were no match for you? Each one unconscious with a hit, like they were dancing? Holy sh*t! What kind of ferocious battle points do you even have!

Chapter 195: Zhang Ye Discusses Buddhist Verses with Monks!

“Little Zhang, you are awesome! A fierce man!” Yao Jiancai said with a loud laugh. He did not seem composed like how an old man in his forties or fifties should be. He wrapped his arm around Zhang Ye’s shoulders, “Those few moves of yours are coquettish!”

The actress, who had been saved, came around and thanked him, “Teacher Zhang, thank you!”

Zhang Ye waved his hands and also removed Old Yao’s arm from his shoulder.

The martial arts director had gotten around. He was not seriously injured, but the expression he used while looking at Zhang Ye was only that of shock, “Little Zhang...Teacher, you.. I thought you don’t know kung fu? Aren’t you not able to do a few simple martial arts movements and even after practice, you still could not do it up to standard? How did you...”

Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner, “Martial arts movements?”

Those things were called bullsh*t martial arts movements!

The villain actor who had acted opposite him also said, “That’s right. If you are so powerful, why couldn’t you do those simple actions? Could you been acting and using me for your amusement?” Only then did he realize that the person he had looked down upon and had wasted a lot of film footage was a hidden master! However, why couldn’t he tell despite sparring with him previously?

Zhang Ye did not explain.

The stuntman, who had been injured, had already stood up. Although Zhang Ye did not say a word, he could tell. “Can’t you tell? Teacher Zhang knows real kung fu. Our ‘martial arts’ we use for filming movies is not called martial arts at all. It’s just showy. What Teacher Zhang was using was true Chinese martial arts. We let a Teacher, who has already imbued Chinese martial arts into his bones and body, to do our showy ‘martial arts’? It would be a wonder if he could do it well! True Chinese martial arts focuses on training one’s body before practicing the art of restraining an enemy. It’s not the same as ours which is just to show the audience!”

His master had also practiced in Chinese martial arts. He only began learning from his master after the age of 18, and had already missed the prime age for practicing martial arts. No matter what he practiced was just the tip of the iceberg. Hence, he could only become a stuntman. Although he could not traverse down the path of Chinese martial arts, he still knew quite a bit, so he could tell at a glance.

“Chinese martial arts?”

“Teacher Zhang really knows kung fu?”

“And it’s true kung fu? This is the first time seeing it!”

“It’s so cool! Teacher Zhang, teach me tomorrow!”

Everyone gave him the thumbs up.

After a daze, the martial arts director was no longer surprised. He had seen many Chinese martial arts experts before. For example, many action stars and martial arts director in the industry or even stuntmen had practiced Chinese martial arts. Some of them had great attainment. However, he never expected a weak, soft and non-muscular Teacher Zhang was a Chinese martial arts practitioner. And it could be seen that he was not a beginner. He destroyed each person upon each encounter with one punch each. He was definitely an expert who had trained for years!

He was a frog in a well!

He was really a frog in a well!

The martial arts director and many of the people who had previously grumbled about Zhang Ye’s inability to do the actions turned red from embarrassment. They realized that it was not because Zhang Ye was unable to do well, but it was because they were making fools out of themselves. If one wanted to be precise, Teacher Zhang Ye was the person who really knew martial arts!

The martial arts director cupped his fists, “Sorry about before.”

Zhang Ye shook his hands, “What’s there to be sorry about?”

The Assistant Director said with lingering fear, “It’s all thanks to Little Zhang or we would suffer heavy losses. Xiaoyan was nearly beaten. That bunch of bald donkeys!”

When the other people from the filming crew heard this, they also began cursing!

“Pui!”

“What sort of monks are they!”

“We can’t just let this go!”

Yao Jiancai was also very angry. He went forward and kicked a monk who had fainted from Zhang Ye’s beating. However, that kick made him move. It was as if he was regaining consciousness. Yao Jiancai hurriedly retreated in fear and stood behind Zhang Ye. He then began cursing the monk.

“Director Jiang.”

“Director Jiang, what do we do?”

Director Jiang looked at those who had fainted and asked Zhang Ye, “How are they? There’s no danger, right?”

Zhang Ye said lightly, “There’s no danger. Just a few teeth lost or a dislocated jaw. As for other things, they are just superficial wounds. I didn’t injure them too badly.”

For the first time, Director Jiang looked at him with appreciation, “Then what do you think we should do now?”

“Go up the mountain.” Zhang Ye said matter-of-factly, “Let’s get them to answer for their actions! They can’t just beat our people up for nothing! They have to pay for our equipment!”

Director Jiang, “...”

The Assistant Director wiped his sweat and said, “They have already called for reinforcements. Who knows how many monks they have. What if there are more than ten, we...”

Zhang Ye said coldly, “If one comes, I’ll beat one up! If ten comes, I’ll beat ten up!”

The martial arts director gave his kudos, “Nice! Count me in!”

“Me too! Let’s fight it out with them up the mountain!” An actor said excitedly.

After seeing Zhang Ye’s kung fu, these people immediately felt embolden. They were no longer afraid of anything. With a masterful expert with them, who was afraid of who!?

Of course, there were only a few who felt their blood surging. A large number of them were at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Those who knew of Zhang Ye’s past deeds recalled of this person’s a*shole temper. Back then, they did not actually believe it and waved them off as rumors. After all, how much of an a*shole could a broadcasting host who dealt with literature be? However from what they saw today, it was indeed true. The rumors were not fake. This guy was a fearless person! What sort of place was a monastery? That was a place protected by numerous civilians! From the looks of it, you were going to thrash their monastery?

“Don’t be rash!”

“Calm down!”

“Don’t fight when you are up the mountain. Speak nicely first!”

“Right, those monks had been beaten by us, and it was not that trivial. We have obtained our revenge. I think we should report to the police and go down the mountain first.”

Everyone were in disagreement. There was no outcome.

But in a blink of an eye, Zhang Ye had already walked up the staircase. Zhang Ye didn’t care if they were going up. He could not take it lying down!

“Heh!”

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Little Zhang, what are you doing!?”

The moment Zhang Ye went up the mountain, the martial arts director, a few stuntmen and two actors followed. Yao Jiancai did not hide away and also rolled up his sleeves and followed behind while swearing.

Director Jiang was already appeased. They had only beaten two people up, and the injuries were slight. The lighting equipment they smashed was not that expensive either. However, they had taken down four monks. Up to now, none of them had waken up. As the overall director, he still cared about the

bigger picture. Although he felt hatred, he still got a few people to carry the monks up the mountain. He did not ignore and leave the monks behind.

.....

At the top of the mountain.

What was supposed to be a dark monastery was lit up.

They were not using flaming torches or similar stuff. Monasteries had lamps. Every one of them used electricity these days.

The moment the filming crew arrived, they encountered a group of about seven to eight monks. There weren't many of them, but they were fully armed. Some of them held poles, while one of them looked like the monastery's cook. It looked like he came out with a large ladle. They were all furious and stared deadly at Zhang Ye, however, none of them dared to take the step forward. The junior brother that came back had already informed them of the situation. From the description, they could not tell what kung fu the other party used. They could only be certain that it was a form of Chinese martial arts. They also guessed that according to the description, the lot of them probably was not the person's match. Hence, although they stood there shouting, none of them dared to be the first to rush forward!

"Where are my junior brothers!?"

"You dare to hit monks?"

"This is pushing it too far!"

"Where's the abbot? Quickly get the abbot here!"

A few of the filming crew members had brought the monks up the mountain. After receiving a nod from Director Jiang when they glanced at him, they brought the monks over. One of the monks had already woken up, so he walked over himself.

"Junior brother!"

"Senior brother!"

"What happened to you?"

The bunch of monks hurried over to help and pinched their philtrums.

Not a while later, the monks, who had been beaten, regained consciousness. They barely stood up. They were not seriously injured, but their words sounded odd like there was air leakage. Their teeth had dropped off!

"Amitābha!" Suddenly, an old monk walked out of the courtyard. He first looked at his disciples' wounds before he faced the filming crew.

"Abbot!"

"They beat us up!"

A young monk who had regained consciousness complained despite being the first at fault.

“Shut up!” The abbot roared, “Did you make the move first?”

The monks were temporarily rendered speechless. The other monks also lowered their heads and did not speak.

The abbot said with a sad heart, “Monks should be benevolent. By hurting others, this outcome is a result of your own actions. Others are not to blame!”

Yao Jiancai grunted, “Looks like you have someone reasonable here. Then this would be easier to negotiate.”

Director Jiang said with some resentment, “Abbot, our film crew had previously contacted the previous abbot and had agreed to this filming. Now with you going back on your words and even beating up our people and smashing our equipment, I want to ask what’s the meaning of this? Thankfully we have an expert in our crew, or who knows if someone would be killed by the bunch of you today?”

The abbot looked very calm and spoke calmly, “We do not welcome filming crew in the future.”

Director Jiang said, “It’s fine if you don’t welcome us, but why didn’t you say so earlier? Why was there a need to beat people up?”

“I was meditating. I did not know anything that was happening outside. If I knew, I wouldn’t have allowed them to do so.” The abbot placed his palms together and said, “Amitābha, my few disciples have been taught a lesson by you, so Almsgiver, please leave. I won’t see you out.”

He was pushing the responsibility?

He was using the fact that he was unaware as an answer?

And he was not seeing them out? He was so impolite?

They had previously thought they had met a reasonable person, but who knew he was also a recalcitrant monk!

Zhang Ye walked up. This movement of his caused a few of the young monks to step back in horror.

The abbot understood this at a glance. This person was definitely the Chinese martial arts expert who had beaten his disciples. “This Almsgiver, what’s the matter?” He was fearless. It was unknown if he had practiced kung fu before.

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, “If this matter is not cleared up, we will not leave!”

“If there’s any matter, do it another day. I haven’t finished my seated meditation.” The abbot could not care any less about him as he turned around, bringing his disciples away.

“Meditation? You are still meditating at this moment?” Zhang Ye was angered and as he saw the abbot’s distancing back figure, he immediately threw out a famous Buddhist verse from Master Huineng, in a face-smacking way, “When living, sit, don’t lie. When dead, lie down, don’t sit. How can a set of stinking bones, be used for training?”

The abbot was stunned as he suddenly turned his head backwards!

The young monks were also stunned as they looked with their mouths agape at Zhang Ye!

Chapter 196: Zhang Ye's one gatha after Another!

Zen verse?

This person even knew Zen verses?

When living, sit, don't lie. When dead, lie down, don't sit.

How can a set of stinking bones, be used for training?

Those who did not know could not understand at all, but those who really knew could tell the profoundness of the Zen verse. Even Buddhist masters might not be able to freely say such verses!

Zhang Ye's Zen phrase meant: A pile of stinking bones will rot, but if it stubbornly insisted on doing the actions of meditation without understanding the verses, then they were demonstrating "When living, sit, don't lie. When dead, lie down, don't sit". By the time you had such thoughts, your senses and character would only be fake inside out. How was there any merit established? How was one to gain enlightenment? Or if it was put simply, Zhang Ye was telling them: Are you learning to meditate or learning to be a seated Buddha? If you were meditating, then that was not something you could do just sitting there. If they were learning to be a seated Buddha, Buddha was not a fixed state, so how was one to accomplish it by sitting? To gain Buddhist enlightenment from meditation was not a feasible route!

In Buddhism, there were gatha and Zen verses. They were given such names and not called poems. But to Zhang Ye, they were no different from poems!

"You..." a young monk said in disbelief.

Not only him, even the abbot could not accept that such a profound Zen verse came from the mouth of a "martial monger" who had beaten his four disciples!

The abbot looked into Zhang Ye's eyes, "Almsgiver, you know Zen verses?"

Many people in the filming crew did not understand Zhang Ye's gatha, but from the monks' faces of shock, they knew Zhang Ye had said something awesome.

Yao Jiancai laughed.

The Deputy Director laughed.

Many people in the filming crew were also laughing.

They knew that for acting, Zhang Ye was a complete layman. He was inferior to even a typical rookie, or they would not have wasted so much of the film footage without succeeding in filming his motions. However, when it came to poems and literature, this Teacher Zhang Ye was an expert amongst experts. All the members of the filming crew combined together could not even amount to a finger of Zhang Ye. It could be said that this was his true trade! Everyone laughed knowing that these monks had encountered a hard problem! When some people live, they are already dead. When some people die, they are still alive. Some of them knew that Zhang Ye had previously used a short poem like this. This short line made it evident that Zhang Ye's literary skill was not to be underestimated!

Zhang Ye smiled. "I can't say I know."

"You don't have to be humble. Just that gatha you said might not even be produced by an esteemed monk who has meditated for decades. Hur Hur. Since I happen to meet you, let us exchange our knowledge on verses?" His disciples had been beaten, so the abbot probably was suppressing his anger. Compete in martial arts? Since he couldn't beat others, he changed to competing through words!

Xiaoyan could not help but laugh. Compare your literary attainment with Teacher Zhang? This was shooting themselves in the foot, and immediately cheered on Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, compete with him!"

"Right! Attack!"

"Let them broaden their horizons!"

"Haha, there are still people these days that want to compete with Zhang Ye in literature?"

"Eh, this is Zen studies, right?" Does Teacher Zhang know?"

"Isn't Zen studies also a form a literature? It's not much different."

Everyone started to shout, urging Zhang Ye to have a literary battle with the monk. Many of them were confident of Zhang Ye. Only a small number of them did not know Zhang Ye well, and were not as optimistic.

An old monk sneered, "To have an exchange in verses with the abbot?"

Another monk said, "If your senses are dirty, what verses are there to talk about?"

"A layman dares to have an exchange in verses with our abbot? He doesn't know his strength." A young monk scoffed. Yes, he said that although he was previously shocked by Zhang Ye's verse.

This bunch of monks did not watch television, so they did not know anything about Zhang Ye.

It was obvious that neither side was willing to step down. They could not fight, nor could they afford to fight, but they had to decide who was better. They had to vent this anger!

Zhang Ye said nonchalantly, "Alright, please go ahead."

Taking advantage of the moment, Zhang Ye did a few actions with his hands and bought a Memory Search Capsule from the game ring's Merchant Shop. After eating it, he very quickly remembered the gatha and Zen verses from his world. These text-based things were recalled quickly. With a blink of an eye, Zhang Ye was ready. People fought for their anger, while Buddha fought for incense. The past two days of accumulation had slightly increased his Reputation, so it was still enough to buy a Memory Search Capsule. It was not for anything but to act almighty!

He could see that a female stage management crew member had begun recording with a cellphone a long while ago!

Look at how smart she was. Zhang Ye wanted to give her a Like. She had such great foresight!

What were the conditions to reach the highest realm of acting almighty? Firstly, one needed an inhuman opponent. Secondly, one needed a bunch of fussing audience. Thirdly, one needed recording equipment, so as to broadcast Zhang Ye's literary excellence to its fullest extent. It couldn't be privately admired!

These three conditions had been fulfilled!

The abbot said softly, "The gatha said by Almsgiver previously meant that meditating was useless. On this point, I do not agree. I am not attempting to gain enlightenment from simply meditating. Meditating is just a method and a way of training one's mind. Since you are a martial arts practitioner, you should know the importance of methods in martial studies. I'm dedicated to Buddhism, while you are dedicated to martial arts. They all have the same principles. Didn't you use methods while being a bully to beat my disciples?"

At this moment, when the highest authority, Director Jiang, heard this, the anger he had suppressed flared up once again. He was so angry that he cried out!

"What unreasonable words!"

"Teacher Zhang was being a bully?"

"Beat your disciples?"

"Why didn't you mention that your disciples were the first to attack!?"

"This old bald donkey sure can beat about the bush!"

The film crew began to shout in unison. They were very unhappy with the abbot's words.

Zhang Ye laughed and looked at him, "Was I the one who injured your disciples?"

"If it wasn't you, then who was it?" The abbot answered. It seemed like he was relying back on Zen studies to come back at Zhang Ye. In this field, the abbot was a "specialized major".

However, Zhang Ye did not give him a chance. He immediately took a Buddhist story from his world. He then pointed at a flag at the corner of the monastery. The flag was flapping in the wind, "With the wind blowing, the flag flaps. Do you say the wind is moving or the flag is moving?"

A young monk was the first to answer, "Of course the wind is moving!"

Zhang Ye shook his head.

An old monk said, "The flag is moving?"

Zhang Ye carried on shaking his head.

A monk said, "Then what is moving? The world is moving?"

Zhang Ye looked up and said, "It's your heart that is moving!"

This Buddhist story was quite well known in Zhang Ye's world. Things changed because of one's will to change. This was not talking about the physical change in things, but the way things were approached.

We would always first subjectively decide if a thing was good or bad. Zhang Ye was using this verse to tell this bunch of people. I was being a bully? I beat you up? That was just your own subjective opinion!

Director Jiang applauded, "Well said!"

The actress, Xiaoyan laughed out loud, "Teacher Zhang is awesome!"

The filming crew was also highly spirited as they clapped and cheered Zhang Ye!

The monks did not look good. With that verse said, it showed how petty they were.

However, the abbot remained poised. He quietly said, "Buddha said, evil words that harm others would descend to Hell after death, what more those who beat others? I wonder if Almsgiver believes in Heaven and Hell."

As a superstitious person, Zhang Ye answered without thinking, "I believe."

The abbot said, "Then where is Heaven? And where is Hell?"

Zhang Ye glanced at him, "It's in your heart and also everywhere."

"Oh? In my heart? Why can't I see that?" The abbot said peacefully.

Zhang Ye chuckled, and immediately scolded him, "You old bald donkey!"

An old monk immediately turned angry. A few younger monks also picked up their sticks, wanting to fight it out with Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said without any hurry and pointed at them, "See, the gates of Hell has opened."

When the few monks heard it, they immediately understood and quickly put down their sticks.

Zhang Ye chuckled once again, "Look, the gates to Heaven has also opened."

The monks looked at each other. So this was what it meant with Heaven and Hell being in the heart!

The abbot asked, "Then what does it mean that Heaven and Hell is everywhere?"

Zhang Ye answered him with his world's gatha, "To see a world in a grain of sand. And a heaven in a wild flower. Hold infinity in the palm of your hand. And eternity in an hour."

About ten monks were stunned hearing this.

Yao Jiancai slapped his thigh and applauded, "What finesse! Too much finesse!"

"Teacher Zhang is so impressive! Hahaha! That was said so beautifully!" Someone in the filming crew sent his kudos.

The abbot was also slightly lost in thought, "Since Almsgiver believes in Heaven and knows about Hell, then why did you have to do actions that harm others?" He kept insisting on this issue.

Xiaoyan said angrily, "Do you have anything else?"

Yao Jiancai said, "You can't beat Little Zhang in Zen studies, so you begin clinging on this?"

“Who was the one who harmed others? It was the bunch of you who harmed others first, alright!? F**k!” An actor cursed.

The abbot ignored the surrounding people and only looked at Zhang Ye, “Indifferent towards karma, since you believe in Hell, aren’t you afraid of descending into Hell?”

Zhang Ye was not pulled in by him, and did not accept his verse that was filled with hidden tricks. With a laugh, he said heroically, “If I don’t descend into Hell, who will?” This gatha could be said to be one of the most famous Buddhist verses in Zhang Ye’s world. It could be said to be peerless!

The deputy director immediately shouted, “Awesome!”

The other members of the filming crew also shouted excitedly, “What a good ‘if I don’t descend into Hell, who will!’?”

However, this sentence did not only have the literal meaning they understood. In fact, they did not understand either, but the abbot understood. Another old monk also understood it. Momentarily, the two of them looked at Zhang Ye with their gazes changed!

If I don’t descend into Hell, who will?

These words were not that of anger but a Zen verse that was filled with compassion. By descending into Hell, without wishing for an end, experiencing extreme torture, to the point of leading a living death. At this moment, if I didn’t enter and save them, who would?

The abbot said with his palms flat against each other, “Amitābha.”

An old monk behind also said with his palms flat, “Amitābha.”

The young monks were still unconvinced. They did not believe that their abbot’s Buddhist studies were incomparable to a layman!

At this moment, it was Zhang Ye’s turn to ask. He pointed at a stone tablet in the yard. There were words inscribed on it. It was a line that made him very interested as well as one that was very familiar. “When I came in, I saw this. I wonder from whom did this gatha come from?”

The abbot gave a glance, “It was written by me a few days ago.”

The carving looked new, so it was clear that it had been recently carved.

The abbot chanted, “The body is a Bodhi tree, the mind is a mirror bright, never stop dusting and wiping, lest dust alight. This is my pursuit of the path of Buddha.”

The filming crew also looked over. They were momentarily awed and felt that the gatha was indeed very good. With his body like a Bodhi tree that let people of the past gain enlightenment, with a heart like a dustless and bright mirror, by constantly reflecting on oneself, it would not let dust settle on the mirror to mar one’s nature! Well written! This was really written by the abbot? The film crew also had a sudden change of attitude towards the abbot. They now understood why the Qingshan Monastery did not welcome filming crews. Them harshly sending people down the mountain and not permitting them entry was because of this gatha of the new abbot. They did not want to tarnish their monastery, and was also the meaning of “never stop dusting and wiping, lest dust alight”.

Someone from the filming crew gave a slight nod.

The abbot also looked towards Zhang Ye, waiting for his reaction.

Who knew that Zhang Ye did not take it seriously and laughed. What a coincidence that this world also had such a gatha. However, the difference was it did not have the second half of the gatha from Zhang Ye's world.

The abbot said, "Almsgiver, why do you laugh?"

A young monk said angrily, "What are you laughing about?"

"That's right. If you have the ability, write one!" Another monk was also displeased.

Zhang Ye found it both funny and annoying, "The reason why you don't let us on the mountain, beat us up, and destroyed our equipment, was all because of this gatha?"

The abbot looked at him, "Does Almsgiver think my gatha is inappropriate?"

"It's far from inappropriate." Zhang Ye said impolitely, "It's completely misleading!"

"What are you saying!" A young monk angrily picked up a pole. However, having just recalled the verse about Heaven and Hell that Zhang Ye just mentioned, he angrily put down his pole. Of course, he knew a large part of it had to do with him not being able to beat Zhang Ye even with a pole.

"What do you mean misleading?" An old monk asked.

Another young monk said exasperatedly, "Don't speak blindly if you do not know!"

The filming crew did not know why Zhang Ye despised this gatha so much. To them, the gatha was very well-written. There wasn't a problem to it?

However, Zhang Ye said, "I have a story here. Listen to it first. In the past, there were two reverend monks in debate. The first monk said, 'I have a mirror in my heart, that I polish everyday, so that it can be used as a reflection, so as to scrutinize myself.' However, the second monk said, 'I have no mirror in my heart, what is there to polish?'"

No mirror?

What is there to polish?

When everyone present heard this, they were stunned. Some seemed to be confused, but there were some who seemed to immediately understand a thing!

Then Zhang Ye said, "Today, I'll give you another gatha." Saying that, Zhang Ye looked towards each and everyone of those monks, "The body is a Bodhi tree? The mind is a mirror bright? Never stop dusting and wiping? Lest dust alight?" Zhang Ye's eyes narrowed. He retorted every word of the abbot. Every word was a strike in the monks' hearts. With every line, the expressions on the monks changed once!

"By origin, there is no Bodhi tree!"

"Nor is there a mirror bright!"

“Originally there is not a single thing!”

All the monks turned silent!

Zhang Ye smiled and asked the monks, “Where does dust alight?”

Chapter 197: Conferring Words!

Zhang Ye finished speaking.

There was silence immediately!

What was a Bodhi tree? The Bodhi Tree was a large and very old Sacred Fig tree. The tree grows to a height of 15-25m and its trunk has a diameter of about 30-50 cm. It has a large and wide-spreading crown, with a bark that is light grey in colour. The simple, long-stalked leaves are heart-shaped and long tipped. The flowers are tiny and are found inside the small fleshy figs, which ripen to greenish-yellow, then purple. There are three kinds of flowers: male, female and sterile... Of course, those were just filler words... This was an official description of the plant.

Cough Cough. Right, time to be serious.

By origin, there is no Bodhi tree? Although the Bodhi tree existed in the world, the Bodhi tree referred to by Buddhists was not a plant. It was a symbol and memory. The Bodhi also represented the great wisdom of Buddhism. What tree was there? What mirror was there? Just as Zhang Ye had described the debate between the 2 monks, the constant reflection of oneself in the mirror, was just a will, a thought, so how was there a mirror?

There was no Bodhi tree!

Nor was there a mirror!

Originally, there is not a single thing, so where does dust alight?

Everyone including the abbot and the monks all searched for an answer within themselves. They used the gatha from Zhang Ye to question themselves — Where does the dust alight? That’s right! Where does dust alight!

The abbot was convinced as he held his palms together, “Amitābha.”

Following that, the ten or so monks behind him also held their palms together, “Amitābha.”

The film crew’s jaw had dropped when they heard the gatha by Zhang Ye. They did not understand Buddhism nor had they learned anything about Zen. Just as they had heard the talk about Zen between the abbot and Zhang Ye earlier, they were only listening for the sake of listening. They knew that Zhang Ye was very good at it, but they did not understand its meanings. But this gatha was different. Not only the monks, even those who were just laymen on Buddhist teachings had heard and understood it clearly. At the beginning, they felt that the abbot’s gatha was already very good, but when Zhang Ye’s ‘By origin, there is no Bodhi tree’ was said, everyone was stunned to the heavens. In that moment, they saw the gulf between the abbot’s gatha and Zhang Ye’s gatha!

Everything does not stand up well with comparisons!

When the 2 gathas were compared, if we say that Teacher Zhang Ye was a reverend monk, then the abbot could be thought of as someone who had just entered the monastery or had even not yet become a monk!

“Haha! Nice!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye, you are so cool!”

“What a good there is no Bodhi tree! What a nor is there a mirror!”

“That’s right! There’s nothing at all! How can there be dust? Teacher Zhang’s gatha is peerless! Instead, it was the bunch of monks who were enlightened!”

“That gatha was too awesome!”

“Why do I feel like I’m witnessing a scene for the ages? ‘Little Qingshan’s Zen Exchange’?”

“In a few centuries, when the future generations mention this gatha by Teacher Zhang, will we also be included in that story?”

“Definitely, ha, we have been touched by the greatness of this and it will be spoken of for a thousand years!”

“Did you record it?”

“It’s recorded.”

“I recorded too, Teacher Zhang was too awesome!”

“Debating about Zen with a monk and winning!”

What was face smacking?

This was face smacking!

What was pretending to be awesome?

This was pretending to be awesome!

Yao Jiancai finally smiled. He felt that Zhang Ye was more and more pleasing to the eye now. Old Yao thought that if he had this level of acting awesome like Zhang Ye, what would become of him? The women would be throwing themselves at him!

Quite a few people in the film crew knew of Teacher Zhang Ye’s literary skills. Even though a majority of the crew did not know Zhang Ye before this, they had now found out about his capabilities from the others who knew of him from before. But what just happened made them understand that they had still underestimated his literary upbringing. Initially, they had urged Zhang Ye to have a literary duel with the abbot because they felt that Zhang Ye would not lose since this was his rice bowl. But since the duel was about Zen and gatha, which belonged to a different school of literature — Gatha was a philosophical study compared to poetry — they had not expected him to win so overwhelmingly! The abbot and the monks were all stunned in silence! They had been dumbfounded by the lecture of Teacher Zhang Ye!

Especially the last bit about the Bodhi Tree!

Gatha was just a form of language used by monks. It wasn't like a couplet where a 2nd verse would exist!

But who would have thought that Zhang Ye could treat it like a couplet and match the 2nd verse to the gatha! Every word was profound! It had refuted the abbot's gatha fully! And it had refuted it so well that no one could say anything! This gatha could not even be commented on, it was that high of a level! Even people who could not understand could see it clearly!

The abbot looked deeply at Zhang Ye before regaining a peaceful look. He closed his eyes and muttered something before slowly opening his eyes again, "This old monk has been meditating for over 30 years. I've been dedicating myself to Buddha all these years and just a few days ago, I was enlightened and wrote that gatha. I thought that I had stepped closer to Buddha and that my spiritual practice had gone to another level." As he said this, he smiled bitterly, "Never did I expect that by meeting you, I would realize that I have not even stepped into the doorway of Zen, what a pity, what a pity."

"Master."

"Abbot!"

A few young monks were still worried.

The abbot waved his hands and said to Zhang Ye, "This Almsgiver might be a secular man, but he has great wisdom. He has wisdom that is even greater than us monks. Today, I have been beaten convincingly. If you have the heart to become a practitioner of Buddhism in future, your Dharma will definitely be higher than mine by a few hundred times."

Hearing this, Zhang Ye immediately waved his hands, "Please don't say that, I'm leading a good life, I'm not so silly. I will continue to be my secular self, being secular is better."

The abbot said with regrets, "Such a pity, a pity."

The abbot had admitted defeat and the monks who had been beaten up earlier had looks of resignation.

Who was this person in front of them? He couldn't be beaten in a fight! He couldn't be out-talked with words! Does he even leave a route for retreat?

Of course, they could not out-talk Zhang Ye. What he had said was a gatha by Abbot Hui Neng from his previous world. It was the widely known "Platform Sutra". Furthermore, during the verse exchange, Zhang Ye had used his mouth to speak. Alright, that's nonsense, but something isn't. That is because Zhang Ye had previously eaten many Fruits of Charm (Voice). This was something that increased his voice's charm. It naturally made his words have an indescribable profoundness. Hence, everyone was shocked. There was reason to it.

Victory had been decided.

The film crew had won. They had finally vented their anger.

With this win, the victors were also more tolerant. Seeing the abbot admit defeat graciously, many people's impression of him became better. They comforted him a little.

"Abbot, don't compete with Teacher Zhang."

“Right, Teacher Zhang Ye is a famous literary person in Beijing. Anything he writes becomes a classic. I believe you all don’t watch TV?”

In the past, they only heard rumors. But today, they had witnessed Zhang Ye’s composing prowess. Their emotions were still running high because of hearing the gatha!

In a moment.

The abbot said to the few young monks, “Go and prepare a few rooms in the backyard and settle down all the Almsgivers.”

The few young monks went to do as instructed without a second word. They were already convinced by Zhang Ye. With just that line of ‘there was no Bodhi tree’, he had won the respect of quite a few monks. Do not judge a book by its cover. Zhang Ye’s looks might be ordinary or even a little lousy. But to a Buddhist practitioner, the outlook did not matter. For Zhang Ye to be able to utter such an amazing gatha, it showed that he was much better than anyone of them in terms of enlightenment and wisdom. He should therefore be treated with the utmost respect. Ignoring any other thing, a knowledgeable person would be their teacher.

Director Jiang was surprised and asked, “Abbot, didn’t you say that you won’t be receiving any film crews here anymore?”

The abbot smiled. “After exchanging knowledge with Teacher Zhang Ye, I have gained a lot. In the past, I was too close minded. Hur Hur, originally there is not a single thing, so where does dust alight?”

Today had been a long day. Director Jiang also had quite a number of shots that had not been filmed yet. The sky was already dark, so they had to do it tomorrow. Should they go back now and come again tomorrow? Wasn’t this a headache? So he did not reject the offer and accept the goodwill of the monastery. He prepared the crew to stay for the night.

Zhang Ye had inadvertently planted the seeds of the willow plant. He had wanted to just vent his anger and then leave, but little did he expect that the monastery would change their attitude. They made him a guest and that made Zhang Ye a little embarrassed.

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In the backyard.

There were over a dozen rooms. The place was quiet and there were many plants and flowers in the courtyard.

A young monk said, “Master, the rooms have been tidied up.”

“Well, Almsgivers. You may have your rest now.” The abbot said to Director Jiang and everyone else.

Director Jiang said, “Thank you. There were some misunderstandings earlier. Are those young monks injured badly?” Figuring that he only had only a few damaged pieces of equipment and 2 people with slight injuries, but the other party had 4 people who were injured rather badly, he realized that their side had not suffered as badly as the hosts. They lost physically and even lost in terms of the knowledge battle.

The abbot said in a calm voice, "I have checked on them, they are alright. Almsgiver Zhang did not injure them badly. Actually, there's no misunderstanding. It was my disciples who misunderstood my gatha and that created all the trouble. Amitābha, please do not hold it against us. My disciples were too hotheaded. It was good that Almsgiver Zhang had taught them a lesson. To have been enlightened by him, it might even be a blessing for them."

It was clearly them being beaten up.

But now, it had become a form of enlightenment?

The film crew all looked at Zhang Ye. They knew that Teacher Zhang's bluff had exploded into something bigger. But this made them realize more clearly what Zhang Ye could do. In the whole of Beijing, no one would dare say he was better than Zhang Ye in terms of poetry and writings. This man was too talented!

Director Jiang said to everyone, "Go and have a rest. Sleep early tonight, we still have to continue filming tomorrow."

Everyone was dismissed. They were all very tired and they went to their own rooms to sleep.

Zhang Ye wanted to leave but he was held back by the abbot, "Almsgiver Zhang, please stay."

"Oh, is there anything?" Zhang Ye looked back and blinked.

"This old monk has an unreasonable request." The abbot smiled blandly and pointed at the stone tablet at the front yard, "Can you confer a few words for us? I would like it to be your gatha from just now. This will guide our disciples in future."

Zhang Ye coughed, "It's not that suitable, is it?"

"What's wrong with it?" The abbot did not think much of it, "Please grant my request."

The young monks also looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye thought about it for a while and acceded. He took a pen and wrote it down.

On the night itself, the abbot instructed for Zhang Ye's words to be inscribed onto the stone tablet. He did not remove his earlier gatha, he left it there. This showed how big of a heart he had!

The stone tablet was awe-inspiring, every word was cutting!

The body is a Bodhi tree, the mind is a mirror bright, never stop dusting and wiping, lest dust alight.

By origin, there is no Bodhi tree, nor is there a bright mirror. Originally, there is not a single thing, where does dust alight?

In Zhang Ye's world, Shenxiu and Six Patriarch Master Huineng's exchange in the "Platform Sutra" miraculously appeared in this world. However, the conversation between the two masters no longer existed in this world. The lead actors had changed to Zhang Ye and one of Qingshan monastery's abbot!

Chapter 198: You dare to believe Zhang Ye's words?

The next day.

Early in the morning.

There were clanging noises outside.

“Right, nice expression. Pass!”

“Director, let’s do it again. I think my lips twitched so I’m not satisfied with it.”

“Actually it’s already very good. Alright then, let’s do it again. Everyone, pay attention. Action!”

In a room in the backyard of the Qingshan Monastery, Zhang Ye was woken up near the fire pit.

After putting on his clothes, Zhang Ye went out.

As they were filming in the front yard, the cameras were already set up.

“Hey, Teacher Zhang, you have woken up?” An actress named Xiaoyan greeted with a smile.

“I just woke up. Why didn’t anyone call me? Everyone is already awake but there I was sleeping. It’s so inappropriate.” Zhang Ye was feeling a bit embarrassed. He had actually went to bed at 1 A.M. last night. He was not slacking but because the abbot was too wicked. He kept getting Zhang Ye to discuss Buddhist verses with him and Zhang Ye had no way of turning him down. Only after discussing all night with the old monk was he let back to his room. Hence, he woke up very late.

The Assistant Director laughed, “It’s alright. There are no scenes for you, so we filmed the later parts first.”

Although Zhang Ye had helped the film crew yesterday, but he did not put on airs. He immediately found a sword, “Alright, then I’ll take the opportunity to practice. We definitely must finish filming it today.”

“No, there’s no need.” The Assistant Director stopped him.

The martial arts director also came forward, “Director Jiang has already said. We will change your motions. Since we know you are a real martial arts practitioner, these movements do not suit you well, so we will make an exception for you. When the time comes, you will just use new movements.” This was equivalent to changing the script for Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, “Isn’t that a lot of trouble?”

“Not a bit.” The Assistant Director said, “Go have breakfast first.”

Zhang Ye saw a few food boxes still unopened. He walked over and ate it. It was all vegetarian. It did not even have any eggs and was probably in consideration of the monastery and they had gotten it delivered in the morning. As he ate, Zhang Ye looked at the filming not far away. It was Yao Jiancai’s scene, where he was acting as a Taoist priest. He was fighting with a few monks. One of the monks was an actor from the filming crew, while the remaining two were monks from the Qingshan Monastery. He had seen them yesterday. He did not expect the abbot to let the monks from the monastery aid in the acting scene. It seemed like the verse, “originally there is not a single thing, where does dust alight” had greatly moved him. He went from meditating to one who tried to gain insight into Buddhist studies.

The stone tablet was erected in front of him.

Quite a number of the crew were relishing about it. They were pointing and discussing it. Some even took pictures as a remembrance. Some of the new staff and actors that came today were confused. The others, who were here the previous night, pointed in the eating Zhang Ye's direction. They retold the events happily.

After the newcomers heard this, they were all extremely shocked.

With the scene's filming done, the scene was changed back to the mountain side from last night.

"Little Zhang, please prepare." Director Jiang said to Zhang Ye.

"Alright," Zhang Ye responded and went to have an exchange with the martial arts director.

Indeed, the actions this time were not so wide open and was very consistent with Zhang Ye's actual combat motions. Quick, stable, ruthless and was less showy.

After Zhang Ye practiced a few times, he said, "Got it."

"Alright, we are about to begin." Director Jiang sat behind Camera #1.

However, now with Zhang Ye acting smoothly, the actor opposite him was having troubles. He too had been acting in action films for many years and all the movements he knew were the showy ones. He had to react to how Zhang Ye fought, so he could not immediately match him. After more than 20 minutes was he barely able to keep up with Zhang Ye's rhythm. Finally, Director Jiang raised his hand. This scene had passed!

Zhang Ye was sweating. The next scene immediately followed. It was also the last time he was appearing as he would be killed by a villain.

An hour later, Zhang Ye's part was completed.

"Teacher Zhang, you've worked hard." A stage manager passed a towel to him.

"Thanks." Zhang Ye took it and wiped his sweat before taking off his costume and changed into his clothes.

Since he was done with the filming, Zhang Ye bade farewell to Director Jiang, Yao Jiancai and company. As he was leaving, something worthy of comment happened. Knowing that Zhang Ye was leaving, Director Jiang did not say anything but tell him that they could work together if the chance arose. It was Yao Jiancai who was very warm with Zhang Ye. He sent him down the mountain with his arms around his shoulders. The two of them had become good friends despite their ages after a day of interaction. Both of their tempers matched each other. Finally it was Qingshan Monastery's abbot. He was no longer meditating today and instead sent Zhang Ye all the way down Little Qingshan. They even discussed Zen studies along the way.

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At the same time.

A video suddenly appeared online. It was unknown how it became viral as the click rate began to climb. It did not seem like it could stop!

“When living, sit, don’t lie. When dead, lie down, don’t sit. How can a set of stinking bones, be used for training?”

“You...”

“Almsgiver, you know Zen verses?”

“Let us exchange our knowledge on verses?”

.....

“With the wind blowing, the flag flaps. Do you say the wind is moving or the flag is moving?”

“Of course the wind is moving!”

“The flag is moving?”

“Then what is moving? The world is moving?”

“It’s your heart that is moving!”

.....

“To see a world in a grain of sand. And a heaven in a wild flower. Hold infinity in the palm of your hand. And eternity in an hour.”

.....

“Aren’t you afraid of descending into Hell?”

“If I don’t descend into Hell, who will?”

.....

“By origin, there is no Bodhi tree!”

“Nor is there a mirror bright!”

“Originally there is not a single thing!”

“Where does dust alight?”

.....

There were scenes that had clearly been edited out of the video. They were either unsightly scenes or scenes that had the filming crew cursing. However, there was not many overall changes. The matter last night was entirely recorded. It was easy to tell that it was someone from the film crew of “The Great Pugilistic World” who uploaded it. The video’s name was “Little Qingshan’s Zen Exchange”.

“Fierce!”

“It’s so enjoyable!”

“Propping! The video is too awesome! Is this real or not?”

“How can a layman cause a monk to be dumbfounded?”

“Hey, wait a moment. This person...Why does he look like Teacher Zhang Ye?”

“What do you mean looks like. It’s none other than Zhang Ye. F**k, when did he join the filming crew of ‘The Great Pugilistic World’? And he’s even filming a movie? He switched careers again?”

“Hahaha, Teacher Zhang is still as gifted as ever! Too awesome!”

“That bunch of monks sure were unlucky. You can cross Zen verses with anyone but Teacher Zhang. That fellow is well known to be a notorious sharp-tongued poet! Look at the gatha! The face smacking was too brutal! Especially that last line, ‘By origin, there is no Bodhi tree’. I got a kick hearing that. My hair even stood up!”

“Man, Teacher Zhang even knows Buddhist and Zen studies?”

“What doesn’t Zhang Ye know? The title Omnipotent Zhang isn’t given in vain!”

“I think we should call Teacher Zhang, Bold Zhang. To beat monks in front of their monastery. First he beat them physically, then he smacked their faces. What boldness is this. Hur Hur. Others might not dare to, but Teacher Zhang has no such pressure. Teacher Zhang Ye’s boldness has always been off the charts!”

“Classic! Zhang Ye’s gatha is so classic!”

“Why is this discussion so popular. Who is Zhang Ye?”

“Previous poster, go search yourself. Can’t be bothered to explain. It’s clear you are not from Beijing. In Beijing, who doesn’t know Face-smacking Zhang!?”

“Forever supporting Face-smacking Zhang!”

“Forever supporting Bold Zhang!”

“Teacher Zhang, I love you too much!”

The video was pushed higher and higher. By the end of the day, it alarmed many Buddhist researchers and esteemed monks.

A Buddhist researcher rejected Zhang Ye’s gatha completely, “A layman, a ignorant laity dares to act atrociously in front of a clean monastery? And so many people are supporting him? What sort of state of mind is this? I have seen the gathas. It can’t be said to be bad, nor can it said to be wrong, but in Zen studies, how is there any right or wrong, good or bad? All of you have put Zhang Ye on too high a pedestal! I really don’t believe such an unsettled and short-tempered person can have such profound understanding in Buddhist studies. He’s just a demagogue!”

“Previous poster, I bought a watch last year!”

“We all can tell how awesome is it, but you can’t?”

“Still a Buddhist studies researcher? What bullsh*t have you researched all this years!? We don’t know? I think you are the one who doesn’t know? If you know, give us a few gathas!”

“Just because Teacher Zhang is not a monk, so whatever he said is wrong. If these gathas were said by some Buddhist master, would you be bullsh*tting here? You would definitely be praising it as ‘good’. What crap. I’ve already seen through you bunch of ‘experts’!”

Many people began cursing. Every time Zhang Ye’s works were released, it would attract many criticisms from specialists or experts. It was unknown if they really were worth their salt or not. This sequence of events had already irritated everyone. The facts had proven that Zhang Ye’s works were very recognized and loved by the people.

At this moment, a Master stood forward.

This Master had quite a status in the field of Buddhism. He was not a so-called expert but a real esteemed monk.

This esteemed monk replied on Weibo, “I am inferior to Almsgiver Zhang’s tremendous wisdom and virtue.”

“What?”

“Even the Master says he’s inferior?”

“Is Teacher Zhang really so awesome?”

“The Master has already said so. He already said how wise and virtuous he is. I see how anyone dare doubts him!”

“Zhang Ye is really defying the Heavens. I know this Master. Look at the Weibo verification. He is an esteemed reverend monk!”

It was the information age, so even monks kept pace with modern times and were on the web. It was nothing strange. After the Master finished, there were immediately many Buddhist disciples who forwarded and Liked the post.

Finally.

A person posted a comment as if at a loss whether to laugh or cry.

“A few days ago, when Teacher Zhang was leaving the television station, didn’t he recite a poem while the reporters were interviewing him? Something about inside a small house hidden away, he seeks a unified life to obey, why care at all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall, that’s bullsh*t! What is he hiding away from!? It has just been a few days, and Teacher Zhang has stirred something up again? Why can’t I f**king see a tiny bit of why care it all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall?”

“Hahaha, you dare to believe Teacher Zhang Ye’s words?”

“Man, that’s true.”

Chapter 199: Zhang Ye's Compilation Signing Event!

Two days later.

Xidan, Beijing Book Building.

In front of a long table, Zhang Ye was sitting there smiling with an autograph pen. He was surrounded by the staff of the publishing house as well as the Book Building's employees. Some of them were selling the books while others were helping maintain order. The banner was very conspicuous. It was the grand opening of Zhang Ye's new book, "Zhang Ye's Compilation" signing event. Of course, the adjective grand was just added on. There were not that many people, but there wasn't that few either.

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Please sign this for me!"

"Let's take a picture together!"

"Ah, I finally met him in person today!"

"That's right, he's much more handsome than on TV!"

"Teacher Zhang, I'm your hardcore fan!"

"Don't squeeze. I came first. I want the autograph first!"

This event was organized jointly by his publishing house as well as the Book Building. This morning, anyone who bought "Zhang Ye's Compilation" could get his signature by queuing up. As a result, he became busy, "Thank you, thank you for everyone's support." This was the first time he was having close up interactions with his fans. Zhang Ye was also feeling very excited. Once upon a time, he could only see someone's signing event from far away. All he saw was other celebrities being surrounded by people. Now, Zhang Ye had also obtained this opportunity. He had finally reached the point of giving others his signature. He could not help but sigh for everything seemed like a dream.

"Teacher Zhang, please sign on my clothes." A youth dressed like a shut-in looked he liked Zhang Ye a lot. Even his clothes were printed with Zhang Ye's poem — 'If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life.' This was the slogan of Zhang Ye's fan club. It appeared like he was one of them.

Zhang Ye did not hesitate. He was very grateful for the fans who had supported him all this time. He quickly changed to a watercolor pen and signed his name on the youth's back.

After him, there were even more fans who gave a wide variety of requests.

Some wanted the autograph on their hands.

Some wanted the autograph on their necks.

Some even wanted Zhang Ye to sign on the clothes on their chest!

It was a woman in her twenties with average looks but a particularly hot body. She probably came with friends. There were many girls around her giggling. The woman with a hot body blinked at Zhang Ye and then pointed at her chest.

Zhang Ye nearly spurt out blood!

Big! So big!

The big breasted woman came over and pointed at her chest, "Teacher Zhang, please sign here."

The staff of the publishing house were at a loss whether to laugh or to cry. However, they had organized many events like this, so they had encountered this several times. They were not surprised for there were all sorts of fans.

Zhang Ye was decisive. He stood up with the watercolor pen in hand. But he was still embarrassed to really sign on her breast. He signed on her collar bone. He still took note of possible ramifications. After all, there were so many people watching. However, even though he did so, his hand still slipped. The female fan's breast was too big, so it was hard to gauge the distance. After he finished writing the word "Ye", the final stroke went vertically down, but with Zhang Ye's pen trembling, the vertical line flicked all the way to the fan's huge breast. With that slip, the pen tip clearly had fallen into an area full of flesh.

"Thank you." The female fan was very happy as she showed off her clothes to her girlfriends.

.....

Afternoon.

The signing event had ended.

Zhang Ye drove to his parent's home. He felt like he was covered in sweat. The morning was like a war. It had tired him out. However, what was worth mentioning was that the sales of the compilation was not bad. It had lived up to the price of the publishing house buying off his royalties. And he had seen many of his passionate fans today. He could converse with them face to face instead of through the internet. It was a good feeling.

At home.

He first took a shower before he ate.

Mom brought the dishes out, "Eat, eat. Look how my son is starving. Seriously, that publishing house... You were busy all day, but they did not prepare a meal for you?"

Zhang Ye grabbed a mantou and gnawed on it, "They were also busy. They probably could return only in the afternoon."

"Look at your table manners." Mom laughed, "You are already a superstar and you can even hold a signing event. Pay attention to your image and have the bearing and demeanor of a celebrity, understand?"

Dad also said, "What celebrity? Is there a need to act at home?"

Mom rolled her eyes at him, "What do you know? Celebrities are all fake."

Dad educated his son, "Don't listen to her. Don't let fame go to your head. You should be what you are. Don't be cocky."

"Dad, I understand." Zhang Ye naturally understood.

Mom curled her lips and ignored her husband. She sat down and scooped food for her son, "Eat more."

Knock, knock, knock. Someone was knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" Mom went to open the door.

It was their neighbor, Auntie Liu. She smiled. "My husband said he happened to see Little Ye come home around the corner just now. Eh, Little Ye is eating?"

Zhang Ye put down his chopsticks, "Auntie Liu!"

"He just came back. He had a signing event in the morning." Mom said proudly.

Auntie Liu chuckled, "I came here for this matter. All of you know my husband likes to write. He especially loves Little Ye's poems. He is embarrassed to come over, so he got me to ask. Is there any more of the Compilation?"

"There are plenty." Mom spoke for her son.

Auntie Liu said, "That's great. By the way, Little Ye must sign it for me. This book needs to be properly kept."

Zhang Ye of course did not disagree. He stopped eating, got a book of "Zhang Ye's Compilation" from his bag and signed on it. After sending Auntie Liu away, he returned to his meal.

Mom was extremely pleased, "Look at my son. He doesn't let me down!"

Dad switched on the television, "That's because I educated him well. If he had learned from you, who knows what would happen?"

"Hey, enough of that. What did you teach him? Since he was young, wasn't I the one getting him to study?" Mom cut him off and said to Zhang Ye, "Son, how many books do you have? Leave them for me and sign all of them. Neighbors would probably come these few days, so I definitely have to give them a few books. I also need to give some to my colleagues. Give me how many you have. Don't hide them."

"Got it." Zhang Ye was done eating.

Today's signing event had given Zhang Ye the sweet taste of being a celebrity. It made his decision on becoming the number one celebrity of this world even more firm with the hot sales of "Zhang Ye's Compilation" and with the movie, "The Great Pugilistic World" done filming. They were in the midst of promotion with a few promotion picks with Zhang Ye dressed in ancient costumes at the corner of the poster. His name was also listed on the cast list. With the popularity of the video "Little Qingshan's Zen Exchange", his exposure had once again increased these few days. The decrease in his popularity the past few days had finally stabilized.

But it had only stabilized. It was not enough!

Zhang Ye did not want to stay on the same spot. He needed to find a move that allowed his popularity to increase and last for a long while. He was frowning with urgency about this!

Chapter 200: WebTV's Invitation for Zhang Ye!

Afternoon.

It was a day off for his parents and they were having an afternoon nap.

In the small bedroom, Zhang Ye was lying in his own room, staring blankly at the ceiling deep in thought. He felt that his career was now at a dead end. There was constant drama happening. After his departure from the television station, there had been no job offers that could further his career objectives. Having odd jobs and incidents here and there was not the solution, this kind of fame was not sustainable in the long run and he would spiral back down into being an unknown. This was not what Zhang Ye wanted to see happen. If he were to depend on such incidents to maintain his popularity, firstly, he would become too tired. Secondly, when would he ever breakthrough into the D-List rankings?

The official website had now placed Zhang Ye as the top few in the E-List Celebrity Rankings. Even after launching his book and filming a movie, it did not let him advance into the D-List. This showed how difficult it was. The celebrities who were placed above him were no pushovers too. They were also garnering more and more popularity every day. If he couldn't even advance into the D-List, then there was no point mentioning how Zhang Ye wanted to head towards being an A-List celebrity or even international star -- This would become an unattainable dream.

Keep thinking of it!

He couldn't keep being like this forever!

But where could he go? Where could he go? Zhang Ye still had no direction!

Singing? It still wasn't the right time yet. His singing prowess was not yet good enough. To go the direction of being a singer at this point in time would be making a fool of himself. How about writing songs for others? That would be killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Although it could help maintain his popularity for the time being, it was not a long term solution. Everyone will pay attention only to the singer, not the composer or lyricist. No matter how awesome you were, you couldn't possibly become an A-List celebrity by writing songs only. You wouldn't even make it into the C-List. Acting? With his acting skills, wasting all that film as a minor supporting role and spending a full day just to barely do a passable take, it was better not to think of doing it at the moment. Zhang Ye still needed life experience and work experience. He needed to slowly learn and understand all these life lessons. Be a director? Without an inkling fart of qualifications, who would dare let him direct? Besides, Zhang Ye didn't even know how to direct. He did not even know how to operate a camera. Write novels? The novel industry also had its limits. Compared to a singer or an actor, it was a small market. Even if Zhang Ye tirelessly wrote a bestseller, a singer who had a lukewarm song would receive much more attention than him as a novel writer, unless he wrote one novel a day and a few hundred novels a year. But that would get him captured and used for scientific research. Television station? No one dared to employ him anymore, so it was a negative. His old job as a radio host? There was too little audience over there. Zhang Ye could not possibly live in the past. Even if he did well there, he might not get into the D-List rankings. The audience base was just not enough!

That's it!

All his paths were blocked!

Zhang Ye was almost crying. Was this his fate? Was there no other way he could move forward? God, don't mess with me like this, really don't do it like this!

Maybe God heard his cries for help.

Suddenly, he received an unexpected call.

A week after Zhang Ye left his job, an unexpected party handed him an olive branch.

It was the very sweet voice of a female on the other side. It was probably a woman whose age was not too young, "Hello, is this Zhang Ye's number?"

"It's me." Zhang Ye said as he laid in bed, "You are?"

The woman laughed, "It wasn't that easy to find you. I had to get help from a few good friends before I managed to contact an old leader of yours who gave me your number. OK, let me introduce myself. My English name is Victoria and I'm the owner, investor and CEO of Weiwo Company. Our company's main operation is in WebTV. I believe you might have heard of our website before, it's one of the forerunners of this industry. As for me, I am probably much older than you, but you can call me Old Wei or Sister Wei, whichever is fine. It's just a form of salutation. I'm alright with such things."

Man, you can have such an English name?

Zhang Ye was not really bothered by this, "I will call you President Wei, you were look for me for?"

"I have many friends who are devout Buddhists and I myself am also very interested in Buddhist teachings. A few days ago, I was having a discussion with 2 friends over a meal about your gatha. When I heard it, I became very interested. Only then did I know that there was such a radio host in Beijing." The woman named Victoria continued to speak, "I spent an entire night watching you on BTV-Arts Channel's 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' and I thought that it was really good. The 1st episode had already captured my interest and then I also went to read your poems. I even listened to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' from your time at the radio station. I understand that all of these are your original works? 'Lecture Room' was a program that was mainly planned and produced by you?"

Zhang Ye humbly said, "I guess so, but it was also a team effort."

He had not expected that by his participation in a movie filming would lead to so many things. It had even attracted the attention of the CEO of a company. She even called him herself!

Look at this!

There were also benefits caused by all these incidents!

Victoria said, "Our web portal has been doing WebTV for over a year now. When I saw your program for the first time, I knew that you were the host that our WebTV was looking for!"

Zhang Ye felt overwhelmed and said, "You are praising me too much."

"How about it?" Victoria laughed a little saying, "Are you interested in coming to develop yourself in the WebTV industry? I heard that you have been blacklisted by all the television stations and can't return to that industry anymore. But our side here does not have so many rules like them, as long as you are willing to come, our unit will create a program for you. You are good at program planning, you can decide on a program for yourself. You can also choose what time you want it to be broadcasted at. I will let you recommend your own salary, all of these can be discussed!"

Ah?

Recommend my own salary?

Decide on my own program?

Choose a time that I want it to be broadcasted at?

Zhang Ye thought to himself that with such good treatment, could there be a catch? So he replied, "President Wei, are you asking me to create another program like 'Lecture Room'?" Although Beijing Television Station had already fired him, he still had some old friends and an old leader there. Hu Fei had treated him quite well and he was the one who recruited him into the television station despite objections. Zhang Ye would never create a similar program to compete with Hu Fei, Xiao Lu and the others.

Victoria replied with an answer that made him feel assured, "You are thinking too much. I am not intending for you to compete with your old employer. Besides, 'Lecture Room' might be a good program, but its audience demographics is older. Even though some younger people watched it, most of those viewers were above the age of 25. If you put such a program on WebTV, it will never work. We have an audience that are in their teens to thirties. This group of people are the main force for WebTV."

Zhang Ye nodded, "So it's like this."

"Mr Zhang, you can think it over first. But you should be able to feel my sincerity. I really would like you to join us and develop together with us. Oh right, maybe I need to tell you this first. Our company is based in Shanghai, so you might need to settle down here, We do not have a recording studio over in Beijing at the moment." Victoria said.

"OK, I will give it some consideration."

"Alright, then I hope to have good news from you, hur hur."

"Thank you for the invitation, I will seriously consider it."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye's phone rang again. This time, it was Hu Fei.

"Little Zhang." Hu Fei asked, "Just now a friend of mine called to ask for your phone number, I think that a WebTV company would like you to join them? Have you replied yet?"

Zhang Ye said immediately, "Not yet, I was just about to ask you for your opinion. Is the WebTV industry any good?"

"You are a media worker, but you don't know about WebTV?" Hu Fei said annoyingly. But he still explained, "It's actually just a broadcast that is done over the internet, but their programs are richer. There are variety programs, news programs and even kids' programs... "

Over in Zhang Ye's previous world, WebTV was still an industry in its infancy. It was not really WebTV per se, it was just an online portal to the television station's programs. It was just putting the resources and programs of a television station onto the internet so that everyone could view it. But upon hearing Hu Fei's explanation, Zhang Ye understood that this world's WebTV was different. It was a lot more matured than his previous world's. This was the true form of a WebTV station. It was similar to television in that

they had a program list for the day, it was only delivered over the internet. Its programs were premiere broadcasts and they were not repeated broadcasts from television stations. The advertising model and operating structure were also very advanced and they were administered by the State Administration of Press, Publication, Radio, Film and Television of The People's Republic of China (SARFT).

"Then, do you think I should go?" Zhang Ye asked for his views.

Hu Fei said, "That will depend on yourself. Right now, no traditional television station would dare to recruit you. WebTV might be the only way for you. There are pros and cons to joining them. The pros are that the audience base is bigger as there are many netizens. For a really good program, a single episode can have a viewership of a few million. With that, it is already much higher than you being at our Arts Channel speaking about the Three Kingdoms. The cons are that there is too much content on the internet, unlike television which only has a few channels and people switch on their TVs just to watch television programs. The internet is different because people do not necessarily choose to watch WebTV when they are online. Some like to watch movies, some watch animations, some choose to read novels, some watch short clips. Therefore, a successful WebTV program would need to stand out. They do not only compete with other WebTV programs, they also compete with other internet content. The pressure is huge so it is not easy to stand out."

Zhang Ye had some thoughts.

Hu Fei laughed, "But who does not know about Little Zhang's capabilities? Other people might not stand out in this vast ocean even if they had forever to do so, but you are different. I believe that you can do it!"

"Thanks, Brother Hu."

"Make your own decision."

"Sure, I will think about it again."

After the conversation ended, Zhang Ye was lying on his bed and massaging his temple. He had a headache. There were pros and cons, should he go or not?

A dilemma!

It was really hard to decide!

A celebrity was not someone that people should be so envious of. On the surface, it looked really easy. But in reality, only they themselves knew how difficult it was. A wrong step would end careers. Every step could only be taken after careful consideration!

How carefully do they have to consider? Just look at Zhang Ye and you would understand!

Do you know why Zhang Ye always scratches his head?

Do you know why Zhang Ye always has his hands on his head?

Do you know why Zhang Ye always puts his hands through his hair at night unable to sleep?

That's right! It's because he was plagued by dandruff issues!

