

I'm Really a Superstar - Chapter 20: That "The Furthest Distance in the World" Poem

Committing suicide?

The razor blade is already in her hand?

The atmosphere in the broadcast room immediately changed!

Wang Xiaomei was a veteran broadcasting host in the station and had seen all sorts of situations, especially unexpected incidents during a live broadcasting, like a listener calling in to curse or a piece of equipment failing; however, this was the first time she had encountered a person wanting to commit suicide during a live broadcast!

Listeners by the radio immediately exploded in their reactions. Boatloads of messages began flooding in!

"Is that true?"

"Teacher Wang, quickly say something! Don't let her commit suicide!"

"Quickly persuade her! She's just a twenty-two-year-old child!"

"Why is she taking things so hard? Miss, you must not die! How can you do this to your parents?"

However, the messages left by the netizens obviously could not be seen by the young lady!

Wang Xiaomei gasped as she quickly said to the female university student, "Sister! Sister! You must not commit suicide! Listen to what this elder sister has to say!"

The female university student replied, "There's no need to say anything more, Teacher Wang. I've already decided that I can't live on in a world without him. The distance between Beijing and New York is the world's greatest distance. By leaving today, I hope that I can be closer to him. I believe we can be together in Heaven, forever."

Wang Xiaomei shouted, "Why are you so silly!"

The female university student said, "I'm not silly; it's because I love him."

"Put down the razorblade first!" Wang Xiaomei hastily said, "This is you being irresponsible to yourself! It is also being irresponsible to your family! How can you just die like that after your parents painstakingly brought you up? You are too selfish! Have you thought about what others feel? Have you thought about how sad your parents and friends will be after you leave?"

With a life on the line, Zhang Ye could not be bothered to argue with Wang Xiaomei. He signaled to Wang Xiaomei to stabilize the girl as he ran out of the broadcasting room into the telephone editor's room. He closed the door and shouted, "What are you dazing around for! Quickly, call the police!"

The telephone editor panicked, "Call the police? Right! Call the police!"

Zhang Ye directed, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Give her telephone number to the police! Find out her address and quickly go to her rescue! If not, it will be too late!"

The telephone editor immediately followed his instructions, "Hello, is this 110?"

Suddenly, the door leading out was pushed open as seven people rushed in!

The group was led by Zhao Guozhou. He angrily shouted, "What the heck? Ah?"

The telephone editor pretended he was busy on the phone with the police and did not dare to respond to Director Zhao's question.

Zhao Guozhou had a bad temper and immediately slammed the table, "How did you screen the telephone? Eh? How can you let just any telephone call through? What were you doing!?" If the call was not chosen, then the female university student would not have listened to Wang Xiaomei's extremist advice and might not have decided on committing suicide. Taking 10,000 steps back, even if the girl eventually chose to take her life, at least it wouldn't have been during their Literature Channel's live broadcast and would have had nothing to do with their radio station. However, now with the telephone call having been connected, to the listeners, it was clear that the girl had decided to end her life due to Wang Xiaomei's words and their program. With the negative news, it was obvious that their radio station would be pushed to the tip of the plank. "Talk About the World"? The Literature Channel's number one listenership

program? Those were all jokes! From the pressure of public opinion, their program would definitely face being taken off the air! There would be no way to recover from this!

The Literature Channel's deputy was also extremely anxious, "How is it, now?"

The telephone editor put down the phone and said, guiltily, "The police have said that they will need at least an hour to find her address and her house. They asked us to delay as long as possible!"

The "Talk About the World" program editing team turned pale, "An hour? There is no way we can do it!"

Zhao Guozhou shouted, "You have to do it, even if you can't! Hold on to her! Definitely do not allow her to commit suicide! Or our Literature Channel is doomed! All the programs will suffer a devastating blow!" They were working in the media, so they definitely knew the power of public opinion and the media!

The back door opened once again!

The radio station's leader also rushed in, "Old Zhao!"

Zhao Guozhou came forward, "Station Head Jia! Why are you here?"

This was an old man, who was also the Beijing Radio Station's Deputy Station Head, "You're asking why I'm here? I'm here to see the trouble your program has caused! Immediately settle it for me!"

Zhao Guozhou said, "We will definitely do our best!" He said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang! Go back and persuade her! You must hold her for at least an hour! You can ignore the programs after this! Everything will be delayed!"

Zhang Ye responded and ran back into the broadcasting room.

In here, it was soundproof, so there was no noise, only Wang Xiaomei's continuous persuasion.

"Sister, you are still young. This elder sister is experienced, so you must hear what I say." Wang Xiaomei said earnestly, "Just now, what I said was a bit extremist. Actually, if the both of you still have feelings for each other, it is not

impossible. I have handled several such cases where the men are in a distant land for many years, but the relationship between the two when he returns is still as good as ever. In the end, they got married and had kids, leading a blissful life. Why can't you?"

The female university student laughed, "The distant land you say is at most in the south and north of China. Taking a plane or a train will allow them to quickly meet. But it's different between me and my boyfriend. Beijing and New York are on opposite sides of the world and is the world's greatest distance. Also, due to the financial limitations and the issue with passports, we will probably never meet in the entire five years. I know this more than anyone else. Thank you, Teacher Wang. Thank you for your consolation. I have already made my decision. Let me say sorry to my parents and friends here. I'm really sorry."

Ba La!

The sound of the blade sounded again!

At this second, Deputy Station Head Jia, Zhao Guozhou and all the members of the management outside covered their mouths and turned silent!

Wang Xiaomei shouted, "No!"

The female university student felt liberated as she said, "Goodbye."

Zhao Guozhou's lips turned pale. It's over! We can't hold on anymore!

The other female staff members of the Literature Channel all screamed as they covered their ears. They could not bear to see this scene!

Wang Xiaomei still wanted to persuade her, but she was already at a loss for words. The female university student was clearly a youth in the literature and arts department. She was artistic and very sensitive. She was immersed in her world and nothing could penetrate into it. This sort of person was the most terrifying, as there was no way of persuading such a person! Wang Xiaomei had already tried her best, but at this moment, she, as the person who always helped solve the emotional problems others, had claimed to speak for women, but felt powerless and weak for the first time in her life!

She was just 22 years old!

She was still a university student!

She was ending her life, just because of a relationship?

Zhang Ye's face sank as he angrily turned on his microphone and rebuked, "Lady, do you know what sort of person I hate the most in my entire life? It's self-righteous artistic youths, like you!"

Wang Xiaomei was shocked, "What are you saying!?"

Zhao Guozhou and the telephone editor outside were stunned!

At this moment, on the brink of disaster, why are you provoking her? Do you really want her to commit suicide?

"Why?" The female university student remained silent for a moment before saying, "I'm not self-righteous! I understand the gap in our feelings very well!"

Zhang Ye coldly sneered, "This is why you are self-righteous. There is no distance for feelings. You previously said the distance between Beijing and New York is the furthest? That's simply ridiculous!"

"Why? Isn't that the furthest?" The female university student asked.

Zhang Ye pondered before saying a famous poem from his world.

"The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between opposite sides of the world. It is that you don't know that I love you, when I stand in front of you."

"The furthest distance in the world is not that you don't know I love you when I stand in front of you. It is when I cannot say I love you, when I love you so madly."

"The furthest distance in the world is not that I cannot say I love you, when I love you so madly. It is that I have to bury it in my heart, despite the unbearable yearning."

"The furthest distance in the world is not that I have to bury it in my heart despite the unbearable yearning. It is when we cannot be together, even when we love each other."

“The furthest distance in the world is not that we cannot be together, when we love each other. It is when we turn a blind eye to it, despite knowing true love conquers all.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between two distant trees. It is when branches cannot depend on each other in the wind, despite growing from the same root.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not when branches cannot depend on each other in the wind. It is when the trajectories of stars cannot cross, even when the blinking stars look at each other.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not when the trajectories of stars cannot cross. It is when they are unable to find each other after crossing trajectories.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not being unable to find each other. It is when we are doomed not to love, even when we coincidentally meet.”

The air turned still and the atmosphere quiet.

The deathly feel in the broadcast room suddenly turned gentle.

No one had heard of the poem Zhang Ye had said. A few women were even mesmerized by the poem.

At the final stanza, which was the critical ending stanza, Zhang Ye used his magnetic tone as a broadcasting host to recite it slowly, “The furthest distance in the world is the love between the bird and fish. One is flying in the sky, the other is looking upon the sea.”

The furthest distance?

Flying bird and fish?

This sort of interpretation of distant love was the first time everyone had heard it. Wang Xiaomei’s expression turned complex. The telephone editor was entirely convinced, while Zhao Guozhou and company were deep in thought!

This poem had really shocked everyone present!

It was a heartfelt shock that came right from within; it was hard to be described with words!

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