

## Superstar 291

Chapter 291: It's Zhang Ye!

On stage.

Cao Mengmeng stopped. The poem had ended!

But the echo, the melody. It was as if all of it still resonated in the hall.

"Love—I love not only your stateliness, but also your firm stand, the earth beneath you."

It was difficult to imagine that such a poem came out from the mouth of a girl this young in age. Even the recital technique alone was mature beyond her years! The students and parents off stage were all stunned in silence. Before, even when the singing and dancing performances were not good, everyone would applaud to give their children encouragement, but when it came to Cao Mengmeng's recital, not a clap could be heard!

Because the audience were all stunned into silence when they heard her poem!

The Principal stood in silence, the female host also froze on stage!

Everyone below stage were blown out of their minds!

"Holy sh\*t!"

"What poem was that!?"

"This poem's too exquisite!"

"Right, not only the words. It's also the emotional details!"

"How have I never heard of this poem before? What's the name of this poem?"

"I don't know either. I've never heard of it, whose work is this?"

A few teachers from the high school were wondering. They could not believe their ears. Why? How could they not know the name of such an exemplary love poem that rippled through everyone's hearts?

The parents also started talking about it.

"Who is that little girl?"

"I think her name's Mengmeng. She recited it so well."

"Recited well, but what's even better is the poem!"

"Which master's work is that? Why don't I have any impression of it!?"

The adults present had felt the deep love contained in the poem's words. It was so beautiful that those who heard it felt like they had a beautiful image injected directly into their minds. They felt that they had been transported into the poem and that they were that tree themselves.

Even those who were not adults, amongst the middle and high school students, a portion of them had stunned faces. It was obvious that they had been stunned by this beautiful love poem that they had never heard of before.

“Wah! Mengmeng’s great!”

“Mengmeng’s too awesome!”

“This poem’s really beautiful! The love it describes gives everyone so much hope!”

“Go to hell! This is what you call a love poem! It’s 18000 times more powerful than the modern poetry that we have in our textbooks!”

Suddenly, someone took the lead!

Bba Bba Bba Bba! A wave of applause rang out!

Some students, who did not understand, also clapped along blindly, but many of the parents and teachers and also the school’s leaders had understood and felt the deep emotions of the poem. Some of the parents and teachers stood up as they continued clapping, leaving the fiercest applause for Cao Mengmeng!

The applause was too loud!

The entire hall was enveloped in a deafening sound!

This was the loudest applause heard since the New Year party started!

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Over here.

Teacher Leng and many of their class’ students and parents were tongue-tied.

The head teacher of the fifth class in front of them suddenly stood up and looked around. He spotted Teacher Leng not far from him and immediately asked, “Teacher Leng, what poem is this?” He, too, was also a language teacher and head teacher. He was not of the same year as Teacher Leng, so he felt ashamed that he had never heard of such a modern poem despite being a language teacher. He was too unprofessional. How could he not know of such an awesome love poem?

Hearing that, Teacher Leng said with wry smile, “I’m not sure either.”

“Ah?” The head teacher from Class 5 said, “Isn’t Mengmeng a student from your class?”

“Yes, but I.....don’t have any impression of this poem.” Teacher Leng thought of a student’s parent who might know. She turned towards the newspaper editor, “Brother Yang, you’ve seen more literary works than we have, what is the origin of this poem?”

But Brother Yang also laughed in ridicule, then said gravely, “I can solemnly say that I’ve never heard this love poem before. If it appeared before, it can’t be that no one has heard of it. I suspect.....could it be that it is an original composition?”

Mengmeng’s classmates were stunned!

“Original composition?”

“It was written by Mengmeng herself?”

“Knowing that there was a conflict in the line-up, she wrote it just then?”

“Impossible! Mengmeng’s never passed her language class more than a few times!”

Teacher Leng was getting dizzy. How could a middle school student, who had seldom passed her language classes, come up with such a moving and impressive poem? She wouldn’t believe it even if it killed her!

So what happened?

What’s the situation that led to this?

This included the Principal and a few school Leaders, who were perplexed. They stared towards the stage at Cao Mengmeng. They were filled with extreme interest!

Could it really be that the child had written this on her own?

If that was true, this group of teachers and principal would be overjoyed. This was a god-damn prodigy!

Seeing Mengmeng’s poem getting all the attention, Lili’s expression became sullen. She opened her mouth several times to say something, but couldn’t muster a single sound. Even she had to admit that Cao Mengmeng’s poem was too touching. With the same stunned expression that the Principal had and the shocked gaze in Teacher Leng’s eyes, she knew that this poem must’ve been really good. It might even be a love poem on par with “Flying bird and fish”! Lili might have finished reciting “Flying bird and fish”, and in terms of the poem, it was not much different from Cao Mengmeng’s. However, the crux of the issue was “Flying bird and fish” was too famous, resulting in sensory overload. There was nothing fresh and new about it, but the love poem recited by Cao Mengmeng was the first time anyone of them heard it! The difference was too great!

The reactions from the audience was too good!

Many parents, who were previously dozing off, were invigorated by this poem. No one expected to hear such a shocking love poem at an ordinary junior high school’s party in a common district. Everyone only had one thought in mind, they wanted to know where the poem came from!

Only Zhang Ye was smiling without a word. Zhang Ye was in no way surprised from seeing everyone’s expression. This poem was the famous “To The Oak” from his world. It was one of the representative pieces of obscure poems. It was Shuting’s work. In his world’s literary arena, it had an important place in history. Ignoring everything else, just from a pure literary standpoint, “To The Oak” even surpassed “Flying bird and fish”. Hence, it would be surprising if it wasn’t good. Any work from Zhang Ye’s brain would be earth-shattering, whatmore this “To The Oak”!

However, after some thought, Zhang Ye croaked with laughter and turned embarrassed. He was after all someone with status, but here he was at a junior high school, and used a love poem out of the representative pieces of obscure poems, just to help his cousin not lose face and stand up for her. Zhang Ye was also blushing from shame!

Cao Mengmeng was still standing on stage.

“What’s the name of the poem?”

“She isn’t done yet. Watch and see.”

“Right, she would end with the poem’s name and author, right?”

Indeed, Cao Mengmeng gave a deep bow and then adjusted her microphone, saying in a soft and tender manner, “Thank you everyone. I’ve finished my recital. This poem’s name is ‘To The Oak’. The author is...” Cao Mengmeng paused for a while, only when she saw everyone’s ears pricked up did she say, “The author is Zhang Ye.”

Saying that, she put down the microphone and stepped off the stage.

She left behind gasps off stage!

“Zhang Ye?”

“Which Zhang Ye?”

“Who else can it be!? The one who does that talk show!”

“Who is Zhang Ye? I’ve never heard of him.”

“You have never watched ‘Lecture Room’? Its viewership in Beijing was so high!”

Some people knew Zhang Ye, but there were also people who had never heard of him. Ignoring those who did not know him, anyone who knew Zhang Ye immediately took a gasp of cold air!

“The author is actually Teacher Zhang Ye?”

“It can’t be! I have seen all his poems before! There’s no such poem!”

“Did you miss one?”

“Impossible! How can I miss any? Zhang Ye’s published works definitely do not have this ‘To The Oak’! I will swear on my personal honor!”

“Did she say the author was Zhang Ye?”

“Don’t tell me Zhang Ye specially wrote it for her? Holy sh\*t! That’s impossible, right? Such an awesome poetry piece, and such a dignified poet like Zhang Ye specially wrote a poem for this young lady in her teens? Yet no one has heard of it before? It can’t be that exaggerated, right? Unless they are relatives!”

“That’s right. I’m also wondering. How can a junior high school student like her have Teacher Zhang Ye’s original poem? And one that has not been published yet? Zhang Ye’s poems are worth their weight in gold! It’s not written for anyone!”

Teacher Leng was also muttering this question to herself, “If this poem was written by Teacher Zhang Ye, then it’s not surprising. A work at the level of masters can only be written by Zhang Ye or other few famous authors in the literary scene. However, how did Mengmeng get Teacher Zhang’s unpublished work? Did she get it by chance?”

That Brother Yang was also experiencing an upheaval of emotions. He analyzed, “No, if Mengmeng had this poem to begin with, then she would definitely have recited it for her program, but she first chose ‘Flying bird and fish’ for her program. Why would she have not used such a good piece of work? And had to use it only after experiencing a collision with someone else? This is illogical. Man, why do I feel this ‘To The Oak’ was created on the spot?”

The head teacher of the fifth class was already beside him, “Created on the spot? Writing such a classic poem in a few minutes? Who can do that?” The moment he finished his sentence, he remained stunned, “Eh, to be able to come up with it on the spot in such a short time frame, and yet at the level of a master. Amongst the people I know, only Teacher Zhang Ye matches that possibility, right? No one else except him can do it!”

Teacher Leng carried on, “Unless Teacher Zhang Ye created here on the spot...” Upon saying this, Teacher Leng suddenly froze before turning her head suddenly, and stared at Mengmeng’s brother!

Everyone around her was not dumb either. They also had similar reactions and stared at Mengmeng’s brother with looks of surprise and suspicion. That guy who wore sunglasses despite being in such a dark auditorium!

Brother Yang said with his mouth slightly agape, “You.. You are Zhang Ye!?”

Teacher Leng also said in excitement, “Are you really Teacher Zhang Ye?”

Zhang Ye noticed that he could not hide it any further. Helplessly and out of respect, he took off his sunglasses.

The moment he removed his sunglasses, everyone saw Zhang Ye’s face!

“Wow!”

“It’s really Zhang Ye!”

“Holy mother of god! It’s Zhang Ye!”

Before the teachers and parents could say a word, Mengmeng’s classmates already began shouting!

Chapter 292: Focus of the Party!

Around him, people’s blood boiled with excitement!

“Where’s Zhang Ye?”

“That’s the one!”

“It’s really him!”

“I was just saying that he looked familiar!”

“Why is Zhang Ye here at our school?”

“Ah, that’s the one that Mengmeng introduced. He is her brother?”

“How could that be? Mengmeng’s brother is actually the famous Zhang Ye? Oh right, right! I think Mengmeng did mention that her brother is a big star! I thought she was joking! I was still wondering why her brother was wearing those shades in such a dark place!”

“Aiyo! I really like ‘Zhang Ye’s Talk Show’!”

“Me too, me too, but my mum doesn’t allow me to watch. She said it would affect my studies. Hmmph. I’ve always secretly watched it under my blanket. It’s really too funny!”

“I’ve finally seen a star!”

“I must get a signature later!”

Mengmeng’s classmates were all chattering away together by now. Of course, there were many other students who did not know who Zhang Ye was. So they asked around.

Teacher Leng and a few other form teachers, along with Brother Yang and the other parents, nearly vomited blood. Although they managed to guess who that person was, when he took off his shades and revealed that familiar face to them, they still looked like they were surprised! No one would have expected that Zhang Ye would attend their school’s New Year party! No one expected that Cao Mengmeng’s brother would be Zhang Ye — He was the idol of Teacher Leng and the person that Brother Yang had just criticized as someone who did not know how to write love poems!

When Teacher Leng saw her idol, who was also a guardian of her student, she became very excited. The other parents were also very happy to see a celebrity here.

Only one person was left a little embarrassed!

The person, who was most affected by Zhang Ye’s revelation, was Brother Yang!

Just a while ago, Brother Yang had been commenting on Zhang Ye’s works. According to him as a professional editor of a publishing house, he had questioned Zhang Ye’s ability in writing love poems. Although he had not commented on it loudly, the person he was talking about was sitting right beside him. Only a deaf man would not hear it! In his conclusion, Brother Yang had surmised that Zhang Ye’s love poem writing skills were not good enough. Yet just a short while later, Zhang Ye had spontaneously composed this “To The Oak” to rescue his sister’s recital performance. This was truly bashing this Old Comrade Yang’s face! His face had turned green at this moment!

Brother Yang had an expression that oscillated between crying and laughing as he looked at Zhang Ye, “Teacher Zhang, so it is not that you don’t know how to compose a love poem? You can even do it from the female’s point of view?”

Zhang Ye waved it off, “Mengmeng made it sound better than it was. I was just blindly composing. Blindly composing.”

Teacher Leng interrupted, “How could that be blindly composing? “To The Oak” and “Flying bird and fish” are really too close to compare. They’re really works of classic! The delicate tenacity and perseverance described in the poem, even though I’m a woman, I wouldn’t be able to write that. Your talent....I really don’t know how to put it!”

Brother Yang quickly added, "I apologize, Teacher Zhang. I said too much earlier. I even blindly commented that your composing level was too low. Hai, please don't judge me with that only!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "It's fine. I heard what you said earlier. You weren't wrong. I'm really not well versed in love poems and do not have much works to show for that."

Brother Yang sighed, "To me now, it's not that you aren't well versed in love poems. It's just that you do not wish to compose any. If you really wanted to, how could a love poem hold you back at all? Didn't this "To The Oak" just prove that? In the world of poetry, amongst the poets, you're definitely a master!"

"Eh, I can't accept that praise. I can't be considered a master." Zhang Ye kept shaking his head. In public, some titles given to you by others should never be accepted, even if they affirmed your status. This was a tradition of their countrymen and the basis of modesty and courtesy. Of course back at home with your parents, relatives, and close friends, you may boast all you want. You can say that you were a great poet living amongst mortals. You could even say you're the great grand-aunt reborn and no one would say a word!

The performance on stage continued.

The female host announced the next performance.

But Teacher Leng was already shaken up by the appearance of Zhang Ye and was no longer in any mood to continue watching.

Shortly after, Cao Mengmeng skipped back to her seat with a copy of the original script to "To The Oak" in her hands. She had a face full of joy and satisfaction. She had all the glory.

"Mengmeng!"

"Your recital was so good!"

"Why didn't you tell us that your brother is Zhang Ye!"

A few female classmates, who were close with Mengmeng, asked.

Cao Mengmeng smiled widely, "You wouldn't have believed me even if I said it."

Lili kept an aloof expression and pretended not to see or care about her.

She did not say a word. Instead, Cao Mengmeng went over and said, "Lili, are you convinced now?"

Lili pouted as she glanced at her, "I'm convinced by your brother, but not you. Hmmph, everyone knows your brother is a literary person. He wrote poems that made even the Writers' Association shut up. Your brother does this as a professional, if he gave a poem for you to recite, of course you'd get the glory. That's already unfair bullying!"

Cao Mengmeng laughed smugly.

"Mengmeng, can you get a signature from your brother for me?"

"Yea, Mengmeng. We will be counting on you."

"I want it too! My dad really likes Zhang Ye. When I get your brother's signature and show it off to him, even if I didn't do well for my final exams, he wouldn't punish me."

Cao Mengmeng's classmates were giving a lot of attention to her as they gathered around her.

Cao Mengmeng said high-spiritedly, with a wave of her hands, "Alright, I know what to do. Whoever wants a signature, get ready a book or paper ready for me. I will get it from my brother."

"Here!"

"Giving to you!"

"And mine!"

"I didn't bring any paper, sign it on my textbook!"

In the blink of an eye, Cao Mengmeng had collected a stack of books.

Teacher Leng kept eyeing the original script in Cao Mengmeng's hand every now and then. She finally clenched her teeth and asked Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, is that the original script for 'To The Oak'?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged, "I guess it is."

Teacher Leng coughed, "About that....can you give that original script to me as a present?"

Zhang Ye laughed dryly, "It's just a random pamphlet that I got and wrote behind on. It's not really a script. If you really like it, I could write it properly for you?"

"No need, no need." Teacher Leng immediately answered, "This will do." To her, only the first original copy of "To The Oak" would be most precious. If it were to be written again, even if it's on better paper and properly written, it would not be as collectable as the first original copy.

Zhang Ye said, "Sure then. Of course you may have it." As he said that, he signaled to Mengmeng to come over, "Mengmeng, give the script to your Teacher Leng."

Cao Mengmeng walked over wondering, "Why?"

Teacher Leng quickly reached out her hands and took the script. She was careful not to fold it as she carefully placed it between a notebook that she carried around. Then she put the notebook back into her bag before smiling and saying, "Teacher wants to keep it for memories." She then turned to the side and said to Zhang Ye, "Thank you, Teacher Zhang."

Brother Yang, who was standing beside them, had wanted to have it too, but Teacher Leng made the move first. He could only smile bitterly and not say a thing, but to have witnessed such a great love poem at this place today, Brother Yang already felt very satisfied. He knew that he had not come in vain today and he could provide an article for a big piece of news tomorrow. He would have to get Teacher Leng to show him the original script later.

After that, Cao Mengmeng poured all of the books in her arms onto Zhang Ye and said cheekily, "Brother, it'll be hard on you. Please sign your autograph on my classmates' books."

Teacher Leng asked, "So many? Just sign a few, don't trouble Teacher Zhang."

“It’s OK.” Zhang Ye had always felt that if everyone gave him face, then he’d have to return the favour.

As a result, he signed each and every book, there were more than thirty books.

Teacher Leng blinked at him throughout waiting for Zhang Ye to finish signing on all of the books. Then she coughed and cleared her throat before coming forward to ask, “Then, Teacher Zhang, may I also ask for your autograph?”

Zhang Ye laughed, “Of course, you’re being too polite.”

Teacher Leng by now had lost all her composure as the form teacher of a class. She excitedly rummaged through her bag and took out her notebook for Zhang Ye to sign on. It looked like she was truly Zhang Ye’s fan.

After he had signed it, Zhang Ye said, “Mengmeng’s a naughty child. I hope you would help us take care of her a little. If she causes any trouble in the future, you can look for me. I will scold her.” Basically, he was asking Teacher Leng to give a little more attention in taking care of his cousin.

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Slightly before 9PM.

The 15th Junior High’s New Year Party had dispersed. The programs had all ended.

Zhang Ye said goodbye to a few parents and Teacher Leng. He was about to leave with Cao Mengmeng, but the school principal had found him, obviously knowing who he was by now.

“Teacher Zhang.” The principal smiled and put out his hand.

“How are you, Principal?” Zhang Ye shook his hands.

The principal lamented, “I did not expect that you’d join us for the New Year’s Party. If I knew, I would have invited you on stage to perform. It’d have been much better.”

Zhang Ye said, “It’s all about the children’s performances today, I wouldn’t want to crash the party.”

The principal said, “That ‘To The Oak’ really opened my eyes today. With this poem of yours, our party today will become famous.” He was in an extremely good mood. If it were any other C or D-list celebrities, the principal wouldn’t have cared, but it was Zhang Ye who joined them today, he even created a poem on the spot and had it recited in the school performance. This was a whole other level compared to inviting a celebrity to perform as it might attract criticisms from others. After all, they were an educational institute, but Zhang Ye was not your typical celebrity, he was also an established and skilled literary person. This poem meant a lot to them at 15th Junior High. In the future when anyone mentioned “To The Oak”, they’d surely link it to this night at 15th Junior High. This would make their school famous.

The principal was very enthusiastic as he kept Zhang Ye for long time just to chat.

A few other school leaders also joined in out of interest and had a chat with Zhang Ye.

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It was now past 9PM.

Zhang Ye finally brought Cao Mengmeng out of the school and they walked to the hotpot store to get his car. He got onto his BMW X5 and drove Cao Mengmeng home.

On the way, Cao Mengmeng danced happily in her seat, “Bro! You allowed me to stand with my head high! Hahaha! What a good day! I feel great! Did you see their faces? They were all stunned by your ‘To The Oak!’”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes at her, “Only this once. There won’t be another time. Your job now is to study hard. Don’t keep going for those useless accolades.”

Cao Mengmeng obviously did not listen and continued on talking about herself, “Bro, I really, really adore you so much! You’re my eternal idol from now on! When I grow up, I want to be just like you. I’ll become a great literary person! Fans will recognize me anywhere and ask me for autographs! Begging for my ink!”

Chapter 293: Chinese department’s Leaders are Stumped!

The next day.

In the morning, in his bedroom.

Dong dong, his mother was knocking on his door.

“Little Ye, get up!”

“OK mom.”

“Quickly, you have to report to Peking University today!”

“I’m already up and putting on my clothes.”

“Your dad and I have to go to work now! Do well.”

Thump. The sound of the door closing sounded from outside. His dad and mom had left the house for work.

Zhang Ye stretched himself and walked to the bathroom to wash up. He then changed into a casual suit, something that didn’t look too rigid on him. Soon after, he left the house too.

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Today was the 2nd of January.

Some people were still enjoying their holidays while others had already started work and school.

For example, students from Peking University, who were locals or had relatives here, were now going back to school after the New Year’s celebrations. The main entrance was filled with students and teachers walking in and out. Everyone here had a face and aura that was lacking in other normal universities — Confidence, maybe even that slightest bit of pride. It was not strange, since they were students of a prestigious institution in the country that was ranked first. The people here were the cream of the crop. They had the qualities to be proud of themselves. Zhang Ye himself could be

considered as someone who graduated from a prestigious university. Beijing Broadcasting College — now called the Media College was also considered one of the top institutions in the country, but compared to Peking University, it wouldn't even be worth a mention. The two were on two totally different levels.

In front of him was Peking University.

Beside it was Tsinghua University.

In the past, when Zhang Ye was still schooling, he would look up at these two universities whenever he walked past Zhongguancun Street, but now, he no longer had that awe and envy when he faced them. This was because the Zhang Ye now was no longer the same as before.

As he did not have his breakfast, he was feeling a little hungry. Zhang Ye was looking out for a place to eat when he was still in the car. The street opposite conveniently had a stall that served breakfast. He got off his car and walked over. In the stall, the tables were full. Zhang Ye could only choose to sit out in the open.

The boss of the fried dough sticks stall shouted over, "What do you want to eat?"

Zhang Ye did not hesitate, "Stir-fried liver and half a tray of buns, please."

"OK, it'll come at once." The boss said.

On the other side of the open air sitting area, there were around 7-8 university students. It was not known whether they were from Peking University or Tsinghua University, or from other universities nearby. This was a place where all the famous institutions were located at.

The fried liver arrived and Zhang Ye, who was still wearing his shades started eating. He did not use a spoon. It was an old Beijing tradition to eat by holding the bowl and then 'sucking' in the stir-fried liver into the mouth. As to why there was such a tradition, Zhang Ye did not know. He had been eating it like this since young. It was a matter of being used to it, yes, even though this style of eating was loud and inelegant.

The students seated over there were chatting.

Yao Mi bit into her fried dough sticks and sat with her leg raised said, "We really chose the wrong elective class this time. Don't you think we're really such fools. Why did we even choose 'Appreciation of the Classics' elective?!"

Li Ying was also depressed, "Yea, that's right. Back then, the elective name made it sound like it was a really simple class, at least compared to the other electives. We had mostly read the Four Classics and some other classic literary works. Even if we had not read them before, we'd have watched the dramas on TV. We would at least have some understanding of it, so we thought it would have been easier if we chose this elective, but goddamn it, who'd have thought that Professor Wang's health could not keep up? This semester's almost over and the other elective classes are already preparing for their exams. And us? This semester's 'Appreciation of the Classics' classes have not even had a few lectures. We did not learn anything or know what would be tested. How can we even pass like this? I think none of us should expect to get credit for this class. If we don't pass, we'd still have to choose another elective next year. We've wasted this semester for nothing!"

Her brother, Li Li did not know to laugh or cry, "We can't blame Professor Wang. His diabetes condition worsened and I heard that he's still in the hospital. It seems rather serious."

Li Ying smacked his lips and said, "Then we should at least have gotten a substitute teacher!"

Yao Mi blinked and said, "I did hear that the school was currently looking for someone, but there hasn't been a suitable candidate so far."

"There are so many famous teachers in the country, how could there be no suitable candidates?" Li Ying asked.

Yao Mi replied, "I know there are a lot of people who'd want to come teach at Peking University, even if it's just as a substitute teacher, the glory is still the same, but it seems like our Vice President Wu who's taking charge of the Chinese department was not interested in them. She felt that they did not have the abilities, that's why it's been dragged out until now. It's not wrong, famous classics have already been taught over and over too many times. Even television dramas about them have been overproduced. The knowledge of those classic are already quite well known to many people, so how could they be expected to be taught differently. It's only our Professor Wang who managed it rather well, which is why finding someone to replace him would be difficult. Do you even know what kind of place Peking University is? We're the 1st placed educational institution in the country. A normal teacher would never be admitted casually. The school definitely demands for the best amongst the best, otherwise we wouldn't be called Peking University."

Li Ying stroked his unshaven mustache, "They demand for the best, but neglected us. At least arrange for a substitute teacher to guide us through the examinable materials!"

Li Li said, "Who knows, they might even pass us without an exam."

"Wishful thinking. Other schools might do that, but how could it happen in Peking University." Yao Mi sniffed, "Don't think about such wonderful outcomes. Even if there are proper reasons, the school would never resort to such methods. At most, they would relax the grading requirements, but even so we've only had 2 lessons this whole semester. How can we pass like this? And the classes were even from a few months back. I can't even remember the things that Professor Wang taught us anymore!"

"Me too."

"Hai, quickly get us another lecturer."

After finishing this topic, they skipped to other topics in their conversation.

Zhang Ye overheard everything as he was having his breakfast. These were Peking University students? "Appreciation of the Classics" class? The lecturer was sick and in the hospital with diabetes? Not many lessons in the whole semester? Zhang Ye suddenly had a very good understanding of the situation. Now he understood why even though Wu Zeqing only had less than an hour of conversation with him after spotting him on the plane, she'd invited him to teach at Peking University. It turned out that it's because of this tricky situation that had led her to invite him to save the situation!

She really does trust this bro!

Not bad, you've found the right guy after all!

If it were about other things, he wouldn't be so confident, but speaking about famous classics, this was his strong point. The "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" that Zhang Ye had brought over from his world, didn't it get rave reviews from everyone? When he thought of this, Zhang Ye was reassured after feeling jittery about his teaching skills. If President Wu had pulled him in to teach contemporary literature or similar classes, he would definitely not be confident. This was due to the fact that he hadn't even read most contemporary literature, novels, or poetry that existed in this world. He might not even have heard of some of them before, so of course that would be quite difficult to teach, but for classical literature, it was different. This world's Four Classics still existed, other classics like "Classic of Mountains and Seas", "Analects", or even foreign classics like "The Holy Bible" all still existed. All of these works had affected and influenced the world too much. The game ring had been unable to change any of these background history, otherwise the cultural development or even the whole social structure of this would be greatly affected. The world would no longer be what it was now.

After accidentally finding out the situation from those Peking University students, Zhang Ye felt very happy and relaxed. After he had his fill, he stood up and drove his car onto campus. He did not choose to walk as the school compounds covered a very wide area. Even a public bus would have to go around 5 stops before it could complete a round of the compounds.

On campus.

Zhang Ye made a call to Wu Zeqing. Du, du, du. 3 rings and the call connected.

"Hello, President Wu. I've arrived."

"So early?"

"Yes, I said I would be here early. Should I go around the school a little?"

"We're preparing to start our meeting here, but...why don't you join us? It would be good. You can come directly to the Chinese department. It's on the east side of the artificial lake where the flower beds are. You should be able to find it, I will send someone to meet you there." Wu Zeqing's voice was ever so demure.

Zhang Ye liked listening to her speak, "OK, I will be right there."

He arrived at the flower bed area. His car was not allowed in here, so he parked it nearby.

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Peking University.

Chinese department, West Building 2, 6th floor.

It was a small meeting room, with a conference table in the middle. Around it were about a dozen Chinese department leaders and professors. Other common lecturers were not qualified to join this meeting.

Wearing casual white pants and light yellow suit for ladies, Wu Zeqing sat at the end of the table. She sat down with a smile as she hung up the phone. She then placed the cellphone on the table beside a fountain pen, which she aligned almost perfectly, "He'll be arriving soon."

A middle aged man said with satisfaction, “President Wu’s network is really large. This hole in the wall has finally been patched up.”

Another old man said thankfully, “Finally someone has come. The students have become very unsettled over the past 2 months.”

A middle aged man, who was in a suit, said, “Yes. If there’s still no lecturer filling in, our ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective would no longer be offered next semester.”

The three people who just spoke were:

Chang Kaige — Dean of the Chinese department.

Yan Jiantao — The oldest and most experienced professor in the Chinese department. He’s also a symbol of the Chinese department, as many students applied to the Chinese department just based on the name of Professor Yan.

Zhen Shuquan — The secretary of the Chinese department, the nominated head of the department, but had little real power. He was in charge of the administration of the department and his qualifications and prestige were not as high as Professor Yan.

These three people were the main leaders of Peking University’s Chinese department.

Wu Zeqing asked, “How is Professor Wang doing now?”

Yan Jiantao sighed, “I went to visit him at the hospital yesterday. His health is recovering slowly, but he’s definitely still not fit for teaching. I had a chat with him and he told me that he plans on retiring.”

Wu Zeqing nodded, “It’s more important to recuperate. Professor Wang has been at the forefront of education for so many years, even at his age. It was already very hard on him. About this year’s opening of full Professor, I think we should give it to Professor Wang. I will report it to higher management and push for it to be approved within the month. Does anyone have any objections?”

“No objections.”

“He deserves that.”

“Of course there’s no objection.”

All of the Chinese department’s representatives at the meeting nodded their heads.

Whether it was Professor Wang’s qualifications, or from a special treatment point of view, no one could refute this decision. Besides, the matter had already been decided by President Wu. They couldn’t possibly refute that. Wu Zeqing was Peking University’s Vice President, who also oversaw the Chinese department and several other key departments. She was the leader of all those present at the meeting.

Secretary Zhen Shuquan suddenly said, “President Wu, who is the professor that you invited to join us?”

Chang Kaige said, “I heard that Professor Sun from Renmin University retired? His research in the field of classical works is considered to be very good. Did President Wu invite Old Sun over?”

Yan Jiantao was stunned for a moment, then shook his head, "Old Sun would never come here. He spent his entire teaching career at Renmin University."

Zhen Shuquan also frowned, "Professor Sun? It can't be him, right?"

Wu Zeqing smiled slightly and took a sip of tea, "I did not look for Professor Sun. I recognize his teaching qualifications, but I didn't think he'd be suitable for an elective like 'Appreciation of the Classics'. His style is too rigid and wouldn't be attractive to the students. As for Doctor Chen, who was recommended by Old Chang, after finding out more about him, I did not ask him to join us either. I've seen Professor Chen's literature research papers and though I found them to be very outstanding, I do not think that he has the eloquence in speaking. He can write, but not speak, so he would not be able to take over the role from Professor Wang."

Oh?

Professor Sun was not suitable?

And neither was Doctor Chen?

Isn't that setting too high a standard?

Yan Jiantao asked, "Then who did you find?"

Wu Zeqing casually looked at her watch, "When he arrives, you'll know. I feel that this person is the most suitable candidate to teach such an elective class. In my opinion, from his teaching style, his lecture style and his literary level in literature, no one domestically would be more suitable than him to teach a class like 'Appreciation of the Classics'."

Chang Kaige, Zhen Shuquan, and the others all looked at each other.

The other Chinese department professors and lecturers all had their curiosity roused.

No one more suitable than him? Isn't President Wu's assessment of him too high? Who could it be? Who was it? Which professor? Hai Gui? Or could it be someone from a famous school?

Suddenly, there was knock from the door.

Dong dong. A school administrative staff said from outside, "President Wu, he has arrived."

"Come in." Wu Zeqing revealed an elegant smile.

The door opened and the staff showed him the way in, "This way, please."

The next moment, Zhang Ye walked into the meeting room, "President Wu."

The moment they saw Zhang Ye, everyone except for Wu Zeqing looked dumbfounded! Who was this? Why was he so young? He looks like he's just past twenty years of age?

Among them, someone had recognized him!

"Zhang Ye?"

"Isn't this the lecturer from 'Lecture Room'?"

Some did not know him well, as they were all in the academic field, but as Zhang Ye was quite well known in Beijing, they knew who he was the moment they heard his name!

“That’s him?”

“Isn’t he the one who did the Talk Show in Shanghai?”

With Zhang Ye’s appearance, Chang Kaige, Zhen Shuquan, and the others nearly fainted. They couldn’t react at all!

Wu Zeqing ignored the uproar and spoke calmly to Zhang Ye, “Teacher Little Zhang, why don’t you introduce yourself to everyone?”

So Zhang Ye introduced himself to them. Actually, even if he did not do a self-introduction, everyone would still know him. After all, Zhang Ye was considered to be a celebrity unlike those professors here. His exposure rate was so high, that even the old Professor Yan Jiantao knew him. In fact, he knew him to be a literary hooligan. In the literary circle, Zhang Ye’s name was notorious!

Subsequently, Wu Zeqing invited Zhang Ye to take a seat and then introduced him to everyone present.

Those who attended the meeting kept staring at each other, some wiping off their sweat, some tapping on their heads, some speechlessly looking at the ceiling. Their expressions were all very strange!

It was him!

Why did President Wu invite such a hooligan to join their department!?

Chapter 294: Officially Joining Peking University!

Speechlessness!

Other than speechlessness, there was only speechlessness!

The meeting room’s atmosphere was a little awkward. Zhang Ye’s appearance had basically shocked them! This proposed candidate of President Wu’s was someone that they could never have guessed, even if they smashed their heads. Anyone else could have become the substitute lecturer for this elective, but why did it have to be Zhang Ye?! This person was someone whose fans spoke very well of, his popularity was also quite good, but that was only within a very specific group! In the industry, no matter if it was the broadcasting industry or the literary circle, Zhang Ye’s name downright stank!

He had scolded his radio station colleague online!

Scolded his unit at an awards ceremony!

Scolded the Writers’ Association at a competition!

Scolded his leader at a memorial service!

Scolded the police in the police station!

Scolded the SARFT during a live broadcast!

No one could bear to look further down this list of incidents!

Why would President Wu find someone like him, who was such a hooligan, to come teach at Peking University? To teach those obedient, quiet and well-mannered Peking University students who might not even know how to scold someone?

F\*\*k!

Wasn't this pushing the students into a fiery pit of suffering!?

President Wu! How brave would you need to be to do what you did!?

The old Professor Yan Jiantao's expression sank as he voiced his displeasure, "President Wu. I strongly oppose the appointment of this person as a lecturer!"

Zhang Ye looked at him, but did not say a thing.

Wu Zeqing said amiably, "Professor Yan, why do you oppose?"

"He's not suitable!" Yan Jiantao looked at Zhang Ye and shook his head slightly.

Wu Zeqing calmly said, "Everyone, feel free to discuss. Why is he not suitable? Teacher Little Zhang was someone that I spent a lot of effort to invite over, so should you all at least give me a good reason?"

Yan Jiantao thought to himself that this was not something that even needed a reason. He said, "I am not mixing this with emotions or bias, but let me ask, Little Zhang, how old are you?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "23."

Yan Jiantao acknowledged, "What is your area of study?"

Zhang Ye smiled again, "Media College, broadcasting major."

"What are your qualifications?" Yan Jiantao said without holding back.

Zhang Ye shrugged indifferently, "Bachelor's degree."

Yan Jiantao looked over to Wu Zeqing, "President Wu, aren't these reasons more than enough? To let a 20 something year old broadcast major, with only a bachelor's degree, teach 'Appreciation of the Classics', this must be a joke! Even if this is just an elective class, you cannot handle it this way!" His tone was a little strong. This was because he was very qualified and had a lot of authority in the educational world. Amongst those present, only Professor Yan would dare to speak to President Wu this way. The others would never dare to.

Wu Zeqing looked over and said, "Why not? As a professional broadcasting host, his eloquence is his strength. As a university lecturer, the point is not how much he knows, but how he is able to express this knowledge, so as to allow his students to understand. I already mentioned, this is also the reason why I did not invite Doctor Chen. However, Teacher Little Zhang has that ability. Anyone who has seen Teacher Little Zhang's programs knows he doesn't even need a script."

Yan Jiantao paused, "I have to admit that Zhang Ye is very eloquent. Even amongst hosts, he has one of the most exceptional mouths, much less educators like us. No one in the education system can have someone better than Zhang Ye." To compete with an excellent professional host in eloquence was like comparing an author with a singer in singing. There was nothing worth comparing due to their

professional backgrounds. “However, the problem is eloquence is not everything. Especially in the Chinese department, one’s knowledge needs to be accumulated and consolidated. It’s not that I look down on young people, nor because I’m biased against other professions, but those are the facts. Zhang Ye’s accumulation and consolidation is not enough for him to take on the role as lecturer!”

Dean Chang Kaige also said, “It’s not really appropriate.”

Another Chinese department’s associate professor added, “Yes, the students would never agree.”

Wu Zeqing still had an elegant expression as she said, “My opinion is completely the opposite of yours. Why do I think Teacher Little Zhang’s literary foundation has accumulated to a peak?” Then she looked at everyone else, “If anyone questions Teacher Zhang’s literary level, you can have an exchange, for example compete in poetry? Or compete in essays? Or novels?” Then she asked Zhang Ye, “How about it?”

Zhang Ye said, “I’m fine with that.”

Wu Zeqing suggested, “Then why don’t you all have an exchange?”

Chang Kaige, “.....”

Yan Jiantao, “.....”

The associate professor, “.....”

Everyone here were old comrades involved in academics, literature, and history, but when faced with President Wu’s request, no one dare to say more!

Have an exchange with him?

Exchange my ass!

They were only involved in the research of literature and history, occasionally writing papers, plan some lessons, and teaching students, but when it came to writing poems and novels, of course they knew better than to shame themselves. How could they compare to Zhang Ye, whose novels sold in the millions! His poems were also popular throughout the country! Even some domestic famous writers had publicly said that they liked Zhang Ye’s works very much! What’s there then to even exchange?!

No one dared to compete with Zhang Ye in such things!

Everyone knew that in this regard, they would definitely not be able to keep up with him!

Yan Jiantao changed the subject, “I’m talking about consolidation, not one’s standard in poetry, but the exposure and absorption of literature and famous works...”

Wu Zeqing interrupted, “Professor Yan, have you watched ‘Zhang Ye’s Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’?”

“Er...” Yan Jiantao choked once again and did not say a word for a long while.

The others also looked at each other. Right, they had forgotten about this. “Zhang Ye’s Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” was one of the representative works of Zhang Ye. Its ratings had been acknowledged by the market.

Zhen Shuquan followed up, "I have also seen a few episodes of 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. The material discussed in it are not bad, but many of it is still disputable. They are hypotheses that most scholars have not completely concluded or completely verified by history. However, they were all mentioned in Zhang Ye's program. From a certain point of view, yes, the program attracts the common people, because the angle of analysis is very novel, but to put it through the process of academic rigor, that would not do. As a variety historical program, it's a good program, but to be used as an academic lecture, then there will be some disagreement."

Yan Jiantao nodded his head solemnly, "A school is different from TV. TV is all about ratings, and will do something attention-grabbing. However, a school and a lecturer is all about rigor. We cannot teach students things that have not been agreed upon. This is leading them astray."

Previously, Zhang Ye remained silent. However, at this point, he no longer pretended he did not hear those words. He smiled and said, "I can't agree with what the two of you said. Firstly, I don't think my 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' is in any way lacking in rigor. If you think there's something, you can raise it and we can discuss it. Secondly, I agree that academia has to be rigorous. However, rigor does not mean things that have not been confirmed cannot be taught. Aren't those unsolved mathematical conjectures still being mentioned? No one has solved them. Is that considered not being academically rigorous? Those laws of physics were not given reasonable explanations and experimental proof a long time ago, but they objectively existed. Were those people who came up with these laws and hypotheses not being rigorous? I don't think so. Academia is a process of analysis, assertions, and conclusions. I am a host. I know what should not be said either. I also know what should be said on TV and what should be said in class. If something is not confirmed or still a speculation, I will inform the students before hand, and would not impose my ideas on them."

Zhang Ye said all these words in neither a haughty or humble manner. He was being logical and well-grounded.

Wu Zeqing nodded her head gently while beside him, "Teacher Little Zhang has hosted so many excellent programs in the past. He has a sense of propriety, so it is probably unnecessary to be worried that he will lead the students astray."

A young associate professor rolled his eyes in his heart. You know what should be said? Bullsh\*t! If you really knew, you would not have topped the SARFT's "blacklist" this year!

Another person raised an objection.

"If we hire Zhang Ye, his class schedule cannot be guaranteed, right?"

"Little Zhang can guarantee it for these two weeks. You can just treat him as a substitute teacher."

"What about next semester? If he busies himself with his hosting, our school..."

"We can talk about it next semester. Let's consider the students' response first. If the students' reaction to his teaching is not ideal, I will invite someone else."

"President Wu, I still think it's inappropriate. This semester only has a few days left. We will soon be having the examinations. Unless Zhang Ye arranges for class everyday, with one lecture a day, or else..."

“The reason why I found Teacher Zhang is because of this point. I also hope that he can teach a lesson a day. I heard that Teacher Little Zhang can go off-script and record more than ten episodes a day. I believe it would not be difficult for him to teach for more than ten consecutive days even without a lesson plan?”

This time, without Zhang Ye speaking, Wu Zeqing had rebutted them.

The rest of the Chinese department were turning more and more speechless.

Finally, Wu Zeqing said, “Alright, everyone let’s take a vote. Those who disagree with letting Zhang Ye teach, please raise your hands.”

Old Professor Yan Jiantao raised his hand.

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan looked at each other, but did not move.

Amongst the rest, there were another three people from the Chinese department who raised their hands to be against it.

Actually, the rest also disagreed with a layman like Zhang Ye. In academia, one’s pedigree was also very important. Furthermore, with Zhang Ye’s national notoriety, everyone did not like him. However, they did not raise their hands because there was no other way. President Wu had clearly intended on giving Zhang Ye the spot. Even if they raised their hands in objection, it would not do a thing. President Wu had the right to veto!

Wu Zeqing smiled, “Alright, then it’s settled. Little Zhang, I’ll bring you around to help you familiarize yourself with the classroom and students. We will see how you do from tomorrow onwards.”

Zhang Ye declared in a solemn manner, “I will not let you down.”

Yan Jiantao was still in disagreement, “President Wu, about this matter...”

Wu Zeqing glanced at him, “Then why don’t you take over ‘Appreciation of the Classics’?”

Yan Jiantao turned silent, “...I do not have much research in that field, and I don’t have the time.”

“Then hand it to Teacher Little Zhang. He is the most suitable candidate I can think of!” As she said that, Wu Zeqing did not lose her grace in any way, but her tone turned strong, “If you have any opinion, keep it to yourself. However, I hope that when Teacher Zhang starts work tomorrow, everyone will work with him. After all, Little Zhang is new here, so there are many things he will need your help with.” After looking at her watch, Wu Zeqing’s expression turned mild as she smiled, “Alright, let’s end the meeting.”

No one said a thing as they got up and walked away.

Wu Zeqing stretched out her hands at Zhang Ye, “Welcome to Peking University.”

Zhang Ye shook President Wu’s hands in a serious fashion, “It’s my pleasure.”

Chapter 295: The Excited Peking University Students!

Downstairs.

Chinese department in the school campus.

While Wu Zeqing and Zhang Ye were walking downstairs, they had already discussed his compensation and class schedules. There was nothing to haggle over, since the process went very smoothly.

“Little Zhang, have you decided on what you want to teach?”

“Not yet, but I have a rough idea.”

“Oh, anyway the syllabus is up to you. I trust you will do it well.”

“Definitely. I mainly want to communicate with the students later. I want to see what sort of lessons they would like to have. If I’m lecturing, I definitely want to find something that can incur their interests. If not, even if I were to lecture till the flowers bloom, and feel good about it myself, it would be meaningless. The main point is that the students must be interested in listening to me.”

“It’s good that you have such thoughts. Come, I’ll bring you to the classroom.”

Next to the garden, they headed towards the classrooms. On the way, Wu Zeqing even made a phone call to get things done.

.....

8 something.

The P.A. system rang.

On campus, in the field, along the corridors, an announcement blared repeatedly.

“Notice: ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective class students. Please gather at Building 2’s lecture theater. Kindly pass on the message!”

As it was still the 2nd of January, there were no classes scheduled for the Year 2 and 3 students. Only a portion of the Year 1 students had classes. Some people were currently preparing for classes and some were resting in their dormitories, while there were also others who had not yet returned from their holidays. When the announce was made, many of those who heard it ignored it as it did not concern them. Only the handful of the Chinese department students who were registered for ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective pricked their ears.

Yao Mi had just finished breakfast and was at the field playing badminton with a few others.

“Eh? The announcement is for us!” Li Ying said in surprise.

Li Li was wondering, “What’s the matter? Go to the lecture theater?”

Yao Mi smiled as she swung her badminton racket returning the ball, “Do you still need to ask? It’s definitely about the new teacher. We no longer need to be raised by a ‘step-mother’.”

The few of them stopped playing and sat down to catch their breaths.

Li Li said, “What kind of a teacher do you think it will be?”

Yao Mi speculated, “It must be an old Professor who has no hair. Otherwise, it might also be an old lady with a head full of white hair. The teachers from the Chinese department are all like that.”

Li Ying said happily, "They've finally managed to get that old person over."

Yao Mi's dorm mate beside her, a girl also said, "Yea, our chance of flunking this elective class is now much lower. At least we will have a teacher who can let us know what we will be tested on."

Around the campus, many others also heard the announcement.

"They're talking to us!"

"A new teacher has arrived?"

"The classes are starting so soon already?"

"That won't happen. Today's probably just a meet up session to get to know each other. I guess the lessons will start tomorrow. Let's go take a look."

"It must be another old man, so it's going to be dull."

"We still have to go, he'll be the one who decides our elective credit."

.....

On the west side of Building 2 on campus.

At the lecture theater, students were making their way in.

The lecture theater was not large. It looked like it could accommodate, at most, 150 people, but the number of students who had registered for the course only numbered around 120, including all students from every batch. Of course, if you compared it to other schools, 120 was a lot for an elective course, but at Peking University, this was not a large number. Since it was not a popular elective course, the people who registered for it were mainly those who wanted something simple, easy to get through, and score well.

Other than those who had not returned to school, most of the students for this course had arrived. The front row of the lecture theater was a restricted zone, so no one sat there. Everyone had gathered towards the back of the lecture hall, chatting amongst themselves while waiting for their mysterious new teacher to appear.

"Still not here?"

"It's not 9AM yet."

"Wanna play a round of cards?"

"Come on, we'll get caught again by the new teacher."

At the other side, Yao Mi took out her cellphone and browsed the web. She couldn't help but say disappointedly, "Why has the broadcast not returned yet!? I'm getting impatient!"

The girl asked, "What broadcast is returning?"

Yao Mi replied, "Zhang Ye's Talk Show."

Li Ying said in an interested manner, "Classmate Little Mi, you watch Zhang Ye's programs too?"

“You are the Little Mi! Your whole damn family are Little Mis!” Yao Mi scolded. Then she replied, “Of course I watch them. I’ve watched the first few episodes over 3 or 4 times in a row. Zhang Ye is so funny!”

A senior that they did not know that was also seated beside them added, “Yes, yes. That Zhang Ye’s mouth is damn wicked!”

Yao Mi looked over, “Right? I’ve been refreshing so many times!”

That senior said, “Me too, but I think we have to wait until the Lunar New Year is over. Didn’t you watch the news? The SARFT hasn’t reinstated Zhang Ye as a host. He can’t broadcast anything yet.”

Li Li said, “Yao Mi, didn’t you say that your dad knows Zhang Ye while we were eating diner the other day? I watch his Talk Show too, when will it be broadcasted again?”

The senior’s eyes lit up, “Your dad knows Zhang Ye?”

Yao Mi replied, “Of course, they have a good relationship.”

“So who’s your dad?” Li Ying asked, “I still have no idea.”

Yao Mi smiled and said, “You wouldn’t know even if I told you all.”

Li Ying rolled his eyes, “Don’t tell us if you don’t wish to, but compared to the Talk Show, I prefer Zhang Ye’s ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’. Did you all watch it too?”

Li Li said, “Professor Wang had previously given us the assignment to watch it, everyone should have watched it.”

It might be hard to say for other courses, but in ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ class, no one had not heard of Zhang Ye. In fact, no one did not know about his works. Professor Wang had only managed to conduct two classes this semester and after the 2nd lecture, he had recommended 7 books and 2 television programs as course materials to everyone. One of these was Zhang Ye’s ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’.

An ancient classic.

It was basically just those few books, so of course the Three Kingdoms, being so important was one of them.

When the subject of this came up, Yao Mi shook her head and said, “Look at ‘Lecture Room’ now, what the heck is going on? When Zhang Ye created this program back then, he was in charge of the planning and hosting and look at how well he spoke. The ratings were through the roof, but look at what happened to ‘Lecture Room’ now? The professionals and professors they invited, they aren’t even a tenth of what Zhang Ye was!”

Li Ying concurred, “That’s true. Those professors make me speechless. They just hold a script and stand there, reciting whatever is on it, yet the audience still applauds? It’s obviously staged! When Zhang Ye used to lecture, when did he ever need a script? Did he lower his head once to read from a script? The difference is too obvious and the key point is that they all can’t speak as well as Zhang Ye. Making those long speeches and being uninteresting, such a good program has been destroyed by those so-called

professionals and professors. The current ratings can't even compare to a quarter of Zhang Ye's 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'?"

A junior seated at the back added, "Right, without Zhang Ye, BTV-Arts has become a failure."

Yet another 3rd Year senior said laughingly, "Zhang Ye's program makes the audience feel that it was cleverly planned when they watch it. The program had a lot of unique and creative points, but yet the core of the program is not those points, but Zhang Ye himself. This time Beijing Television Station's killing of the donkey the moment it left the millstone backfired on them! Without Zhang Ye, 'Lecture Room' is just a piece of dog shit. They thought with Zhang Ye's paving of the road and setting up the tables for them, anyone else could achieve the same ratings? Now they should know what a joke they were! Without Zhang Ye, they are nothing! Talk Shows will be the same. So many copycats, but they will never be able to copy Zhang Ye's style. The failure of 'Lecture Room' was a strategic failure of Beijing Television Station. They basically did not understand that the irreplaceable factor of the program was not creativity, but rather Zhang Ye. And so it turned out that they removed the core of the program!"

Yao Mi's eyes lit up, "Senior, I totally agree with your words!"

The senior said, "Right? If Zhang Ye was still at BTV-Arts Channel, I guess that 'Lecture Room' would have totally suppressed all other programs."

Another senior said, "I'm a little different as I'm not really too interested in Zhang Ye's programs and just find them normal, but that temper of his, I like it too much. He's so daring to scold!"

Li Ying said with a tinge of fear, "Yea, he scolded the SARFT in the previous live broadcast and I was totally worried for him!"

Li Li smiled bitterly saying, "Zhang Ye really dares to speak up."

Yao Mi laughed heartily, "That's Zhang Ye's character, it really makes people like him!"

Since they were just waiting, everyone chatted about the entertainment industry, each contributing their views.

Gradually, some people noticed the time.

"What time is it already?"

"Why hasn't the new teacher come?"

"Where's the new teacher? I still have class in a while."

"Ah, they are coming. Eh, look outside. Isn't that person President Wu Zeqing? Why is President Wu here? Holy sh\*t, it can't be her being the substitute teacher, right?"

Upon hearing this, everyone looked over.

Wu Zeqing and a youth walked in one after another.

"Are you serious?"

"It's impossible for President Wu to be a substitute. What sort of level is she at after all?"

“Right, President Wu is also not a real academic. She was assigned to Peking University and once she gained experience, she might even be sent back to the Education Bureau as a district official. Hey, there’s someone behind President Wu. He’s wearing sunglasses? Why does he look a bit familiar?”

“Who is this person?”

“Hey, he does look familiar now that you mention it!”

“New teacher? He can’t be that young, right?”

“Yeah, he’s too young! What’s going on?”

Yao Mi and Li Ying, Li Li were also puzzled.

The next second, Wu Zeqing was already in the classroom. She looked at the students and said gently, “Sorry for the wait. Due to his health problems, Professor Wang will not be able to continue teaching the ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective class anymore. Due to this, the school has invited a new teacher for everyone. He is also a famous new teacher!”

No one was surprised that Professor Wang was not teaching anymore.

But, a new teacher? And a famous new teacher?

Wu Zeqing’s words made all the students in the classroom anticipate. In what sense was he famous? Authoritative in the field? A leading Professor in the field?

The mystery was unveiled!

Wu Zeqing turned her head sideways as a young man walked in. She introduced, “Please give him a warm round of applause. This is your new teacher, Teacher Zhang Ye!”

Zhang Ye stood at the podium and slowly took off his sunglasses, “Hello everyone.”

Instantly, the classroom went silent, before shouts of disbelief roared out from students!

“Ah!”

“Holy sh\*t!”

“It’s Zhang Ye!”

“It’s really motherf\*\*king Zhang Ye!”

“How’s that possible!? Am I seeing things?”

“Zhang Ye is our new teacher?”

Screams!

Shock!

Disbelief!

All the Peking University students were worked up!

## Chapter 296: Peking University's Students' Questions!

In the lecture theater, everyone's blood was boiling with excitement!

"How could it be Zhang Ye?!" a junior shouted.

A senior had her mouth hanging in disbelief, "Oh my God! The school has really invited Zhang Ye?"

Li Ying grabbed his forehead in his palms, "When did our Peking University become so open minded about things?"

Li Li was both excited and shocked, "Inviting a singer to teach music at a university, inviting a movie star to become a teacher for performing arts, such cases have happened before many times. They were all invited because of their qualifications. Those were the ones who really had more experience in their field than any university professors, so it was acceptable that they taught such courses. But! Inviting a broadcast major who works as a host to teach us the appreciation of famous classical works? There's no link at all! This is a first of its kind of case to happen in the country!"

Yao Mi nearly jumped up, "Holy hell!"

The other Peking University students were also staring with their eyes wide open!

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Outside.

Screams could be heard along the corridor outside the lecture theater!

The Chinese department Dean, Chang Kaige had arrived with a few other teachers from the department. Actually, he did not want to come as he was not interested in Zhang Ye, but President Wu had personally brought Zhang Ye to meet the students, so as the Dean, he had no choice but to be present as well. Besides, honestly speaking, "Appreciation of the Classics" was a big potential problem that needed someone urgently to fill in for Professor Wang. Otherwise, how would the students take the upcoming exams? Whether he would be up to the task or not, they needed someone to fill the hole first. Since President Wu had already decided on Zhang Ye, he of course, would go along with the decision!

But he had never thought that Zhang Ye would be so popular.

When we took on our first classes, why weren't the students this excited!?

Chang Kaige frowned as he looked towards the lecture theater in the distance. The other teachers, who had found out about Zhang Ye being the new teacher, also heard the commotion and were at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Other than a middle-aged person, whose eyes showed some interest towards Zhang Ye, the others did not think well of him. They felt that the school was taking this matter too lightly in appointing that broadcasting host guy. How could someone who does entertainment programs deliver a good class for such a subject?!

Most of the teachers were very dismissive of Zhang Ye. This was the pride of an academic. They admitted that Zhang Ye had some literary qualities, but did not agree to his appointment into the academic industry.

Contrary to their opinions, a majority of Peking University's students were very welcoming of Zhang Ye.

This was a difference of perspective and also a generation gap issue. Even though they were Peking University students, they were still young people. They could accept and even liked novelties. The teachers who taught them were all old men or old women. They had already gotten sick of it. This time, the teacher was someone who was only a few years older and a celebrity, most of the students welcomed this change. Their instincts were that this would be too much fun and too interesting! As to whether Teacher Zhang Ye could really teach this class well? Whether he could really take over from Professor Wang? At least right now, they did not care!

"President Wu."

"President Wu."

Chang Kaige had brought the other teachers inside.

Wu Zeqing nodded her head, "You are all here? Oh? Hur Hur, Why is Professor Zheng here too? I heard you were busy with a publication of a paper?"

The 40 something or 50 something year old Professor Zheng said with a smile, "I heard Zhang Ye was here. I got interested so I came to take a look. I've had some interaction with Little Zhang on Weibo before, he's a rather interesting guy." He taught historical subjects in the Chinese department and was a professor of rather high prestige. His qualifications were only second to Yan Jiantao.

The few teachers at the back looked at Professor Zheng and wondered why he would take time off to come see such an unreliable new teacher. They knew that the morning meeting was to decide on the appointment of the new teacher, but Professor Zheng had excused himself saying that he had to finish writing his paper and did not have time, but within just an hour, he had made his way here. From the looks of it, Professor Zheng knew Zhang Ye.

In the lecture theater, the students were still amazed!

Chang Kaige helped Zhang Ye to take control of the class, "Everyone, quiet down. Listen to Zhang Ye....Teacher Zhang Ye speak." Although he was not satisfied with Zhang Ye, he still deferred to Zhang Ye in front of the students.. At least he wouldn't show his distrust of Zhang Ye to the students. Otherwise, Zhang Ye would never be able to start his teaching work at all.

The Dean was rather authoritative as the students stopped their discussions and shouting. They sat there quietly.

Zhang Ye looked to President Wu and Chang Kaige, "President Wu, Dean Chang?"

Wu Zeqing waved as she smiled and led Chang Kaige, the other teachers and professors to the empty seats at the front row, "This is your class and also the first time you are meeting your students. Don't bother with us." They were here to welcome their new colleague and to help the new teacher take control of his class. Students nowadays were getting more and more rowdy. Even Peking University had students like that. People, who gained admission into Peking University, were considered clever, but the more clever a child was, the more rebellious they were. So to prevent a teacher from being overrun by such student bullying, President Wu had invited them over. In the past, just having Chang Kaige or a professor who was authoritative would do the trick, but as Zhang Ye's situation was a little special,

President Wu had also come down herself. This could be considered a special privilege that few had received.

But it seemed like their worries had been in vain. The students seemed to welcome Zhang Ye, even more welcoming than what they received in their time.

Zhang Ye only said, "Alright."

The Peking University students all looked at him without being distracted.

Zhang Ye was not frightened by this and smiled saying, "Let me first introduce myself. Maybe some of you know me, some of you don't. My name is Zhang Ye, I will be your lecturer from now on for 'Appreciation of the Classics'. Those who have watched my programs before should know that I am a straightforward person and don't like to beat around the bush. So for my class, I won't have too many rules. Anyone can freely raise questions during class and you can also look for me after class if there's anything you don't understand. You can even be absent for class and I will be fine with that....but of course, any consequences will be borne by you!"

"Pfft!"

"Hur Hur Hur."

Many of the students were tickled!

Your sister! What do you mean it's fine even if we don't come to class!? Isn't that not fine!?

Dean Chang Kaige looked at Zhang Ye. This Zhang Ye really does know how to liven up a situation, but it wasn't a surprise since he's already a Talk Show host to begin with. His oratorical skills would definitely be much stronger than them, being traditional academic teachers and professors.

Professor Zheng watched with great interest.

A new teacher's first interaction with students was a very important event. Not only would you have to convey your teaching style and specialty, you would also have to build a good relationship with them. The first impressions would dictate whether a student would trust you or respect you as a new teacher. This was not down to how famous or well known you were, but how you impressed them with your knowledge and how you carried yourself. If you couldn't impress them, then the students would not respect you. You would cast doubt in their hearts and definitely affect your teaching quality.

It's not easy to become a good university lecturer. This was not the same as being a good host. One focused on entertaining, the other focused on educating. In that, there's already a huge difference. This was no longer junior or high school anymore. The students were not so easy to control. Do you think a student could be controlled if you just stared hard at them? This was a university, Peking University! It would be easy if a teacher could use staring alone to control the students. So, at this important first meeting, the teachers had wanted to know what Zhang Ye would do. Thinking back, there was a new teacher, who had just arrived at Peking University, and was nearly embarrassed by a student.

Zhang Ye's approach was very simple. He said to everyone, "I know some of you still have classes later, so for this interaction, I would like to do it in a Q & A style. It would be faster and would speed up our

understanding of each other. Alright, there are 5 chances, anyone can ask any question. I will answer every one of them.”

“Really?”

“Me, me!”

“I have a question!”

A lot of students had raised their hands!

Yao Mi, Li Ying and Li Li all had their hands up!

Everyone’s enthusiasm was evident. Any Q & A by a new teacher in the past was never met with such intensity. This was because the students were too curious about this legendary person and Zhang Ye was different from those professors or teachers, who were so rigid. This sort of novelty was something they were experiencing for the first time, so naturally they were also very enthusiastic.

Yao Mi’s hands waved in a very big motion and she was nearly standing up by now.

Zhang Ye also noticed this girl, not someone very pretty, with a very average face or even below average, but she had a very special feature that would make people remember her once they saw her. Her eyes and brows gave off an aura that looked very familiar to Zhang Ye, like she was an old friend of his. On top of that, he had seen her earlier today during breakfast and gotten most of his news from her conversation with her friends.

“That student.” Zhang Ye pointed towards Yao Mi, “The girl with the pigtails.”

Yao Mi suddenly smiled and stood up, saying, “Hello Teacher Zhang. My question is, do you have a girlfriend yet?”

“Yi!”

“Yi!”

A few people, who had watched Zhang Ye’s Talk Show before, were now raising a commotion.

Chang Kaige was silently shaking his head at the sort of question.

Zhang Ye laughed, “Then I shall answer you seriously, not at the moment.”

Yao Mi sat back down satisfied.

“Next question, that student.” Zhang Ye said to Li Ying, who was seated beside Yao Mi.

Li Ying stood up, “Teacher Zhang Ye, may we know why you came to Peking University to teach?”

Zhang Ye put on a serious face and answered, “Peking University is an educational institute that I have always admired. It’s also the best institution in our country, so to come here to teach has always been my wish and honor. Thanks to President Wu’s high appraisal of me, she has granted my wish to teach here—” Several teachers and professors lightly nodded but then Zhang Ye suddenly changed his tone, “Of course, what I just said was all fake.” Seeing the students, teachers and professors all stunned,

Zhang Ye said, "The truth is, my hosting qualifications have been revoked by the SARFT for about half a month and I have no job now!"

"Hahahaha!"

"Aiyo, I can't take it anymore!"

"Teacher Zhang really dares to speak!"

The students were stunned for a while before their laughters filled the lecture theater!

After hearing his words, Wu Zeqing also could not help but break out into a little smile.

Professor Zheng was tickled. This Teacher Little Zhang was really an interesting person!

Chang Kaige and the department teachers were all slapping their foreheads, silent and speechless. What did you mean by you came here to teach because you had no job! Can't you just say something fitting for the situation?! Witnessing all of this, many of those present had a feeling that Zhang Ye was treating this class as the scene of his Talk Show! Are you filming a program or are you teaching, but they also had to admit that under such an atmosphere, the students had been stirred up and the relationship between the lecturer and them had become closer!

Chapter 297: A Different Peking University Teacher!

In class.

The students were in high spirits!

"Me!"

"I have a question!"

"It's my turn!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, here, here!"

It was time for the third question, and there were only three questions left. The chance to ask was decreasing, so no one wanted to ask something trivial. This was Peking University, and they were students of Peking University. They had some pride in them, and did not want to be belittled by Zhang Ye. According to their own practices, not the school's, they had to slightly deliberately make things difficult for their teachers. They also wanted to see if this legendary new teacher really had the ability. They wanted to know if the internet and television had been exaggerated in boasting about his prowess.

A few third-year students raised their hands high up!

Zhang Ye scanned downwards and pointed at someone, "Let's have this student."

The Junior-year student, with a mustache on both sides of his mouth, chuckled while standing up.

"Why did he call him?" Yao Mi pited, "If he dares to make things difficult for Teacher Zhang, I'll not let him off! Teacher Zhang is my father's good friend!"

There were people engaging in whispers.

“Hehe, Teacher Zhang will be put in a difficult spot.”

“Right, this senior’s questions aren’t easily answered.”

“Didn’t he infuriate the new teacher last time?”

“Senior Zhou, others would be okay, but don’t make it difficult for Teacher Zhang. He is a nice person.”

There were students who liked Zhang Ye and were very supportive of him, but there were also some who were unconvinced. For example, Senior Zhou. Of course, he did not really plan on doing anything, he just found it fun. Zhang Ye was now pretty famous, so if he could stumble Zhang Ye with a question, he would become famous too.

Chang Kaige glanced at the student. He also knew him. He was quite a troublemaker in the department. He had past records in the department, where he made things difficult for the teachers, and was not very obedient.

Senior Zhou blinked, “Teacher Zhang, can I ask any question?”

Zhang Ye nodded, “Yes, anything will do.”

Senior Zhou paused before saying, “Alright then. Hur Hur. My question is if your wife and your mother fell into a river at the same time, who would you save first?”

The moment everyone heard this, they were speechless!

What sort of crappy question was that!? There was no solution! And it was overused!

Chang Kaige and a few teachers from the department frowned. Indeed, this trouble-making student was too disobedient. He was deliberately doing this!

Then Senior Zhou said, “This isn’t just some random question, Teacher Zhang. Since you will be in charge of teaching us literature, and answering our doubts, then this question is also considered a literary challenge from a certain point of view. Can you give us an answer? Don’t answer with things like you don’t have a wife.”

Zhang Ye did not mind this sort of questions, and instead said, “I can answer this question, but you need to first answer my question before I can answer you.”

Senior Zhou said, “If I answer, you will give me an answer?”

Zhang Ye said, “Yes.”

Senior Zhou did not hesitate, “Alright then, as long as it’s not that question, any would do.”

“Hur Hur, don’t worry, it’s definitely not the same question. My question is...” Zhang Ye looked at him and said, “Your wife is pregnant, but has complications during childbirth, would you save your wife or the child?”

Senior Zhou said it matter-of-factly, “Is there a need to ask? Of course I’ll save the adult!”

Zhang Ye carried on, “Then at that moment, what if your mother jumps into the water, insisting that you save the child?”

Upon hearing this question, Senior Zhou nearly vomited blood. Pfft! Go to hell!

The surrounding students also burst out in laughter upon hearing this!

“Hahahaha!”

“Aiyah, that’s a divine question!”

“Teacher Zhang’s brain moves too fast!”

“This question is ten thousand times harder than the question of your mother or wife jumping into the river!”

“I have a feeling that this question will replace the question of mother and wife jumping into the river, and become a brand new divine question that gives men nightmares!”

“Haha, I’ve remembered this question. I will ask my boyfriend this in the future!”

Professor Zeng also laughed.

Amongst the few teachers, who had their reservations about Zhang Ye, two of them could not help but laugh. This question had indeed amused them.

Senior Zhou knew this was not a matter about answering the question. He had been ridiculed by Zhang Ye. He had wanted to bring Zhang Ye down a peg, but who knew that he ended up being teased. With a gloomy expression, his heart convinced, so he sat down ashamed. He finally understood that Zhang Ye was the real deal. For him as a student to try to beat a talk show host in eloquence was him being overconfident.

Zhang Ye smiled, “Time for the fourth question?”

Immediately, there were countless number of people who voluntarily raised up their hands.

“You then, the one in yellow.” Zhang Ye pointed to a person.

This was a Junior-year female senior. She was good in her studies and was one of the top students, even in Peking University. She was well-liked by her teachers, and she was well known amongst the students. However, this bespectacled girl had a problem. She liked to dwell on a problem, and was a cultural hipster. She liked to ask teachers technical questions, stunning them without any forewarning, hence the teachers both loved and hated her.

“It’s Senior Song.”

“Man, this question will probably be profound!”

“That’s right, Senior Song has the nickname of “Half a Teacher” in Peking University.”

“This is the first time Teacher Zhang is meeting us. Please don’t ask too serious a question.”

The students were full of opinions.

Chang Kaige looked at the girl and smiled faintly. He apparently recognized her, and liked her a lot. She was someone worthy of being nurtured in the department.

Professor Zeng knew this person even more, because Senior Song was a student of his History department.

Senior Song stood up and nudged her spectacle frames with a deadpan expression. The moment she spoke, she said bluntly, "Teacher Zhang Ye, forgive me for saying, but I have doubts about your literary attainments!"

There was an uproar all around!

"As expected of Senior Song!"

"Holy sh\*t, this is too direct!"

"Is there a need to be so serious? Senior Song doesn't have a sense of humor!"

Zhang Ye found it quite interesting, "Oh? Go ahead and tell me, what causes these doubts of yours?"

Senior Song nudged her spectacle frame again, "I will not talk about your other works, for I acknowledge them. However, although everyone says your 'This is also Everything' has managed to repress Teacher Wang Shuixin's 'Everything', I do not actually agree. One is pessimistic, and one is optimistic. It is just a matter of different attitudes. No one is better than the other, but from your attitude and the discussions online, clearly, it is believed that your 'This is also Everything' is much better than 'Everything', belittling 'Everything' too drastically. At least Teacher Wang Shuixin's 'Everything' has been put into textbooks before. Then does Teacher Zhang mean that you doubt the poems chosen by the educational textbooks' appendix and the collective wisdom of seniors and professors in the educational world? Do you think the seniors of the education world have a problem in their vision?"

This was a serious accusation!

Yao Mi exclaimed, "Senior Song is too damaging!"

Li Li said in a flustered manner, "Does she have a grudge with Teacher Zhang?"

"No, Senior Song has always been this type of person." Li Ying gave a wry smile.

Wu Zeqing did not interrupt. She just sat there silently.

Professor Zeng interjected, "Little Song, how can you say such things?"

Chang Kaige also felt that this student was eager to learn, but was a bit too radical. She was not tactful and accommodating. She even accused a teacher? Hai, there was really nothing they could do about her.

On the other hand, there were other students were were taking pleasure at his misfortune, and were waiting to see how Zhang Ye handled the matter.

Senior Song was very respectful to Professor Zeng. After hearing him cut herself off, she sat down, "Then that's all I have to say. Teacher Zhang, you can treat it as if I didn't ask."

Zhang Ye was not mad, but instead smiled, "This student, I do not know where you have seen me give such an opinion, saying that I belittled 'Everything'? That I doubt the educational world's seniors? Challenging the academic experts who produce textbooks?"

Everyone knew Teacher Zhang Ye was beginning to smoothen things out. He definitely could not assent to those accusations, or he would offend too many people.

“Right.”

“Teacher Zhang has never said such a thing.”

Yao Mi and company began to speak out.

But of all things, Zhang Ye’s next sentence dumbfounded everyone, “Did I say those words? I definitely have not! Of course, I have never said those words before. If there were such words, it was not said by me, but now, I want to iterate again, yes! I am belittling Wang Shuixin’s ‘Everything’! I am indeed questioning those academic experts who decide on a textbook! Even if it was in an appendix, this poem is not qualified enough!”

Everyone was stunned!

Even Senior Song opened her mouth!

No one expected Zhang Ye to say such a thing!

Chang Kaige said in worry, “Teacher Little Zhang!”

Wu Zeqing tugged at Dean Chang, “Let us listen on. Hur Hur, this is Teacher Zhang’s class.”

A teacher from the department said, “But he...”

Wu Zeqing interrupted, “In the field of poetry, Teacher Zhang Ye is a true expert. Others do not have the qualifications to say such anything, but Teacher Zhang Ye has.”

Seeing everyone in chaos, Zhang Ye was not surprised, “Why would I dare say such a thing? This is because Wang Shuixin’s ‘Everything’ has a problem. There are structural and textual problems existing within it!”

Senior Song stood up angrily again, “Regardless of his character, I love all of Teacher Wang Shuixin’s poems. I can’t pretend that I didn’t hear what you just said!”

Zhang Ye smiled and said at an appropriate speed, “Do you still remember his poem?”

“Of course!” Senior Song began to recite it.

“Everything is fated.”

“Everything is unreal.”

“Everything has no end.”

“Everything has no home to return.”

“Every happiness doesn’t come with a smile.”

“Every suffering doesn’t have tears.”

“Every past is in the dreams.”

“Every faith comes with longing.”

“Every burst is preceded by moments of silence.”

“Every death has a prolonged echo!”

Zhang Ye shook his head. He really did not think highly of Wang Shuixin’s ‘Everything’, nor did he find it very good. Truthfully, he didn’t even like his world’s ‘Everything’ from Beidao. However, not liking it was subjective. “Everything” was one of Beidao’s representative works. There was naturally no bones to pick in terms of literary content. Despite it not being as famous as “This is also Everything”, Beidao’s “Everything” was also a classic masterpiece that had been immortalized!

Notice, this is Beidao’s “Everything” and not that of Wang Shuixin’s!

Zhang Ye held onto the podium and began reciting, “If it were me, I would compose it as...”

Everyone focused their attentions. Teacher Zhang was composing another poem again? And it was another on-the-spot piece of work? Everyone listened in earnestly! This was because Zhang Ye’s poems were too famous!

Professor Zeng also pricked up his ears.

Senior Song looked disapprovingly at him.

Zhang Ye breathed out and then used a calm, yet somewhat dejected voice to recite:

“All fates are destined.”

“All clouds are fleeting.”

“All beginnings are without endings.”

“All searches are brief.”

“Every happiness doesn’t come with a smile.”

“Every suffering doesn’t have tears.”

“All languages are repetitive.”

“All relationships are first encounters.”

“All love is within hearts.”

“All past is in the dreams.”

“All hope carries a note.”

“Every faith comes with longing.”

“Every burst is preceded by moments of silence.”

“All death... has a prolonged echo.”

The sentences were changed, a bit of wording had been changed, and there were a few more lines!

After Zhang Ye finished reciting, the classroom went silent!

Wu Zeqing's eyes lit up as she looked seriously at Zhang Ye.

After Chang Kaige relished the moment, his expression turned into that of surprise!

Even if the other Chinese department teachers taught History, they also had a certain level of understanding in literature. The moment they heard it, they were stunned as they looked at each other. President Wu had previously said that in the realm of poetry, Zhang Ye was a true expert. He really had the qualifications to say these words!

The two versions of "Everything" could not be compared in any way!

It was not each having its merits, but the difference between heaven and earth!

There were a few Peking University students who did not understand. They were blinking. The two poems were about the same?

But there were a few students who could tell the great difference. They all gasped. It sounded similar, but if one scrutinized it in detail, this gap was motherf\*\*king huge!

Zhang Ye smiled and asked Senior Song, "Student, now what do you think about my 'Everything' against Wang Shuixin's 'Everything'?"

Senior Song was already stunned. After taking a few deep breaths, she gave a bow of admiration and respect, "I was being libelous just now. Teacher Zhang, I apologize. Your 'Everything', when compared to Teacher Wang Shuixin's 'Everything'...the literary value is many times better, and...is completely not on the same level!"

Zhang Ye said, "Thank you for your evaluation."

Senior Song said, "I should be the one thanking you. I was the one who has been ignorant all this time. Now do I really know...that there are people beyond people and heavens beyond heavens. I will learn dutifully from you!"

Zhang Ye lowered his hand, "We were just exchanging views, please take a seat."

Yao Mi was stunned. Holy sh\*t, a rigid straight As student like Senior Song was won over by Teacher Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye did not feel complacent after reciting his poem. On the contrary, he appeared very impersonal. It was as if he had done a trivial thing and did not treat it seriously, "Alright then, time for the last question."

At this moment, nearly the entire class raised their hands!

"Me! Me! Me!"

"Call me!"

Zhang Ye causally picked a person, "This person."

It was an underclassman. He gave off an obedient vibe as he stood up excitedly, “Teacher Zhang, what I want to ask is...Uh, actually I do not know if I should ask this.”

Zhang Ye said in amusement, “You can ask anything. There are no taboo questions in my class.”

The underclassman grit his teeth and bolstered his courage to say, “Then, I have seen all your programs. We have also heard about you on the news, and I do not believe that I’m the only one who is curious about your legendary experiences. You have cursed your unit, been put in reprimand, derided the SARFT, and even saved a fan. Many people evaluate you in different ways, but I especially want to know, what’s your evaluation of yourself? What sort of person do you think you are?”

This question was very standard, but was also very difficult to answer.

Zhang Ye thought for a second before gently laughing. Seeing how all the students were watching him with unblinking eyes, he could not help but use the words from his world’s ‘In Memory of Norman Bethune’ on himself. It was shameless boasting, yet subtle in every way, “My evaluation of myself is — ‘a noble-minded person, a pure person, a man of moral integrity, and above vulgar interests. A man who is of value to the people.’ Just that.”

A pure person?

Above vulgar interests?

Chang Kaige pondered deeply over it. The other teachers from the department also nodded their heads secretly. These words were a bit too boastful when used to describe oneself, but it was well said!

This Zhang Ye’s eloquence was excellent!

Zhang Ye clapped his hands, “Alright, that will be all for today. We shall meet again tomorrow. As for the specific syllabus, I will let everyone know in our next class. I hope that we will have a joyful time together.”

Immediately, roaring applause sounded out!

Some clapped! Some whistled!

The students were already greatly anticipating the lessons from this new teacher and were also extremely excited for what they would learn tomorrow!

It was too interesting!

This new teacher was a little different from all the other Peking University teachers!

Chapter 298: The ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ that No One Dares to Teach!

After 9.

Class had ended.

Zhang Ye was just about to leave with President Wu, as well as the department Dean. However, the moment he got off his podium, he was surrounded by students!

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Can I get an autograph!?”

“Please take a picture with me! I’m your fan!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye, I have a question about literature that I need to consult you about. Do you have time after class? Can I treat you to lunch?”

“I also want to consult you!”

“I also have a huge question about literature!”

More than half of the students left as many of them had other classes. The remaining students were all very passionate. There were both male and female, but mostly women, who were surrounding Zhang Ye, asked him all sorts of questions. Zhang Ye did not reject them. Although he said stuff like never again, he still gave his students their requested autographs. He did not agree to the pictures with them, since this was a college campus. President Wu and company still had not left, so it was not appropriate to take photos.

Wu Zeqing took a step out the auditorium in her heels and gave a gentle smile, “Let us leave first. There’s no need to wait for Little Zhang.”

Chang Kaige gave a few glances back before helplessly shaking his head, “To think they even want autographs. These students are really pushing it, and that Teacher Little Zhang, hai.”

Professor Zeng laughed, “This shows how popular Teacher Zhang is, for him to mingle well with his students.”

Chang Kaige gave a wry smile. Only when President Wu was far away did he glance at Professor Zeng and said, “Old Zheng, why do I have a premonition chaos will happen?”

Professor Zeng said, “Letting Zhang Ye teach is also an experimental attempt of the school.”

Another department’s teacher said, “It’s already in chaos. Just his first meeting with his students and not even an actual class, Teacher Little Zhang has already questioned the academic world’s choice of textbooks? Who knows what earth-shattering words he will say tomorrow when he officially begins teaching. I’m also worried. With Zhang Ye here, it would be difficult for our Peking University Chinese department to be peaceful. Everyone in this industry knows how daring that mouth of his is!”

They walked away while discussing.

Over here.

After attending to the passionate students, Zhang Ye found an excuse to leave, but before walking far from the auditorium, he found someone tailing him. Oh? Wasn’t this the girl who asked the first question? He had seen her earlier at the food stall in the morning.

As he came to a halt, Zhang Ye smiled, “Is there something wrong?”

Yao Mi came forward with a cheerful smile, “Uncle Zhang.”

Zhang Ye nearly fainted and said, “Why did I become an Uncle? If you want to call me, you can call me Brother Zhang. I’m not that much older than all of you, so I’m not that old.”

Yao Mi chuckled, "But our generational hierarchy exists. You and my Dad call each other brother, so I can't just blindly call you Brother. I definitely have to call you Uncle."

Zhang Ye happened to find this girl who had very distinct characteristics, but not considered pretty very familiar, "Your father is...?"

Yao Mi casually said, "My Dad is Yao Jiancai."

"Heyo!" It suddenly dawned on Zhang Ye, "No wonder your eyes reminded me of an old friend! So you are Old Yao's child. He had previously mentioned you to me, but never said you were in Peking University. Nice, Old Yao sure concealed it well. I didn't expect him to have such a clever daughter. What's your name?"

Yao Mi said, "I'm Yao Mi."

Zhang Ye said, "What year are you in?"

Yao Mi said, "I'm going into my second year this year."

Zhang Ye said, "Not bad. Find me if there's anything you need."

Yao Mi said, "Hehe, then my credits will be depending on Uncle Zhang."

Zhang Ye chuckled, "I am new here. I don't know how the exams work yet, and it's not my call to make. However, if you listen to my classes well, I can guarantee you will receive the credit you deserve."

"That's all that matters." Yao Mi said.

As they conversed, Zhang Ye suddenly thought of something important, "Oh, just nice. I wanted to chat with our class' students. What did Professor Wang teach in 'Appreciation of the Classics' last time?"

Yao Mi recalled seriously, "It's just some famous works, such as Three Kingdoms, or Water Margin, or Journey to the West, and some other famous classics. Most of them are Chinese. The appreciation of foreign classics is another class and taught by other teachers, but then, that was what Professor Wang lectured in the past few years. This year, Professor Wang only held two classes and talked a bit about the Three Kingdoms and Water Margin, and that was it."

Zhang Ye got some understanding of the situation, "Then what do wish to hear?"

Yao Mi chuckled, "Isn't your forte the Three Kingdoms?"

"Other than Three Kingdoms? You don't have to care if it's my forte. Just tell me what the mainstream opinion of what you guys and the other classmates want to hear? Which famous classic are you interested in?" Zhang Ye asked.

"About that..." Yao Mi licked her lips, "The most interested classic would definitely be 'Dream of the Red Chamber'."

Zhang Ye was surprised, "Oh? Everyone has similar views on this?"

Yao Mi said, "At least for me. I really like 'Dream of the Red Chamber' too much. The romance in it is too beautiful. Besides, not many people lecture on 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. Even Professor Wang has

never taught it. I heard from a few seniors who had taken this class that over the many years of teaching 'Appreciation of the Classics', Professor Wang has at best, only mentioned the accomplishments of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. However, there was no detailed lecture about it. When someone asked a crucial problem about 'Dream of the Red Chamber', Professor Wang would also shrug it off, like he did not wish to talk about this classic."

Zhang Ye blinked, "Is that so. Alright, I got it."

"Are you really going to lecture on 'Dream of the Red Chamber'? That would be great!" Yao Mi was looking forward to it.

Zhang Ye smiled, "Not necessarily. I need to go back and think, and also prepare for it. Alright, go prepare for your other class. I'll be leaving."

Yao Mi waved her hand, "Go busy yourself. Bye, Uncle Zhang."

.....

Downstairs.

Chinese department in the school campus.

Zhang Ye was preparing to return home. Tomorrow was the first day of classes, but he had not decided on what to teach yet, so he naturally had to go home to prepare.

In a small garden.

A middle-aged man was smoking and called out to him when he noticed Zhang Ye, "Teacher Little Zhang"

Zhang Ye looked curiously over. He found him familiar, and he looked like one of the teachers who had sat in his class in the first row with President Wu. "Hey, how do you do?"

"Do you want a stick?" Professor Zeng handed him a cigarette.

Zhang Ye took it and lit it up himself, "I just got hired here, so...Who are you?"

Professor Zeng chuckled, "My surname is Zheng. I teach History, so you can just call me Old Zheng."

Zhang Ye smiled, "I wouldn't dare call Old Zheng. How do you do, Professor Zeng? You came here to smoke because you don't have classes?"

"No, I was waiting for you." Professor Zeng smiled, "We have interacted before on Weibo. Have you forgotten?"

Zhang Ye was momentarily stunned before he smacked himself in the forehead, "I recall. Heh! So it was you! Back then, when my 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' was doubted by many, I have to thank you for your support." To those people who had helped him before, Zhang Ye naturally had a great impression of them. This person was the Peking University history professor who had a Weibo verified account. He had personally posted on Weibo to support Zhang Ye. He had validated that "Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was factual. Due to Professor Zeng's authority, many people were alleviated of their doubts. Zhang Ye had always wanted to thank him.

Professor Zeng took in another mouthful of smoke and said, "Back then, I mentioned that your historical standard was more than enough to come teach in a university. Indeed, I was not the only one with such thoughts. President Wu also thinks highly of you."

Zhang Ye said, "This is all thanks to all of you."

Professor Zeng asked curiously, "I heard President Wu only found you a day or two ago. You will have to start teaching tomorrow, and have to lecture for ten consecutive days. Are you ready?"

Zhang Ye leaned on a flower railing, "I have some general ideas. I was planning on going home to prepare. I might even need to run to the library. Time is quite tight."

"What will you be teaching?" Professor Zeng asked.

Zhang Ye said, "It will provisionally be 'Dream of the Red Chamber'."

Upon hearing this, Professor Zeng was stunned, "You want to teach 'Dream of the Red Chamber'?"

Zhang Ye asked in wonder, "I suppose so. The students seem rearing to hear about it. Besides, Professor Wang has never taught this in the past. So with me taking over Professor Wang's class, I plan on teaching something new."

Professor Zeng laughed, "You sure are bold."

Zhang Ye was confused, "What do you mean bold? 'Dream of the Red Chamber' cannot be taught?"

It's not a banned book now, right!? 'Dream of the Red Chamber' cannot be taught? This isn't f\*\*king 'Golden Lotus'!

Professor Zeng snubbed his cigarette and threw it into a trashcan and said, "Do you really not know, or are you just playing the fool, Teacher Little Zhang? It's not that 'Dream of the Red Chamber' cannot be taught, it's just few dare to teach it as it's too difficult. Do you think only Professor Wang did not teach it? Watch those shows on TV, how many experts dare to talk about 'Dream of the Red Chamber'? And for the other colleges, there is basically a uniform tone. According to what I know, not a single college in the country has a lecturer who dares to go into specifics about 'Dream of the Red Chamber' with the students. Everyone avoids it if they can. Even if they talk about it, it would be a very tiny portion. Certain details, or even the main plot, are brushed aside. No one dares to give a detailed analysis, so slowly, there are no experts or professors who dare to touch it."

Ah?

Why wouldn't they dare to?

What's wrong with the book?

Zhang Ye was really clueless. In his world, "Dream of the Red Chamber" was the best amongst the Four Great Classical Novels. There were countless people teaching it. The most famous was "Liu Xinwu Exposes the Secrets of Dream of Red Chamber". There was also another follow up with Liu Xinwu talking about "The True Ending of the novel 'Dream of the Red Chamber'" on "Lecture Room". It had caused quite a controversy back in his world. The ratings were also on par with "Yi Zhongtian's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms".

Professor Zeng looked at him and said, "Teacher Little Zhang, don't take the risk. I'm not doubting your literary standards, but there is no way to lecture 'Dream of the Red Chamber' in detail. Once you talk about it in detail, there will be problems, giving rise to doubts. Well, I teach History. My research towards the ancient classics aren't that thorough, so there's no way for me to know more than you. You will know once you go back and investigate the matter. My suggestion is that you carry on teaching about the Three Kingdoms. That is your forte, so it will be a waste to abandon it. I believe President Wu chose you to help save the situation was also because of your understanding of the Three Kingdoms and lecturing style."

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I've already talked about the Three Kingdoms back in Beijing Television Station. What I wanted to express was also very complete. I don't plan on repeating myself."

Professor Zeng said helplessly, "That opinion of yours isn't right. The education of students is a repetitive process. I have taught for so many years and have nurtured so many new students, and every time, I have to repeat my previous lectures and theories. This is something that can test the limits of time. Teacher Little Zhang, you must listen to my advice. Even if you don't plan on teaching the Three Kingdoms, don't touch the trap that is 'Dream of the Red Chamber'!"

Zhang Ye was still puzzled!

Is 'Dream of the Red Chamber' so horrible?

"Make sure you remember it. Alright, I have a paper I need to rush out. Bye." Professor Zeng rushed off.

Zhang Ye's curiosity was increasingly piqued. He really refused to have his beliefs shaken. He rushed home immediately so as to check what this world's Redology was like!

Chapter 299: This World's Misconception of Dream of the Red Chamber!

At home.

It was 10 something in the morning.

Zhang Ye was alone at home. His father and mother had already left for work.

After Zhang Ye opened the door and went into his house, other than taking a sip of tea that was left on the table. He did not do anything else and just went straight to his room and switched on the computer. He searched the topic of "Dream of the Red Chamber" and found many results. There were also a lot of manuscripts and there was also the 120 circulated chapters that had been collated and sorted out.

It's correct!

This was the one!

Zhang Ye couldn't help but find the most published version of the novel that he found online. He then browsed through it generally from the front to the back to get the general idea. After over an hour, Zhang Ye had confirmed that this was the one. This was the same "Dream of the Red Chamber" novel that existed in his previous world as well. Even the words used did not differ too much. Although a lot of things had changed in this world, the Four Great Classical Novels were too influential and had stayed the same. Zhang Ye had verified this once again, there was definitely no problem!

But then why?

Why did Professor Zeng say such words?

Zhang Ye continued researching the “Dream of the Red Chamber” related lectures and found out that as Professor Zeng had said, there really weren’t many detailed lectures regarding this novel. There were some lectures available, but they mainly touched on only the first 10 chapters of the novel and did a simple analysis before ending it on that note!

That can’t be right?

What were you all trying to prove!

What about those Redologists? Those experts who specialized in studying “Dream of the Red Chamber”? Where did they disappear to! Did you guys all end up researching “Golden Lotus”?

Zhang Ye couldn’t wrap his head around this fact!

“Dream of the Red Chamber” being the greatest of the Four Great Classical Novels, how did it ever fall into the state it was in now?

Suddenly, Zhang Ye saw a related headline concerning “Dream of the Red Chamber”. Then he was stunned for a few seconds and became confused. It wrote there—As the greatest of the Four Great Classical Novels, the influence and achievements of “Romance of the Three Kingdoms” domestically.....what came after no longer mattered. Zhang Ye was stunned at the first half of the headline. F\*\*k your sister, when did Romance of the Three Kingdoms become the greatest of the Four Great Classical Novels? “Dream of the Red Chamber” was publicly acknowledged as the top in the literary field in his previous world. It was irrefutably the top, how could it become “Romance of the Three Kingdoms”!?

No!

Surely, there must be a story behind it!

The cultural works between his previous world and this world were a little different, the appreciation levels were still similar. They couldn’t have come to such a low level conclusion. Even those scholars and researchers who had spent their lives understanding the Three Kingdoms would not dare to say that “Romance of the Three Kingdoms” was better than “Dream of the Red Chamber” in the field of literature!

Where did it go wrong?

What was the problem?

To Zhang Ye, this was not a matter that could be blamed on supernatural events. He could not come to an understanding even when he kept thinking with all his might. So he quickly went online to research more deeply, the deeper he went, the more he became speechless. He found out that “Dream of the Red Chamber” was not only not the top novel of the Four Great Classical Novels, it was in fact the last of the Four Great Classical Novels! Even “Water Margin” and “Journey to the West” were ahead of it!

An authoritative comment put it like that:

“I’ve always felt that the last of the Four Great Classical Novels, ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ could have been written better. It even had the potential to become the greatest of them all, but what’s regrettable was that there are too many inconsistencies and illogicalities that none of us have been able to solve. Like the poem by Jia Baoyu that did not match his personality, the ‘perfect ending’ that had a major flaw, etc, etc, etc. No one can understand whether this was Mr Cao Xueqin’s slip up during writing, or whether he wrote it like that on purpose. Maybe it was because Mr Cao Xueqin fell sick when he got older and could no longer pay attention to the details of his masterpiece, he continued making mistake after mistake, flaw after flaw. To a Redologist who really likes the ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ novel, this is truly regrettable!”

A major flaw in its ending?

What does the major flaw in the ending have to do with Cao Xueqin!

The person who wrote this comment was a Tsinghua University literature professor. Having read it, Zhang Ye felt that there was something very wrong and he finally found out the key point to this. He guessed something horrible!

It can’t be?

It really can’t be like this, right?

Zhang Ye hurriedly checked and got a confirmation. He wasn’t wrong! It was just as he had guessed! Online and in related books, it was clearly written that everyone in this world understood that Cao Xueqin was the author of all the 120 circulated chapters of “Dream of the Red Chamber”!

F\*\*k!

What about Gao E?

Was Gao E eaten up by you people!?

Zhang Ye checked the name Gao E, and indeed there was this person. This piece of history had not been changed. However, in everyone’s mind, Gao E was only the person in charge of collating ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. As for the rest...there was nothing else about him. The ancient text of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, that had been passed down, was in no way more complete than the ones in Zhang Ye’s world. The most famous Zhiyanzhai version had only been passed down with only a dozen chapters or so with some comments. On this point, there was a snag in history! As to Gao E writing “Dream of the Red Chamber” to finish it up, there was indeed a lot of controversial debate back in Zhang Ye’s world. There were people who said that the last 40 chapters of “Dream of the Red Chamber” were not written by Gao E, but was Cao Xueqin’s original work. There were also theories that Gao E had written it with others, and Gao E was finally the person who arranged it. However, after many years of research and validation on his earth, there was pretty much no more controversy that Gao E was the one who finished up the novel. It was agreed by large number of Redologists, as all sorts of historical evidence proved this point. However, in this world, in a world that had been changed by the game ring, the relevant historical proof had disappeared. The last 40 chapters had become the original work of Cao Xueqin!

What the heck!

How could the last 40 chapters be written by Old Cao!?

Zhang Ye's eyes rolled backwards and had an expression of not knowing whether to laugh or cry. Only now did he understand why Professor Zeng advised him as he did. He finally understood why this world's Redologists only privately studied about it instead of publicly lecturing about "Dream of the Red Chamber". You had all gotten it all wrong at the basics. If you start your run going sideways, what would there be left to research on? Of course there would be nothing to research on! The 120 circulated chapters of "Dream of the Red Chamber" were never written by just one person, yet you still want to link them together? Isn't this an international joke! "Dream of the Red Chamber" has too many problems? Of course! Isn't that nonsense!? You guys f\*\*king researched the 120 circulated chapters of "Dream of the Red Chamber" in its entirety, it would be surprising if you didn't have many problems!

This world's understanding of "Dream of the Red Chamber" was completely wrong from the very beginning!

Now, the only person on this planet who knew the truth, was probably Zhang Ye alone!

"Dream of the Red Chamber"?

No one dared to talk about it in detail?

Ha! Others might not dare, but I dare!

This bro will talk about it well!

Zhang Ye was such a person. He was the type that would still head into the tiger infested mountains despite knowing so. The more difficult a problem, things that few people dared to do, the more excited this guy became!

Translators' Notes: The upcoming mini-arc involves Dream of the Red Chamber, widely considered the best out of China's Four Great Classical Novels. The details involved might be too abstruse as it talks about plot points, characters, etc. Honestly, we as the translators have not read the masterpiece either, however, we have done extensive research to ensure the translations work and can be understood by you. A lot of the text and names mentioned will be following the David Hawkes translation. We had to physically go to a library to borrow the books to obtain the much-needed reference material. Despite you probably not knowing the material, I believe through the webnovel author's exposition, you will also begin to slowly understand the story of Dream of the Red Chamber. We learned a lot while doing the translations, and hope you would gain the same from it. Thank you.

Chapter 300: Breaking! Zhang Ye is to become a Peking University lecturer?

Afternoon.

It was lunch time.

After eating the leftovers from last night's dinner, Zhang Ye carried on working. He continuously worked hard at absorbing the misconceptions this world had of "Dream of the Red Chamber". He also checked the historical information and ancient texts related to "Dream of the Red Chamber". He noticed that the historical information regarding "Dream of the Red Chamber" was not completely lost on this planet. There were still some comments and sporadic pieces of information. However, people of this world did not find them authoritative, nor could they be said to have fundamentally ignored them. By using the

idea that Cao Xueqin was lacking in focus and ability in his final years, they had missed the most critical pieces of information, resulting in such a situation.

Thankfully this bro was here!

Or else you guys would have been kept in the dark!

Since Zhang Ye already knew that there were challenges awaiting him, that he needed even more information to support him. Furthermore, he needed information that this world possessed. As a result, the workload was a lot greater.

Flipping.

Checking.

Until noon was when Zhang Ye began to feel that the information on the internet was not enough. He ended up driving out while wearing his sunglasses to a few large libraries in Beijing. Some libraries were free to enter, while others needed him to apply for a library card. As such, Zhang Ye began to browse inside the respective libraries.

On his side, he was extremely busy.

However, the internet had exploded into a buzz!

.....

At the beginning, it was a video of Beijing's 15th Junior High's New Year's Party being uploaded. There was a poem, "To The Oak", that blinded the eyes of numerous netizens!

"Who is this girl?"

"Why haven't I heard of this poem?"

"It can't be original work, right? Are junior high students so awesome these days?"

When the girl finally mentioned the poem's name and the composer's name, it dawned on everyone, it was Zhang Ye's new poem! It was published at such an occasion!

"Zhang Ye came out with a new poem!"

"And it's a rare love poem! Classic!"

"That's right, Teacher Zhang Ye's poems are typically used to deride and curse at people. There are too few romantic ones. Only after listening to 'To The Oak' did I know that Teacher Zhang has such profound skills in love poems too!"

"Teacher Zhang really does not have any flaws in the realm of poetry!"

"I have to memorize this poem, so that I may confess to my male crush in the future!"

Following that.

A few Peking University students caused a commotion on Weibo.

A Peking University female student @ her boyfriend on Weibo, asking, "If complications arise during my childbirth, would you save me or the child?"

The boyfriend smiled and wittily replied, "Of course I would save you, is there any need to ask!?"

Immediately following that, the girl asked, "Then if your mother jumps into the river and asks you to save the child, what would you do?"

Numerous characters appeared on her boyfriend's Weibo as a result, "...(&%\$##[email protected]@(&! !!"

Many onlookers initially thought that they were just showing their affection towards each other. Some even replied in contempt, however after seeing the last question of the Peking University female student, everyone vomited a mouthful of blood. Many netizens, who were drinking water in front of their computers, spat it out. Many people laughed until their stomachs ached!

"Aiyah!"

"Divine! This question is divine!"

"Hahahaha! Peking University female students are fierce! This question is too ruthless!"

This Weibo post was immediately forwarded by numerous people.

The boyfriend was nearly crying as he posted, "Yan'er, who taught you that?"

The Peking University female student answered proudly, "This is Zhang Ye's joke!"

The boyfriend asked, "Which Zhang Ye? I must kill him! That grandson is too evil!"

"What are you saying!" The Peking University female student posted an angry, staring emoticon, "Zhang Ye is our new teacher!"

This reply of hers was not given much attention to many netizens. After all, there were too many people named Zhang Ye. There were too many people with the same surname and name.

But after a while, a few other Peking University students appeared and posted two poems on Weibo. One was Wang Shuixin's "Everything" and the other one was also named "Everything", but credited to Zhang Ye. Upon seeing the two poems, many literature lovers were convinced!

"Zhang Ye changed 'Everything'?"

"It's far from changed! It's a complete transformation!"

"Compared to Zhang Ye's poem, Wang Shuixin's poem is nothing!"

"This is skill. In the past, it was impossible to tell with one, but now, with something to compare to, the two similar poems have similar goals to express, but the literary content is completely different. Can't you see? It's not chance that Teacher Zhang Ye's poem are so popular, he really has the ability!"

"A 'Some People' had sent Wang Shuixin to jail. Now, with Teacher Zhang Ye changing 'Everything' to smack his face, this was f\*\*king mutilating the corpse! Hahaha!"

“If Comrade Wang found out about this in jail, he would definitely be tearing up!”

“That’s right. His magnum opus is ‘Everything’, but it has now become Teacher Zhang Ye’s work! Teacher Little Zhang Ye is too evil. He is really deserving of the title Face-smacking Prince!”

A few literature scholars, who were more famous, immediately analyzed Zhang Ye’s “Everything”. They then also did a complete comparison with Wang Shuixin’s original, and after countless discussions and appraisals, they unanimously concluded that Zhang Ye’s literary attainment was higher than Wang Shuixin by several times! Actually, modifying a poem was much harder than writing a new poem. From this, everyone once again witnessed Zhang Ye’s literary standard. Without much to say, he utterly convinced everyone!

Just as everyone was in pursuit of “Everything” (New)’s tail by joyfully and desperately forwarding it, a few people noticed something.

“Eh, why is all of this coming from Peking University?”

“That’s right. The joke about saving the adult or the child was also from Peking University.”

“Posted by Peking University students? Teacher Zhang Ye went to Peking University? What’s he doing there? Is he studying? Postgraduate studies?”

“Hey, that’s possible. Teacher Zhang only has a Bachelor’s. It wouldn’t be surprising if he does postgraduate studies, after all, he has been suspended.”

“Teacher Zhang is returning to his studies?”

“This is big news!”

However, the next piece of news stunned everyone!

A Peking University student tsked, “What do you mean returning to his studies. Teacher Zhang Ye is our new teacher. He will be teaching us ‘Appreciation of the Classics’!”

And at the next moment, Peking University’s official Weibo and official website posted the latest news— Famous radio host, former Beijing Television Station Arts Channel program host, Weibo WebTV host, famous poet, famous author, famous producer, famous program planner, famous advertisement planner, famous lyrical composer...Teacher Zhang Ye will be joining Peking University’s Chinese department. He will be teaching the elective class, “Appreciation of the Classics”!

After a long list of accolades, a shocking piece of news appeared!

“Heavens!”

“Oh my God!”

“Zhang Ye is going to Peking University to teach?”

“Peking University? Furthermore, the famous Chinese department?”

“Holy mother of god! Zhang Ye is not there for postgraduate studies, but to teach!”

“How can that be? Peking University actually invited Teacher Zhang Ye as a lecturer?”

“Teacher Zhang is motherf\*\*king defying the heavens! He even has the qualifications to teach at Peking University? Although it is only an elective class, “Appreciation of the Classics” is also an important class. Basically half the Peking University’s Chinese department students would choose this elective, right?”

“Is this news real?”

“It is, it’s already out on the papers!”

Even the afternoon Beijing papers were filled with news about Zhang Ye!

“Zhang Ye enters Peking University to teach!”

“Zhang Ye joins Peking University! Is it bliss or a tragedy?”

“Zhang Ye has been confirmed to be taking on the role as Peking University’s ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ lecturer!”

“Zhang Ye’s self evaluation: A man above vulgar interests. A man who is of value to the people!”

The moment the news was revealed, Zhang Ye’s fans cried out from excitement. They really felt Teacher Zhang Ye was too awesome. His hosting qualifications had just been suspended by SARFT, and had even entered this year’s SARFT “blacklist” at the number one spot. In the end, he had been invited by Peking University as a lecturer, and was even in charge of an important subject. This was rectifying his reputation! It also showed how sought after Zhang Ye was!

Oh!

Your SARFT discriminates against Zhang Ye?

You people from the entertainment industry do not need Zhang Ye?

It’s alright! We from the education world need him! We from Peking University need him!

With this recruitment from Peking University, it gave Zhang Ye another brilliant halo. Zhang Ye’s qualifications and accomplishments that he achieved in the past might be at the ground level, but with the title of Peking University lecturer, his qualifications and prestige would soar high in a straight line. It would immediately become several levels higher!

What sort of affirmation was better than that from the educational world?

Furthermore, it was a world class institution of learning like Peking University! It was a famous school, ranked first in the country!

Later on, Zhang Ye’s first encounter and exchange with his students at Peking University was posted by a Peking University student!

Zhang Ye’s jokes, humor, and literary standards were vividly expressed.

Especially when everyone saw Zhang Ye’s final words that evaluated himself. It was even more shocking—“a noble-minded person, a pure person, a man of moral integrity, and above vulgar interests. A man who is of value to the people.” When people recalled the various experiences of Zhang Ye, while linking it to this evaluation, wasn’t that the case!? Zhang Ye’s self-evaluation was in no way exaggerated!

He was pure—he dared to speak and act!

He was moral—he did not stand for seeing injustices happen!

He was above vulgar interests—He always did things no one else could do!

He was of value to the people—Be it the matter of Father Wei, or his fan contracting a terminal illness, or the hijacking, it was all Zhang Ye coming forward to save the situation!

This was the Zhang Ye in many people's eyes. These words were described just right, and not too much or little!

“Appreciation of the Classics?”

“I'm looking forward to it! It has to be him teaching the Three Kingdoms, right?”

“Definitely, Teacher Zhang Ye is most skilled in the Three Kingdoms!”

“I haven't gotten enough of 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' from back then. I must think of a way to get into Peking University tomorrow! I also want to listen in!”

“Haha, Teacher Zhang Ye will really become a Teacher Zhang Ye in the future!”

Immediately, before Zhang Ye even began teaching, just this piece of news made his popularity soar. Many of Zhang Ye's fans expressed their overwhelming anticipation!