

Superstar 31

Chapter 31: Every Cursing Sentence is Classic!

The war of words carried on.

Tian Bin was experienced at Weibo, having used it for many years. He had many more fans, who were much more loyal. With his lead, he immediately caused the people supporting Zhang Ye to retreat!

“You can’t defeat us in your curses, right?”

“If you can’t, then cut the crap!”

“Still speaking up for Zhang Ye? All of you should just get lost, along with him!”

There were criticisms everywhere. Zhang Ye’s fans had no way of defending themselves!

Since someone from the radio station had called Zhang Ye, then there was definitely another person who had contacted Tian Bin. However, not only did Tian Bin not delete his Weibo messages, he even fanned the flames to cause more friction. Finally, Zhang Ye’s wrath was unleashed!

Are you cursing?

Alright, here we go! I’ll count every one of them!

Today I’ll show you my warring skills!

Zhang Ye’s vocabulary in cursing was actually lacking, but he was not afraid, because he was not fighting alone! He immediately used all the Internet catchphrases from his previous world and scolded in return, “Indeed, I’m a villainous person intoxicated by success, but some people are not even human. What are they even talking about? I want to know, whose whose Weibo is this? Are you verified as a VIP? You are not a VIP. You not even a V. From all I see, you are a P (fart). Your complex facial features cannot hide your simple IQ. When I see you, I feel to have a naturally superior IQ. Friends, do not scold them. Never battle with beasts. If you win? You are more beastly than beasts. If you lose? You are not even a beast (inhuman). If it’s a tie? You are no different from a beast! Also, we can never beat idiots, nor should we try to reason with idiots. This is because they would drag your intelligence down to their level, then they would beat you with their immense experience!”

This world had its catchphrases, too. For example, “Your door is filled with parasol trees.” This was due to something that happened half a year ago. Parasol trees were planted at mental institutions in the entire country and this was a widely spread practice. In the end, parasol trees were used as a euphemism to insinuate that someone was crazy. Similarly, Zhang Ye had the catchphrases from his world. These catchphrases had never been heard of in this world. Furthermore, this was the essence gathered from the collective wisdom of the masses. With so much knowledge gathered in Zhang Ye, how could he lose?

With this reply, the replies underneath the post exploded immediately!

“Holy shit!”

“Teacher Zhang is striking back!”

“Ahahahaha! Quick, take a look!”

“It’s too delightful! You are too awesome!”

“I’m totally convinced of Teacher Zhang Ye’s talent today!”

“His novel is classic, his poems are classic. Hehe, even his curses are classic. Wow, I think I’m in love with Teacher Zhang Ye. He’s too aggressive!”

“Never battle with beasts? Haha!”

“Beat you with their immense experience? What a godly statement! It is definitely a godly statement!”

Tian Bin replied. One could feel the embarrassment and anger in his words. “You are cursing? Do you have any culture in you? Do you know your status?”

“Supporting Teacher Tian!”

“A broadcasting host with such manners should be fired!”

“What sort of person is he! How can the radio station hire a radio host of this quality?”

The moment Zhang Ye engaged in battle, Tian Bin’s fans also helped Tian Bin battle with Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye answered calmly, “I am not cursing. I am just narrating the truth and facts. I’m teaching everyone how to communicate with people like you. I have come into contact with Teacher Tian. The first word that came to my mind when I saw Teacher Tian was the word, ‘well’ (井)!”

Someone asked, “Well? Water well?”

“A frog in the well?” someone guessed.

Only Zhang Ye was able to clear their doubts, “井 is the word 二 (doing things dumbly and unbecoming of their status) both horizontally and vertically!”

Immediately all sorts of emoticons of spitting out their water while laughing appeared below the message, “Hahaha!”

Zhang Ye did not stop, “Teacher Tian, I always had a question. Why did you give up treatment? Why? There are so many weapons in China, but why did you have to learn swords (jiàn). Why did you not learn the way of the upper sword, but have to learn the way of the lower sword (xiàjiàn/morally degrading). Why did you not learn iron swords, but have to learn silver swords (yín jiàn/morally lewd). Congratulations for becoming one with the sword today, commonly known as a sword person (jiàn rén/slut)!”

Tian Bin, “...\$#%\$##@!!”

“Your grandmother!”

“Zhang Ye, you are too harsh!”

“You are a parasol tree!”

“Dumb pig! Idiot!”

Tian Bin's fans immediately cried out with anger!

As for Zhang Ye's fans, they were dumbfounded. They momentarily forgot to reply to help push the tide. They were only watching.

However, Zhang Ye did not stop. He replied with sentence after sentence, "You are the dumb pig! Your whole damned family are dumb pigs!* Teacher Tian, actually you shouldn't feel inferior. Even if you made a mistake to cause the Leader to cancel your program, you are still a successful person. As a model case for being a failure, you are too successful!"

Everyone, "..."

Zhang Ye carried on cursing, "There is a saying that is especially good. God said let there be light, and so there was light. God said let there be water, so there was water. God said let there be idiots, hence you were born." With a pause, "Actually to summarize, I shall give you a sentence, I bought a watch last year (wǒ qùnián mǎi gè biǎo)!"

Some netizens said, "Ah? Buying a watch? What does this mean?"

Another fan of Tian Bin retorted, "You can't even say your words properly; how are you even a host? Is that a sentence? The term to describe the quantity for watch is kuài; to think you bought a (gè) watch?"

Zhang Ye said, "Try typing out the first letter of each word!"

"I bought a watch last year? WQNMLGB? F**k your mother's c**t (wǒ qù nǐ māle gébi)? Hahahaha!"
Netizens immediately burst out with laughter till their backs bent over!

Zhang Ye cursed Tian Bin for more than an hour. Not a single one of his curses were repeated and each was worse than the last!

Tian Bin angrily said, "You are so ugly! Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror!"

Zhang Ye typed with a smile, "Indeed, I'm not good looking. But at least I'm pleasing to the eye. As for you? Your photo can be hung on the wall to ward off evil! Hung above the bed, it wards off pregnancy!"

Seeing this sentence, Tian Bin nearly vomited blood as he went into a rage! Zhang! I'm irreconcilable with you!

"Hung on the wall to ward off evil? Hung above the bed, it wards off pregnancy?"

"Puchi! Ahahahaha! So damaging! So damaging that it reaches your grandma's house!"

"Delightful! I never knew cursing can be done in this way! Teacher Zhang is invincible!"

This sentence was actually a classic amongst swear phrases. Once it was revealed, more than a hundred responses and comments surged in the next ten seconds. The onlookers could no longer sit still!

With Zhang Ye leading the way, his fans who were pushed into a corner immediately turned the tides as their momentum rose to unprecedented heights! They began to swing the flags of battle for Zhang Ye!

Tian Bin was still returning fire with curses, but he was no match for Zhang Ye. In the beginning, there were many Tian Bin fans who were helping their idol curse at Zhang Ye. However, Zhang Ye's combat power was too monstrous. He did not need the help from his fans. His tongue was like a warring hero, as he managed to silence hundreds of people alone. In the end, almost none of Tian Bin's fans said a word. Those who had joined in the fun to curse were attacked by Zhang Ye, until their intestines turned green. After a few retaliative words, they knew they were no match for Zhang Ye. They slowly disappeared, so as to not embarrass themselves. There was only Tian Bin who was retaliating with anger!

He battled one against a hundred!

After cursing away one, another came!

The final outcome was...Zhang Ye's complete victory!

All the onlookers on Weibo were stunned!

What the f**k is this battle power? Could swearing be so earth-shattering? This was the first time they had seen it! Only when Tian Bin was sworn at until he was reduced to a whimper did the crowd come around. Quickly, they began becoming fans of Zhang Ye's Weibo account in an excited fervor. His fan count surged to 31,000. With that, Zhang Ye's game ring's Reputation points rose from several thousand to 54,000!

Zhang Ye was speechless!

Cursing could also bring Reputation points? Heh, this makes me feel good!

Zhang Ye was pondering if he should make a living through cursing. This Reputation seemed to be gained for free. Could he become the world's greatest celebrity just from cursing?

* This is a popular Chinese slang in the form "You're the one XXX! Your whole damned family XXX!". It came from "My Own Swordsman" character, Mo Xiaobei. The original text goes along the lines of someone saying to Mo Xiaobei, "Mo Xiaobei, you are a child who matured early!", before Mo Xiaobei replies "You're the one maturing early! Your whole damned family matured early!"

Chapter 32: The Popularity Gained from Cursing!

The victor was clear!

The war of words had ended, too!

Netizens were positively leaving comments; everyone was almost laughing!

All in One Wind: "Too godly! The things I saw today were too godly!"

SmallHole11: "Absolutely godly! Absolute idol! Such aggression!"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan: "This is a newly registered account; please take care of me. In the future, I will be Teacher Zhang's brainless fan. To curse at such a masterful level, I can only use 'worship' to describe my feelings. From now on, Teacher Zhang Ye will be the Leader of our internet troll army!"

MightOfALittleWarrior: "Seeing Teacher Zhang Ye's curses, I realize how naive I had been. I even boasted that I was a cursing specialist with no competition. But after seeing today's events, I've been

humbled. I wonder if Teacher Zhang Ye takes disciples. I would like to learn your art of cursing. If I could get 10% of your skills, no, just 1%, I would not be afraid anymore while I travel the world!"

"In the process of breaking down....."

"God, what did I just witness!?"

"This Weibo account has almost gone up to the first page!"

"What happened here? Why is the click rate for the comments so high?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye's image has just collapsed for me. Is this the same Teacher Zhang Ye who wrote 'Flying Bird and Fish'? This is that Teacher Zhang Ye who wrote 'A Generation'? This is too much..... I like it too much! Haha! Well cursed! Such kinds of people deserve such curses!"

"Talent! This is what talent is!"

"This cursing can even move the heavens! He is no doubt a great poet!"

"Come on, how can a poet curse like this?"

"To the previous poster: which writer or poet does not curse? Consider the most famous Teacher Chen Tianmo; was his first poem not one that was used to curse too? It even had vulgarities!"

Everyone started to heatedly discuss. The center of focus were Zhang Ye's Weibo's curses!

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At the unit.

The radio station's colleagues had all witnessed Zhang Ye's curses that had a touch of genius; some of them even could not hold in their laughter!

"Teacher Little Zhang has such an ability?"

"It really is unbelievable; these curses are too humorous!"

"Hahahaha. I've already compiled all those curses!"

"Isn't this a little bad? The Leader was so anxious just now. Why....."

"Those curses are already unretractable. It's too late; we will leave it to the leader to deal with tomorrow."

"This time, it's really Tian Bin's bad luck. He actually met Zhang Ye, a person who would rather die than lose out. Tian Bin sure got cursed into a terrible state!"

"Little Zhang sure is godly. Say, about all those classic amongst classic curse sentences, how do you think that he came up with them? Were they on-the-spot creations again?"

"Right, that 'I bought a watch last year' sure was marvelous!"

"Hehe. I prefer that line about 'why did you give up treatment'! It was so funny!"

“After being cursed to such a pathetic state, I’m guessing that Tian Bin would have no face to come to work tomorrow!”

Teacher Feng was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, “This Little Zhang.. I already told him to delete his Weibo messages and not speak anymore. But no matter what, he refused to listen. Now we are in this state.”

Another person who had a good relationship with Tian Bin said, “How can Little Zhang do this? This will cause a lot of negative exposure. They might think everyone in our radio station is of such a culture!”

Xiaofang did not like what was said, “It was Teacher Tian who instigated the matter first; Teacher Zhang was just in self-defense!”

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The matter seemed to have calm down, but in fact, it was far from having done so.

Zhang Ye’s “famous sentences” had never appeared in this world yet. However, in his world, every sentence was extremely popular on the internet. Actually, when Zhang Ye was using all of them to curse, he did not feel particularly happy about it. Why? This was because, from his knowledge, all those curses had already been overused and outdated. For example, “I bought a watch last year” ... The people in Zhang Ye’s old world had used it too much. It had lost its charm. As for that sentence about “never battle with beasts”, if Zhang Ye were to post it on his world’s discussion boards, people would definitely reply with things like, “Congratulations to OP for getting onto the internet.” It was so overused that no one used it anymore. However, in this world, no one had yet to hear all these catchphrases. Hence, when Zhang Ye revealed a large number of them, they immediately caused an intense sensation on the internet!

There were even well-meaning people who compiled a list of classic Zhang Ye phrases as they copied every sentence he used to let everyone worship!

During this time, there were also many people in the same industry who replied.

“Keep calm. All of you, calm down!”

“Watching.”

“Waiting for new sentences.”

“Has it already ended?”

A few radio station counterparts from other provinces and municipalities expressed concern.

This sort of matter would not have been much in another industry and would not have made even a splash in their entertainment circles; however, in their radio station media circle, it was still quite novel. As such, it began spreading like wildfire as counterparts from other radio stations also spread this in an instant. Many people logged in to Weibo to watch the show upon hearing this interesting piece of news. After seeing Zhang Ye’s phrases, most of the counterparts only had one reaction. In the future, you could offend anyone else, but never a person like this. Your sister, your curses are so wicked. If someone had a bad heart, he would have died of a heart attack from the rage!

The development carried on.

People carried on replying and following the matter without any tinge of tiredness.

Zhang Ye was like a fighter. He did not even eat dinner. He was waiting in front of the computer for Tian Bin to appear once again. He was prepared to engage in another round of battle at any time. He was not afraid of anyone. In the end, the other party did not even whimper, making Zhang Ye have a slight yearning for more.

With that, Zhang Ye posted a final message for this matter and clarified, "Statement: my personal words are representative of my personal views. It has nothing to do with my respective radio station. I am not a person who liked to use vulgarities. However, if someone were to bully me, I would not sit idle. As for those people who tried to fan the flames and for those who scolded me without any provocation, I can only give you four words. Please (QU) take (NI) good (MA) care (DE)!" The last sentence he used was also a popular theme in his world. The four words were still those four words, but the pinyin notes were something else. Of course, in this world, no one had seen such a thing!

People could not react in time as they had never come into contact with something like that!

"Please take good care?"

"Eh, why did Teacher Zhang Ye suddenly become so refined?"

"He's not refined! Haha! Quick, look at the pinyin for "please take good care"! Do not look at the words!"

"The pinyin behind? QU? NI? MA? DE? Go? f**k? your? self? Pu!"

"There's a hidden catch! I'm dying of laughter! I can't even close my jaw! I really am laughing madly today!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye is too damaging! Whoever offends him won't have a good outcome! Asking for help from God! From today onward, Teacher Zhang Ye will be my spiritual leader!"

"The word of God!"

"Ha! I've already fan-ed!"

"However strong you are, there is always someone stronger!"

"This is the first time I have realized that there can be so much knowledge in cursing!"

"As above. This is the first time I have realized that cursing can be so artistic!"

After the Weibo battle ended, Tian Bin's side completely died down as Zhang Ye shouted his stance! No one dare to fight again!

Before this, there usually would not be any end to a war of words online. It would just be one scolding the other, with the other responding with a curse. This would then keep going back and forth, with no way to decide who was the victor, as no one would take it lying down, as no one wanted to eat humble pie. However, today was an exception. Zhang Ye had managed to curse a few hundred people so well

that they could not respond alone! Many onlookers who were watching felt their blood boil! If one man guards the pass, ten thousand are unable to get through!

What sort of style was this!?

How domineering was this!?

The last curse had increased Zhang Ye's Weibo fans by another 6,000. This was just the popularity gained purely from cursing. Looking at the entire internet, Zhang Ye was the first person to rapidly gain so many fans just from his curse words and not because of his target audience!

Chapter 33: I Guess I Should Write a Self-reflective Essay!

The second day.

Zhang Ye woke up early in the morning. Without eating breakfast, he switched on the computer at home. The computer in his parents' home was a locally-made "Donghua" brand. It was also a brand that Zhang Ye had never heard of. It was cheap and its price-to-performance ratio was relatively higher. The only problem was it liked to hang.

Checking online, Tian Bin's Weibo messages had already been deleted. Zhang Ye also began deleting some of his Weibo messages that he had posted the previous night. There was no other way, as Director Zhao had called him personally last night to rage. Everything seemed to be calm, but anyone who had experienced yesterday's war of words knew how thrilling the scene was.

Oh?

This year's online catchphrases?

Through a Weibo link, Zhang Ye entered a voting website. It was the selection of the top ten most popular online catchphrases that appeared over the past year. This was quite different from his previous world. The catchphrases that were popular were nearly all acknowledged by the public and that was it. In this world, there was a tiny difference. Many of the popular catchphrases caught on only through the voting of netizens. The result was quite interesting. If one didn't see it, they would not know. But just looking at it would give a shock!

No. 1. I bought a watch last year – Zhang Ye.

No. 2. Please (QU) take (NI) good (MA) care (DE) – Zhang Ye.

No. 3. Your door is filled with parasol trees – from netizen, I'm your aunt.

No. 4. Teacher Tian, why did you give up treatment? – Zhang Ye.

Amongst the top ten internet catchphrases, Zhang Ye's curses had been given tens of thousands of votes by netizens to take the top few spots. The first, second and fourth spots were all his. Looking further down, the rest of Zhang Ye's other curses were hovering between the 20th-30th spots. The votes were for them were also continuously increasing. Zhang Ye was immediately delighted. Especially because that "why did you give up treatment" phrase had Tian Bin's name in front of it!

After the war of words ended, the newspapers did not report it. This was because Zhang Ye and Tian Bin were not very famous, so this was not considered news. However, there were some online media and other people who had participated in the war of the words that gave their evaluation.

“The culture and quality of radio station hosts”.

“A blockbuster war of words. A poet’s counterattack”.

“Weibo miracle. A war of words that gained the notice of tens of thousands of people”.

After a few simple sweeps of the news, Zhang Ye finished the breakfast his parents had made for him, before going to work.

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The unit.

Upon reaching the doorstep of the radio station building, many staff members, who Zhang Ye did not know, were looking at him. Some were even pointing at him.

“That’s Zhang Ye!”

“He is the one? Haha.”

“Did you see Weibo yesterday? Too awesome!”

There was even a youth from the human resources department who waved at Zhang Ye, “Teacher Zhang, you came? Good morning.”

Zhang Ye blinked, clearly not knowing him, but he still politely greeted back, “How are you? Good morning.” Great, I must have become famous again. However, Zhang Ye, who wanted to be famous even in his dreams, was not very happy today. He bitterly smiled because he knew that this was infamy. As he approached his office, he felt more perturbed. *Cough*, he didn’t know how the Leader would dispose of him.

Upon entering the office, everyone was already there.

“Ah, Teacher Zhang!” Xiaofang was the first to see him.

Teacher Feng, who was about to retire soon, said with some resentment, “Young man, you... Why are you so impulsive?”

Other people either laughed or glanced over. Their looks became complicated when they looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said, “Teacher Feng, it’s not that I’m impulsive. It’s just that someone was pushing it too far. He scolded me on Weibo for no rhyme or reason. He even led his fans to curse at me. How could I not fight back?” Don’t look at him writing poems and novels; in fact, those did not show his true side. He was extremely nationalistic and cursed at any grievance under the sky. This was this fellow’s true nature. He was just a very ordinary villainous person. He was not as noble as how people thought him to be.

“Right, where’s Tian Bin?” Zhang Ye began looking.

Teacher Feng hesitated with an odd look before saying, "He's been hospitalized. He's on leave today."

"Hospitalized?" Zhang Ye felt nervous. Don't tell me this bro had agitated him into such a state? That can't be, right?

Someone from the editing department said, "Little Zhang, you are definitely in trouble this time. Director Zhao said for you to look for him the moment that you reached the unit."

Zhang Ye said innocently, "I didn't cause any trouble. All of you should have seen. It was Teacher Tian who threw the first stone. You can't blame me for his hospitalization, right? Hai, the saying is so apt, NO-ZUO, NO-DIE."

Xiaofang was stunned, "What does it mean?"

The other people were also curious, "Is it English? No? Die? What was that?"

Zhang Ye explained, "If you read it together... If you don't seek death, you won't die."

Teacher Feng spat out the water he had just drunk from his white porcelain mug upon hearing this. He began coughing, "That mouth of yours sure is wicked!"

Everyone, "How do you speak English at home!?"

NO-ZUO? NO-DIE? Upon hearing this, Wang Xiaomei, who was usually reticent, was also amused. After clearing her throat and wiping her smile, she went back to work.

Turning around, Zhang Ye bitterly laughed to hide his anxiousness as he walked towards the Leader's office. He knocked on the door twice.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Zhang Ye!"

"...Come in!"

Upon hearing Zhang Ye's name, the tone from inside immediately turned unfriendly.

Zhang Ye carefully entered the room and saw Zhao Guozhou watering the flowers by the window sill. He closed the door and said, "Leader, I heard Editor Zhou say you were looking for me?"

Zhao Guozhou said hoarsely, "Do you know why I'm looking for you?"

"I don't know?" Zhang Ye feigned ignorance, "Is it about the recording of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? Don't worry, I'll finish recording them today. The recorded program can be broadcast for more than a month without a problem."

Zhao Guozhou turned speechless, "Are you playing dumb with me?"

Zhang Ye could only admit his faults, "Leader, I know I wasn't entirely in the right yesterday, but it was Tian Bin who first scolded me as a villainous person intoxicated by success. He even fanned the flames to get his fans to curse at me. Tell me, what should I have done? I could not have pretended to not see it, right?"

Zhao Guozhou said angrily, "He has his faults! You, too, have your own faults! No matter what, Tian Bin did not use a single vulgarity, right? What about you? Look at what you posted! Yesterday, the station's Leader even called my home! He asked me what was going on! Do you know how great an effect that has brought to the station? Eh?" Zhao Guozhou placed the watering pot down and said, "You do not need to explain any further. I'll write you down with a demerit mark. Well, then... Write a self-reflective essay. I'll decide after seeing the self-reflective essay. If your attitude is still incorrect, I'll add on more punishments. It's your choice!"

Zhang Ye was not willing to do it, "Director Zhao, I'll accept the demerit mark. However, I will not write the self-reflective essay, because I do not think I did anything wrong!"

Zhao Guozhou angrily said, "You still want to legitimize your cursing?"

"But Weibo is my personal space. I had also stated that whatever I said was my personal opinion and, as such, has nothing to do with the unit!" Zhang Ye quibbled. How old was he, for him to still write a self-reflective essay!? He was not an elementary student anymore. Zhang Ye would definitely not agree to it, as this was about his principles and dignity!

"You are still quibbling?" Zhao Guozhou stared at him.

"You can give me any punishment, but I will definitely not write the self-reflective essay!" Zhang Ye said firmly.

Zhao Guozhou nodded, "Alright, then I'll leave your bonus for next month on the backburner. I'll hand out the bonus only after you turn in the self-reflective essay!"

Deducting his bonus?

What a joke! How can a bonus compare with anything!?

Zhang Ye said without thinking, "I'll immediately write the self-reflective essay! I'll pass it to you in a while!"

Zhao Guozhou, "..."

Chapter 34: Rejecting the Leader!

At work.

Zhang Ye began working, so off to the recording studio he went.

This matter was neither really trivial, nor huge. There were hosts on television stations who had cursed using vulgarities on Weibo, too. In the end, they were also fine. They, too, were given a warning and some disciplinary measures were meted out. After finishing writing the self-reflective essay, this matter was considered to have a simple end to it. Of course, it was not that simple. For a short period of time, Zhang Ye still had to behave himself by tucking his tail between his legs to slowly let the effects wear off. There was no other way out. Did anyone ask him to curse on Weibo so vehemently? He had even cursed to the point of Tian Bin being hospitalized. He had to pay the cost of having so much fun.

One hour...

Three hours...

Zhang Ye ended the first "Ghost Blows Out the Light" book. As for the sequel, "Ghost Blows Out the Light 2", Zhang Ye was not prepared to narrate it. This was because he felt it was a lot worse than the first one. Zhang Ye did not want to take the risk, as it could affect his listenership rates. So he decided to just call it a day.

It had finally ended.

Phew, Zhang Ye felt like a huge burden had lifted off his chest. The remaining recording tapes were enough for "Late-night Ghost Stories" to be broadcast for the next one to two months. He no longer need to work overtime from day to night. He could finally take a break.

Lunch time.

At the canteen downstairs, it was crowded.

"Master, I want fried eggplant, fried meat and two bowls of rice." After Zhang Ye received his wage and bonus, he decided not to eat instant noodles anymore. Finally, he was able to order a big meal at the canteen. Actually, their canteen's food was pretty good and cheap. Furthermore, there was a meal allowance in their salary. Zhang Ye was not in need of that cash. When he handed the 11 Yuan to the chef, Zhang Ye felt like he was like a tycoon spending lavishly. This meal was so extravagant!

"Little Zhang." a person called out.

After Zhang Ye received his meal, he looked towards where the voice came from, "You are?"

The secretary of the station's Leader called him over, "Station Head Jia invites you over."

Zhang Ye was puzzled. As such, he followed the secretary to a small cafeteria at the back. It was also a large lobby, but there were small partitions that separated the spaces. Right, it was similar to restrooms. Typically, only station leaders or channel directors or deputy directors had the right to sit in these small dining rooms for their meals. Previously, the small cafeteria was given special treatment. Things were done more exquisitely and fine, but as the higher-ups sent a note down to promote thriftiness, the special cafeteria was removed. The Leaders shared their meals together with everyone.

In a partition.

Zhao Guozhou and Deputy Station Head Jia were sitting opposite one another. There was another Leader sitting beside whom Zhang Ye did not know.

"Station Head Jia, Director Zhao," Zhang Ye stood there holding his meal, "Are you looking for me?"

Zhao Guozhou pressed his hands down, "Sit down, Little Zhang. Let's eat together. Station Head Jia has something to discuss with you. Let's talk as we eat."

Deputy Station Head Jia was a little old man. Back when Zhang Ye participated in the recording of "Talk About the World", encountering the suicide problem, Deputy Station Head Jia had also come. He had thus met Zhang Ye once. Hearing Deputy Station Head Jia put down his chopsticks as he smiled like a chrysanthemum flower with his wrinkled face, "I saw you queuing up for lunch when I was walking over. So, I got my secretary to call you over. How is it? I heard your program is almost done recording?"

Zhang Ye said without inhibitions, "It's already done recording."

Zhao Guozhou praised, "Little Zhang had worked overtime for quite a number of days. He recorded dozens of episodes continuously. He's very hardworking."

Deputy Station Head Jia acknowledged tersely before changing his tone, "The only thing that wasn't well-done was yesterday's matter, right? Weibo may be your private zone, but your verified status also indicates our radio station. You are a public figure, so everything you say and do must be done with propriety, in consideration of the possible effects!"

Zhang Ye admitted his fault, "Leader, it won't happen again."

After criticizing Zhang Ye a bit, the leader sitting by the side, who Zhang Ye did not know, pulled out a document.

Deputy Station Head Jia took it and gave a look before nodding. He handed the document to Zhang Ye, "I was looking for you because of the publication of "Ghost Blows Out the Light". You are also lucky, as the station has decided to help you deal with matters of publication."

Zhang Ye was surprised, "Publication? Our radio station has a publication division?"

Deputy Station Head Jia said, "We don't, but we do all the work with helping you connect with publishers. This is the power of attorney. Take a look. If you are fine with it, then sign it. A staff specially in charge of contracting the publishing and marketing for "Ghost Blows Out the Light" will contact you when the time comes. You do not need to worry much. Also, we will give you quite a high price. 20,000 for the book!"

Zhang Ye was shocked, "20,000? Selling all the copyright?"

Deputy Station Head Jia did not seem pleased with Zhang Ye's reaction, "Of course, we are buying the copyright. A rookie usually would not even be given any royalties. Also, as the risk is greater, how is 20,000 little? You are a rookie who has never had any experience publishing. 20,000 for the book's copyright is a very high price. If you get to know the market, you will understand.

Understand my ass!

You think I'm a f**king retard?

In fact, Zhang Ye was not intending to publish his novels in the short term. He knew his roots were in the radio station. He wanted to do his job well at the radio station, producing good results and becoming famous. There was no hurry in publishing until further in the future. But even if he was not in a hurry to publish, he was also a bit unhappy. Why isn't anyone contacting me for the publication of such a good novel? Are the publishers dumb? Only through Deputy Station Head Jia's words did Zhang Ye finally understand. It was not that the publishers did not eye his novel. They had definitely gone through the radio station first, but the station had never informed him about it. They did not seek his opinion and wanted to first create a power of attorney. The power of attorney had many words. It was about seven to eight pages long. Upon scanning it, the general meaning of it was to hand all the copyright of "Ghost Blows Out the Light", including, but not limited to, the simplified and traditional Chinese movie adaptation, as well as the television drama adaptation, to the radio station. Finally, Zhang Ye would receive a one-time copyright fee of 20,000 Yuan for each novel.

Give it to you? Do you think I'm sick!?

You do not have a publishing division and are just an intermediary. You are taking my copyright to sell to another publisher to earn the intermediary fee for nothing. Why wouldn't I look for a publisher myself? And 20,000 for the book? I would not sell even if it was 200,000 for the book! Are you trying to wave off a beggar?

Zhang Ye knew the station was conning him. Deputy Station Head Jia must have already made an agreement with the publisher. For example, after obtaining Zhang Ye's copyright, they would sell it to the publisher for ten times or more. They might also sign a royalty agreement with the publisher, obtaining revenue according to the sales. From the results of "Ghost Blows Out the Light", it was definitely not a problem to sell at least 200,000 copies of the simplified Chinese edition. How much money was that? Also, if the copyright was in the hands of the radio station, then the revenue would be all theirs. Zhang Ye would have no right to receive any royalties. The most maddening thing was that they were even grabbing the copyright to the movie and television drama versions of "Ghost Blows Out the Light". Isn't this a rip-off?

Zhang Ye said in a euphemistic manner, "Sorry, Leader, I do not intend on publishing it."

Deputy Station Head Jia's no longer no happy, "This is for your own good. We are trying to help your book do well and also make you famous!"

Zhao Guozhou frowned, "Little Zhang, are you thinking of contacting a publisher yourself?"

The faces of the other three Leaders by the side turned ashened, as they said bluntly towards Zhang Ye, "You are still in your probationary phase. The station thinks highly of you, so we are giving you a platform for your development, yet you are ungrateful towards it? Don't forget that your "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was promoted by our station's programs. Our station has already produced a lot of momentum for you. You want to skip over the station to publish? Then shall we count how much the publicity costs?" There was no doubt that there was a threat in his tone!

If Zhang Ye did not hear this, it would have been fine. But upon hearing this, he was further angered. Aren't your words a bit unreasonable? Publicity costs? Then let me ask you, how did the novels in "Late-night Ghost Stories" come about in the past? Weren't they all very popular supernatural novels on the market? The station was using their novels' momentum to hold on to the listeners. They had even paid a considerable amount of copyright fees to the novel's author. So why have the roles been reversed when it came to me? You aren't paying me money, but now, I have to pay? Right, I'm a staff of the station. I have the responsibility and obligation. That was why I used my novel to help draw in the audience for the station. From the beginning to the end, did I say anything about the copyright fees? I did not want the money, but how did it end up being me needing to pay publicity fees? And you are forcefully buying all my copyright?

Zhang Ye suppressed all his anger in his heart. He also knew that it was not good to go against the Leaders, so he could only say, "I do not intend to publish myself. I've already said, I really do not intend on publishing."

The Leader stared widely, "Then you can think about it now!"

Zhang Ye in a thick-skinned manner, "I do not have any such plans in the short term. Sorry, Leader!"

Zhao Guozhou looked at him, "Little Zhang! Have you really thought through it?" He was actually not surprised that Zhang Ye would not sell his copyright. This rascal was a person who said he would rather die than write a self-reflective essay. However, at the moment the mention of his bonus being deducted, this money-faced man had handed over a self-reflective essay in two minutes. To pull money out of a miser's hands would surely be extremely difficult.

As they were speaking, they got the attention of quite a number of people nearby. Those people were listening to them talk.

Deputy Station Head Jia laughed and seemed to be magnanimous, "Young people are indeed stubborn. Alright, the copyright is yours. If you do not want to use your copyright, the station will not force you!"

Since the three of them had finished their meal, they stood up and left.

Zhao Guozhou pointed at Zhang Ye and said softly, "You man, you!" Only he knew how much thought the station had gone through regarding the "Ghost Blows Out the Light" copyright. In the past, the scope of miscellaneous business was limited to the copyright of audio books or copyright agreements with some websites. They would sell the radio station's high-quality audio resources; however, the revenue obtained from this was not a lot, so it was not a major development. This time, with Zhang Ye's novel being so popular, the station's leaders had seen another opportunity. As such, they created this false pretense of the power of attorney, hoping to gobble down the copyright to "Ghost Blows Out the Light", so that they could develop and expand their other forms of income, other than advertising. But who knew that Zhang Ye refused without a second thought!

Deputy Station Head Jia may have made it sound unimportant, but Zhang Ye knew that things were not that simple. He was afraid that the station was about to apply some underhanded punishment!

But so what?

If I'm not selling, it means I'm not selling!

Are you trying to steal the fruits of my labor without spending anything? Isn't this robbery!? Even if the station found a reason to fire Zhang Ye, Zhang Ye still had something left to say, which was the line in "The Song of the Stormy Petrel" – Let the tempest come strike harder! I don't give a f**k who you are!

Chapter 35: Hosting a New Segment!

Afternoon break.

News was spreading within the Literature Channel.

"Old Wang, did you hear? Zhang Ye is done for."

"Ah? How can that be? Aren't his program ratings very high?"

"It's useless, no matter high it is. He's not a pillar of the station, so would not having him matter?"

"Is it because of the cursing incident? That can't be! Hasn't the Leader already meted out punishment to him?"

“Because of the publishing of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, the station wanted to buy over the copyright. However, Zhang Ye was unimpressed, so he didn’t sell it. The leader was embarrassed. If it was just any other Leader, it wouldn’t be so bad, but this is Deputy Station Head Jia we are talking about. The station’s Leader. If they would let him off, that would be strange!”

“Aiyo, there’s such an incident?”

“Right, he’s done for.”

“It can’t be that bad?”

“Cutting off the station’s profit and long-drawn plans, how can it not be that bad? Watch, the Leader will do him in; they won’t groom him any further.”

“Oh, what a shame. This kid’s cultural upbringing is very good; he’s a good sapling.”

“I knew this day was coming. Zhang Ye doesn’t know his place. He’s a good person, but too stubborn. When you join the working world, how can your principles be that important anymore? He should know where to compromise and give in, otherwise he will suffer sooner or later. His “The Song of the Stormy Petrel” was indeed good. I also approve of his literary skills, but that’s only literature, only a poem. Work is still work; when you have to give in, you have to give in. Otherwise, if he follows his poem’s “Let the tempest strike harder”, he wouldn’t need to come in to work anymore. He would have offended all sorts of people.”

The radio station is big, but its social circle is small. With a little hearsay, everyone heard the news.

When Zhang Ye came back, he was surprised to see Tian Bin. His hand was wrapped up in gauze, like he had suffered an injury.

The moment he saw Zhang Ye, Tian Bin gritted his teeth, like he had wanted to bite at him. But subsequently, Tian Bin was smiling again, like he was witnessing a joke. He’d had a few drinks the day before and was not clear-minded, so he picked on Zhang Ye on Weibo and even encouraged his fans to curse at him. Who would have known that in the end, he and his fans were out-cursed by Zhang Ye. In his anger, Tian Bin smashed the ashtray beside his hands and accidentally cut himself. He even had to go to the hospital to get a few stitches. Tian Bin was so angry that he wanted to murder Zhang Ye, but who knew that when he arrived at the unit at noon, a surprise awaited him. Zhang Ye had offended the Leader. This was what’s called retribution; at least, that is what Tian Bin thought. His anger from before had also dissipated.

“Teacher Zhang!” Xiaofang rushed forward, “They said that you.....”

Zhang Ye waved her away, “Carry on with your work. I’ve finished recording the broadcast; go straighten it out.”

Teacher Feng, who was on good terms with him, also came forward, pulled him aside to a corner and spoke in a whisper, “Did you really offend the station’s Leader?”

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, “I guess so.”

Teacher Feng concernedly asked, “You are really great. If the station wants your copyright, just sell it off to them. It’s okay to earn less; after all, your future’s here in radio hosting. If you don’t sell, are you prepared to resign?”

Zhang Ye replied unconcerned “Why should I resign? The copyright belongs to me. If the station wants to shortchange me, I won’t sell. I did nothing wrong.”

Teacher Feng was at a loss for words, “You don’t want to stay on? Do you think you can still stay on?”

“Why not?” Zhang Ye rebutted, “Not only will I stay on, I even want to do well.” Such was his temper; he would not have it any other way.

Teacher Feng shook his head, but didn’t say anything further.

Being a radio host, Zhang Ye had pondered repeatedly before applying for the job. Of course, he wouldn’t resign because he had yet to achieve the results and experience. The late-night segment exploded into a well-known program? This result was not enough. Although the late-night program brought together many people, the audience base was still too little. As for those poems? At most, they could let Zhang Ye get around; it could not continuously bring him experience, nor fame. Zhang Ye’s focus was still to gain more fame through using the radio station. At the very least, he had to win an award. This would be the very foundation needed for him to become famous in the future. Zhang Ye’s horizons were very wide; naturally, he would not be stuck in the radio station. But deep inside, he knew that he couldn’t make it without them. Right now, he would like to join the TV station, but that would require them to want him. Even if it was him, he could not become a TV host. The TV station was at least ten times more competitive than the radio station. Lots of people were queuing up to join the TV station, so why would they want him? Based on this height? Based on this image? Bull***t! Even if he worked backstage all his life, it wouldn’t be his turn. So what if he had talent? Even with the cultural support he had from his world, it would have little effect. To be a TV host, not only do you need cultural learnings, but also a mixture of strength and qualifications. This is why Zhang Ye felt the basics in the radio station were very important. He needed to hone his skills here, before he can continue to climb up!

Suddenly, Zhao Guozhou entered the office.

“Director Zhao.”

“Director.”

A few people hurriedly greeted. Tian Bin did so, too.

Zhao Guozhou looked at Tian Bin, “How’s your injury?”

Tian Bin quickly said, “It’s not a problem; it was just a laceration. A few stitches was all it needed.”

With a terse acknowledgement, Zhao Guozhou glanced at Zhang Ye, who was sitting at this seat. Suddenly, he clapped to attract the attention of everyone, “Everyone, put down your work. I have two disciplinary matters to settle.” Looking at Tian Bin, “Little Tian, although you are injured, I still need to give you a verbal reprimand. I have already received your self-reflective essay. Your attitude is pretty good. In consideration of your hard work and working attitude in the past, only one month of your bonus will be deducted. Never again!”

Tian Bin promised, "It won't happen again."

"Also, Zhang Ye." Although Zhang Ye had been dealt with, Zhao Guozhou suddenly went back on his word. "Little Zhang, your behavior was extremely bad. You used vulgarities and not only did you scold your own colleague, you even scolded the listeners who have always been supportive of us. You have caused an indelible effect on our station. The station's management are also taking this very seriously and have decided to revoke Zhang Ye's position as the host of "Late-night Ghost Stories". He will become a stand-in host. The position will be taken up by Tian Bin. Here, I also want to warn everyone to remember that every word and action you do is representative of our station's image!"

Many people had already guessed it!

However, there were still people who could not believe that the punishment dealt to Zhang Ye was so severe!

Tian Bin was the most delighted person amongst them all. He immediately said, "Thank you, Leader. I promise that I will not disappoint the trust the station has put in me!"

Zhang Ye also never expected the station to be ruthless. "Director Zhao, then will 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' be taken off-air?"

Zhao Guozhou said indifferently, "Why would it be taken off-air? Haven't you already finished recording? Once 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' ends its broadcast, the next ghost story will be broadcasted by Tian Bin!"

Finished recording?

This was pretty much slaughtering the donkey after it has done its job at the mill!

Zhang Ye was vexed. This bro had worked overtime until 2-3 A.M. in the night every day over the past few days. He nearly did it without rest, but all he got in return was this? Not giving me the royalties I deserve, removing me from my post, yet still continuing to use my program to gain listenership for the station? One shouldn't kill after one has apologized! But what could he say? He was without any background or power. He could say nothing and could only blame himself. He had used vulgarities on Weibo, causing others to have something on him. Zhang Ye was a person who had a good memory. In the future, if he encountered something on the internet like this again, he would definitely...definitely carry on cursing!

This was Zhang Ye!

No one could stop him with something he wanted to do!

"I have finished announcing the disciplinary matters. That would be all." Zhao Guozhou was about to leave.

At this moment, no one expected Wang Xiaomei to stand forward, "Director Zhao, I saw the Weibo incident too. Even though Teacher Zhang had his faults, this matter was instigated by Teacher Tian. If the punishment for Teacher Zhang was so severe, I think it should be done so equally. We shouldn't let Teacher Tian go on a segment, right?"

Zhang Ye was a rookie who had no experience. His performance was just above-average. However, Wang Xiaomei was different. She was the number one person of the Literature Channel. She was also a supporting pillar of the Beijing Radio Station. The words she said certainly had pull!

Tian Bin's face flushed red and white. However, he did not dare open his mouth, as it wasn't his time and place.

Zhao Guozhou stared deeply at Wang Xiaomei, "Teacher Xiaomei, no matter what problems Little Tian has, he did not scold anyone. He had still paid attention to the repercussions."

Wang Xiaomei said, "Then I think this punishment is not fair. If Teacher Tian can go on segment, then Teacher Zhang should be given a chance to mend his ways."

Teacher Feng hesitated before looking up, "My 'Old and Young Story Club' is about to be axed. I heard that the station has arranged for other segments to replace it. However, there should be about a dozen or so more episodes to be recorded. I have already begun the retirement procedures last week. It is quite pointless for me to host it any further. Why not let Teacher Little Zhang host my segment? I'm already old. My body is also not good. I really don't have the energy to carry on broadcasting."

Zhao Guozhou's eyebrows ticked, "Old Feng, there should be a beginning and an end. You have already broadcast your segment for five years. You want to give up at the final critical moment?"

Teacher Feng sighed, "I think it's best to hand it over to the young people. I only want to retire peacefully now."

After a few seconds of silence, Zhao Guozhou could only say, "Alright, then. In that case, tomorrow, Little Zhang will host 'Old and Young Story Club'." Since the segment had only about a dozen days left, it was pretty meaningless.

Tian Bin and many others felt the same, too. It was meaningless.

However, Zhang Ye did not agree. At this moment, he felt warmth in his heart. An indescribable feeling surged from deep within his heart. He had never expected that someone would help him at this moment. After Zhao Guozhou left, Zhang Ye rushed to Wang Xiaomei's table, "Teacher Wang, thank you very much."

Wang Xiaomei said without expression, "You had helped me relieve the problem on my program last time. Treat it as me returning the favor."

"Thank you." After saying that, Zhang Ye went to Teacher Feng, "Teacher Feng, thank you very much. I really do not know what to say."

Teacher Feng laughed, "Retiring tomorrow is also retiring. Retiring a dozen days later is also retiring. What difference is that to me? You don't have to thank me. In fact, I can't help you much. You are, in my opinion, the best sapling in the station. Don't blame me for always nagging you. In fact, I actually like that bad temper of yours. You are identical to when I was young. Hehe. I also do not wish to see you being put down like that. My segment will be handed over to you tomorrow. This segment is my child. You must treat it well. Even though it will be taken off-air in a dozen or so episodes, you must do it diligently. Can you agree to that?"

Immediately, Zhang Ye felt a heavy burden. He said confidently, "I can agree to that!"

Chapter 36: The Legendary Jinx!

Afternoon.

The air-conditioning in the office had broken down.

"This crappy air-con, why can't it start?"

"Teacher Wu, is the power line properly plugged in?"

"It's still connected. It just can't be switched on. Phew, it's so hot!"

In the morning, a veteran broadcaster, Wu Datao, had tinkered with it all day without fixing it. He could not handle the heat well, so after fussing with it until his body was covered he sweat, he eventually gave up. He turned his head to look at the people in the office. The clerk was not around. Everyone else was busy with their work. All of them were broadcasting hosts. As such, he looked towards Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, the air-con is spoilt. Go downstairs to the front desk and get them to contact Maintenance."

Zhang Ye looked back, "Don't we just need to make a phone call?"

Wu Datao said, "We don't have Maintenance's telephone number here. Also, we need to fill in a maintenance request form at the front desk to tell them which air-con it is."

Zhang Ye was unwilling to do so, "I'm still busy. I'll get to it in a while."

Wu Datao no longer called Zhang Ye 'Teacher Little Zhang'. Back then, he could chat with Zhang Ye. He had also complimented him when Zhang Ye's segment became popular. However, now, his attitude had completely changed. He ordered him around like a normal clerk. According to what Zhang Ye heard, he had good personal ties with Zhao Guozhou and was a close associate of Director Zhao. There was even talk that said that he was related to Director Zhao's wife.

Li Si came back over there. He was holding onto a basket of letters. It was as if they had all discussed this beforehand, as he came to Zhang Ye and said, "Little Zhang, the letters from the listeners are here. Find yours and then give the rest to everyone."

Zhang Ye retorted, "Giving them out? Me?"

Li Si said, "I still have other things to do."

After putting down the basket, he left. A few days back, Li Si had already taken a softer stance with Zhang Ye. He had taken the initiative to greet Zhang Ye. After all, the power was in the victor. But now, with Zhang Ye offending the Leader, not only was Zhao Guozhou provoked, he had even offended the station's Leader. Li Si's attitude had reverted back to that of the past.

Tian Bin also chimed in, as he pointed towards the water fountain beside Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, we are running out of water soon. In a while, go change it since you don't have any work to do now."

Everybody is hitting a man while he is down!

Zhang Ye let out a sneer!

It was as if the entire office's attitude towards Zhang Ye had changed immediately. Other than three other people, Wang Xiaomei, Teacher Feng and Xiaofang, the rest had all begun bossing him around. If they did not do that, they would ignore him. They did not say anything or greet Zhang Ye when they saw him. It was as if he did not exist. They were all experienced employees. So how could they not be aware of what was happening? The station was intending to strike down Zhang Ye. They did not fire him, despite removing him from his hosting program. This was to teach him a lesson, so as to let him obediently hand the copyright to "Ghost Blows Out the Light" over to the station. However, those who had come into contact with Zhang Ye over the past few days knew that with Zhang Ye's stubborn temper, he would never agree to it.

Hence, in everyone's opinion, Zhang Ye's career as a broadcaster had come to an end. No one could save him. So why would they need to establish good relationships with him? Firstly, it was not necessarily. Secondly, they had to do so. They were completely different from Wang Xiaomei and Teacher Feng. Teacher Xiaomei was a pillar of support for the station. The station's management attached great importance to her, so no one would dare touch her. Teacher Feng was about to retire in a few days. He was also an old comrade that had worked in the station for decades. So everyone had to give him face. Besides, he was about to retire, so what could you do? The other people were different. They still had to carry on working under Deputy Station Head Jia and Director Zhao for a long time to come. Since the Leader had ordered a "gag order", would they mingle with Zhang Ye in a friendly manner? Do you think they felt they had lived too long?

In an afternoon, Zhang Ye could be said to have been bossed around everywhere.

Xiaofang, who had just returned after finishing her work, saw how Zhang Ye was treated the moment she entered the office. Her eyes turned red with anger!

"Little Zhang, what's the matter with you?"

"Didn't I get you to change the water jug?"

"Since you don't have any work now, why are you putting on airs?"

Wu Datao and Tian Bin began echoing each other. Even Li Si, who was a small assistant, looked down on Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye had been completely marginalized!

Teacher Feng could not take it any longer, "Aren't all of you also very free? If you have the energy to boss others around, why don't you make the phone call to solve it yourself?"

"Teacher Feng, you are still speaking up for him?" Wu Datao was also annoyed by Zhang Ye. "Look at him; does he even look like he is giving the respect a rookie should give to an elder?"

Xiaofang was also bursting with anger, "All of you are just taking advantage of your seniority to bully others!"

Tian Bin had also endured Xiaofang for a long time, "Do you think a lowly clerk like you has the right to speak?"

After being shouted at, Xiaofang nearly teared up. She felt wronged!

Zhang Ye's temper also began boiling. This was the first time he opened his mouth, "What are you shouting for!? Just because your voice is loud!? If you have anything to say, say it right at me! Why are you oppressing a young lady!? Say it at me! Come!" Zhang Ye slammed the table. He turned the atmosphere tense. Immediately, there was silence!

"You..." Tian Bin did not shout back at Zhang Ye. He was mentally scarred after the war of words last night. He knew he could not win against Zhang Ye in a battle of words.

The sound of footsteps could be heard as Zhao Guozhou came out from his office, "I could hear all of you shouting from outside! What are you doing? Do you think this is a house that belongs to all of you!? This is an office! It is where you work!"

Although he had used the words "all of you", Zhang Ye knew that he was saying it to him. Heh, I ignored all of you, and to think all of you thought there was no end to it? Any Tom, Dick and Harry wants to step on me? Did I provoke all of you!? Zhang Ye did not shout back at Zhao Guozhou. In that second, he recalled the item that he had obtained from the Lottery a few days ago. It was the one-time consumable item he had obtained while recording in front of the sponsors, the "Unlucky Halo". Actually, Zhang Ye did not understand the use of such an item. He had not planned on using it. However, he wanted to try using it today. As such, he opened his game ring's interface and took out the black angel-like halo from his inventory. He followed the instructions to wear it on his head. The halo began spinning, as an invisible wave spread out into the surroundings, forming a large domain!

Ding!

[Unlucky Halo in Effect!]

[Effective for 5 minutes. Countdown begins!]

The item's description was, "Triggering certain conditions will allow everyone around the player to enter a state of bad luck."

Zhang Ye wanted to see what the condition was. After using it, he looked towards the people around him. However, he realized nothing had changed. Everyone was still fine.

What the heck?

The item had no effect?

One minute later, Zhao Guozhou left.

Just as Zhang Ye was feeling depressed over it, Wu Datao turned forceful once again. The air-conditioner was still not working after he tinkered with it. He shouted, "Zhang Ye, are you going or not!?"

Zhang Ye retorted back, "Don't you have legs?"

"Kid, are you picking a quarrel?" Wu Datao raged. However, just as he was about to reprimand Zhang Ye, sparks from the air-conditioner's power source jumped out. It was as if it had short-circuited. With a buzz, it splashed onto Wu Datao's hands. Wu Datao gave out a terrifying cry as his body tensed up for a second. Only after the current left his body did he slump to the ground. Some of his hair was standing from being electrocuted. He was dazed from the shock!

“Aiyah!”

“Teacher Wu! How are you?”

“This crappy air-con! I already said we should have changed it!”

Li Si pointed at Zhang Ye as he reprimanded, “Teacher Wu told you to go to the front desk to file the maintenance report! But you didn’t go! Look at what happened!?”

Just as Li Si finished speaking, the glass pane on the window beside him shattered without any warning. A fluorescent-colored rubber ball had flown in. It was one of those balls that could bounce up very high when thrown at the ground. Some naughty child must have thrown it, downstairs. Unfortunately, it had smashed into their office’s window, straight into Li Si’s forehead. As the elasticity of the rubber ball was very great, a thud, followed by a painful cry, was heard as Li Si fell to the ground!

“Li Si!”

“Who threw it!”

“Are you alright?”

Tian Bin took this opportunity to shout at Zhang Ye, “Look at what you have done! All of this is because of you!”

Li Si’s forehead was bleeding slightly. The glass fragments had cut him, but it was not very serious.

Zhang Ye laughed with anger, “Because of me? A child throwing something downstairs is because of me? The electrical leakage of the air-con is because of me? Everything that goes wrong is because of me? What sort of logic is that!?”

Just as Tian Bin was about to shout again, the water fountain beside him, which did not have much water left in it, let out an explosive sound. Boom. The pipe broke and boiling hot water from within came splashing down onto Tian Bin’s feet. Tian Bin yelled out, as he fell to the ground, while holding his foot. Thankfully, due to his clothes, he had not been badly scalded. However, after taking off his socks, he realized that a large portion of his foot was now red. He gritted his teeth from the pain!

“Ah!”

Outside, Tian Bin’s wife, who also worked in the station, happened to come in. Seeing her husband grimacing in pain on the ground in front of Zhang Ye, she immediately went into a craze without a second thought, “Zhang, what did you do!? You dare to hit someone?”

Teacher Feng immediately said, “It wasn’t Little Zhang!”

Tian Bin’s wife ignored it as she swung the plastic folder she held in her hands right at Zhang Ye! Before the folder could be thrown, she lost her balance. Her eight- or nine-centimeter high heels caused her body to form an angle with the ground. Bada! The heel broke. Tian Bin’s wife twisted her foot as she fell to the ground. She was wearing a skirt today. It was also a tight skirt, so this got good with a tearing sound. Tian Bin’s wife’s skirt tore. It went from bottom to top. A pair of red lacy underwear was suddenly exposed in front of everyone!

Tian Bin was dumbfounded!

Li Si was alarmed!

Wu Datao was dazed!

Everyone was stunned!

Zhang Ye heard the game ring indicating that the Unlucky Halo's effects had ended before he came around. As the person closest, he showed his humanitarian spirit. He quickly threw his overcoat onto where Tian Bin's wife had exposed herself. He, too, felt speechless. Immediately, he turned towards Tian Bin, Li Si and Wu Datao, "Are all of you alright? I have some bandaids here. Eh. Can you get up? Do you need to go to the hospital?" He now understood that the condition needed for the Unlucky Halo to work was if someone had taken the initiative to mess with the player. Nothing happened in the first minute. However, the moment Wu Datao found fault with him, and when Tian Bin and Li Si began oppressing Zhang Ye, the Unlucky Halo activated its effects!

As Zhang Ye spoke, no one answered!

Everyone was looking at Zhang Ye, as if he was Hades!

Teacher Wu got electrocuted? Li Si got hit by a bouncing ball from downstairs? Teacher Tian got hit to the floor by a water fountain? Teacher Tian's wife twisted her ankle by her own high heels? In that split second, many people recalled the strange incident of Tian Bin falling to the ground three times in the office. He had stepped on a lunch box lid! The fluorescent light tube's explosion!

It was too much a coincidence!

Are you a f**king jinx from the stars!?

In that instant, at least four colleagues who were beside Zhang Ye dodged to a distance about two meters away from him instinctively. No one dared to approach him!

Chapter 37: My Segment Will Not Go Off-air!

The next morning.

A superstition was spread through the unit by word of mouth.

"Hey, have you heard about Zhang Ye?"

"The one whose poem went in the papers? The one that cursed online?"

"Right, that's him. Everyone is saying he's odd. It's like he knows some evil mystic techniques!"

"Haha, what day and age is it? Why are you still so superstitious? How can that be? Even if his "Ghost Blows Out the Light" is so well-written, it is just a novel."

"You dont' know what happened at the Literature Channel? A few people who offended Zhang Ye all encountered bad luck. One got scalded by hot water, one got electrocuted by the air-con, another got hit by a bouncing ball from out the window and another one twisted her ankle because of her heels. And

finally, falling down repeatedly after a florescent light tube exploded. How do you explain this? Why were all those who did not offend him alright?"

"Ah? There was such a thing?"

"Why would I lie to you? Everyone is talking about it. Old Sun, if you see Zhang Ye in the future, stay far away from him. This guy is really strange!"

Two people in the Music Channel whispered.

This similar scene happened in many parts of the radio station.

Today, Zhang Ye showed up late. When he reached upstairs, people had already begun working, so the corridor was empty. When Zhang Ye reached the door to the Literature Channel's office, he heard Zhao Guozhou's voice coming from within. He pushed open the door, "Sorry, there was a traffic jam." This rascal, of course, was not in a traffic jam. He took the subway to work. He had overslept. It was also because he felt like slacking off at work. He was furious with the way the management and his colleagues had treated him. Since his segment had been taken away from him, he no longer had much passion for work.

The moment he appeared, the entire office turned silent!

Every pair of eyes landed on him!

Zhang Ye felt a bit creeped out as he gave a cough before returning to his seat. Only then did he see a youth standing beside Zhao Guozhou. He was about the same age as Zhang Ye. He was in his early twenties and was very handsome. He was the type that one would consider a standard good-looking guy. His hair was short, he was 1.8 meters tall and a bit thin.

Zhao Guozhou pretended that he did not see Zhang Ye, as he carried on, "I've already said what I need to say. Today, I'll introduce to everyone a newcomer, Jia Yan. He is a fresh graduate and his broadcasting ability is excellent. From today, everyone will be colleagues. When "Old and Young Story Club" finishes next week, that time slot will be replaced by a new segment, "Soaring Youth". This segment has been planned over a long period of time by the station, and having spent large amounts of money. The position of a broadcasting host will be handed over to Jia Yan. Teachers, please guide him, so that Little Jia can do well."

Everyone immediately applauded.

Jia Yan took the opportunity to speak, "Seniors, in the future, I hope you would correct me if there is anything I'm lacking with."

"Your office seat..." Zhao Guozhou searched around as he looked towards Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, go sit with Teacher Feng. Teacher Feng's desk is quite large, so grab a chair there. Little Jia, in the future, this will be your office desk. Work hard and don't let us down."

Jia Yan said, "Yes, I will, Director Zhao."

There were no more desks in the office, so Zhang Ye was thrown away.

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh deep down. Surprisingly, he did not say a word as he moved his stuff and stood up.

Just as Zhang Ye's items was about to lose balance to the point of nearly touching a passing-by Tian Bin's arm, it was as if Tian Bin was a cat that had its tail stepped on. His hair stood up as he hurriedly retreated away. The chair under his ass even pulled back with a screeching noise.

Zhang Ye, "...". He carried on walking.

When he walked pass Li Si, whose forehead was covered by a piece of gauze, he immediately turned sideways. It was as if there was a danger zone within a one-meter radius of Zhang Ye, so one needed to stay at least two meters away.

On his way, Zhang Ye sure felt it was lively. Everywhere he passed by, his colleagues would all dodge. It was as if they were shunning the plague!

Holy sh*t!

Must all of you go to that extent?

Zhang Ye was the person who felt most speechless!

Similarly, the newcomer, Jia Yan, was also speechless. He was unaware of what was happening, having just arrived at the unit. Seeing everyone's attitude towards Zhang Ye, he was wondering, "Just who is this man? Some people were unpopular, but who the f**k has seen such an unpopular person!? How unpopular are you?"

The newcomer's introduction carried on.

Zhang Ye was in no mood to listen as he whispered to Teacher Feng, "Sorry, Teacher Feng. Both of us need to squeeze together at a table. What the heck! Who is that person? It seems the Leader highly appreciates him?"

Teacher Feng whispered back, "I heard that he is a relative of Deputy Station Head Jia."

"Both of them have the surname, 'Jia'? No wonder." Zhang Ye was enlightened. He had been forced to his current state all because of Deputy Station Head Jia. Of course, he did not have a good impression of Jia Yan.

After completing the procedures, Jia Yan had officially entered the profession. He also rushed to form bonds with his colleagues. A few young ladies in the station even rushed forward to chat with him happily. Male colleagues also had a good chat with him. Without asking, all of them knew that he was a relative of Deputy Station Head Jia. Even if one did not build a good relationship with him, he was not someone they could afford to offend. If he were to speak ill of you in front of the Leader, then you would be in trouble.

"Little Jia, if you have anything you do not know, feel free to ask me."

"Sure thing, Teacher Wu. Sorry for troubling you."

"There's no need to stand on ceremony. We are a family the moment you entered this office."

Only Zhang Ye and a small minority of people ignored Jia Yan, as they did what they had to do.

Jia Yan was still alright in the beginning. After humbly interacting with his colleagues, he looked around and came to Teacher Feng, "May I ask if you are Teacher Feng?"

Teacher Feng nodded and shook hands with him, "That's me."

"Hello. The Leader has arranged for me to take over your segment, so I will need to consult you if there's anything I do not understand." Jia Yan said, smiling.

Teacher Feng smiled slightly, "Sure. No problem."

However, the tone in Jia Yan's next sentence changed, "I have already planned the theme for two episodes of the program. "Soaring Youth" is a show that has to do with stories and matters regarding youths and society, so I actually have a slight problem. As my theme is more pertinent to actual matters, you should know that the popularity of the topic is limited. After a while, it would lose its popularity, so it cannot be delayed. I heard from the station that you would be retiring. Hence, I'm asking for your opinion if I can begin broadcasting my program this coming Monday. If it is delayed another ten days or so, then what I've come up with might not be relevant anymore."

Teacher Feng, who was still holding his hand, turned stiff, "You are telling me to end "Old and Young Story Club" early?"

"That's my intention. Ending a show ten episodes early wouldn't make much of a difference. I think we should be looking forward. I also hope that my segment for that time slot would have a higher listenership rate." Jia Yan said in a dignified manner.

Teacher Feng's expression sank, "Impossible!"

Teacher Feng was the most senior person in the office. He was a nice guy and had always been well-liked. A few old comrades who had good relations with Teacher Feng could not bear listening any further.

"Little Jia, what's the meaning of this?"

"Are you trying to put on airs, having just arrived?"

"The ending to the segment was decided by the Leader; do you think you can change as you wish?"

Jia Yan hurriedly said, "Teachers, you have misunderstood what I meant. I absolutely do not have such a thought. I only want to make my segment do well. I have already told the Leader about my thoughts. The Leader told me to discuss it with Teacher Feng, so I came over to ask. The first two episodes really need to be expedited!"

Wang Xiaomei frowned, and said to him, "Expedited? Then why don't you adjust your own segment. If it's old, let it go. Can't you create something new? Why must you adjust someone else's segment?"

There were people who helped Jia Yan.

Tian Bin said, "Ending early or late will have the same outcome."

Wu Datao also said, "Little Jia is a newcomer. We should give him room for opportunities. The future world belongs to young people like him. It isn't such a serious matter, right?"

The sounds of sparse footsteps from outside could be heard.

"What's the matter? What's the ruckus about?" A management inspection team had arrived. The inspections by the higher-ups had no fixed schedule. It purely depended on the mood of the Leader. Every now and then they would take their rounds.

"Station Head Jia."

"Station Head Jia."

"Chief Zhang."

Everyone stood up.

Deputy Station Head Jia asked in a long tone, "What's going on?"

Jia Yan saw his grandfather but he pretended not to know him. He then explained what had happened.

Deputy Station Head Jia gave a long "Oh" and put his foot down, "The ending time of the segment was just preliminarily decided. It can be adjusted at any time. Since your segment has its requirements, then let's push it forward by a week." Looking towards Teacher Feng, "Old Feng, can you make way for the newcomer, please?"

What else could Teacher Feng say? His face turned pale with anger! Just as what he said to Zhang Ye, he had always treated his segment as his child. As its listenership had always been around last, there was no way to help it if it were to be axed. However, just because he was a relative of the station's Leader, the decided ending date was overturned? I still have not retired yet! Now you are sending me off already?

The matter was settled.

The inspecting management left.

Jia Yan got his wishes, "Sorry, Teacher Feng. My segment is really in a rush. Please don't bother about me. About the handing over of the segment..."

Zhang Ye very impolitely interrupted him. He was already mad while watching from the side. The moment he spoke, he said some harsh words, "'Old and Young Story Club' will be mine from today onwards. Anything you need to say should be said to me. However, you don't have to say any more, nor do you need to consider the handing over of segments. I can solemnly tell you that this segment, 'Old and Young Story Club' will not end its broadcast. From today forward, I will let the segment reach greater heights. As for you, take a number and honestly queue up. It's not your turn yet! In the future, it will still not be your turn either! So there's no need to be impatient!"

What?

"Old and Young Story Club" will not end its broadcast?

Tian Bin nearly laughed out loud after hearing this. Could you change what the Leader has already decided?

Jia Yan also found it ridiculous, "I've heard that you are the previous host of 'Late-night Ghost Stories', Zhang Ye, right? I really do not know what you are talking about!"

He did not know, neither did anyone else!

Would not hand it over? Would not end its broadcast? Are you dreaming!?

This is already a sure thing! How are you going to reverse the situation? Do you think you can let "Old and Young Story Club" go from last to first in listenership rates? Today was Wednesday! There were only five days left until Sunday! You have really made a hilarious joke! You really aren't afraid of saying anything?

Chapter 38: Zhang Ye narrates "Snow White"!

People scattered.

They all returned to their seats.

No one cared about the harsh words Zhang Ye said. This was because, be it Tian Bin, Jia Yan or Wang Xiaomei and company, everyone knew that it was impossible. Not even Zhang Ye, even a famous broadcasting host in the industry, with an extreme amount of fame would not be able to revive "Old and Young Story Club" from the dead in five days. Everyone worked in the same industry. They knew the limitations and bottlenecks of the segment. Why was "Old and Young Story Club" always low on the ratings? This was probably fated.

This segment was in the afternoon time slot, which was 12 noon to 1 P.M. The segment was to tell stories like children's fairy tales. From the moment the segment was established, it already had a pitfall and a limitation. As a result, this segment had never become popular. In recent years, it carried on returning low ratings.

Why? This was because it was no longer like years ago. There was too much information in present-day society. Communication methods and technology were improving by the day. People no longer used the radio to obtain information. Typically, children were still in school during this afternoon time slot, other than during Winter and Summer breaks. Those who were not in school, because they were too young, would not be able to understand the stories. Those who were in school did not have the time to listen. This created this awkward situation.

Furthermore, children's literature was becoming more and more downtrodden. Be it the quality or quantity of works, they were all decreasing. If one carefully counted, the more famous new fairy tales this year only included "Can Kites Fly?" and "Tong Tong's Day". However, these two stories could not be split up and broadcast over an entire year, right? Children might not even listen to it. The same old stories were listened to over and over again. Those which were famous had been heard by everyone. Those that were not famous were not well-liked by everyone. So in such an environment, who would listen to the radio?

Not only the Beijing Radio Station, even many radio stations all over the country were cancelling their children story segments. The market was as such. No one could reverse the situation.

Hence, Zhang Ye's words were treated as a joke. Many people did not even bother retorting. There was no meaning behind having an exchange and clarification.

"Little Zhang." Teacher Feng also said, "You really think so?"

Zhang Ye said in a determined fashion, "I didn't have this thought yesterday, but I have it now!" This rascal was a warrior. He was still resigning himself to despair before, but now, after seeing Deputy Station Head Jia and his family challenging him, his fighting spirit was rekindled. He was full of energy!

"You don't understand the situation." Teacher Feng wanted to explain it to him.

However, Zhang Ye refused to listen, "You don't have to speak any further. I do not need to understand the situation either. You don't have to care what I do. You just focus on your retirement procedures. Hand everything over to me. I, Zhang Ye, will guarantee you that 'Old and Young Story Club' will soar to even greater heights! I will not let your baby end in my hands! If you believe me, then don't leave the unit first. Aren't there still five days left? Five days is sufficient! See how I make our program do well! 'Soaring Youth'? I'll let that Jia Yan never be able to have his segment!"

Upon hearing that, Teacher Feng also felt a little excited, "You really can do it? But the segment's stories are all those fairy tales from the past. No matter how good your broadcasting skills are, everyone only cares about the story."

Zhang Ye flatly said, "Then I'll write my own stories!"

"You do not have children. You won't understand the mentality of children!" Teacher Feng cautioned him, "This is different from writing a novel or composing a poem!"

Zhang Ye was confident, "Wait and see. I'll make them not be able to speak a single word!"

"Alright, then go ahead and try. It's not early anymore. Let's go to the recording studio. On the way, I'll tell you things you need to pay attention to." Teacher Feng brought Zhang Ye along with him.

However, just as they took a few steps, Li Si came forward, "Teacher Feng, Teacher Jia just went to Recording Studio #3 to record his new segment. You will need to wait."

Teacher Feng's voice changed, "Which Teacher Jia?"

"It's Teacher Jia, Jia Yan." Li Si no longer spoke to Teacher Feng as respectfully as in the past. There was no need to for a person that was about to leave. As for Zhang Ye, there was even less need to do so, as he had been blacklisted by the Leader. "I actually told him that your segment had already reserved it, but Teacher Jia got an expedited approval from the Leader, so I had to give it to him. Well, Recording Studio #4 will be free in an hour."

Teacher Feng said angrily, "It will nearly be 12 noon soon! How can we record an hour later!? At that moment, it will be a live broadcast!"

"Please don't get angry at me. This was not decided by me." Li Si said.

Zhang Ye had already seen through him, as he appeared unfazed, "Teacher Feng, don't worry. Let's do a live broadcast today. I happen to like live broadcasts!"

Teacher Feng was unwilling, "This is the first time you are going on the segment. You have also never narrated such a story. If there's a mistake, you..."

"There won't be. I won't make a mistake!" Zhang Ye said to Li Si, "Reserve the live broadcast room for us!"

Li Si extremely disliked Zhang Ye's tone. But after the spooky event that happened yesterday, he did not dare to challenge Zhang Ye. He did not even dare to enter a two meters radius from him, so he could only obediently follow the instructions. As the saying goes, kind people will be bullied. After being aware of Zhang Ye's powers and sinister side, everyone became well-behaved. And Li Si was one of them. He did not wish to be hit in the forehead another time. His wound was still hurting right now!

...

Before noon.

Live broadcast studio #6.

Today, other than Zhang Ye and Teacher Feng, there was no one else. Everyone knew that Zhang Ye was doomed. This segment was also doomed. So naturally, no one had the mind to listen to their live broadcast.

It was still before the segment's scheduled time. Zhang Ye took this opportunity to open his game ring. After the war of words, his Reputation points had constantly increased. With the Reputation gained from yesterday's 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', Zhang Ye already had another 100,000 Reputation points today. Without any hesitation, he bought a "Memory Search Capsule". He searched through the fairy tales he had read when he was still young, reinforcing the memory!

One story!

Three stories!

Five stories!

The capsule's time was over!

Zhang Ye had a great harvest before he opened his eyes. His eyes were clear and sparkling.

"We are about to begin." Teacher Feng cautioned him. He began the countdown. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. He turned on the volume and said amiably, "Hello, children. It's our 'Old and Young Story Club' segment today again. I am your old friend, Grandpa Feng. Today, I will introduce a new friend to everyone. His name is Uncle Zhang Ye. The following story and segment will be told by Uncle Zhang."

Zhang Ye introduced himself, "Hello, children. I am Zhang Ye. You can call me Brother and you can also call me Uncle. Hehe."

After handing over the segment, Teacher Feng turned off his volume and signaled to Zhang Ye. As he walked out, he looked backwards. He did not remain in the live broadcasting studio. It was not that Teacher Feng was assured of Zhang Ye; in contrast, he was overly worried. As such, he did not even dare watch or listen, for his heart could not take it.

With Zhang Ye left alone, Zhang Ye felt even more calm!

“Old and Young Story Club” had a bottleneck? It had its limitations? Those were all excuses!

Zhang Ye did not believe in such crap. He still wanted to revive this segment! What was his method? It was to use the fairy tales from his world. His brain was filled with all sort of literature resources. Let’s not even talk about one story a day, he could even narrate ten stories a day for a full month without a hitch! Furthermore, every story would be something never heard of in this world! Zhang Ye had even specially checked on the internet. Just like “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, this world did not have the famous fairy tale authors like Hans Christian Anderson or the Brothers Grimm!

Lacking in children’s literature?

Others were worried, but he wasn’t! His whole being was a resource!

Zhang Ye began to speak the moment he opened his mouth. The Memory Search Capsule had allowed him to reproduce the fairy tales without missing a word. The speed at which he narrated was different from that of narrating “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. This was narrated to children, so the speed had to be done slowly. Furthermore, he could not use the tone of narrating a horror story. He had to use a soft and gentle tone. He even needed to pinch his throat to change his pitch, so as to let children feel closer to him. These basics had been completely learned by Zhang Ye when he was in college. Zhang Ye was not weaker than anyone else in these professional classes. He was only lacking a stage from which he could perform. Hence, for a person like him who had poor looks, he greatly valued work in the radio station. He needed to do well. He needed to reverse the situation with “Old and Young Story Club”. It was both for himself and also for Teacher Feng who had been kind to him!

“Today, I’ll tell you a children’s fairy tale. Once upon a time, long, long ago, a king and queen ruled over a distant land. Both of them wished for a child. So they sincerely prayed to God, ‘God! We are a good King and Queen. Please give us a child!’ Soon after that, the kind queen gave birth to a baby girl, who had skin white as snow, cheeks as red as apples...

The people of this world did not understand.

However, if anyone from Zhang Ye’s world heard this, they would definitely blurt it out. Yes, Zhang Ye was narrating the famous, and widely-known all around the world, fairy tale that everyone had heard before...”News Broadcast”!

Alright, let’s not joke!

Cough It was “Snow White and the Seven Dwarves”!

Chapter 39: Today it’s “The Emperor’s New Clothes”!

Thursday morning.

The previous day’s ratings were out.

The person who read out the ratings was not Director Zhao Guozhou, but newcomer Jia Yan. Clearly, Director Zhao was intending to groom him.

Jia Yan held the form as he said to everyone, "The Leader has given me this task. Actually, I'm quite nervous, as I keep thinking that announcing the ratings is a task that can offend people. Hehe." Tian Bin and Wu Datao kindly smiled with him to match up with him.

What was so funny?

Zhang Ye scoffed. He was thinking, "Aren't your laughing points too low? Anything makes you laugh?"

"First place, Talk About the World."

"Second place, Entertainment Daily."

"Third place, Late-night Ghost Stories."

The top rankings still remained the same. It was already fixed.

Zhang Ye only cared about the ratings for "Old and Young Story Club". This was because it was his only segment now. Not only him, there was also Teacher Feng who had hosted "Old and Young Story Club" for many years. He did not believe a bit of Zhang Ye's bold claims. He did not believe a wish that he could not fulfill for all these years could be fulfilled by him. However, the passion Zhang Ye had had infected Teacher Feng. He was also looking forward to it.

Tenth place...

Twentieth place...

When Jia Yan read to the end, Zhang Ye's segment had finally appeared. It was unknown if it was intentional and his lips curled, "Last place, 'Old and Young Story Club', rating of 0.28%." Lining the bottom once again! It was the first from the back once again! This was not only just last in the Literature Channel, it was definitely within the bottom three in the entire Beijing Radio Station!

Teacher Feng sighed. He also knew that this would be the outcome.

Zhang Ye nearly cursed vulgarities. What the f**k! How can it be so bad? This was "Snow White"! It was his world's greatest fairy tale! Can it not be so ridiculous? And the rating was that pathetic, at zero point something percent? It had no change from before? That should not have happened! The story of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' and the few poems he threw out had already proven that the culture of the two worlds were interchangeable. How could it not work!?

Tian Bin slanted his eyes at Zhang Ye.

Li Si and Wu Datao also looked at Zhang Ye's expression.

After that, they and the rest did not say a word. They did not even mock, as this was something that they had taken for granted. No one had put the "bold words" that Zhang Ye had said yesterday to heart. The fairy tales these days had already been regurgitated so much that they were all bland. There were only those few stories. Ignoring the children, even as adults, they could narrate it backwards. You wanted to stir up "Old and Young Story Club" in such an environment? They only laughed.

After the results were announced, everyone began working.

Zhang Ye had reserved Recording Studio #4 at ten. He was about to go.

Teacher Feng called out to him from behind. After hesitating for a while, he said, "Forget it, Little Zhang. This might be your last program. Just do your best and do not have any regrets."

Zhang Ye did not respond, as he silently entered the recording studio.

Forget it? Impossible! His dictionary did not have the two words "forget it"! Even if the whole world did not acknowledge him, even if everyone thought that he couldn't make it, Zhang Ye would use his beliefs and principles and use his greatest abilities to do things to his best!

He began recording!

Zhang Ye was very professional. Although he was emotional, the moment he switched on his headset, he changed to the attitude that he should have. He warmly smiled. "Hello, children. Welcome to today's 'Old and Young Story Club'. I'm wondering if everyone found yesterday's story, 'Snow White', interesting. Or maybe if it has made you think about what sort of person you would want to be like when you grow up. Today, I'll bring out another story for everyone."

"Old and Young Story Club" was similar to the "Late-night Ghost Stories" of the past. It did not have any advertisement sponsorship. Its listenership ratings were too low, hence he did not need to record advertisements like he did for the final tens of episodes of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' at the beginning. He could immediately narrate his story.

"Many years ago, there was an emperor. He spent all his money that so he could dress nicely. He did not care about his army, nor did he like to go to the theater. He also did not like to tour the parks in his coach, unless it was to show off his brand-new clothes. Every day, at one o'clock, he would change into a new set of clothes. When people mentioned him, they would always say, 'The emperor is in the changing room.'"

Someone must have guessed it!

Yes, this is the famous story from Zhang Ye's world. It was the famous fairy tale that had even appeared in many textbooks, "News Broadcast"!

Alright, let's not make this joke in the future. Definitely not again!

Yes, the fairy tale's name is News... It's called "The Emperor's New Clothes"!

"'He's actually not wearing any clothes!' all the citizens finally said. The emperor felt a slight quiver. This was because he felt that what the citizens said appeared to be true. However, he was still thinking, 'I need to finish this parade.' As such, he put on a proud air. His officials followed behind him, holding onto a gown that did not exist." The story finished.

...

Coming out of the recording studio into the bathroom.

Teacher Feng was still smoking worriedly in the bathroom, "You are done recording?"

"It's done." Zhang Ye went to relieve himself.

However, the moment he approached, the surrounding colleagues from the Literature Channel dispersed. Tian Bin was still by the urinal. He had dodged far away before he had even zipped up his pants. Only then did he pull up his zipper and take a long path around Zhang Ye, before exiting the bathroom. The others did the same.

The bathroom was empty almost immediately!

Teacher Feng smiled. "Look at your popularity."

Zhang Ye felt innocent, "Am I that scary?"

"What say you? Were the events in the office not spooky enough? I know it was a coincidence, but it was too great a coincidence. It happened once, thrice and five times. How can people not speak about it after seeing it? Hehe, it is only that both of us have good relations, or else anyone who wants to offend you will have to think twice before doing anything." After joking, Teacher Feng said after noticing that the surroundings were empty, "I know that you have done your best. Don't worry about the segment. I was already mentally prepared. I also know that this segment won't last any longer. Jia Yan is the Station Leader's relative. If he wants to go on a program, no one can stop him!"

Zhang Ye's attitude was very clear, "Teacher Feng, I feel that nothing is impossible. This reason or that explanation are all excuses. I don't believe I can't fix them! I don't believe our segment's ratings will not be able to be pulled up in this life! 'Late-night Ghost Stories' was pulled up by me. Previously, what did people say of that segment? They said it was impossible. Its performance was even worse than 'Old and Young Story Club'. But now, what has happened? I had managed to bring it up with my efforts! I could pull the segment with the worst ratings to the top three. Now, I can also pull 'Old and Young Story Club' into the top three!"

Chapter 40: Fairytale Essay Competition!

Before getting off work.

Zhao Guozhou called Zhang Ye into his office, "Little Zhang, now that it's just the two of us, I want to have a nice chat with you." He said earnestly, "You were brought in by me. The facts have proven that I was not wrong. Your ability has been acknowledged by everyone. You have also gained the recognition of the listeners. However, humans are not lone individuals in this society. You need to eat, you need to survive, you need to cater to others, you need to be tactful. The station had planned the case regarding "Ghost Blows Out the Light" for a very long time. It had even established a special small planning team for it. Just because of one simple word from you of not selling, all the plans the station's management had gone up into smoke. How could the station not be angry about this? Me suppressing you a bit this time was beyond my control. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I understand." Zhang Ye said with a deadpan expression.

"That's good, then about the copyright..." Zhao Guozhou persuaded.

Zhang Ye said without hesitation, "Not selling."

Zhao Guozhou turned mad again, "You really can't give me peace of mind!"

Zhang Ye also said his heartfelt feelings, “Director Zhao, I know you greatly appreciated me. Back then it was you who took me in despite my looks. For this favor, I’ll remember you for life. I know the station is repressing me, so it’s fine no matter how you treat me. However, about the copyright, I will say that same line forever – not selling!”

“You are willing to not go on a segment in the future?” Zhao Guozhou asked as he worried over his talent.

Zhang Ye said, “I still have a segment now. I will pull it up!”

Zhao Guozhou knocked on the form on his table, “The afternoon listenership rates have been handed out. Although it will only be announced tomorrow, I shall take this opportunity to tell you that ‘Old and Young Story Club’ is still in last place. This segment cannot be pulled up. It’s useless, no matter who it is. Your talent should be placed on a bigger stage, but why are you so stubborn? You...Hai, forget it. Go back.”

Lining the bottom once again?

Really can’t be pulled up?

Zhang Ye refused to believe that it was so. If two episodes weren’t enough, he would record a third. If the third recording wasn’t enough, he would record a fourth. He still had three days’ time. It was still possible for him to turn the situation around!

...

The sky still was bright, even after he returned home.

The rental apartment was quiet and lonely. It was like his current situation.

Zhang Ye switched on the computer as he absent-mindedly read the news. After some analysis, he realized that the reason why the ratings had not been pulled up was not the fault of the story. How could “Snow White” and “The Emperor’s New Clothes” have a problem? They were the classic fairy tales out of the classics fairy tales from his world. The reason was apparently due to inertia. There were not that many people listening to this segment. New listeners were already completely disappointed with the present fairy tales, or they were sick of them. There was no habit to even listen in. There would not be any fresh blood being injected, so it would be odd if the listenership rate was going up!

How was he to attract new listeners?

He felt that he needed an opportunity; otherwise, it would be very difficult!

Zhang Ye left his mouse as he switched on television, planning to watch the News Channel. As someone working in the media industry, watching the news was part and parcel of one’s daily work.

“Today, another heinous case of a missing child happened in the capital. In a small district near to Cheng Nan Jia Yuan, four-year-old Wen Wen was left alone at home with his parents at work. According to police investigations and analysis of closed-circuit TV footage, Wen Wen had opened the door to a male stranger around the age of 35. It is unknown what method this person used to gain Wen Wen’s trust. Not only did he bring away Wen Wen, he had taken several valuables in the house. According to the closed-circuit TV footage, Wen Wen apparently was not crying. Currently, the police are using all their

efforts to take in criminal suspects. This is the picture of the suspect taken from the closed-circuit TV. If anyone sees this suspect, please immediately contact the number shown on your screen!" The Central TV's News Channel's female anchorwoman said solemnly with a tinge of anger.

Next were street and school interviews.

A woman holding a vegetable basket said to the reporter, "This is already the fourth time a child has been abducted from home this month, right? It's so depraved! These people should be shot to death!"

An old man said, "Why do these sort of things keep happening? Why would a child open the door to a stranger? I think it's a problem with our education!"

At a particular kindergarten, the reporter interviewed at a promotional event held in the school. There were many people gathered in the school field. There were teachers, older students and parents.

"Little friends, remember that when you are alone at home, you must never open the door to strangers. Did you hear that?"

"Heard that!"

"Can you remember?"

"Yes!"

The screen switched back to the studio. The female anchor said, "Actually, the instructions of never to open the door to a stranger has been repeated countless numbers of times in the children education system. All the children know this, but when they meet strangers who claim to be "Mommy's" or "Daddy's" colleague, they still open the door. This is the fourth time that it has happened this month. I do not know what has gone wrong in our education system."

Maybe we should use a teaching method more suitable for children to tell them this. It should not be something repeated to them in a dogmatic manner. Children have their children's way of thinking and their own world. The way we indoctrinate them with ideas might not be something they can understand. Hence, a week ago, Beijing's Education Ministry has led the way by organizing the historically largest fairy tale essay competition event. The name is "Fairy Tale Essays Collection for Not Opening the Door to Strangers", The goal is to use these fairy tales to caution children in a fun and educative manner, so as to let children genuinely realize how to protect themselves."

Fairy Tale Essays Collection?

Zhang Ye immediately had a feeling. Here came an opportunity!

But the next thing the female anchor said made him disappointed, "Submissions began last week and the deadline is at midnight, tonight. During this period, the education ministry has allowed people to vote as a fair way to choose the number one story. From that, kindergarten and elementary schools or other child care groups will receive large-scale promotions!"

It was already 7+ P.M.!

There was less than five hours left?

Zhang Ye switched off the television and hurriedly opened the Beijing's Education Ministry's specially created essay website. There were many publicity pictures on it. They were filled with pictures of children that had gone missing in Beijing. Their smiling faces, their pictures of their lives and the crying expressions of the parents whose children had gone missing. There was only one slogan: Please use your words to help children. Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye's heart felt heavy, as if he felt suffocated. He was planning to look for an opportunity to improve the segment's ratings. But upon seeing that the deadline was at midnight, Zhang Ye knew that it was impossible. Others had accumulated a full week of votes, so how could he exceed them within just a few hours? However, when he followed the stories of how children were abducted, Zhang Ye felt that he had to write something. It had nothing to do with his segment, nor did it have to do with anything else. He just wanted to contribute a portion of his strength!

So what if he did not succeed?

It was enough, as long as he did something!

...

As this matter caused quite a commotion in society, people on the streets, in public transport, on the internet and those interacting with online media were all reflecting and discussing about it. It could be considered a hot topic among all the citizens. Anything that was child-related would forever be something that grabbed the hearts of people. Hence, this continuous outbreak of heinous crimes had caused great concern for society. As such, this fairy tale essay competition had become abnormally well-received. Many people published their stories.

The most famous one was by Tao Xueru, the highest-paid female children's fairy tale author in the country.

Secondly, there was Little Red Mushroom. It was a stage name. She, too, was a female children's fairy tale author. The sales of her books were inferior to Tao Xueru, but the most famous fairy tale in the country was hers.

The both of them were practically propping up about half of the children's fairy tale industry in the country.

There were other children's literature authors. Many authors of fairy tales that people were familiar with when they were young had submitted their stories to the essay competition.

The ranking was as follows.

Little Red Mushroom: 28,018 votes.

Tao Xueru: 24,311 votes.

Old Lee: 17,223 votes.

Zhang Qiang: 16,976 votes.

For the story competition, the authors who submitted their works would show their verified status. For example, Little Red Mushroom and company all had their verified status. Zhang Qiang, who was ranked at fourth place, was a children's literature author. Only Old Lee, who was in third place, was not in the industry. In his verification status, there was written "Office Employee".

Zhang Ye flipped through the stories. Ever since the world changed into a different world, Zhang Ye always had a feeling of looking down upon others. However, when he looked at the top ranking stories, he was quite impressed. They were worthy of being the top figures in the field of children's literature. They were well written, especially Little Red Mushroom's children story that was ranked first. Even if it was brought to Zhang Ye's world, it was a high-quality fairy tale that could be remade into an animation.

However, it was still lacking slightly. It was not that the story was poor, but it was because the story was slightly complex. After all, the target audience of a fairy tale to warn children not to open a door to a stranger was definitely very young. One could not expect them to understand things that were too complicated. Little Red Mushroom's story was 8,000 thousand words long. So although it was really good, there were too many characters. Zhang Ye suspected that children would not be able to finish reading it properly.

The further he went down the ranks, the more horrible the stories became.

Ignoring those who were not professional authors, some of those with verification statuses were children's literature authors. How could they write such a mess? These stories all had a serious problem. Either they were so childish that even children themselves would find it childish, or they were too mature, where the entire story was written according to an adult's way of thinking. How could these be shown to children?

None of them could work!

All of the stories were inappropriate!

Zhang Ye pulled up his sleeves and got to work. He felt that he had a story that was extremely appropriate. It was also a story gathered out of the overall essence from his world. It would be perfect if used in this essay competition. There was no other story that was better than that one.

Zhang Ye first used his Weibo's information to gain the recognition on the education website. After obtaining his verification, Zhang Ye began typing. He clacked away before uploading it!

The story's name: "Little Bunnies Be Good".

Mommy Bunny had three children. One was called Little Red Eyes, one was called Long Ears, and one was called Stumpy Tail.

One day, Mommy Bunny said to her children, "Mommy is going to the fields to pick carrots. Watch the house and close the door. Don't open the door to anyone; open the door only when Mommy comes."

Mommy Bunny carried her basket and walked towards the fields. The Little Bunnies remembered Mommy's words and locked the door well.

Later on, the Big Bad Wolf came. He wanted to enter the Little Bunnies' house, but the door was tightly closed by the Little Bunnies, so he could not enter!

The Big Bad Wolf sat by the Little Bunnies' door. He narrowed his eyes and thought of a bad idea. Suddenly, he saw Mommy Bunny return. He quickly ran and hid behind a large tree.

Mommy Bunny came to the door. She pushed the door but the door was tightly closed. As she knocked, she sang, "Little Bunnies be good; open the door! Come, open it quickly; I want to come in."

