

## Superstar 21

### Chapter 21: The Person Who can Cure a Cultured Youth is Another Cultured Youth

The poem was done reciting.

After seeing that the female university student did not answer for a long while, he carried on, "This poem is called, "The Furthest Distance in the World" and is also called, "The Flying Bird and Fish". Today I'm giving it to you. Is Beijing and New York very far? I do not think so at all. You can still meet again, you can know each other again, you can fall in love again and can be together once again. Are you going to be defeated by this trivial geographical distance? Then your feelings isn't anything worth mentioning. Lady, don't use distance as an excuse. Do not use distance to avoid reality. In my opinion, the distance between you isn't far. Think of the flying bird and think of the small fish. If you are stubborn and insist on being self-righteous, then I will not say another word if you were to slash down with the blade!"

"..."

There was complete silence on the other side of the line.

Following that, the sound of a girl sobbing could be heard, "Flying bird...and fish... \*sob\* ...Flying bird...and fish..."

Upon hearing the sobbing, everyone in the broadcasting room were excited. Previously, she had appeared too calm, but now she had cried? This meant she was moved!

The female university student said while sobbing, "Teacher, then...what...should I do?"

Zhang Ye gave a thought, "I do not know what you should do either. This is your path, so you will need to find your own path."

"But... \*sob\* ...I don't know how to walk down the path..." The female university student pleaded for help.

Zhao Guozhou, who was behind the glass, gave Zhang Ye an exaggerated gesture! The other Literature Channel staff were also secretly worried. Why can't you tell her what to do and save her? What do you mean, "You should find your own path?" What if she wanted to end her path there and then?

Wang Xiaomei kicked Zhang Ye in the shin.

However, it was as if Zhang Ye did not feel it.

The female university student cried, "Teacher, you tell me...what I should do...I trust you... \*sob\* ...I can't sleep every day...What should I do...Everyday...I'm groggy...at night...I can't see any future..."

With her crying, Zhang Ye became calm, "Lady, I do not have the right or the way to help you decide your own path. Even if we tell you, you might not listen to it. You need to think it through carefully. Let me give you another poem. I hope it can enlighten you somewhat."

Another poem?

The people outside held their breaths again.

Zhang Ye said deeply, "The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light."

Again, this poem did not exist in this world, but it was famous in Zhang Ye's world. It was Gu Cheng's "A Generation". The entire poem only had those two verses. It was very short, but it contained within it a lot of energy. It was difficult to dissect and analyze the meanings within the poem. It could only be said that different people would have different insights. Zhang Ye gave her this poem, hoping she would be enlightened. At least, when Zhang Ye was previously lost, this poem had accompanied him for a long period of time.

"The dark night...gave me black eyes, but I use...them to seek the light." The female university student repeated it again and slowly stopped crying.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

The female university student suddenly spoke, "Teacher Zhang Ye, thank you. I think I know what I should do. I will wait for him. I also want to wait for him. Regardless of the final outcome, I will not try to commit suicide again. Thank you. Your two poems... I will remember them for life!"

Zhang Ye said, "I wish you happiness. I also believe a good lady like you will be happy."

The netizen listeners in front of their computer screens started sending in messages in an explosive manner, breaking all historical records. No number of refreshes were enough to show all of them!

"Heavens!"

"Teacher Zhang is too good!"

"Right, this is the first time I'm seeing a broadcast host who can speak so well!"

"The Furthest Distance in the World'? This poem has too much feeling!"

"I think the later poem was the best. The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light. It's a superb poem, a superb poem for the ages!"

"No wonder he is able to write a divine work like "Ghost Blows Out the Light". I finally understand Teacher Zhang Ye's artistic standards. It is evidenced by these two poems!"

"Saving a life is better than building a seven-storey pagoda. I've decided to support and listen to "Late-night Ghost Stories" every day!"

With the situation assuaged, Wang Xiaomei let out a long sigh of relief and quickly said to the listeners, "Thank you to everyone listening in to 'Talk About the World'. We will meet you again tomorrow at the same time."

With the transmission cut, the live broadcast ended!

Wang Xiaomei slumped into her chair as if she had lost all strength.

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile as he touched his neck. He was also covered in sweat. D\*mn it, to think I met a suicide situation on my first time being a guest! Can it even get any better!? Thankfully, he had the wisdom of the ancients and managed to somehow convince the lady!

The outer door opened as people rushed in.

Deputy Station Head Jia was no longer around. Zhao Guozhou was the first to enter and he said loudly, "Well done, Little Zhang! You did beautifully!"

"It was really thrilling!"

"Indeed, our Teacher Zhang is talented!"

People began to admire and praise him!

Zhang Ye's telephone editor, Xiaofang, also gave him a thumbs up from behind the crowd, "Teacher Zhang, those two poems were too great!"

Words could kill, but words could equally save. Today, everyone who listened in to the live broadcast learned this. By seeing this all at once, there were a lot of mixed emotions.

Wang Xiaomei stood up and daringly said, "Leader, today it was my responsibility. I will accept any punishments the station will mete. I was too provocative in my words."

Zhao Guozhou looked at her and did not criticize her, "Write a self-reflective piece and hand it to me tomorrow. Actually, it is not all your fault. That female university student had already prepared to commit suicide. Even if she did not make the phone call, she would definitely have committed suicide. From another perspective, by us counseling her, it's also us saving a life. Right, but make sure to be careful in the future. We need to greatly consider the listener's emotions and capacity to accept. This live broadcast can be said to be a lesson for all of us. It is also a form of experience."

The matter was done.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief.

Wang Xiaomei looked towards Zhang Ye, "Those two poems were composed by you?"

Zhang Ye could not say no. After all, these poems did not exist in this world, "Yes."

"You can even compose poems?" Wang Xiaomei found it unbelievable.

Zhao Guozhou, who was about to leave, heard this and turned around and laughed, "All of you might not know how Little Zhang was accepted during the interview, right? It was because of a prose, "The Song of the Stormy Petrel". Our entire Literature Channel's combined efforts probably cannot even match Little Zhang's artistic talent in poems." Saying that, he reminisced and recited from the beginning. Zhang Ye never expected that Zhao Guozhou would actually be able to recite his poem verbatim. Clearly, he loved the prose so much. "...That is the courageous Petrel proudly soaring in the lightning over the sea's roar of fury; cries of victory the prophet: Let the tempest come strike harder!"

When everyone heard this, they were stunned!

"Good poem!"

"It's written so well!"

"This poem was also composed on the spot?"

Each of these poems was more stunning than the last. Only then did everyone recall what had just happened and an interesting thought arose in their minds. Hipsters were a kind of disease and so were cultured female youths. How could one cure this disease? The answer was simple; use a cultured male youth that was more artistic than the cultured female youth!

Chapter 22: Appearing on the Newspapers!

Nighttime.

Past ten in the evening.

Many people had gotten off of work. Zhang Ye went to the recording studio alone to work overtime. As he did not manage to get a slot to record in the day and the broadcast was delayed by "Talk About the World" at night, he could only record if it was this late. The first few episodes that he had recorded had been depleted over the weekend. So he needed to record "Ghost Blows Out the Light" episode for tonight in one and a half hours. Time was tight.

"The grave robbing military officers were working hard. Every corner in any tomb that was dug up had to...Ah, it's not right!"

"A candle was lit up inside any tomb that was dug up and placed on the southeastern corner."

"If the southeastern candle goes out, then one had to put back the treasures they had gotten, Kowtow three times respectfully and return by the original route."

This recording session was different from the past. There were stumbles along the way. Zhang Ye was also finding it tough. He never expected that this day would come so soon. Actually, he had previously memorized this book during in his school days to train his off script skills, but he had only done so for the beginning. No matter how good his memory was, he was unable to recite the hundred thousand characters of "Ghost Blows Out the Light". He had only memorized the early portions, so now was the problem. With the material he had memorized back then depleted, he quickly reached spots where he did not remember very well. Although Zhang Ye knew the direction of the plot and knew the details clearly, it was, after all, not the original version. A lot of the time, he had to create his original material. The literature and textual aspects of it were greatly weakened. He still knew where he stood. Clearly, this would definitely seriously affect the listenership rates.

Pause. Deleting the paragraph. Re-recording.

Only after a long while did he manage to finish it before midnight.

He had managed to bamboozle past this for this episode, but he did not know what to do for the next episode. Sigh. If there were problems with quality and the listenership rates dropped, then what would happen!?

After finishing his work, Zhang Ye leaned on a window and smoked. The station prohibited smoking, but since there was no one late at night, it did not matter.

Ring, ring, ring. Suddenly, his cellphone rang.

Zhang Ye was wondering who had called late in the middle of the night. He picked it up, "Hello?"

The other party was male, "Hello, is this Mr Zhang? I'm Beijing's repor..."

Before he finished speaking, Zhang Ye thought it was a fraud and said, "I don't care if you are Beijing or Double. Don't you dare tell me I hit the lottery. I have already hit the lottery 47 times this year. Including the three BMWs and two Mercedes cars, the total prize money is 12,213,000. Don't you dare tell me my daughter has been kidnapped. Then you need to help me first find a wife. And don't you dare tell me you are promoting a ham sausage. Truthfully, I only have 1.50 in my pocket. If I were you, I would hang up immediately and not spend five minutes and manage to take the 1.50 in my pocket to buy your ham sausage after using all your effort. That tiny bit of commission isn't even enough to pay the telephone bill." Against frauds and promoters, Zhang Ye was very experienced. "Alright, time for you to speak."

If it was anyone else who had encountered a hooligan like Zhang Ye, they would have hung up.

However, the man on the other side did not. He said in a speechless manner, "I'm not selling Beijing ham. Man, I'm Beijing Time's reporter. Is this Mr Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Reporter? Hai, it was a mistake, it was a mistake. I thought it was a scam."

The man said, "It's alright. I got your number through a friend, who works at the radio station. The main reason is because of today's 'Talk About the World', which I listened in on. Our editing team is very interested about your two poems. We might publish this matter in the papers tomorrow, so we are informing you first. Also, I want to ask about the name of the second poem, as you did not mention it during the broadcast."

Zhang Ye was enlightened and, after thinking, said, "The second poem is called 'A Generation'."

The reporter was amazed, "'A Generation'? This title doesn't seem to fit?"

The title "A Generation" was actually more fitting for another topic. The original author, Gu Cheng, had intended it for the thoughts and determination of an era and society. When Zhang Ye read it to the female university student, had not adhered to the title's meaning. It had lacked the great meaning that was so significant. But as Zhang Ye respected the original author and had used the wisdom of the forefathers, how could he then change the poem's title, too? Cultured youths, oh, cultured youths, when you break down such kind of a person, what is leftover would be stubbornness. Zhang Ye was not an exception; he abided by his principles.

So what if it did not fit? He knew the title was different from how he had expressed it tonight, but this was a work by a great poet from his world. A classic ought to be respected, Zhang Ye thought to himself. Even if the author cannot see it, regardless of any reasons, can going against this principle be excused? Going against morality can be excused? The answer was obvious.....Hehe, of course, it's excusable!

Zhang Ye answered "Publish what you feel is suitable. As long as it can be published, you can do whatever you want. I'm fine with it even if you had to give it a dreamy title to increase the sales!" He was a man of principles, but sometimes he was also a man of no principles! This was Beijing Times! It was not the same as the small publication that published reports of "Ghost Blows Out the Light"!

The reporter nearly vomited blood upon hearing that. He was just freely expressing his thoughts; who would have thought that Zhang Ye had no lower limits? He was a modern poet, an artist who could compose such a classic poem.. yet he would allow his poem's title be changed so easily? Damn, do you even have the conduct of a scholar!? How could there a scholar like you! The reporter who was astounded, replied with a cough, "I didn't mean that; I was not implying that you should change the title. It's better we keep it as "A Generation"; it's your work, so I can't be deciding on it."

"Alright, then." Zhang Ye replied uncaringly.

After speaking for a brief while, they hung up.

Zhang Ye's strong point is that he did not have any fear. After the line was cut off, he could no longer suppress his excitement. He was going to be in the Beijing Times? A little more fame had come again! It was another step towards his goal! Oh, right. I should take a look at my Reputation. He opened up the virtual game screen!

Reputation points: 95,344.

What? Why are there so many points?

Zhang Ye was startled. He had just used up all his Reputation points on Saturday morning. According to the Reputation gained from "Ghost Blows Out the Light", there should be around 20,000 gained Reputation points daily. Over the weekend, he had about 40,000 Reputation points. Including the holiday, which might have given him a little more, he should have slightly below 50,000 Reputation points. In short, today's "Talk About the World"'s live broadcast had brought him over 50,000 Reputation points? This was really worthy of the Literature Channel's top program! Just the number of listeners were a big difference! Of course, Zhang Ye's outstanding performance could have helped contribute; the two poems were just right for the circumstances. It must have conquered a lot of listeners!

Chapter 23: Becoming Slightly Famous!

The next day on the way to work, while walking past the subway's west newsstand, Zhang Ye asked, "Has the Beijing Times newspaper arrived? How much?"

"A dollar." the owner replied mechanically.

Zhang Ye took out some money, "Give me a copy."

The owner took the money and handed a copy over, "Okay, take it."

Zhang Ye, broke as hell, felt bad giving the dollar. But it was unavoidable; money ought to be spent that had to be spent. He held up the paper and flipped through it page by page. When he arrived at the subway and pushed through the crowd at line 10, a sparkle appeared in his eyes. He flipped to the center page, saw his name printed across the page with the headlines especially attention-capturing – "Two Poems Saved a Life"!

Yesterday night, on Beijing Radio Station's Literature Channel program "Talk About the World" special, during the call-in session for the "Matters of the Heart" topic, a female university student attempted suicide on the air over her boyfriend's plans to further his studies in New York. The program host, Wang

Xiaomei, attempted to talk her out of it, but failed. In the end, the guest of the show, the Literature Channel's "Late-night Ghost Stories" host, Teacher Zhang Ye, saved her life with two poems!

The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light – A Generation.

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 the love between the bird and fish. One is flying in the sky, the other is looking upon the sea. – "The Furthest Distance in the World", also named "Flying Bird and Fish".

The above are the poems in their original form.

According to sources, the two poems were composed on the spot by Teacher Zhang Ye. Our reporter also contacted Teacher Zhang for an interview late last night. Although it was just a phone call, he was awed by Teacher Zhang Ye's literary talent.

Ah?

Awed by my literary talent?

Zhang Ye blushed a little. He had taken the reporter to be a ham salesman. Literary talent, my ass!

The report continued: We have to mention here a side story. At midnight, the editorial department was rushing the report. After seeing the two works, they were moved. An explanation and review of the two poems were done, but when handed over to the head editor for checks, we were held back from publishing it. After reading the poems, his own words were, "Delete all the reviews and analysis. Do not use the old way of writing the report. 'Flying Bird and Fish', a modern poem like this would immediately hit it off with the reader. And the other, 'A Generation', the strength in this cannot be explained by words. This is a great modern poem. Whether or not the author is a rookie, the only word to describe this poem is 'Great'. Maybe the author's fame and current era's background are not enough to make this poem well-known throughout the world, but I believe time will prove much. A few years or maybe a few decades, or even a few hundreds years down the road, the future generations will remember this poem and remember a person – Zhang Ye and his 'A Generation'. Our generation, their next generation and the future generation of the next generation."

The review was highly positive. Zhang Ye's heart fluttered.

...

Department.

"Morning." Zhang Ye walked into the office.

Assistant Xiaofang was the first to welcome him, smiling and revealing her small canine teeth, "Teacher Zhang, you came at the right time. We were just talking about the report in the Beijing Times. Have you seen it?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "I've also seen it."

Xiaofang giggled, "People were chatting before about it. You are the first person in our Literature Channel to go in the Beijing Times in the recent years." She was happy for Zhang Ye. "This is, after all,

the Beijing Times. Even though it's limited to the capital area, the circulation numbers are in the hundreds of thousands. Most people don't have such a treatment!"

The old host, Teacher Feng, of "Old and Young Story Club" looked over and gave high praises, "Teacher Little Zhang, I heard the rebroadcast last night. I listened to the two poems again and again. Hai, indeed the younger generations will surpass us in time. I'm about to retire soon, so this station will be in the hands of you young people."

Zhang Ye quickly said, "It's not as serious as you make it out to be. My literary standard is still far from accomplished. I came to the station with a learning attitude. Today, it will still be the same. I'm hoping to receive lots of advice from every Teacher."

Tian Bin and Li Si had already come to work.

Zhang Ye also noticed him and saw the rage in Tian Bin's eyes. He was jealous and ignored Zhang Ye, before sitting at his desk. After having Zhang Ye rob the position of main host of "Late-night Ghost Stories" from him, Tian Bin was now a stand-in DJ. He usually did not have any work to do and only stood in when there was a shortage. He had not gone on a program for days, so it wasn't strange that he was mad.

However, Li Si's attitude today was completely different. It was clear he did not want to speak, but for some unknown reason, he suddenly stopped just as he was about to turn around, "...Teacher Zhang, morning."

Zhang Ye looked at him, "Oh, morning."

Li Si nodded with his head and then returned to his seat. It seemed like he had given in and had sized up the situation.

Seeing this, Tian Bin's expression turned worse. His popularity was always average amongst his colleagues. Previously, he would often speak about people behind their backs, so it was not strange that he was abandoned by the masses today.

Later on, the top celebrity of the station, Wang Xiaomei, came in. She did not look towards Zhang Ye and greeted a few old comrades and friends she had good relations with, before surprisingly saying to Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, quite a number of letters from my program's listeners were written to you. I will get an assistant to give it to you in a while." Although her attitude did not seem to change, one had to know that Wang Xiaomei had never privately addressed Zhang Ye as "Teacher Zhang". A change in salutation clearly showed a subtle form of recognition.

Twenty minutes later, Zhang Ye received the letters from the listeners of "Talk About the World". In the generation where the internet was pervasive, this world was similar to Zhang Ye's world. Few people wrote letters, but Zhang Ye remained serious about it. Words written on a piece of paper felt more real and sincere.

"Hello, Teacher Zhang Ye. I heard the program yesterday. I'm also a parent, so I won't say much. I'll just thank you for that child's parents."

There was a total of 37 letters and all the feedback from the listeners was very positive.



Zhang Ye then went through the official e-mail inbox of “Late-night Ghost Stories”. He read every mail sent by the listeners and then read the comments left on Beijing Radio Station’s website. Suddenly, he saw a link and upon clicking it, he realized his “The Furthest Distance in the World” had been posted on a large discussion forum!

There had been 750,000 views!

There were more than 3,000 replies!

“This poem is too touching!”

“Why are there so many views? Isn’t this the early stages of going viral!?”

“It has gone viral online, too? When I saw this poem in the Beijing Times in the morning, I was impressed. However, I prefer ‘A Generation’ more.”

“I’m a moderator for the literature section on a website and an outright literature lover. I have always liked modern poems and I especially like writing them. I have always thought that I write very well and have left many modern poems in the literature section. However, after seeing Teacher Zhang Ye’s two poems, I now know what it means to be the frog in the well. This is a real modern poem and what I wrote wasn’t!”

There were praises and there were, of course, doubts.

“What rotten poem is this? It’s just so-so.”

“Right, it’s too lame. One moment the furthest distance is this, then the next moment the furthest distance is that. There is no precision!”

No matter how well anything was done, it could not satisfy everyone. Zhang Ye knew this, so when he logged on, he wore an anti-troll fire vest before leaving a message. He did not have any strengths; only his attitude was good and tended to be more peaceful and calm. Seeing all the cursing, he only smiled and had the bearing of a literature writer and great poet.

He answered in style, “...I f\*\*k your second granny’s lungs! Just so-so? Do you even f\*\*king know literature? Eh? You dare think lightly of this divine work that can last the ages!? You all are a piece of s\*\*t! A stinking piece of \*\*\*\*!”

People immediately felt the rush, “Eh, why are you cursing?”

Another netizen chimed in, “#3256 is right. All of you don’t understand art!”

Another netizen said, “How can there be criticisms for a poem this classic? I really don’t understand the aesthetic values of others!”

“Right, this is a poem that has saved a life. Still so-so? Then write a poem to save a life for me to see!”

Under Zhang Ye’s lead, those people who had left their negative opinions were drowned by their spit and no longer posted. Seeing the warm enthusiasm, Zhang Ye logged off without his face red or heart throbbing excitedly. He did not feel that he was wretched. This was the attitude a literature writer had!

Lao Tze said this before: take actions when the right time comes!

## Chapter 24: Giving You Another Poem!

Zhang Ye sat in front of the computer, watching the praises given to him online. Past 10 A.M., a commotion sounded out outside the Literature Channel's office area. It was quite loud!

"Let us in! I want to find Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"This is an office. This place is restricted for non-staff!"

"We just want to say a few words and leave. We definitely won't give you trouble!"

"That still will not work. Go to the registration desk and wait for a while. Make an appointment first!"

After some pushing and shoving, a man and woman squeezed their way in. A security guard was half-heartedly blocking them, which many people could tell. Maybe it was due to a small meeting having just ended, but there were several Music and Traffic Channel staff who were walking past. They were curious over what was happening. Finally, even Zhao Guozhou was startled by this commotion as he came out of his office to probe the issue.

"What's going on?" Zhao Guozhou frowned.

"They are adamant about coming in! They refuse to listen to what I have to say!" the security guard explained.

"We want to find Teacher Zhang Ye! Just letting us meet with him once would do! Just once!" the male-female duo shouted.

Upon seeing the situation, Zhang Ye had no choice but to stop the work on his hands and squeeze through the crowd, "I'm Zhang Ye. Who are you?"

They rushed up and tightly held Zhang Ye's hands, "Teacher Zhang! Thank you! Thank you! You are Xiaoli's benefactor! You are also my benefactor! I want to thank you! Thank you!" As he said this, tears welled up in his eyes. It was not easy for men to cry, so this scene looked odd.

Zhang Ye was flabbergasted, "What benefactor?"

The quiet girl beside also started crying after seeing her boyfriend cry, "Teacher Zhang, I'm Xiaoli. If it weren't for the two poems of yours yesterday, I might have..."

Everyone immediately had a moment of realization!

Zhang Ye also understood, "It's you. Is this the boyfriend you mentioned? Don't cry. All of you, don't cry!"

The man had tears of remorse, "I only knew about it yesterday night. If you have not persuaded Xiaoli, we would have been separated, forever in different worlds! You are our family's benefactor!"

Xiaoli suddenly opened her bag and took out a long red banner, "This was rushed by my parents to be made overnight." Her boyfriend stepped forward quickly and pulled it open!

Shua!

The banner spread out in front of everyone!

“Gratitude of one speech, in mind for life”!

With that, the two of them stood properly and bowed deeply to Zhang Ye!

Such a situation moved Zhang Ye greatly as he helped them up, “To think you went through the trouble. There is really no need to. There is really no need. I didn’t do much. All that matters is if you healthily and safely live on. Hehe, you are not fighting anymore? Have you discussed it well?”

The man bit his lip, “I’ve thought it through; I’m not going overseas!”

Xiaoli exclaimed, “No way! Your parents have already arranged it for you!”

“Who says one can only be successful in one’s career by studying abroad? I can develop myself domestically, too. I will explain it to my parents. It’s alright, even if they do not agree. I will convince them. I will stay behind and accompany you. Once I graduate, we will get married!” the man said with determination.

However, Xiaoli remained resolute, “Definitely not! You have to go! Even if you don’t want to! I have already thought it through; I will wait for you. I’ll wait for you, no matter how long it takes!”

“Xiaoli!” The man’s eyes turned red again!

Xiaoli gently hugged him, “As long as you are well, I’ll be fine with anything!”

Upon seeing this scene, many people in the office clapped in their hearts. The power of love was always infectious.

“Isn’t this good.” Zhang Ye laughed.

Zhao Guozhou also said, “Next time, be well. Don’t do something stupid.”

Xiaoli said embarrassingly, “I won’t. I’m fine as long as he lives well. I will not make him worried ever again.”

Suddenly, someone made a suggestion, “Teacher Little Zhang, give them another poem.”

“Right, right.” Assistant Xiaofang said, “Let Teacher Zhang give you another poem.”

Zhao Guozhou also found it interesting, “This suggestion is good. When you get married, remember to invite Teacher Little Zhang as your marriage witness.”

Xiaoli was flattered, “How can I accept it. Teacher Zhang’s words are like gold. I don’t dare to ask for one after he gave me two poems.”

Zhang Ye touched his nose. With the leader saying that, he had to give a poem, so he said, “Alright. Let me think.”

The Beijing Times had highly appraised and published Zhang Ye’s modern poem, which was proof of his literary prowess. Now that Zhang Ye was about to compose another poem, many people perked up their ears. The staff from other departments who were outside also tried to get in on the action!

“Don’t block.”

"Move to the side; I can't see."

"Sister Chen, come quickly. There's another poem."

"What poem? Whose poem?"

"It's the one from the Literature Channel that went on Beijing Times. That poem is very popular online now."

"The author of 'Flying Bird and Fish'? Wow, then I must listen to it. Wait for me to go in."

Many people squeezed into the large office as nearly a hundred pair of eyes stared at Zhang Ye!

Xiaoli and her boyfriend was looking forward to it the most. They did not even bat an eyelid!

Zhang Ye never expected the situation to be so grand with so many audience gazing at him. He turned more cautious for he could not embarrass himself with a lousy poem. Well, what poem should I use? Which poem was most appropriate? Zhang Ye recalled a moment, as long as you are well, I'll be fine with anything? Got it! He slowly spat out his words, "Xiaoli, the words you said previously are quite nice. I will use your words as the foundation for the poem I'm giving you."

The room turned silent.

Zhang Ye slowed his breath and recited.

"The passage of time is like water, ever so silent."

"If you are living well, then the skies are clear"

Zhao Guozhou immediately applauded, "Good poem!"

When her boyfriend heard it, he immediately took it down on paper, afraid he would forget it!

Xiaoli did not move and closed her eyes, as if revelling in the poem. After a while, she bowed at Zhang Ye once again, "Thank you! You are forever my teacher!"

"If you are living well...then the skies are clear?" A female staff member seemed to feel her eyes fog up upon hearing this. It was unknown if she had recalled something or was moved.

Wang Xiaomei and Xiaofang also mumbled to themselves and the way they gazed at Zhang Ye was no longer the same. Such a poem affected the feelings of women more. The poem was light and the words were simple, but the overflow of feelings it gave surpassed a thousand words. It was difficult to believe that this poem was the same male composer of "Flying Bird and Fish". Furthermore, it was composed on the spot!

What sort of literary talent was this!

Zhang Ye's single poem completely astonished everyone!

Even Tian Bin who was not far away did not say anything. Some people felt that the two poems given to Xiaoli during the broadcast were not composed on the spot by Zhang Ye, and were actually written prior, as they did not believe he was so talented. But now, this poem composed at this moment in time shattered the doubts of many!

Actually, this poem was very famous in Zhang Ye's previous world. It was spread on the internet, especially the last line. There were all sorts of claims about who the original author was. Some said it was Lin Huiyin. Some said it was Lin Huiyin's dad. Some said it first appeared on the internet and another line was added in the show, "Empresses in the Palace". It was not much different from "Flying Bird and Fish". Zhang Ye treated it as a collective work of predecessors. Anyway, no one in this world had heard of these people. There was no dispute to those poems being his alone!

He said it was his?

She said it was her dad's?

Then he said it was her third aunt's?

Hai, isn't that so troublesome and tiring? Putting the controversy to an end, Zhang Ye decided to unify it; this poem is mine. There's no need to thank me, just call me Lei Feng\*!

\*Lei Feng was a soldier of the Chinese army in Communist legend. He was reported to be altruistic in his actions, but there is controversy that his image was part of Communist propaganda.

Chapter 25: There are Advertising Sponsors!

Lunch time.

The poem that Zhang Ye gave to the young couple was once again relished by the radio station's colleagues. One could easily hear people discussing about it at any time of the day.

"Little Zhang, you are eating instant noodles again?" The director came in.

Zhang Ye hurriedly swallowed the last mouthful and smiled. "Yeah, I just need to fill my stomach."

Zhao Guozhou asked with concern, "Eating like this isn't healthy. Is it because you are tight on your living expenses, as you haven't been paid? Hehe, if that is the case, don't worry about it. I have something to announce in while." Looking at the office, he said, "Is everyone back from lunch? Then put down what you are working on for a while. As the scene in the morning had wasted some time, well, I'll be announcing the listenership rates for yesterday."

Everyone looked over.

Zhao Guozhou found a seat to sit down, "First place, "Talk About the World". The listenership is..." He purposely dragged out his tone, "4.09%!"

"Ah?"

"Is that true?"

"Above four percent?"

"Our rating broke four percent?"

It was clear that Wang Xiaomei was surprised by this.

Zhao Guozhou said in a satisfactory manner, "All these years, Xiaomei's segment has been our channel's number one in ratings, but it always averaged around three percent. Everyone, you didn't hear wrongly.

We have really broken four this time. And I can happily tell you that the broadcast 'Talk About the World' yesterday was fourth in the entire station, on average. We are only just behind the News Channel's two news segment and the Traffic Channel's 'Safe All the Way'. This is an unprecedented result for our channel. Everyone, please congratulate Xiaomei."

There was applause and cheers!

The colleagues were also beaming. If the performance was good, the year-end bonuses would also be multiplied, so it was a joyous occasion for everyone in the Literature Channel.

Wang Xiaomei explained, "Thank you everyone. However, yesterday was a special case. There is no way that we can maintain it." She knew why they had jumped from the entire Beijing Radio Station's 8-9th place to 4th place. After a brief feeling of excitement, she did not say anything else.

She wasn't alone. Zhao Guozhou and the rest were the same. Zhao Guozhou carried on, "I recommend everyone to give Teacher Little Zhang a round of applause. Hehe. Yesterday's program was all thanks to Teacher Little Zhang; not only did he save us during a crisis, he had also pulled up the rating for 'Talk About the World'. Let me announce the rating for "Late-night Ghost Stories". Last night's Little Zhang's segment had an average rating of 1.57%. It ranked third place in our channel and is higher compared to its weekend's 1.4%. Clearly, last night's event had led to this. I believe, and I have reason to believe, that under Teacher Little Zhang's hard work, "Late-night Ghost Stories" will make a new high again. Hence, I have already spoken to the Deputy Directors and Heads and plan to give the 5,000 Yuan bonus award to Teacher Little Zhang. Does anyone have any objections about this?"

"No objections."

"It is necessary!"

"Teacher Little Zhang, congratulations!"

Zhang Ye pretended to be polite, "Leader, how can I? I'm just a newcomer. And really..."

Zhao Guozhou beamed with a smile, "In a while, I'll let finance enter it into your wages. Do not be like that. It's what you deserve. Besides, this bonus is also because of another reason. From today onwards, "Late-night Ghost Stories" will have advertising sponsors. As your "Ghost Blows Out the Light" has information regarding antiques and its listenership rates have been always high, a large pawn shop business' public relations staff have contacted the station. The sponsoring negotiations have basically been done. As for the exact numbers, it is still kept under wraps and I cannot divulge it. However, I can roughly tell you that, hehe, about this "Late-night Ghost Stories" sponsorship... It is about the same as our channel's prime-time programs' and is extremely high!"

What?

Almost the same as prime-time programs?

When this was revealed, many were dumbfounded. After all, "Late-night Ghost Stories" was a late-night segment. It was worse than late-night programs in the 11 P.M. – 12 A.M. slot. However, the sponsorship it had obtained was nearly the at the level of fees commanded by prime-time segments? Was the advertiser mad? However, it was reasonable once one thought about it. "Late-night Ghost Stories" was no longer a late-night program hosted by Tian Bin. After Zhang Ye took it over, its ratings had an

explosive increase. Also, the cohesion rate of the listeners was high. It could be seen from the figures of the listenership breakdown. The pawn shop business was using this relatively specialized and relevant program, which had greatly attracted its listeners, to gain recognition. Hence, this high advertising fee was not unreasonable!

“Teacher Little Zhang, you will need to give a treat.”

“Right, you must treat. It’s so enviable.”

“My afternoon segment’s sponsorship isn’t even as high as yours. This is such a blow to me. Haha, when our salary is paid, don’t be stingy and treat us all!”

The more advertising sponsorship there was, the greater the cut they would get for their salary. Zhang Ye may be still a rookie whose base salary was inferior to others, but with the addition of the cut of a sponsorship that was nearing the amount for prime-time segments, Zhang Ye’s monthly income would be higher than the older comrades who had had worked in the station for decades!

Zhang Ye was also delighted, “Sure, sure.”

Seeing Zhang Ye’s delighted mood, Tian Bin was so envious that his intestines turned green. He had ran “Late-night Ghost Stories” for years and, on average, it had 300 days a year without sponsorships. Occasionally, there would be a short-term sponsorship, but the fees received were negligible. It was extremely low. This Zhang had only started work for a few days; how was he so lucky? Tian Bin still refused to acknowledge Zhang Ye’s abilities. He was adamant that it was due to luck.

After announcing all the programs’ ratings, Zhao Guozhou called Zhang Ye over. He reminded him, “The advertisers are coming soon. Today is the day we are signing the contract. They, too, want to see your recording situation in person. I have already gotten someone to reserve the recording studio for you. Once they arrive, you can begin. As for the advertisement lines, I haven’t received them. They might bring it and I’ll get someone to pass it to you.”

Zhang Ye responded, “Recording in the afternoon?”

“Yes. Anyway, you do not need a script. Why? Is there a problem?” Zhao Guozhou asked.

Zhang Ye bit his tongue, “There’s no problem, Leader. I’ll begin preparing.”

Zhao Guozhou nodded, “Do well later. Don’t let the advertisers pick fault with it, or there will be questions for the nearly-settled contract.”

“I understand. Don’t worry about it.” Zhang Ye guaranteed.

When the Leader left, Zhang Ye’s face turned bitter. No problem, your sister! He had no way of reciting the remaining text of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. He only knew the rough direction to the plot. As he was excited about being in the papers, he had not worked out a draft. He had been planning to work out the draft in the morning, but who could have known that something would happen in the morning? Now, with the advertisers coming in the afternoon, there was definitely no time left. Even if he wanted to go off script, he couldn’t. Ugh, was he going to destroy all the accumulated Reputation in one go? “Ghost Blows Out the Light” was difficult to carry on. Was he going to mess up his own program?

Bad things were about to happen!

The end is near!

Thankfully, he had still gotten 5,000 Yuan in rewards. With money, even if he messed up the program, Zhang Ye would be fine. In this world, money is...No, that's not right!

I think I previously said that I treated money like dirt?

Let me think for a while, did I say that? Forget it, I don't think I said that!

Chapter 26: Encountering a tough problem!

1 o'clock, afternoon.

Zhang Ye hurriedly rushed his draft. Behind him, his assistant, Xiaofang, called out to him.

"Teacher Little Zhang."

"What's the matter, Xiaofang?"

"Leader said to tell you that the sponsor for your program is here."

"Eh? So early? Didn't they say noon?"

"Er, it's noon now. This is for you; it's the advertisement copy. The recording studio is also ready. The director wants you to get ready before he brings over the guests."

Damn, this time I'm done for!

Zhang Ye had only just typed out the words for "Ghost Blows Out the Light", without any structure or thought. He could only switch off his computer and go do the undoable at the recording studio.

Sometimes, the one who knows you best is your enemy. That is a very true saying. Tian Bin keenly noticed Zhang Ye's abnormal actions and linked it to the quality drop in the recent two broadcasts of "Late-night Ghost Stories", where stuttering and the wrong usage of words occurred frequently. Even the recording took longer; where it used to take an hour, it took about 1.5 hours to 2 hours to finish a recording now. Tian Bin guessed that Zhang Ye has reached a creative bottleneck or it was even possible that the novel had a problem. Looking at him now, it was obvious that he had no script for it. Haha, this kid is getting what he deserves. The story won't be able to continue on from here? I'll see how you get past this! Tian Bin was over the moon. He stood up and proceeded to the recording studio, ready to see Zhang Ye make a mockery of himself and get what he deserved!

...

Recording Studio 1.

This was the most prestigious studio in the station. It was bigger than the other studios by at least three times. This did not even include the outside of the studio. There was a small space outside of the studio where the telephone editor worked and on the other side there was a viewing hall. It had a transparent soundproof glass which did not block the view, space for 30 leather chairs on the inside and even a small conference table. The station obviously prepared this place for the advertisers who had a sizeable sponsorship. Otherwise, this sort of a studio was usually only reserved for off-site interactive activities or management inspection use.



It was a situation of great importance!

And the pressure was greater, too!

Zhang Ye went in with the equipment settings readied by a staff member who informed him about the differences between this studio and the others before leaving. Zhang Ye was now alone in the room and felt like he was sitting on a cushion of needles. He mumbled to himself, "What should I do?" Bullsh\*t my way through this? That won't work. The clients were willing to sponsor him because they have heard his program before. Just opening his mouth would let the cat out of the bag. Besides, the listeners would definitely not agree to it. Narrating while coming up with and organizing his thoughts? But he didn't have that capability; even if he hurriedly composed, the quality would be bad! All his ideas had been exhausted, Zhang Ye could do nothing more. He only hoped that the client would not tear up the contract.

Outside.

Viewing hall.

"It's over here. Please, come in." The door creaked and then Zhao Guozhou and a deputy led five to six men and women in. "Let's have a seat. Someone will get you tea."

A woman said, "Director Zhao, you are too welcoming of us."

Another person looked through the glass at Zhang Ye, "Is that Teacher Little Zhang?"

"That's right." Zhao Guozhou smiled. "Let Little Zhang start; we will listen and discuss at the same time."

"Sure. I am a loyal fan of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. I even listened to the program late last night. I'm honoured to be listening live on-site today." a middle-aged man mentioned politely.

They sat at the first row next to the location. They were from the Hua Tian Group, operators of pawn shops, jewelry shops and some auction house businesses. Zhang Ye did not know them from his world; the closest to it that he knew of was the Hua Xia Group's pawn shop businesses. Seemingly, even pawn shop businesses were altered in this world. Maybe the sponsored amount this time was too high. The contract duration was also longer than usual, not like those of a week or half a month. Because of this, this leading corporation gave the deal more attention. Five to six people from the marketing department, leaders and staff included, came over to discuss the contractual details. Likewise, Zhao Guozhou also had his own entourage. Wang Xiaomei and several other radio host Teachers also came along. The last to join was Tian Bin and he was probably uninvited. But as there were no restrictions on the attendees, the Leaders did not mention it.

After settling down, Zhao Guozhou signaled to Xiaofang with his index finger.

Understanding his intention, Xiaofang also signalled towards Zhang Ye in the studio and did a countdown from ten. After so many broadcast sessions, the two of them could communicate with just gestures. Li Si was the previous assistant for "Late-night Ghost Stories". Xiaofang was an assistant to everyone, also known as a helper to all. After Zhang Ye arrived, with the popularity of his program, Xiaofang became his personal assistant. Her previous tasks were all handed over to other assistants, while she concentrated on her job for "Late-night Ghost Stories". She was part of Zhang Ye's program team.

By now, Zhang Ye had to step up. With a deep breath, he pushed a button. 3, 2, 1. The broadcast started with the opening, "Hello, everyone. I am your DJ, Zhang Ye. Welcome to today's "Late-night Ghost Stories". Casually stating the chapter's title, Zhang Ye started reading the story.

As he spoke, the others were discussing outside.

"The contract has been prepared. Please take a look?" Zhao Guozhou went straight for the subject.

The woman who looked like she was the leader of the group said, "Director Zhao, it's okay if you are busy and need to attend to your work. Let's not rush this. We would like to listen in, first."

"Alright. Of course." Zhao Guozhou said.

The women enquired curiously, "Oh, yes. I see... That Teacher, Little Zhang, does not have a script?"

Zhao Guozhou smiled a little, "That's right. This is also a specialty of our program. Little Zhang has never needed a script. He's always working off-script for the program."

"That can't be true?" the women said skeptically.

Several of the people in the pawn shop business group also felt that they were exaggerating.

In the studio, Zhang Ye read, "The fatty had a piece....a jade heirloom that he always had with him. This piece of jade belonged to a...a northwestern army's..." Before he could finish a line, Zhang Ye already could not carry on. With his brain trying to organize his words and also trying to recall the plot's direction, it was beyond his abilities.

Eh? What's the matter with Little Zhang today? Zhao Guozhou finally realized something was wrong with Zhang Ye!

Tian Bin had realized this beforehand and was laughing at him on the inside. He was gleefully awaiting to see the joke that was Zhang Ye. This was the purpose of his attendance.

"What's the matter?"

"Eh? Why did he stop?"

The clients looked at each other blankly, not understanding the situation.

Zhang Ye disguised his situation with a cough, switched off his recording, "Let's re-record this portion. I apologize. My throat is a little unwell, let me get some water."

Zhao Guozhou looked at him, then spoke to him through the intercom, "Didn't sleep well last night? Don't worry, please rest for a few minutes." To help Zhang Ye smooth out the situation, Zhao Guozhou branched out the conversation and spoke to the clients about other topics.

Xiaofang had a face full of worry!

Zhang Ye's colleagues also had looks of suspicion!

A lot of the others had the same feeling from two days ago. Zhang Ye's story did not sound smooth. The novel's quality had dropped and there were stumbles in the story plot. Everyone wondered, "Was Zhang Ye a prodigy that has wilted? Is it that the story cannot continue on? Why did it have to happen at this

moment?” The sponsors were here today to sign the contract, so if any mistakes happened, then all that sponsorship money would go up in smoke. Zhang Ye would then have to bear the responsibility and this would also be a smudge on their Literature Channel’s reputation!

A lot of people held their breaths for Zhang Ye.

Only Tian Bin had a different expression from the rest. He only wished that Zhang Ye would make a mistake. If “Ghost Blows Out the Light” really could not go on, then there would be no need for Zhang Ye’s existence. Ignoring the fact that he would be cursed at by the listeners, the Leaders would not agree to it. Even though over the years, “Late-night Ghost Stories” had stories that were cut short, as they had poor ratings, none of them had been dropped midway. There would always be a simple finale to the stories. If Zhang Ye could not produce a story today, then it would be a broadcast incident and nobody could save him!

Chapter 27: Getting a Big Prize in the Lottery!

He only had a few minutes to rest.

Inside the recording studio, Zhang Ye was sweating profusely. He was really worried. No matter how he racked his brains, it was to no avail. Right, there was still one last lifeline!

The Lottery!

He could only place his only hope on the game ring. He should still have the ability to have a chance at the Lottery. Whether he could ride out this storm depended on the outcome of the Lottery. Maybe he could draw an item that gave people mass hallucinations? Maybe an item that could rapidly increase his creative composition of words? Success or failure depended on this! Zhang Ye could only go for broke as he opened the game ring’s virtual interface and checked his Reputation score.

Reputation points: 305,931.

Upon seeing this number, Zhang Ye was dumbfounded. It took a while before he understood how his Reputation points had increased so much. The first reason was the addition of Reputation points from Xiaoli’s suicide matter from the previous night. The program “Talk About the World” was also uploaded onto the internet. The second reason was the 30,000+ Reputation points obtained from the previous day’s “Late-night Ghost Stories”. With the rating improving by the day, there were more and more Reputation points gained every day. The third reason was, of course, due to the Beijing Times report today. This was a major newspaper that had a circulation rate of a few hundred thousand in the capital. Even if half of those who had bought the papers had read Zhang Ye’s news and only a half of those half had marveled at the two poems or were impressed by how Zhang Ye used the modern poems to save a life, that was sufficient to add more than a hundred thousand Reputation points. Exposure, achievements and fame added to his Reputation points.

Great!

The Reputation points were enough for him to draw three times at the Lottery!

Zhang Ye tapped the “Lottery” purchase button and began his first attempt at the Lottery. The needle began moving as he chanted, “Please not something from the Consumption Category! Not a

Consumption Category item!” No one could see the virtual game interface in reality, so he was not worried about it.

But he was born unlucky!

The needle firmly stopped itself in a Consumption Category region!

Bada, a Treasure Chest (Small) appeared in his inventory. Zhang Ye helplessly took out the treasure chest and placed it on the floor. Avoiding the gaze of others, he opened the chest. There was a little circular band. It looked like the halo band seen above angels in movie productions. The only difference was that the color was black.

[ Unlucky Halo ] : Effective once it is worn. Lasts for 5 minutes. Triggering specific conditions will cause those around the player to enter a state of bad luck.

What does this mean? It has the same effect as the Unlucky Sticker? Only that it’s an “area of effect” type this time? What were the conditions? It won’t be attacking indiscriminately, right?

Zhang Ye did not study it much and first stuffed the Lottery item into his game ring. Following that, he puffed on his palm a few times. It was too depressing. What sort of sh\*t hands were these? He had drawn from the Lottery four times, since he magically obtained the game ring. However, every time it was a Consumption Category treasure chests. Even though the Consumption Category region took up the largest proportion on the wheel, it shouldn’t happen all the time, right? At least let me see what Stats Category and Skills Category are. The probability of hitting the Special Category was too low, so he did not have any hopes for it, but the Stats and Skills Categories still had a non-trivial probability of hitting them!

Again!

I don’t believe it!

Zhang Ye frowned as he breathed in like he was practicing qigong. After messing around for a while, he spent another 100,000 Reputation points to buy a chance at the Lottery, despite his painful heart!

He clicked on the Lottery!

The needle began moving again!

It was all random. At least, Zhang Ye still could not see any pattern up until now. He could only stare and chant, waiting for the needle to slow down before he could see what it was! Skills Category! Stop! Stop! Aiyah, it did not stop! Another Consumption Category! Quickly get past it! Just a bit more! The needle was obedient this time as it grinded forward by a bit! Move some more! Move some more! It’s not enough! Almost got it! As Zhang Ye eagerly watched as the needle seemed to use all its strength before stopping, it suddenly moved that tiny bit as its final rally!

Click!

Special Category!

It had actually stopped at the Special Category region, which had a 1-2% chance of being picked!

The Heaven's have shined their light on me; I managed to get a grand prize! Zhang Ye was finally delighted. The time for the Lottery to give out its prize had come. There was no item to receive, nor was there a treasure chest to be opened. There was just a system message.

Special Category awarded: Opening the Merchant Shop, adding the right to purchase item, "Memory Search Capsule".

After that, the virtual game's interface for the Merchant Shop opened. When he clicked it open, there was an item inside.

Memory Search Capsule: Effective upon consuming it. Helps the player search a memory or subconscious memory and permanently reinforces it. Lasts for five minutes. Costs 100,000 Reputation points.

Zhang Ye still remembered the Special Category's introduction. It was written that it would allow the purchase of a certain item. It seemed like the method to obtain magical items was not just limited to the luck of the draw. He could also use the random chance from landing on the Special Category to give him the right to buy an item. He could buy an unlimited number of the items in the Merchant Shop, as long as he had the Reputation points. He would no longer be restricted to the limitations of the random chance in the Lottery. This discovery made Zhang Ye excited!

Memory search?

Could this solve the problem he was facing?

Time was running out, so Zhang Ye didn't spend too much time thinking about it. He looked at the remaining 100,000 Reputation points he had left and decided against the Lottery. He could not afford it. As such, he opened the Merchant Shop and spent 100,000 Reputation points to buy one "Memory Search Capsule". He only had a few thousand Reputation points left as a result.

Ding!

With the successful purchase, the item automatically entered his inventory!

Zhang Ye quickly opened up his inventory and, with a grab, pulled out a black and white capsule. It looked like something one ate when one had the cold. Gritting his teeth, he swallowed it. As he crunched on it, he felt his eyes go blank before he could even decide on its taste. His brain's activity suddenly increased, as several scenes flashed before his eyes. Zhang Ye was filled with worry about the "Ghost Blows Out the Light" script, so all his thoughts were focused on it. So with a thought, the scenes in his brain suddenly jumped to the scene of him back in school in his previous world. It was the weekend when Zhang Ye had just bought the entire "Ghost Blows Out the Light" set after school. It had books written in simplified script. The moment he reached home, he excitedly flipped through them to read it!

One page...

Ten pages...

Twenty pages...

It was all scenes of him flipping through the books. It was as fast as a movie playing!

At this moment, the effective duration of the “Memory Search Capsule” ended. Zhang Ye returned to reality from his weird memories. Only five minutes had passed in reality, precisely the effective duration of the item. However, the speed at which he thought was clearly much faster. The concept of time was completely different. In his memories, Zhang Ye seemed to have spent several hours reading. With a blink, Zhang Ye was delighted to discover that after reliving those memories of reading “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, every word in the novel was remembered by him clearly. He could recite them from memory easily! The Memory Search had helped him dig out buried memories and had reinforced those memories! Although the Memory Search did not completely let him recall the hundreds of thousands of words in “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, it had reinforced about a quarter of the content in his memories. Previously, Zhang Ye had only narrated about tens of thousands of content during the earlier segments. Hence, with his current memories, he could easily narrate another 200,000 words with his eyes closed!

It’s done!

There’s no need to worry about the script anymore!

This item had come at an opportune moment! Besides, as long as he had enough Reputation points, he could buy an unlimited number of Memory Search Capsules. There would no longer be any worry about trying to recall artistic works from his previous life!

Chapter 28: An Amazing Unscripted Performance!

There was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Zhao Guozhou looked towards the exterior door.

There was a woman who had came from outside. On the other side of the glass, Zhang Ye saw her, too. He cleared his throat. He had seen this woman before and she had cursed him behind his back. She was Tian Bin’s wife. He met on the first day of work. The woman was holding a contract in her hand. Clearly, she was one of the staff in the station. Either she was in charge of advertisement matters, or she was in charge of contractual laws. He had previously thought that Tian Bin’s wife had come to meet Tian Bin to get off work together. So his wife was also a member of the radio station.

“Director Zhao, the contract.” The woman took out a bunch of A4 paper.

Zhao Guozhou took it over and acknowledged, “Just leave it here. We’ll speak later.”

“Alright.” The woman leaned her head to the side to look around. Seeing Tian Bin waving towards her, she walked to the last row and sat with her husband.

“Sister-in-law.”

“Sis, you came?”

People in the Literature Channel knew of the duo’s relation, as everyone knew each other.

After sitting down, Tian Bin’s wife did not hide her disdain for Zhang Ye as she whispered, “Why hasn’t it started? What are we waiting for?” How could her tone be good, when her husband was replaced by Zhang Ye?

A Literature Channel staff member said, "It began a while ago, but it seems like Teacher Zhang's throat isn't good, so it was stopped."

Tian Bin laughed quietly, "It's not his throat isn't good. He can't produce anything. If you don't believe me, just watch. His advertising sponsorship will definitely be blown off today!"

"That can't be?" another colleague said.

Tian Bin seethed, "Haven't you already noticed? Zhang Ye is already a spent force. He has nothing left sustaining him. How do you explain it?"

Tian Bin's wife laughed, "I think so, too. A rookie can't have good luck all his life. He has to pay the price of being young. How can being a host be so easy? Only after a few years of grinding and being beat down would one gain acceptance. A moment of impressiveness is just short-lived. In the end, what matters is experience and background!"

When Xiaofang heard this, she was very unhappy, but she did not dare to show it. After all, she was a rookie, so she could only say, "Teacher Zhang will be fine!"

Tian Bin lost his smile, "Does his performance look like he is fine? Then let's have a bet? Let's see if he can pass this ordeal!"

Xiaofang remained silent. She was afraid, too. Teacher Zhang, you must not make any mistakes!

...

What they said could not be heard in front, as there was a distance of seven meters separating them.

"Little Zhang! Have you rested your throat?" Zhao Guozhou could no longer drag it out any longer. Seeing so much time pass, he could only ask with a frown.

Zhang Ye adjusted his bearings as he drank some water. He immediately said, "Leader, I can do it."

"Alright, then let's carry on." Zhao Guozhou waved at him to begin, while his eyes seemed unsure.

Tian Bin was thinking in his mind, "What do you mean, 'you can do it'. Today, I'm just waiting for you to make a fool of yourself. When you fail, the segment 'Late-night Ghost Stories' will be mine again!"

Tian Bin's wife also laughed in silence. She, too, was waiting for Zhang Ye to make a fool of himself!

Zhang Ye paused for two seconds before he began recording, "Hello, everybody. Welcome to today's 'Late-night Ghost Stories' segment... This piece of jade was given to his father by a chief in the northwestern army. Years ago, this chief had led his troops to destroy a gang of bandits. This piece of jade was worn closely by the bandit leader. Although it was a piece of jade, its shape did not look anything like it. Its shape was strange..." Zhang Ye was no longer like the stammering Zhang Ye from before. His words were buttery smooth!

Tian Bin was surprised a little. What the heck? How could he now narrate again? Oh, he must have used the break time to organize his thoughts. However, what could that little bit of time amount to? He will end up full of mistakes later!

Ten minutes!

Half an hour!

Time passed.

Tian Bin was looking forward to seeing Zhang Ye make a mistake. The married couple were waiting to see a show.

However, Zhang Ye's performance made their faces turn green. Not only did Zhang Ye not make a single mistake, the plot and words used were excellent. It had returned to the high quality standard of the first few episodes. It was even better than the first few episodes. There was not a single re-recording of a passage. It was as if he had God's help, as he chattered on!

"According to Eiko, the Savages Ditch by Hei Feng Kou was actually previously called Corpses Ditch. Further into the past, it was actually called Moon Holding Ditch..."

One episode was done!

Two episodes were done!

From 2 P.M. in the afternoon to 5 P.M. in the afternoon, Zhang Ye recorded three full episodes. There was no break in between. He did not even take a mouthful of water. He had recorded it all in one go!

The Tian Bin couple were terrified!

Zhao Guozhou and Xiaofang were stunned with their mouths agape!

The five-member advertising sponsorship team was also dumbfounded!

When the third episode was done recording, Zhang Ye still seemed addicted to it and was just about to carry on recording another episode. Zhao Guozhou quickly interrupted upon seeing this. He switched on the microphone to contact him, "Little Zhang, that will do. Come over here, first!" You still want to narrate some more? You still can narrate? Any more, and the sky will turn dark!

Zhang Ye said, "Yes." before taking off his headset, with lingering feelings.

The pawn shop business' woman stared while saying, "The three hours of content was said without script? That's impossible!" She would not believe it even if she was killed. She immediately stood up, "I'm going in to take a look!" She hated being deceived by others. It would be a great disrespect towards them and also an insult to their intelligence!

"Ah..." Zhao Guozhou did not stop them, allowing to do so.

The Tian Bin couple also did not believe it and they accompanied the sponsors and the Leader in.

Three hours of on-the-spot creation, without any mistakes or script?

How did he do it!? This must be an international joke!

Immediately, a group of people poured into the recording studio as they looked all around. They really could not find a script. A sponsor guessed that Zhang Ye had copied the script into the computer; as such, he looked at the monitor. Good rascal. The recording studio's second computer was not even switched on. And the main computer was controlled with buttons. There wasn't even a display!



Zhang Ye was wondering why so many people rushed in, "Eh? What's the matter?"

The sponsors were amazed, "You...you really did not use a script?"

"Nope. I just said what I have on the spot." Zhang Ye answered matter-of-factly.

The woman did not utter a word for a long while, before turning her head towards Zhao Guozhou, "Let's sign the contract, Director Zhao. We are convinced!"

Only Tian Bin remained in disbelief. Your sister! How did you memorize three hours worth of content? Are you f\*\*king mad? Ignoring it being off script, even when Tian Bin recorded with a script, he would also make mistakes. How the f\*\*k do you not have any mistakes without a script? How could it be!? Aren't you on the brink of death? Weren't you unable to narrate the story, just now? How did you seem to transform suddenly!?

Tian Bin's wife's expression looked ugly, too.

Assistant Xiaofang glanced at them. You still want to bet that Teacher Zhang can't do it? Why aren't you speaking now? Are you dumb now?

It was natural that Zhang Ye would not make a mistake. His memories had been strongly reinforced. It could be blurted out without thinking. This was the effect of the memory capsule!

Zhao Guozhou and the sponsors left to discuss the details of the contract.

Zhang Ye looked at his watch. He still was not done with his narration itch. He felt that his mental state was still very good. So he decided to forgo his meal. After drinking a mouthful of water, he returned to the recording studio and began rattling off the fourth episode for the day!

Tian Bin refused to have his beliefs shaken. He insisted on staying behind to see how Zhang Ye managed it!

Wang Xiaomei and a few other hosts did not go for dinner. They, too, wanted to see what tricks Zhang Ye had; rather, it should be said that they wanted to know what Zhang Ye's limit was. They were extremely surprised!

Four episodes!

Six episodes!

Eight episodes!

Zhang Ye actually recorded from two in the afternoon to ten in the evening!

Wang Xiaomei had already left silently at 6pm!

Tian Bin endured past 7 PM before going home with an ashen face!

There were people who went for their dinner midway. Some people got off work, while some people came to catch a glimpse of this spectacle after hearing about it!

"He's amazing!"

“Quick, go take a look. Zhang Ye is still recording!”

“Ah? What time is it? And it was done without a script?”

“Of course it is done without a script. Damn! He has gone off script for eight hours!”

“Holy shit! Is that guy still human? Did he eat some power pills?”

The news quickly spread. Many hosts and staff from other channels came in waves. Everyone came to listen with a look of disbelief. However, when all of them left, their looks of disbelief were replaced by looks of amazement, without exception!

After that day.

Everyone knew that a man of God had arrived in the Literature Channel!

He was a person who had produced a work on the spot, recording without any script for more than ten hours without a mistake! If the entire station was added up... Who dared to compare with him!?

Chapter 29: What is Your Most Expensive Dish Here?

A week later.

Zhang Ye had been forcefully given leave by a Deputy Director for the Literature Channel. The Leader nearly pleaded with him to take a break for two days with a confused expression of being at a loss over whether to laugh or cry. Why? This was because Zhang Ye was playing with his life for the entire week. Every day, he would reserve the recording studio during the day. If he could not get a long time slot, he would reserve a time slot at night. He would obtain the key from the relevant personnel to work overtime throughout the night. He had completely recorded the fifty episodes of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. Together with the episodes recorded before, he had finished recording more than 60 episodes. The book was almost done.

In between, the episodes that were periodically broadcast gave Zhang Ye a total of 200,000 Reputation points. The few poems that spread online also kept contributing to his Reputation score. All of them added up to about 300,000 points. Zhang Ye used those points to buy three “Memory Search Capsules”. They allowed Zhang Ye to reinforce the text in “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. Without a missing word, he could naturally record without a hitch. As usual, he went off-script during the entire process. In seven days, everyone in the station was used to this “warped” existence.

From shock to amazement, from amazement to surprise, and from surprise to numbness!

In the end, everyone took Zhang Ye’s stunning performance for granted!

There were only a few episodes left before Zhang Ye finished recording. In Zhang Ye’s original world, a radio station had recorded the audio version of “Ghost Blows Out the Light” after its crazy sales. It was done in 400-500 episodes, so how did he finish recording in less than 100 episodes? This was because, in his previous world, the ghost story segment was called “Midnight Strange Files”. It was half an hour long. Only about 20 minutes, or even less, of the novel was narrated during the segment. However, in this world, “Late-night Ghost Stories” was a segment that was an hour long. Furthermore, Zhang Ye’s narrative speed was much faster than the average person’s. As a result, the number of episodes were naturally reduced.

...

In the morning.

Zhang Ye was washing up. The seven days of continuous work and disruptive working schedule had affected his mental state. Even while smoking to refresh himself, he would keep yawning.

There was actually no need for him to work so hard.

But why did Zhang Ye work so hard? There were four reasons.

Firstly, he needed to be worthy of the Leader's appreciation!

Secondly, he needed to be worthy of the audience's love!

Thirdly, if he finished recording the program early, he could get a bonus!

As for the fourth reason...Well, the fourth reason is that the first and second reasons were not important at all!

After checking his salary and bonus online, Zhang Ye immediately cheered up. After realizing that he had not been home for a long while, he went down to take the subway as he headed to his parents' home.

His parents lived in Caishikou, a small neighborhood in Beijing that was neither young or old.

Just as he arrived, Zhang Ye met a few of his old neighbors.

"Eh, isn't this Little Ye? You are back? I haven't seen you in a long while." an auntie said.

Zhang Ye greeted, "Good morning, Auntie Zhou. I moved out to stay alone a month ago. I've been busy working recently, so I didn't come back."

"I heard from your parents that you are working at a radio station?" Another old uncle flapped a paper fan as he said, "That is a good place. It's paid by the public, so do well."

"Okay. Sure." Zhang Ye went up after making some idle chat.

After pressing the doorbell, it was his mother who opened the door. She did not look happy, "It's been a month. Now you know to return home?"

Zhang Ye gave a glance and gave an obsequious smile, "I was waiting to return only after having some success. Where's dad? He isn't working today, right?"

"Him? He's reading the papers." Mom kicked a pair of slippers to her son.

Zhang Ye bent over and wore them. Upon entering the living room, he saw his dad sitting on the sofa, reading Beijing Times. "Dad, I'm back. How's your and Mom's health?"

Dad never said much, "It's good. How's work?"

Zhang Ye seemed happy, "It's good. This month's salary has been paid. Together with the bonus, it's a total of 18,000."

“What?” Mom’s ears immediately perked up. She turned from sorrow to joy, “Why is there so much? Aren’t you in your probation period? You shouldn’t have established yourself, right?”

Zhang Ye smiled. “The wage isn’t a lot, but the bonus is quite a lot. There is a 5,000 contribution reward and another 8,000 performance award. With my wage and benefits added together, that’s why I was paid so much.”

“My son sure is good.” Mom beamed, “I already said my son will amount to something!”

Dad said squarely, “Don’t be arrogant. This little bit of results isn’t anything.”

Mom squinted at Zhang Ye and pursed her lips, “Hear what your Dad is saying. Every night, he will listen to your program in front of the radio. Sometimes he would not even agree to lowering the volume when I find it noisy. That episode where you used a modern poem to save a girl? He also listened to it. He even praised your modern poem’s standard. He even recorded those few poems down. Heh. Anyway, I didn’t understand that poem of yours.”

Dad’s expression changed, “Must you say so much?”

Mom snorted, “I’m just speaking the truth. What are you staring for? Do you think only your staring eyes are the biggest?”

Zhang Ye chuckled. The approval of his family was his greatest encouragement. He said, “It’s almost noon. Mom, Dad. There’s no need to cook today. Let’s go out and eat. Since this is my first hard-earned wage, I must treat you to a good meal. Let’s go!”

Mom said happily, “Alright. I want to enjoy my son’s treat.”

Dad was about to say something, such as don’t be a spendthrift, as their living conditions were not that great. However, with Zhang Ye and Mom pulling him, Dad eventually went to change.

Downstairs.

Mom pulled out her cellphone like an avant-garde. “Let me check what good restaurants there are nearby.”

Zhang Ye asked, “What are you doing?”

“I’m checking the reviews online. I just learned about it from my colleagues.” Mom began to clumsily maneuver through her cellphone’s functionality.

Zhang Ye scoffed and looked down on Mom, “Online reviews? You are too passe. What year is it now? What you are doing isn’t scientific nor precise. Look at me!” Zhang Ye took out a signing pen that he always brought along and threw it into the air. After the pen dropped to the ground, he pointed along the direction of the pen tip to a street diagonally across. “That restaurant has delicious food!”

Mom, “...”

Dad said, “As a college graduate, can you not be so superstitious?”

Zhang Ye stubbornly said, “Believe me. That restaurant definitely is good. I’ve never been wrong with throwing stuff – or else, how do you think I scored such a high score during my English college entrance exams?”

The restaurant was not small and there were quite a number of people.

The trio were led to a table in the back by a waiter.

A waitress politely said, “What do the three of you want to eat?”

Mom said casually, “Son, you do the ordering, but don’t order things that are too expensive. It is unnecessary.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged. With almost 20,000, he was now a little tycoon. What was the use in having so much money? Isn’t it meant to be used? Furthermore, he was now a public figure. He needed to maintain his reputation, so he said with confidence, “What is your most expensive dish here?”

The waitress said with a surprise, “The most expensive?”

Zhang Ye nodded, “Right. Feel free and say it boldly!”

The waitress answered, “Deep-Fried Mandarin Fish is quite expensive. And depending on the portion, a fish can cost about 300 after preparation. Right, we also have abalone. One portion is 120. How many portions do you want?”

Zhang Ye snapped his fingers, “Good, very good. Give me...a plate of Kung Pao chicken, a plate of Shredded Pork with Garlic Sauce and three bowls of rice. That would be all!”

The waitress nearly vomited out blood. After all that she said, he did not want any of that?

After the waitress left, Mom embarrassingly said, “Why did you ask about all of that!?”

Zhang Ye coughed, “I never expected it to be so expensive. Also, didn’t you say not to order stuff that’s too expensive? We still need to live. So we shouldn’t be too extravagant.”

Mom said angrily, “You are too cheap!”

Dad interjected, “Isn’t that something he learned from you? You mother-son duo were born money-faced!”

Chapter 30: The War of Words on Weibo!

Afternoon.

As his parents were taking an afternoon nap, Zhang Ye was surfing the net in his room. After logging in to his newly registered Weibo\* account, there was a verified label on his avatar. This was a verified account that the radio station had applied for him, for work purposes. The verification details were, “Beijing Radio Station’s Literature Channel’s ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ Broadcast Host Zhang Ye”. Every radio anchor host had a platform to communicate with their audience. By promoting their programs and maintaining their image, that was also a part of their work.

This world's social media platform did not distinguish between Tencent's Weibo or Sina's Weibo. There was only one, called Weibo. It was pretty much the same; however, there were some tiny differences in the details. For example, there was no way to display one's location. The reason was probably to protect one's privacy.

"Hello, Teacher Zhang."

"Teacher Zhang, I really like your program."

"'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is too good. Your poems are also too classic!"

"If you need any sort of work done, please contact mobile number 1348763733!"

"Haha, Teacher Zhang is also on Weibo? I'm Xiaofang. Please add me as a fan."

There were private messages, @ messages and comments, totaling about 30 of them. There were advertisements, colleagues from the radio station and listeners.

Upon seeing his fan count, he only had about 200 people. After all, he had just registered, so he could not have many fans. It needed a long period of operation. Zhang Ye picked a few comments to reply to. He also followed a few colleagues. As he browsed through this world's Weibo, there were not many major differences, so he did not find it unfamiliar. This was a very important promotional platform, so Zhang Ye treated it seriously. After giving it some thought, he decided to post his poems, "Flying Bird and Fish", "A Generation", the title-less "If you are living well, then the skies are clear" and the "The Song of the Stormy Petrel" that he had never publicly released.

His fan count immediately rose!

There were countless numbers of people rebroadcasting it!

"Let the tempest come strike harder? Wow!"

"'The Song of the Stormy Petrel' is so well written! I like it!"

"I already thought 'Flying Bird and Fish' and 'A Generation' were classic enough, but after seeing 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel', I feel full and delighted. This passer-by shall become a fan!"

"If you are living well, then the skies are clear? This is written so beautifully!"

"Teacher Zhang has released another new poem? Awesome! I'll prostrate in front of you in full admiration!"

He even saw some bigwigs leaving comments. For example, there was the famous producer Hu Fei from Central TV. He had rebroadcasted for Zhang Ye, "I first liked Zhang Ye's novel, as 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was too original. It is totally different from the usual supernatural novels. Later on, I saw Teacher Little Zhang's two poems. I greatly fell in love with 'A Generation'. It felt like it was written for our generation. Today, after seeing 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel', this should be a prose. Having lived for so long, I have seen at least a few hundred, if not a few thousand prose. But this is the first time that I have realized that prose can be written in such a graceful and powerful manner! I also know the Vice Editor, Old Ya, from the Beijing Times. I agree strongly with what Old Ya said that in a few hundred years, people might no longer have computers or cell phones and may even forget the dazzling

celebrities of the past, to the point of forgetting things our generation think is unforgettable. But the two poems, “A Generation” and “The Song of the Stormy Petrel” will never be forgotten. I believe they will be passed down over as a heritage, one generation after another!”

Naturally, Zhang Ye had to reply as he modestly answered, “Thank you for Teacher Hu’s affirmation. I’m not that noble or great as you described. I just randomly created those.”

Hu Fei gave an astounding approval, “Talent is probably innate. Some people might work their entire lives to no avail. Some people have it the moment they were born. Teacher Little Zhang is just 23 years old? My son is 22 this year, almost the same age as you. However, Teacher Zhang is already so cultured, while my son is playing on the phone all day. Sigh.”

People began to comment.

“My daughter is the same. She’s playing with her cell phone all day.”

“Right, young people nowadays cannot be separated from their cellphones. Even while they are eating and talking, they would still hold onto their phones.”

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye left a comment. He used a popular online phrase in his previous world. “The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between the flying bird and fish. It is that you are playing with your phone, even when I stand in front of you.”

“Pu!”

“Haha! I’m dying of stitches!”

“Teacher Zhang is too cheeky!”

“I never expected Teacher Zhang to be so humorous! He’s a ghost story host and also a poet, so I thought he would be a particularly serious person!”

“That was a godly reversal!”

Central TV’s producer Hu Fei was also overjoyed as he posted a smiley emoticon, “In a while, I’ll show this to my son!”

With Zhang Ye’s lead, many netizens began to spontaneously post modified versions of Zhang Ye’s “Flying Bird and Fish”. For example, there were statements like, “The furthest distance in the world is not bringing toilet paper to the toilet.” In the end, “A Generation” was also not spared. There were all kinds of versions, such as, “The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to watch movies.” If other poets saw their poems being defiled beyond recognition by others, they would be furious. However, Zhang Ye did not. Not only was he not angry, he even modified his works along with the netizens. His level of self-mockery was high, which won the favor of many netizens.

“Teacher Zhang is really approachable!”

“This is what a cultured person should have!”

“+1! Supporting Teacher Zhang’s creation of more masterpieces!”

...

At the same time.

Today, Tian Bin was also not working. After his program was robbed from him, he would basically be resting for three days a week. He had nothing to do at work. In an upset mood, Tian Bin would drink alone at home. As he drank, he surfed Weibo. He, too, saw Zhang Ye's interaction with the netizens and saw his fan count increasingly rapidly due to him being so well-liked. In just a day, he had several thousand fans. It was nearly about to exceed Tian Bin's 20,000 fan count. Seeing this, how could Tian Bin feel happy? He nearly flew into a rage!

Producing works without a script?

Every word he says is classic?

Tian Bin never believed Zhang Ye had this ability. He also bore a grudge, so without switching his Weibo account, he used his official, verified Weibo account to post a message, "Some people may be able to jump for a moment, but they cannot jump for life. Do not be a villainous person intoxicated by success. Do not use underhand techniques, or you will end up suffering!" He did not indicate who he was speaking about, but anyone who had eyes knew that he was scolding Zhang Ye. This was because after Zhang Ye was officially verified, the VIP introduction for Tian Bin's Weibo had changed into "Previous 'Late-night Ghost Stories' Broadcast Host".

Tian Bin had his fans, too. Some people liked Zhang Ye's style of broadcasting, but there were also people who liked Tian Bin's program. Upon seeing Teacher Tian post that comment, many of his fans immediately understood who Tian Bin was referring to. Immediately, they answered the summoning call and went on Zhang Ye's Weibo to begin cursing!

"Using underhand techniques?"

"So this was how Zhang Ye got his position!"

"Teacher Tian is right. I do not like Zhang Ye's program. It's practically rubbish!"

On the other side, Zhang Ye was still unsure of the situation. He had just went to grab a cup of water, but when he returned, he saw lots of criticism on his Weibo!

"Zhang Ye, you dumb pig!"

"Calling for a boycott of Zhang Ye!"

"What a rubbish program! Quickly stop broadcasting it!"

"Right! Let Teacher Tian Bin resume his hosting of 'Late-night Ghost Stories'!"

After Zhang Ye traced it to Tian Bin's official Weibo account and seeing the comment left by him, he immediately sneered with anger. You are looking for trouble, aren't you? You dare to say I'm a villainous person?

Before Zhang Ye responded, his fans and some bystanders had rushed to Tian Bin's Weibo to return their tirade!

"How can there be such a cheap person under the Heavens?"



“Publicly scolding his colleague on Weibo? Who is the villain here?”

“Isn’t it because of Teacher Zhang’s literacy skills being better than yours that caused the result of him replacing you? If you aren’t happy about it, win the program back yourself. Can you only curse at someone behind their back?”

“What a joke. And there’s so many people chiming in? Are you all a bunch of people who like to curse?”

At this moment, the producer Hu Fei, who had exchanged some words with Zhang Ye on Weibo, helped speak out for Zhang Ye, “People should have some bearing in their conduct. One shouldn’t pull someone down just because someone is better than you. What a joke. Anyone with any smarts knows what is going with a glance!”

The two sides began to set off a war of words!

Weibo immediately bustled with activity!

“Son, come eat some fruit!” Mom shouted from outside his room, after waking up from her afternoon nap.

Zhang Ye had no mood to eat, “I’m not eating. I’m busy.”

Mom pushed the door open and entered, “What’s the matter? Eat first, before you busy yourself.”

Zhang Ye stared at the computer, “I can’t eat. A colleague is using his verified account to scold me on Weibo. His actions are too horrible. I need to deal with it.”

Mom was also enraged, “Who dares to scold my son? This little son of a bitch! But don’t you scold back at him. He may not be right, but we need to make sure of the repercussive effects. After all, your status is no longer the same.”

“I got it. Go back.” Zhang Ye saw Tian Bin post another comment.

Tian Bin, “A person with questionable character is useless, no matter how talented he is!”

Zhang Ye sneered and replied, “How is my character questionable? Can you please talk about it Teacher Tian!?”

Tian Bin took on an enigmatic tone in his words, “You really do not know?” Alright then. Hehe.

Zhang Ye, “Do not use these mysterious words to mislead everyone. Tell me what I did wrong; I want to know, too!”

Tian Bin scoffed, “You know very well what sort of character you have!”

Zhang Ye angrily said, “I really do not know. You can say it straight out. I have always done things with a clear conscience. By using this vague tone, aren’t you showing the lack of confidence in your words?”

Tian Bin, “Hehe. A villainous person is a villainous person.”

...

Beijing Radio Station.

There were many people working in the Literature Channel's office today.

A midday program's DJ suddenly shouted, "Hey, quickly look at Weibo. Something has happened! Tian Bin and Zhang Ye are fighting!"

"Ah? What happened?"

"They are fighting? Let me see!"

"Aiyah! Teacher Tian is..."

"What is Tian Bin doing? How can he say such things!"

"And he is even using his verified Weibo account. This will give off a bad vibe. The listeners will even wonder what's going on if they see this!"

A few old comrades in the station were very displeased. Wang Xiaomei frowned, while Xiaofang was enraged!

"I'll let the Leader know!"

"Who is going to call Tian Bin and Zhang Ye? Tell them not to fight! Quickly delete their Weibo comments!"

...

Ring, ring, ring. A phone call came in.

Zhang Ye saw the number and it was Teacher Feng from the "Old and Young Story Club" segment. Upon picking it up, he heard Teacher Feng say, "Little Zhang, quickly delete those messages on Weibo. Director Zhao has got wind of the matter. He's already going crazy and wants you to stop immediately. Anymore of this will be detrimental to the station. Someone has already approached Tian Bin, too. Quickly cool down. We can talk about this in the office tomorrow!"

Zhang Ye said angrily, "I've been scolded by Tian Bin and his fans all day. I have not said a single swear word or slanderous comment, right? You want me to cool down? Did I say too much? I was just getting Tian Bin to explain how my character was lacking. Why am I a villainous person? Do I have any other problem?"

Teacher Feng said, "Look at your temper. Are you being nasty with me? Kid, cool down. I'm not saying you are wrong, I'm just asking you to endure it."

"Teacher Feng, it isn't my intention. Alright, I got it." Zhang Ye said without any qualms. Amongst all the broadcasting hosts in the Literature Channel, his impression of Teacher Feng was the best. He was a veteran, but he had no airs. He was kindly to everyone, so Zhang Ye naturally would not get angry with Teacher Feng.

"That's good. Calming down is the best." With that, Teacher Feng hung up the phone.

However, just after he threw down his phone, Zhang Ye sneered at the computer. Although he had promised Teacher Feng to cool down, he did not have any plans to doing so. Delete my Weibo comments? Remain silent? That Tian has already said so much; how could I remain silent!?

Tian Bin's fans were still attacking him.

"Look, Zhang Ye is no longer speaking?"

"Hehehe. This is because he's trembling from the scolding!"

"An idiot is an idiot! How dare a rookie rob an elder's position!"

"I really feel helpless for Teacher Tian! Why did he have to encounter a person who did not know where he stands!"

"Everyone, carry on scolding! Keep refreshing! Do not have any scruples! Let's get justice for Teacher Tian!"

Tian Bin also fanned the flames from time to time to incite the people's emotions. He could not swear, but he could stir up his fans to curse!

Some of those who cursed at Zhang Ye did not know the truth. They thought that Teacher Tian had some grievance due to Zhang Ye. A large number of them were just following the crowd. The internet was a more open platform. Some people just liked to curse, so they would ignore everything else and curse first, without knowing the truth. After all, Zhang Ye would definitely not curse back at them, as he was a public figure. He had to take note of the effects of his words. This made those people, who were joining in the fun to curse, become more unbridled in their attacks. They felt good about being able to curse at someone who had better achievements than themselves!

Don't dare to curse back?

Indeed, if it was any average radio host, they would definitely not do so. However, Zhang Ye was not any average person. They did not understand Zhang Ye's temperament at all!

Cursing at him for no reason?

Stepping over his head time and again?

He knew deeply what the internet was like. There was no reason behind today's matter. They were just cursing for the sake of cursing. The matter was not settled by who was being more reasonable, as it was meaningless in trying to be reasonable. Everything was determined by strength! Everything was determined by who was more fierce in their combat prowess! Alright! I'll do a good job cursing with you today! Isn't it just swearing? You really think I don't know how!? That I'm afraid of all of you?