

Superstar 311

Chapter 311: Poked a Hornet's Nest!

It was lunch break.

Peking University Chinese department.

In a teachers' office.

Some lecturers brought lunchboxes in. Beside the water dispenser, there was a microwave oven, so a simple reheating would do. There were other lecturers who were heading to the canteen to get their meals.

At this moment, Zhang Ye returned.

A young female lecturer glanced at him. "Teacher Zhang, your class is over?"

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "I just finished."

The female lecturer smiled and said, "How did your first class feel?"

Zhang Ye said with a hearty laugh, "It was not bad. It was quite fun having so many people listen to my lecture."

"Fun?" The female lecturer gave him a thumbs up and said with amusement, "With your hosting background, you must definitely have the proper nerves for it. You must also have seen all sorts of situations. Thinking back to my first class, it was even some small, ordinary class. There were only about thirty or forty people, but I was so nervous that I began stammering. I nearly screwed up the class. By the way, I heard there were too many students coming to listen to your class? And there were even quite a few reporters, making you run a public lecture in the end?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged. "It was held at the auditorium."

"You sure are popular. Normal teachers like us do not enjoy such treatment. Let's not talk about having so many people attend the class, it would be something worth rejoicing if students don't skip class." The female lecturer said in a self-deprecating manner.

The other Peking University teachers did not pay much attention to Zhang Ye. Some ate while others busied themselves with work. There were at most a few people who glanced at Zhang Ye before lowering their heads again. Only this female lecturer, who was about the same age as Zhang Ye, chatted with him. One could see how unpopular Zhang Ye was.

"Oh, what did you lecture today?" The female lecturer asked, "Three Kingdoms?"

Zhang Ye sat back at his seat and said to the neighboring female lecturer, "No, I taught 'Dream of the Red Chamber'."

"Ah, 'Dream of the'...What? You taught 'Dream of the Red Chamber'?" The female lecturer was stunned and felt her mind spinning.

The other Chinese department teachers in the office also became speechless upon hearing that. They all looked towards Zhang Ye. All of them had classes in the morning, so they did not know what had happened in the auditorium.

Teacher Wu, who was about to become an Associate Professor, said, "You can even teach 'Dream of the Red Chamber'? Little Zhang, this is a university, not a variety program. You have to be rigorous in academic stuff."

Zhang Ye said casually, "I know."

The female lecturer was at a loss for words, "You sure are bold."

Professor Wu and the other teachers all shook their heads slightly.

Zhang Ye kept his documents and was about to go downstairs to get food. However, he guessed that many reporters were gathered in the canteen or somewhere nearby to lunge at him. So he did not go there. Instead, he went to a small nearby grocery store to buy a hamburger. He heated it in a microwave oven before returning to the office to eat it.

As he chewed on his hamburger, the other teachers were enjoying their meals.

Just as people were having their lunch, Peking University's official website posted a recording of Zhang Ye's lecture. There was nearly no cuts, and the entire lesson was uploaded.

Zhang Ye did not watch it, but was searching for information on the internet while eating. He was preparing for tomorrow's lesson.

The female lecturer sitting beside him was very curious. She wanted to know how Zhang Ye lectured on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', so she loaded the video, since she had nothing to do.

Following that, she constantly cried out.

"F**k!"

"Ah?"

"Aiyah!"

"This is....."

"Eh? What's up with this information?"

Su Na's exclamations made all the other teachers in the office speechless.

"Teacher Su." A female teacher in her forties put down her teaching material, saying, "What are you watching? Why the commotion? Hur Hur, my heart nearly jumped out because of you."

Su Na was still in a state of shock. "I'm watching a recording of Teacher Little Zhang's public lecture. Hurry up and watch it. It's no trifling matter. No one has ever talked about 'Dream of the Red Chamber' in this way!"

"Little Zhang's class?"

“Really?”

“Alright, let me take a look.”

“I have read ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ several times. There are so many logical inconsistencies. There’s no way to teach this class, right?”

From the ruckus caused by Su Na, the curiosity of the other Peking University teachers were piqued. They all loaded the video up.

The video was a bit long. Some people jumped to the main points, while others watched from start to finish. It would not have mattered if they didn’t watch, but everyone showed the same expressions as Su Na!

“This...”

“What is the situation?”

“Holy sh*t! This class is defying the heavens!”

“How can ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ not be written by Cao Xueqin!?”

“But what Teacher Little Zhang says make sense. The evidence provided is also very strong!” Su Na supported Zhang Ye.

Professor Wu and another teacher shook their heads. “That doesn’t explain anything. It has not been verified, so how can you speak rubbish!”

The female teacher in her forties said, “Little Zhang, your class is going to cause chaos!”

Zhang Ye lifted his shoulders and smiled. “It’s alright. I’m already mentally prepared.”

A debate was launched in the office immediately regarding Zhang Ye’s public lecture. A teacher felt Zhang Ye’s evidence was very reasonable. Teacher Su Na had her reservations, while the other teachers were adamant. They felt Zhang Ye was being too irrational. How could you teach something that was not verified? If that were the case, couldn’t you have rested on your laurels and taught Three Kingdoms? It might not be interesting, but it would not have stirred such a controversy. This theory of yours is enough to f**king poke holes in the world of History and Literature!

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Indeed, the external world went into chaos!

No, it would be more appropriate to say that the heavens were overturned!

Once the Peking University’s official website posted the video, many people rushed to watch it..

For example, Zhang Ye’s old friends and colleagues, or his hardcore fans, or those experts and professors from the academia world who doubted Zhang Ye’s lecturing ability. There were also netizens who liked to join in a bustle. After all, the news of Zhang Ye joining Peking University was still hot. Many people knew about it. Although people did not care much about Zhang Ye’s classes, they also wanted to take a glance at it once the video was out.

Yes, a large number of people only wanted to glance at it, but after this glance, none of them were able to close the video!

His new friends were stunned!

His old friends were also stunned!

“Holy motherf**king sh*t!”

“This is crazy!”

“My titanium dog eyes are blinded!”

“I feel like Earth can no longer stop Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Dear, Dear, hurry up and watch this. Face-smacking Zhang has caused trouble again. This time he is not smacking his Leader or unit’s or relevant department’s face, but he’s smacking the entire world’s face!”

“I’m completely convinced by Teacher Zhang! He is too good at stirring up trouble!”

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Beijing Television Station.

In a small office.

Xiao Lu, Dafei, and the Hou twins finished watching Zhang Ye’s public lecture recording in shock. Then after staring all day blankly, they either smacked themselves in the forehead or fainted!

Hou Di shouted “f**k” before saying, “I’ve finally realized that if Teacher Little Zhang does not cause a commotion a day, he won’t be able to sleep well that night!”

Xiao Lu said, “This time he’s doomed!”

Hou Ge said, “That’s right. Zhang Ye is going to cause public outrage!”

Xiao Lu said in a panic, “When he took up teaching duties at Peking University, many industry insiders were not optimistic about it. They were all scolding him. Now with this, wouldn’t Teacher Zhang Ye become the target of public censure!? Everyone’s firepower will be focused on him? No, I have to give him a call! He can’t say that or he won’t be able to carry on in the industry anymore. How many people is he offending!?”

Dafei stopped her. “Don’t make the call. Don’t you already know Teacher Zhang’s temper? When has he been afraid of offending others? He would ignore it even if others criticize him. That temper of his probably is afraid that he offends too few. Teacher Zhang is the kind of person who gets more excited the more people he offends!”

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Beijing Radio Station.

Wang Xiaomei had finished her work late at noon, and had just returned to the office to eat.

The moment she stepped in, Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun shouted, “Xiaomei! Hurry up and watch this!”

“Watch what?” Wang Xiaomei leaned over. And she saw Zhang Ye saying calmly in his public lecture, “the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was in no way written by Cao Xueqin!”

Wang Xiaomei exclaimed and returned to her seat with a calm expression. She continued eating, but as she ate, she began to lose her appetite. She clutched her hair, at a loss whether to laugh or cry and muttered to herself, “This Zhang Ye!”

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Shanghai, Weiwo company.

Zhang Ye’s colleagues were all dumbfounded!

After watching the video, Zhang Han shouted three times, “Holy sh*t! Holy sh*t! Holy sh*t!”

After Dong Shanshan finished watching, she did not say a word. After half a minute’s silence, she stood up and went to the recording studio to record her program. She was already at a loss as to what to say!

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A hospital in Beijing.

Deputy Station Head Jia, who was in an orthopedic ward, was watching Zhang Ye’s video on his cellphone. He did not have the patience to finish watching it. He only watched the first ten minutes before stopping. He closed the video and took a deep breath, and suddenly erupted in laughter. “This Zhang Ye has really sent himself to his death!”

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On the web.

On the newspapers.

All the relevant news reports came out one after another. It was all rushed out by the reporters who had personally attended the public lecture!

“Zhang Ye has once again launched his missiles!”

“Zhang Ye’s Peking University Public Lecture! Questioning ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’s’ Author!”

“A person challenging the entire Literature world—Peking University Lecturer Zhang Ye!”

“The last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were written by someone else?”

When Zhang Ye kept a low profile, he did it very well, but whenever he rose up, it would always be stunning. For example, it could be said that he poked a hornet’s nest today!

The Literature industry was stunned!

The Education industry was stunned!

The History industry was also stunned!

The people who held authority in these industries publicly criticized Zhang Ye. They also believed that Zhang Ye was not suitable as a lecturer, and guessed that there would be problems with his first lecture. Zhang Ye's notoriety was already not something a few people knew. However, no matter how they thought of it, they never expected Zhang Ye to publicly challenge what the entire country, or even the entire world had considered conclusive!

Numerous industry insiders appeared!

Some were from the education industry, some from the literature industry. There were even people with authority in the field of history. As for those Redologists and Redology enthusiasts, who had disappeared for a long period of time, they also could not sit idle. They all appeared to point their spears at Zhang Ye!

Chapter 312: Zhang Ye's Response—Let the world laugh about me

On Weibo.

It immediately became a war zone!

"Zhang Ye, can you not speak nonsense?"

"Don't insult my 'Dream of the Red Chamber'!"

"How can the 120 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' be continued on by someone else?"

"Zhang Ye, I can ignore what you had previously said. I can treat it as funny musings. I also acknowledge your literary standard, but don't you mess with 'Dream of the Red Chamber'! This is a classic in my heart. This is one of the Four Great Classical Novels of our country. How can you doubt it?"

"Peking University is really blind to invite such a lecturer!"

"I already said that Zhang Ye wouldn't do. As a host, how is he to teach!?"

"Let Zhang Ye get lost. Don't lead our children astray! What is he teaching!?"

The army that denounced Zhang Ye drummed up their war gongs. Many parents of Peking University students appeared and collectively protested on Weibo, requesting Peking University to fire Zhang Ye!

However, there were people who supported Zhang Ye.

"Have you seriously watched what Teacher Zhang Ye taught in his class? Don't just boo along with others, alright? Just a look at the news on the newspapers and you came here to scold? Just a scan of the opening parts of the video, and you came here to shout? I implore you to watch it carefully once more. See if what Teacher Zhang Ye said was reasonable for yourself! If you don't think it's right, you can step forward to scold him, but you don't even know anything before coming here to boo. What sort of people are you!?"

"That's right. I really suggest everyone to watch it carefully. What Teacher Zhang Ye says is reasonable. The evidence he produced was very strong!"

"Supporting Zhang Ye!"

“Unconditional support for Teacher Zhang!”

“Although I don’t believe that the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was not written by Cao Xueqin, I still brainlessly support Zhang Ye! So what if I’m a braindead fan, are you biting me?”

“Don’t scold anymore. Teacher Zhang really has the ability to teach. Are there any doubts after watching what he covered in the lecture? Literature has always been like that. It allows for controversy. You can’t just insist everyone thinks the same way that you do because you think it so, right? Just because they think differently from you, you begin to insult them? What sort of logic is that!? Don’t be fooled by those so-called experts!”

“‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ really has something fishy going behind the scenes?”

“I don’t know. Compare to those so-called literary experts, I believe Teacher Zhang Ye more!”

“I am a person who especially likes ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. I have read it four or five times. Although everyone is scolding Zhang Ye, I think what Teacher Zhang Ye says is not without reason. What if it’s true? What if ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was really continued on by someone else? Wouldn’t all the logical errors in the book be explained? The only thing I have on my mind is listening to Zhang Ye’s next lecture!”

“Ditto!”

“I want to listen to it too!”

“Regardless if Teacher Zhang Ye’s opinion is right or wrong, this lecture is too interesting. Even those old professors can’t teach a class of this standard! Everything is linked, and full of suspense. It’s really great. Watching Teacher Zhang Ye’s programs or listening to his lectures are sometimes a form of enjoyment!”

“The country needs someone like Zhang Ye who dares to raise opposite viewpoints. This is a good thing. Besides, there is no problem with the evidence provided by Teacher Zhang. Not only are there no problems, but it is also an important discovery in Redology. It has allowed Redology research to take a big step forward! Just this discovery from Zhang Ye and the contributions of those documents should make him impervious to criticism. In my opinion, Teacher Zhang Ye is a real scholar and Redologist. He knows his point of view will be attacked, but he still insisted on talking about. This is something worthy of our respect!”

However, the people who supported Zhang Ye were just a small minority. Furthermore, there were people amongst this small minority who did not fully believe Zhang Ye’s point of view. They were all reserved in their beliefs. They were very interested in the evidence brought forward by Zhang Ye, but that was all. Hence, their voices were slowly bombarded by others!

The people who opposed this viewpoint were all heavyweight opponents!

Renmin University’s Professor Ma Hengyuan came out. “I already had a hunch that chaos would ensue before Zhang Ye took on his teaching responsibilities. I never expected to be right. Peking University, the best school in the country, a benchmark in the education sector, actually dared to take in a layman like Zhang Ye. What were you thinking? And indeed, the outcome is out. Peking University will have to pay the price for this mistake. From the attitudes of the students and their parents, everyone has feelings of mistrust towards Peking University because of rat sh*t like Zhang Ye. If we let Zhang Ye carry on his

nonsense, the consequences will be disastrous!” Back then for “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms”, Zhang Ye had confronted Ma Hengyuan during the recording and smacked his face. Hence, Ma Hengyuan did not hold back this time by adding insult to injury. He was an old foe.

Following that, another old foe appeared.

Beijing Writer’s Association’s Vice President Meng Dongguo criticized, “I watched the entire public lecture. I am now very angry and consumed with rage. How dare Zhang Ye question the Four Great Classical Novels? The evidence you provide might seem reasonable and logical, but if you analyze is carefully, these evidence is not authoritative. It is all from people of no importance. Is this considered a contribution to literature? Even this can be considered as informational records?”

Someone from the Beijing Writer’s Association also said, “Zhang Ye? What a joke. What a joke!”

Yao Jiancai said on Weibo, “Hahaha, supporting Zhang Ye’s viewpoint!”

The person Beijing Writer’s Association said with disdain, “As an actor in the entertainment industry, what do you know of literature?”

“I do not know, but I know Zhang Ye knows.” Yao Jiancai retorted, “As a small author with sales of ten thousand, you dare to compete with Zhang Ye’s literacy? Nice, if you are indignant about it, why don’t you compete with him to let me see!? Don’t you also know a lot? Then show me how much you know!”

That person immediately stopped speaking.

Poems...

Couplets...

Zhang Ye was invincible in this area!

Elder Qian, the judge who Zhang Ye got to know at the Beijing Couplet Competition, and also the country’s Writers’ Association veteran suddenly stood forward to support Zhang Ye. “The information Little Zhang provided is very important in the study of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. This is undeniable. All of you think it doesn’t make sense? You think the information isn’t reliable? I’m actually taking the opposite view from you. I am now beginning to doubt the author of the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. Little Zhang’s explanation is completely sound and supported by evidence and logic. It can definitely stand. Those who criticize Zhang Ye, you can always take out your own evidence to refute him. If you can’t refute him, don’t shoot your mouth and incur the ridicule of others. Besides, I understand Little Zhang as a person. He would not say something without evidence. We have to carry on listening to what he has to say later.”

However, the criticism remained unabated.

“Get Zhang Ye to get lost!”

“Don’t let him pollute the campus!”

“What is Peking University doing, they are not looking into this matter?”

Finally, Peking University's official Weibo was forced to make a statement. It openly supported him by saying, "Peking University's trust in Teacher Zhang Ye's literary attainments have never wavered. It is impossible to eliminate controversy in academia. This is an important part of the process to advance academic research. We welcome external bodies and industry insiders to scrutinize this process. We also welcome academic experts and scholars to listen in. Teacher Zhang Ye's second lesson of 'Appreciation of the Classics' has been decided to be held tomorrow at noon. It will still be a public lecture. The venue will be Peking University's Grand Auditorium that can hold 5000 people."

Peking University's attitude surprised many industry insiders. Some industry insiders, who had good relations with Peking University, also stopped speaking. They never expected Peking University to support Zhang Ye that much. Peking University actually still tolerated him despite saying such "treason and heresy"?

However, there were even more who remained unconvinced!

A few publicly-recognized Redologists could not stand hearing this!

"Alright, since you welcome us. Then we will attend the lecture tomorrow. I want to broaden my horizons. I want to see how Zhang Ye will lecture!"

"I'm going too!"

"Young people these days really do not know the immensity of heaven and earth."

"It's pointless to keep talking here. Let's meet tomorrow at Peking University. We will make Zhang Ye take back his words that insult Mr Cao Xueqin!"

Many Redologists and industry insiders expressed their intentions to attend the lecture!

It could be predicted that there would be a fierce struggle between two equally matched forces tomorrow at Peking University!

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However as one of the involved parties, Zhang Ye, who had caused such an uproar, did not appear online. He did not watch any news either. By the time he finished arranging his information, it was already past two in the afternoon. He was planning on returning home. His contract with Peking University was as an external hire, so he did not need to sit in the office all day. Once he finished his lecture and whatever business he needed to do, he held no other responsibilities. Even the class time was up to him to choose. The class at noon tomorrow was naturally suggested by Zhang Ye. The reason why he did not arrange for the class to be in the morning was to leave some time for society and the industry to digest the content he lectured. This time, Zhang Ye was not trying to fight them, nor was he challenging those who doubted him. Zhang Ye really wanted to reveal the truth of "Dream of the Red Chamber". He did not want everyone to carry on being left in the dark. This was his responsibility, the responsibility of a person who had crossed universes. He had to contribute to this world after all. And he was also up to the task.

"I'll be leaving first." Zhang Ye got up.

Su Na, who did not have a class to teach in the afternoon, looked at him. "You are leaving, Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "I need to go home to prepare for class tomorrow. I'll see you tomorrow."

"I was planning on going downstairs to get a drink. Let us go together." Su Na accompanied him out. "I also wanted to ask you some things regarding 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. There are still a few questions I haven't figured out."

However, just as they went downstairs, an unexpected scene happened!

It was unknown when numerous journalists had arrived, nor was it known how long they had waited. The moment they saw Zhang Ye, they charged forward with their cameras and zoom lenses, surrounding him!

"Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"I'm from Jinshi television station!"

"I'm from Beihe province daily news! Please hold on!"

Jinshi? Beihe province? Why did the media from those places come?

It was not surprising. These member of the media were stationed in Beijing. As the video released this afternoon caused such a huge stir, everyone had come here without thinking. Back when Zhang Ye made his Talk Show, it had only attracted the attention of youngsters, but this time, it was the garnered the attention of the entire society. There was no other way about it as 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was too influential in China. Too many had seen this famous piece of work, and with Zhang Ye openly shelling "Dream of the Red Chamber", this not only caused unrest to the literary and historical world, but had also attracted eyes from the whole society!

Su Na was also dumbfounded seeing this.

In a blink of an eye, she and Zhang Ye were already surrounded by three or four rows of reporters!

With the commotion over here, many Peking University Chinese department students also came over to join in the bustle!

Yao Mi, Li Ying, and Li Li, who had just finished classes, also ran over to take a look upon seeing this situation!

Today's Zhang Ye was no doubt the center of attention at the Peking University. The students were staring at him, his teacher colleagues were staring at him, as well as the entire society!

Zhang Ye apologized, "Sorry, I'm not accepting interviews!"

"Please say a word or two!" A female Beijing Times reporter said loudly.

Another reporter, who held a microphone, said, "We just received news that your public lecture tomorrow will be held in Peking University's largest auditorium. This is now the focus of all attention,

and there has been more than one academic or Redologist who has expressed intentions to cause trouble for you. What are your thoughts on this matter?"

Another reporter stirred the pot, "Now that society is scolding you for leading people astray, saying that you don't understand 'Dream of the Red Chamber', and are speaking nonsense. Do you have anything to say?"

"Teacher Zhang, we have been waiting for three hours. If you don't say a word or two, we really can't answer to our superiors!" A young female author tried soft methods after noticing that hard tactics had failed.

The reporters refused to leave as they surrounded him.

Professor Zeng was still having class, but he could see Zhang Ye from the window. He only had a wry smile on his face.

The other Chinese department teachers also glanced down from the teacher's office windows. They also wanted to hear what Zhang Ye had to say in response to the criticism. As Zhang Ye's hot temper and hooligan nature of scolding people was known by everyone, they wanted to know what surprising words he had to say this time.

There were more and more people gathered on the field!

Dean Chang Kaige noticed that the commotion here was too great. It was already affecting the lectures in many classrooms. He could not help but turn gloomy. "Hurry up and disperse! Please disperse!" However, his words were useless.

Su Na leaned her head to the side and whispered, "Say a few words? Or we won't be able to leave."

From the eyes of these reporters, one could tell they were willing to grab onto Zhang Ye's legs, in order to not let him leave.

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Many parents of students are requesting that you be fired!"

"I heard there are students who doubt the contents of your lecture!"

"Now the entire education sector towards you is filled with veiled criticism. What are your thoughts on that?"

The reporters were full of energy. Regardless if Zhang Ye answered, they just kept throwing questions at him.

When he realized that he would not be able to leave if he did not say anything, Zhang Ye calmed his expression and said, "I don't really think much of it, nor have any thoughts about it."

The female reporter from Beijing Times said, "How can that be? Almost everyone is doubting you. If it were me, I would also be infuriated!"

"I have nothing to be angry about." Zhang Ye looked at those reporters and calmly used a very famous Buddhist gatha from his world, as he said softly, "Let the world slander me, cheat me, humiliate me,

laugh about me, treat me lightly, despise me, dislike me, and swindle me.” With a slight pause, he then narrowed his eyes and said, “Only to endure it, let it be, let it have its way, avoid it, beat it, be reverent towards it, and not care for it... Wait for a few years and then have a look at it again!”

With the gatha out, the entire field tuned silent!

Su Na suddenly stared at Zhang Ye’s face!

Chang Kaige and the surrounding reporters were filled with looks of astonishment!

The female reporter from Beijing Times, who was closest to Zhang Ye, gave a look of pleasant surprise. She hurriedly confirmed that the voice recorder had done its job in excitement. It was recorded! She had a feeling that these two lines would definitely become hot! She was not wrong. Zhang Ye was a person who gave polished impromptu speeches the moment he spoke! Every line and poem of his were poetic!

“Is this a poem?”

“No! It’s a Buddhist phrase!”

“It’s a gatha! A Buddhist gatha!”

The students on the field were also stirred up!

Yao Mi shouted, “This saying is so f**king relieving!”

“So empowering! Teacher Zhang Ye is indeed superior to others! He is a person with great spirit!” Li Ying exclaimed, “This is the style of a literary master!”

Zhang Ye smiled. “Reporters, can I leave? I still need to go home to prepare for my class.”

“Ah, alright. Thank you for this interview.” A television station reporter said subconsciously.

The other reporters did not want to let Zhang Ye go, but they had all been stunned by Zhang Ye’s gatha. In their daze, no one dared to stop him.

Zhang Ye drove off.

A group of people were left behind as they reminisced the two lines!

Chapter 313: Losing all decorum with the Literary world!

Afternoon.

On the way home.

There was a major intersection up ahead, and there, the traffic light lasted very long. As he waited, he hesitated while holding his cellphone before sending Zhang Yuanqi a short message.

Zhang Ye: Sister Zhang, I’m back in Beijing.

Slightly more than ten seconds later, a response came back: You just arrived?

Zhang Ye smiled and typed: I got back a while ago. You must not have been following the news.

Zhang Yuanqi: I’m out of the country.

Zhang Ye: Out of the country? Alright, when you return, we can have a meal together. We haven't seen each other in such a long time. I expect myself to be in Beijing until the Lunar New Year.

Zhang Yuanqi: We'll see.

Zhang Ye: Alright. Go busy yourself.

Zhang Yuanqi: OK.

With the traffic light turning green, Zhang Ye stepped on the accelerator.

However, he did not keep his cellphone. He gave Rao Aimin a call. After leaving Beijing for a month, he missed Rao Aimin somewhat.

Du, du, du, the call connected.

Zhang Ye said with a chuckle, "Hello, Landlady auntie. It's me."

Rao Aimin's familiar voice sounded, "Oh it's you. I'm carrying groceries on the way up. My hands aren't free, so quickly speak like you are letting out a fart." The sound of plastic bags rubbing against each other could be heard.

"You bought groceries?" Zhang Ye said, "Perfect. I'll be there in a while. Set aside some food for me. I haven't tasted your cooking in a while. I miss your food so much when I'm in Shanghai. Then, let me look at the time. Eh, 4 PM. I'll be there at 4PM punctually. Alright?"

Rao Aimin curled her lips. "Other than scrounging for food, what else can you do?"

Zhang Ye flattered her, "It's because your food is too delicious."

"Alright, alright. Come on over. I won't be going out then. Help me pick Chenchen up while you're at it. She will be ending school in a while." Rao Aimin told him.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "I just finished classes, and had a tiring day."

Rao Aimin gave a light laugh. "You want to eat without doing any work? Dream on. Do as I say and stop spouting nonsense with me."

Zhang Ye began to negotiate. "Alright then. I'll just pick her up, but I want Red Braised Pork tonight. I'm not doing anything if there's no Red Braised Pork!"

"Take it or leave it. Hurry!" She hung up.

Just thinking of the food made Zhang Ye salivate. After sending Mom a short message informing her that he was not returning home, he drove over to Beijing No.2 Experimental Primary School.

When his car arrived, school was not over yet. With nothing to do, Zhang Ye smoked in his car while waiting. After a while, there were more and more cars. The parents had arrived. Following that, the school gates opened, and the children began coming out. Zhang Ye threw the cigarette butt and alighted from the car, waiting by the entrance.

"Eh, Teacher Zhang!"

"Isn't this Teacher Zhang?"

"You came to fetch the child?"

"Teacher Zhang, I heard you've become a Peking University lecturer?"

Although Zhang Ye wore sunglasses, he had previously brought Chenchen to a Parent-Teacher Meeting. A few parents of Chenchen's classmates recognized him. They greeted him. As they were all considered parents or guardians, they did not treat Zhang Ye as a celebrity, and began chatting with him casually.

Zhang Ye also smiled and began to casually chat with them. "Hai, I was just fooling around. With my standards, Peking University will probably fire me before next semester. Hur Hur."

A pretty figure suddenly appeared.

Zhang Ye had sharp eyes and immediately waved his hand. "Chenchen, over here!"

Chenchen turned her head to look in the direction of the voice. "Zhang Ye?"

"Your aunt is at home cooking. She asked me to come pick you up." Zhang Ye stretched out his hand.

Chenchen acknowledged before bidding farewell to two of her classmates. She then walked slowly over to Zhang Ye. Seeing his stretched out hand, she curled her mouth and very reluctantly put her little hand into Zhang Ye's. "Zhang Ye, can you not keep holding my hand? I really lose face from this."

Zhang Ye smiled while rubbing her head, "Little thing. How old are you to know what face is?"

Chenchen rolled her eyes and smirked. "...Hur Hur."

"What kind of expression is that? Smile nicely." Zhang Ye brought her into the car before entering from the other side. Then, he buckled up Chenchen's seatbelt before driving off.

"Chenchen."

"What?"

"Don't you miss Uncle?"

"Hur Hur.."

"You miss me? Nice, I didn't pamper you for nothing."

"..."

In the district.

The duo held hands before riding an elevator upstairs.

"Hold on." When he came by his rented apartment, Zhang Ye stopped and looked for his keys before opening the door. "It's been awhile since I've stayed in here. I should open the door to air the room." However, when he opened the door, the moist air he expected was lacking. The tables and chairs were all clean, with not a speck of dust. "Eh, what's the matter?"

Chenchen said while carrying her little schoolbag. "My aunt cleaned it."

Zhang Ye smacked his lips. "Hehe, Landlady auntie sure is nice. Just perfect!"

The landlady's door was open. The fragrance of the dishes that were being cooked emanated out. He heard Rao Aimin's voice say, "Who's speaking behind my back?"

Zhang Ye brought Chenchen into her house. "Thank you Landlady auntie. You even cleaned my house. Alright, I'll wash the dishes after we finish dinner today. I need to reciprocate your kindness."

The crackling of flames could be heard from the kitchen.

Rao Aimin was serving the dishes in the living room. She heard him, but did not look at him. She said, "Kid, when have you ever taken the initiative to wash the dishes. I might as well depend on Chenchen rather than you." Saying that, she gestured with her chin to the bathroom. "Go, go wash your hands. It's time to eat. Wash your hands clean with soap. Don't mess around. Nowadays, there is so much bacteria and disease floating around. No one is to eat unless their hands are washed clean first." After saying this, she went into the kitchen to check on the fire of the braised pork.

"Got it."

"Got it."

Zhang Ye and Chenchen said at the same moment.

In the bathroom, Zhang Ye skillfully lifted Chenchen up. Chenchen lowered her body to turn on the tap to wash her hands with soap. After she was done washing, Zhang Ye put her down and began to wash his hands. After that, he got a dry towel and wiped his hand dry, while Chenchen used the lower end of the towel to wipe her hands. They had great synergy.

After they came out, the duo sat by the dining table.

Chenchen banged on the table. "I'm hungry!"

Zhang Ye rubbed his stomach. "Hungry."

Chenchen smacked her lips. "When can we eat?"

"Why don't we eat a bit first?" Zhang Ye urged.

Rao Aimin finally carried out the last dish and said in an exasperated manner, "What torture! I worked so hard all afternoon to cook these dishes and have not even tasted them. As freeloaders, you even want to eat first? Go, do some work. Little Ye. You go scoop the rice. Three bowls. Chenchen, go get the chopsticks!"

This scene had happened before. Zhang Ye liked this warm feeling. It felt like a family, and the bickering was also quite interesting.

It was mealtime.

Zhang Ye devoured the food.

Every time he was around, Chenchen would also have a good appetite. It was as if she was competing with Zhang Ye. She did not use chopsticks to eat the chicken wings, and instead used her hands to directly grab it.

Rao Aimin leered at the two of them. "Chenchen, don't use your hands. Use your chopsticks and eat properly. And you, how can you become a Peking University lecturer with such table manners? What are you teaching? Physical education!?"

Zhang Ye said, "It's delicious! Landlady auntie, you saw me on the news?"

"Who wouldn't know the commotion you've stirred up." Rao Aimin did not eat at a very fast speed but in fact, during every meal, she usually ate a bit more than what Zhang Ye and Chenchen ate combined. There was no other way about it. As a martial arts practitioner, she was particular about nutrition and her food intake.

Chenchen suddenly raised her head. "Zhang Ye, does 'Dream of the Red Chamber' really only have 80 chapters?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "How do you know about this? You watched my lecture?"

Chenchen said in an adultly manner, "I overheard the teachers at my school mention it in the afternoon. My form teacher is your fan. Others did not believe, but she said you must be right." With a shake of her head, the little rascal said with a sigh, "Hai, brainless fans sure are scary."

Rao Aimin stared at her. "Stop speaking like an adult."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Help me thank your form teacher. The truth is usually in the hands of the minority. As to the matters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', I'll explain it bit by bit in my future lectures. Chenchen, Landlady auntie. When the time comes, you must punctually watch Teacher Zhang Ye's lecture. See Teacher Zhang's prowess!" With him back home, he did not need to pretend to hold back. He was also not as particular with his words compared to what he said in the office, school, or in public. Here, Zhang Ye was completely relaxed. It did not matter what he said. This was his true state of mind. Besides, the landlady knew his true persona, so it was pointless to act in front of her.

Rao Aimin said in amusement, "You still have the mood to brag? Haven't you gone on the web? Kid, you've been labeled as stinking dog sh*t. The entire literary world is denouncing you."

Zhang Ye said magnanimously, "It's alright. I won't pick on them. Time will prove everything."

Rao Aimin exclaimed and said sarcastically, "You sure are magnanimous."

"Of course, this bro is now a teacher of the people. I'm a person with stature, so I can't be bothered with arguing with the likes of them." Zhang Ye said with a person of exemplary conduct.

But after the meal.

When Zhang Ye first went on the net for the first time today and saw the assessment of the outside world, he could not help but jump up and curse. "F**k! I thought you guys were just fanning the flames! You bunch of grandsons really dared to scold me!? Meng Dongguo? Ma Hengyuan? And who were the rest? Redologists? Even vulgarities were used? I f**king ignored all of you, but you came challenging

me!? Just because I'm f**king trying to be a person of exemplary conduct, you really think I'm easily bullied!?"

Initially, he did not read the comments.

But after reading them, Zhang Ye found it unbearable!

The educational world was better and was of higher quality. They criticized Zhang Ye's teaching from an objective point of view. The historical world was fine too. These academics were particular about evidence. With Zhang Ye listing the documents, some historians were even supportive of his view.

Only the literary world!

This bunch of people who loved to curse!

With a few Redologists leading the way, and Meng Dongguo and the Beijing Writer's Association aiding them, and Literature Professor Ma Hengyuan chiming in, a bunch of people were trying to grill Zhang Ye. It was as if they hated him to the bone. A literary author even swore at Zhang Ye directly!

In just a short span of a few hours, Zhang Ye had experienced increasing amounts of attacks!

It was as if anyone who dabbled in literature needed to curse at Zhang Ye or they would not be able to face others on the street!

"An insult to the classics! Death is not sufficient for such a crime!"

"Zhang Ye is a black sheep!"

"Strongly suggesting the literary world to begin banning Zhang Ye!"

"Right, this kind of demagogue is an insult to the literary world. As a Chinese national, he dares to touch the Four Great Classical Novels? What state of mind do you have!?"

There were more and more people from the literary circles who were denouncing Zhang Ye!

On the web, many people could not longer sit idle seeing Zhang Ye being condemned so badly.

The Shanghai childrens' program host, Teacher Chen posted on Weibo: "I'm curious, how did Teacher Little Zhang offend you? He just offered a different viewpoint and has sound reasonings behind it. Whether it's true or false, Zhang Ye has provided the necessary evidence. What about all of you? A bunch of people who deal with literature aren't even looking at the evidence, but shooting their mouths off? You just want Zhang Ye dead? And even asked what state of mind Zhang Ye has? I want to ask you what states of mind you people have!"

Another Hong Kong station host spoke, "Hur Hur, since ancient times, cultured people tend to scorn each other. As a host, Zhang Ye has stole the thunder of the literary world ever since he debuted. Who wouldn't envy him?"

A middle-aged man, whose Weibo verification was that of National Taiwan Normal University lecturer, said, "Having an academic discussion is fine, but don't resort to personal attacks. I do not know people like you who dabble in literature, but we research on History. The most important thing is the evidence and the documents. The rigor in academia is what supports an argument. I personally think Zhang Ye's

theory is very reasonable. I do not understand why the spears are pointing at him? And it is an attack with no reason?"

People tended to sympathize with the weak.

Many netizens also saw this and began to question their methods!

"Take out your evidence before speaking!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has cited relevant evidence. What about you?"

"The literary circle sure is a mess."

"Teacher Zhang Ye is too good at pulling aggro!"

"That's right. I have never seen the literary world hate a person that much. It's almost unanimous. This must be because Zhang Ye had offended too many people in the past."

"What sort of state of mind does the literary world have?"

Finally, Zhang Ye logged onto Weibo in Rao Aimin's house. He did not say any superfluous words and immediately began typing a limerick. This was a line in Guo Degang's crosstalk, but had been slightly amended by Zhang Ye!

Rao Aimin sat over. "Let me see what you wrote."

Chenchen stood behind Zhang Ye with blinking eyes. "Zhang Ye, are you scolding people again?"

"If I don't scold them, they might really not know what their surname is!" Zhang Ye grunted, "Here, look at this bro's limerick!"

He typed extremely fast!

Tap Tap Tap!

Very quickly, Zhang Ye's Weibo posted something!

"'Eight Things to Look Forward To'."

"The frosty Winter looks forward to Spring."

"The dead of the night looks forward to the morning Sun;"

"The beautiful looks forward to sugar daddies."

"The leisurely mistress looks forward to hooligans;"

"The scholar studying at night looks forward to a female ghost."

"A single old man looks forward to an aunt."

"A person in acting looks forward to awards."

"A person in literature looks forward to the death of his peers!"

Rao Aimin: “.....”

Chenchen: “.....”

In Zhang Ye’s world, Guo Degang had offended the entire crosstalk world, and had thrown out such a limerick! In this world, Zhang Ye, who was still mindful of influence and face, could no longer endure it. He finally lost all decorum with the entire literary world!

Thinking of the past and thinking of now.

When I wrote a poem, you said that poem was bad!

When I talked about a matter, you said it was wrong!

They were completely concerning themselves with the individual and not the facts. Almost the entire literary world despised me?

Go f**k yourself! This bro shall fight it out with all of you from today!

Chapter 314: Curse Him Curse Him Curse Him Curse Him!

Rao’s house.

The two girls were stunned seeing what had happened.

Rao Aimin said in an amused fashion, “Kid, you are stirring up trouble again?”

“They were going to far. Hur. They really think that I’m afraid to mess with them?” Zhang Ye said in a gallant manner, “I even dare to curse the SARFT, would I be afraid of offending them?”

Chenchen said, “Zhang Ye, you are a Peking University lecturer.”

Zhang Ye tsked, “So what if I’m a Peking University teacher. Even a rabbit will bite when things turn nasty!”

Rao Aimin chuckled and said, “But at least he didn’t have any vulgarities in it.”

Zhang Ye had already made his preparations as if he were staking everything on it when he decided to lecture on “Dream of the Red Chamber”. He knew there would be a lot of objections, but he never expected it to be so huge. Furthermore, the objections did not come from the education or history world. It still came from the literature circles that had a prolonged grudge with Zhang Ye. It was again them, still them, and always them. They did not even look for a reason to rebut Zhang Ye and did not provide any evidence or logic. They just used so-called morals or stood on ethical high grounds to attack Zhang Ye, while deliberately misinterpreting the context. How could he endure this?

Indeed, Zhang Ye wanted to contribute to this world, but you can’t do this to this bro! You aren’t making me feel good? Then don’t think I’ll make you feel good!

This time let us drop all decorum!

Since all of you are so shameless, then I shall be also!

Ha, anyway, this bro is already so notorious, and has always been shameless anyways!

After being magnanimous for slightly more than an hour, Zhang Ye immediately returned back to his ruffian ways. In the end, it was this fellow's natural behavior!

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On Weibo.

Zhang Ye's Weibo post did not immediately appear. There was a new regulation from the relevant authorities. As the limerick had words like "mistress" and "hooligans", this world's Weibo and discussion forums would not censor the words, but would be sent to the backend for review by a specialized auditor. Now, with the new governmental policy, things were stricter. However, there was no need to wait too long. A public figure like Zhang Ye would naturally have priority in reviewing his Weibo posts. Although the Weibo post was not released, as there were no words temporarily, the update notification still existed.

People noticed it.

"Heyo, Zhang Ye posted on Weibo!"

"Let me see, let me see. Eh? Why is it blank?"

"Are there banned words? Hahaha! I'm slightly looking forward to it!"

"It definitely has to be something important. Everyone, hurry and prop it up!"

Immediately, a Weibo post from Zhang Ye, which had no words displayed, was forwarded more than 900 times in a short time span of five minutes by his fans and busybodies! There were already more than 2000 comments!

Upon seeing this number, many people were alarmed.

"Holy sh*t! A blank Weibo post is so fierce?"

"Well it's Teacher Zhang Ye's Weibo after all!"

"That's right, Zhang Ye does not shoot his mouth off easily. Every time he speaks, it's f**king earth-shattering. I wonder what he is going to say this time!"

"Didn't Zhang Ye recite a gatha in the afternoon to reporters? It was quite magnanimous."

"I also saw that gatha. It was really classic. It has already become my signature. I'm really convinced of Zhang Ye. Everything he says is classic!"

"I have no idea why that bunch of literary people looks down on Zhang Ye so much. What sort of qualifications do they have to do that to Teacher Zhang? If they have the ability, come out and compete with Teacher Zhang!"

"That's right, the literary world is going too far this time!"

"You can criticize Zhang Ye, but you can't criticize everything about him!"

"That's right. Even though Zhang Ye has a bad temper, he has never committed a heinous crime!"

Many people from the literary circles and Weibo certified VIPs also paid attention to the post. They did not comment and were waiting to see what Zhang Ye had to say.

At the sixth minute.

Zhang Ye's Weibo post finally appeared!

Everyone felt it was quite ordinary when they saw the first two lines. They did not understand the meaning behind it. However, in the middle, when the words "looking forward to sugar daddies" or "looking forward to hooligans", many people were tickled. They could tell this was another limerick and carried on reading. Everyone already knew Zhang Ye's limerick style. The front was usually not important, but the key was the very last line. And indeed, when the final line reflected in their eyes, they were not disappointed!

"A person in acting looks forward to awards."

"A person in literature looks forward to.. the death of his peers!"

When this line was seen, the blank Weibo post, which was already soaring in popularity, ushered in an explosion once more after a pause!

1500 forwards!

3000 comments!

"Hahahaha!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye's limerick is still so f**king brilliant!"

"A person in literature looks forward to the death of his peers? That's so funny! I'm dying of laughter! This sarcasm is peerless!"

"I laughed too. To think those bunch of people are from the literature world. Compared to Teacher Zhang Ye, their standards of scolding others are so low. Look at how Teacher Zhang Ye scolds others! Learn from him!"

"As expected of Zhang Ye! Awesome!"

"He can scold people with new tricks all the time! And it's so artistic and characteristic! You can't find another person like him in China!"

Many netizens were rolling around with laughter!

Many public figures, who had grudges with the world of literature, chuckled and appeared to support Zhang Ye when they saw someone standing up front to challenge the entire world of literature. For example, there was an author who was marginalized by the literature world, forcing him to develop himself in Hong Kong and Taiwan. There was also another literary author who was unrecognized by the world of literature. It was as if they were injected with stimulants!

"Teacher Zhang Ye, well done!"

“The world of literature is fraught with problems these days. They are too conceited. It is time for someone to make a stand!”

These side figures, who had been cast aside by the mainland’s literary world, were not that famous. They also lacked the strength. Despite resisting when they were ostracized, they did not manage to succeed, but today, Zhang Ye stood forward. What was Zhang Ye’s standing in the literary world? Although there were others who acknowledged him, the literary world never gave him a proper place, but even so, the literary circles still had to admit Zhang Ye’s influence. Giving him the title of an uncrowned king was not too much. With a top celebrity like him standing forward to lose all decorum with the literary world, it was extremely meaningful! Because this was no other person! But Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye, whose poems could even shock ghosts and gods!

Some people were joyous, while others were infuriated!

When many people from the literary world saw Zhang Ye’s “Eight Things to Look Forward To” limerick, they were enraged by Zhang Ye’s last sentence!

We look forward to the death of our peers?

Your sister, Zhang!

How could you speak in that manner!? Are you never willing to stand down!?

These people began to attack Zhang Ye because of his poem. Things such as what sort of literary scum! What sort of breeder of chaos! How Zhang Ye doesn’t know anything about literature! They all appeared!

However, Zhang Ye’s fans and many onlookers did not sit idle. With Zhang Ye leading the way, everyone’s forceful stance increased. Immediately, they “besieged” those people from the world of literature, who led the way in scolding Zhang Ye. What sort of standards did Zhang Ye’s fans have? They were all...They were all of extremely low moral standards! Don’t forget what Zhang Ye’s fanclub was in its former state. They were actually a bunch of ultra-nationalists who cursed people on Weibo all day. This troll army was like a group of bandits. They had no standards to mention of. The moment they went over, they just shot off their mouths. As the saying goes, what sort of general leads what sort of army. Fans of a darn hooligan like Zhang Ye were rarely gentlemen. They were all extremely fierce!

The war of words could be described as utter chaos!

People like Meng Dongguo and Ma Hengyuan, were no match for Zhang Ye’s troll army. Due to their identity, they could not use vulgarities. They began to lose their ground repeatedly as their Weibo private message inbox began overflowing from curses!

Many neutral spectators did not show any sympathy for them. This was because back when Meng Dongguo, Ma Hengyuan, and company scolded Zhang Ye, they did so without reason. They never mentioned any of the evidence Zhang Ye provided in class. They just used other stuff to criticize him. They did not talk about things when Zhang Ye used facts to reason with them. Now, Zhang Ye’s fans also began to scold them without any reason. They deserved it. The bunch of people from the world of literature asked for it!

After the war of words, the internet briefly calmed down.

Someone suddenly pondered aloud, “Brothers. I remember there was an article on the evening newspapers. Teacher Zhang Ye recited a gatha, saying let the world slander him, cheat him, humiliate him, he would let them have their ways and avoid it?”

“Hahaha, you really believed that?”

“In the midst of laughing. OP, you are too naive!”

“What sort of rotten temper does Zhang Ye have? Just one glance at that gatha, and you know he’s just doing so in pretense! If he could let them have their ways and avoid them for a few years? Then I won’t be eating mutton for the rest of my life!”

“Balls to letting him avoid them! He will curse if he’s unhappy! This is Teacher Zhang Ye!”

In the afternoon, numerous people had seen Zhang Ye’s gatha. Many people, who did not think nicely of Zhang Ye, immediately looked at him in a different light when they saw the gatha. A few of Zhang Ye’s old friends like Hu Fei, Zhao Guozhou, Wang Xiaomei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge, and Hou Di all nodded their heads slightly. They felt that Zhang Ye had matured. He had matured after becoming Peking University’s lecturer!

What magnanimity!

But now, everyone nearly vomited blood!

Endure it, let it be, let it have its way, avoid it, beat it, be reverent towards it, and not care for it! Were all those words just a bluff? They were all nonsense!

Those reporters who heard Zhang Ye’s gatha in the afternoon when they interviewed him were all stunned. They never expected that Zhang Ye was still such a hooligan after becoming a honorable teacher of the people!

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Then.

Zhang Ye posted another message on Weibo.

“Let the world slander me, cheat me, humiliate me, laugh about me, belittle, despise me, dislike me and swindle me.”

“Only to..Curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him. Wait for a few days and then have a look at him again!”

Zhang Ye chuckled. What do you mean endure it, let it be, let it have its way? That was the original words from his world, but this line represented Zhang Ye’s true thoughts!

Weibo blew up again!

“Teacher Zhang, can you not be so amusing!? Hahahaha!”

“Teacher Zhang, the way you curse others is so cool!”

“Hahaha, endure my ass. Teacher Zhang, nicely done. Keep your personal style. No matter how others evaluate him, I still like such a Zhang Ye!”

Chapter 315: The Landlady Auntie on a Blind date?

The sky was getting dark.

It was around 6 PM.

After having a kick from his scolding, Zhang Ye got off the internet in a content manner. He did not look at it anymore. Since he had lost all decorum with the world of literature, there was nothing better to be said. It was easy to tell who was the donkey or the horse by drawing it out to run. We shall have the real fight tomorrow at Peking University. This bro will let you know why the flowers are so red!

Rao Aimin leered at him. “The number of people you have offended is really increasing.”

“Once you have too many lice, it doesn’t itch.” Zhang Ye said in a ruffian-like manner, “There’s nothing to worry about when there are too many debts.”

Rao Aimin suddenly stretched out her hand. “Oh right. Kid, shouldn’t you be paying rent? You earned quite a bit of money in Shanghai. Pay up the entire year’s rent.”

Zhang Ye said nervously. “Don’t talk about money. It hurts my feelings.”

Rao Aimin looked at him with squinted eyes, “Talking about money hurts feelings, but not talking about money might harm you physically. Your Sister Rao has been practicing a mystical powered fist, and was worrying about not having someone to practice it on.”

Zhang Ye immediately said happily, “Fine, fine. It’s just rent. I’ll transfer it to you tomorrow.” After the hijacking, Zhang Ye had eaten another ten books of Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books, but he knew himself. Even so, he was probably still no match for Rao Aimin. Chenchen had previously mentioned that when Rao Aimin brought her to the rural mountains, a few wolves ran helter-skelter after seeing the landlady. Even f**king wild wolves avoided her, so even if there were a hundred Zhang Ye’s, they were still probably not her match in a direct head-on fight.

“Are you still practicing your Taekwondo?” Rao Aimin asked.

“Hai, it’s the same old.” Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin curled her lips, saying, “Lessen your practice on that. Foreign techniques are just for show. If you really want to strengthen your body, you might as well do some jogging. It’s more useful.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged and did not tell anyone that he knew Taiji Fist. “I’m exercising everyday now. Running, push-ups, etc. Right, when are you going to teach me the Eight Trigram Palms?” Back then, Rao Aimin had easily bent a pair of pure iron scissors with her bare hands had taken Zhang Ye aback too greatly. It was said to be called hidden force? As for the details, Zhang Ye was not very sure. He always wanted to learn it.

Rao Aimin did not even look at him and poured some tea for herself. “You lack the talent and are too old. You won’t be able to learn it even if I teach you. Do your running instead.”

Zhang Ye smacked his lips. "How do you know I won't be able to learn it without teaching me?"

Chenchen interrupted. "Zhang Ye, I'll teach you, but you need to do my homework for me."

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "Your Uncle Zhang is a famous writer. You want me to do your homework? I can't afford to lose such face. Even if I do it for you, will your teacher even dare face it?"

Chenchen noticed that he was boasting again, and let out a laugh. "Hur Hur."

Ding Dong.

The doorbell rang.

"Who is it?" Rao Aimin shouted.

It was a young man's voice. "Senior Sister, it's me!"

Chenchen blinked her eyes. "It's Little Lu (Xiǎo Lǔzi)."

Rao Aimin smacked Chenchen on the head. "She's your aunt's junior brother. You must call him Uncle Lu. Show some respect." As she said, she opened the door, "Little Donkey (Xiǎo lúzi)."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. Why is your addressing even more derisive!?

Two people were standing outside. One of them looked like he wasn't even in his thirties. He was probably the landlady's junior brother. The other person looked like he was in his early thirties. He looked quite handsome.

Lu Yuhu smiled and said, "Senior Sis, I came uninvited. Am I welcome?"

"You aren't." Rao Aimin was not polite to anyone. After sizing him up, she said, "I haven't seen you for a few months, and you've already fattened to become a pig."

Lu Yuhu said embarrassingly, "No, I only gained about four or five pounds."

Rao Aimin frowned. "Have you given up kung fu?"

"No, I just haven't been practicing that much recently." Lu Yuhu entered the house. "I'm now at the police academy, so I have more opportunities to practice with guns. After all, it's a new era."

Chenchen waved listlessly at him. "Little Lu."

Lu Yuhu was not upset and was probably accustomed to it. "Haha, Chenchen, you've grown taller again. Not bad. Eh?" Looking at Zhang Ye, he asked, "This is?"

Rao Aimin said, "My tenant."

"He rents?" Lu Yuhu nodded.

Zhang Ye also looked at him. He had never seen the landlady have any friends, nor had he ever seen her interact with others, so he was quite curious. Since this person was the landlady's junior brother, then he too practiced the Eight Trigram Palms? And from their conversation, he was also a policeman?

The two men entered the house.

“Miss Rao. Nice to meet you.” Chen Feng stretched out his hand to shake hers.

Rao Aimin gave him a casual glance before ignoring him. “Find a seat.”

Chen Feng’s hand dangled in midair, and became a bit embarrassed. He then turned towards Chenchen, hoping to get out of the predicament. He said, “You must be Chenchen. Nice to meet you.”

Chenchen leered at him, “Who are you?”

Zhang Ye pinched the little rascal’s head. “Speak properly.”

Chenchen pouted and said reluctantly to Chen Feng, “Nice to meet you too.”

When Lu Yuhu heard this, he stared at Zhang Ye in disbelief. Holy sh*t, who was this person? Little Chenchen actually listened to him? It can’t be! However, it was not time for him to bother about this. After easing the situation, Lu Yuhu said with a smile while putting his arm around Chen Feng’s shoulder. “Haha, don’t mind her. My Senior Sis has quite a temper. She’s cold on the outside, but hot on the inside. Let me tell you. My Senior Sis is such a homely person. You have not tasted her cooking, but it’s delicious.” After saying that, he said to Rao Aimin, “Senior Sis, this is my good buddy, Chen Feng. He’s younger than you by a few years. However, it’s not much different. His family runs a business and he is not starting his own business and doing quite well. As for him as a person, he’s also quite handsome.”

Chenchen pouted her little mouth. “Hur Hur.”

When Zhang Ye heard this, he also realized what was going on. It was a blind date!

Rao Aimin did not seem interested. “Hey, Little Donkey. Do you have nothing better to do? You dare to come care about your Senior Sister’s matters?”

Lu Yuhu played the fool. “What? Why don’t I understand what you are saying? Senior Sis, I only mentioned you to my buddy. He heard that you like ancient classical culture and like to read things like ‘Classic of Mountains and Seas’, making him wish to have a cultural exchange with you. He’s in the cultural business and also likes traditional culture. I think you have things in common, so I brought my friend to get to know you. Nothing else.”

Rao Aimin leered at him and smiled. “I’ll leave some face for you in front of outsiders. We’ll talk later.”

Lu Yuhu cringed and began sweating. “Don’t. I can’t talk to you again. I was injured after my last mission. I haven’t even recovered yet.”

Rao Aimin said to Zhang Ye, “Little Zhang, bring Chenchen inside to do her homework.”

“Okay.” Zhang Ye dragged Chenchen to a small room off to the side. He opened the door and entered. As he closed the door, he looked at Chen Feng. He did not feel good. He had been admiring the landlady for so long, but this grandson dares to come for a blind date? It would be strange if Zhang Ye liked him. However, just thinking of the impatient attitude of the landlady, Zhang Ye was relieved. He knew Rao Aimin was not interested.

In the room.

“Zhang Ye.”

“Ah?”

“Help me do my homework.”

“Nope. Your aunt doesn’t allow me.”

“My aunt isn’t around.”

“I can’t do that even if she’s not around. Do it yourself!”

Zhang Ye’s mind was not here as he pricked his ears to listen to what they were talking outside.

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Outside the room.

After Chen Feng took his first look at Rao Aimin, his eyes had stared straight.

With the heating turned on, the temperature was just right. Rao Aimin also did not wear too much, so she was wearing a long gray skirt that reached her ankles. Her top was a tight knitted sweater. The color looked quite old-fashioned and wasn’t very bright. However, there was no way to hide her extreme beauty. Chen Feng was very surprised. Such beauty was difficult to find even in the entertainment industry. Especially Lu Yuhu’s Senior Sister’s figure. With the knitted sweater by her waist, it was evident that there was not a bit of flab on her tummy. Her arms were also not muscular like those who usually practiced martial arts. They were in fact very slender and slim. Well, she probably wasn’t up to mark in her kung fu.

From Chen Feng’s point of view, Rao Aimin probably did not know much kung fu or how could she not have any muscles? He was pretty familiar with Lu Yuhu, but he did not learn too much about his Senior Sister from him. He only knew Lu Yuhu had a very beautiful Senior Sister, who practiced martial arts. She was in her thirties and unmarried. She did not work, but survived on the rent from quite a number of properties. That was the limit to his knowledge.

Lu Yuhu laughed and said, “I’ll go boil some water. Have a chat.” He then went into the kitchen.

Chen Feng repressed his restlessness and said to Rao Aimin, “It’s our first time meeting, so I’m sorry for my sudden intrusion. I brought some fruits and a toy for the child. I’m also not sure if she will like it.”

Rao Aimin directly said to him, “She doesn’t play with toys.”

Chen Feng acknowledged and quickly changed the subject. He too had heard from Lu Yuhu that Old Lu’s Senior Sister’s mouth was quite disparaging. He had finally gotten a taste of it. Your sister. How bad are you at chatting? Can’t you say something to go along, or else how are we to carry on chatting?

But he did not know Rao Aimin was always like that.

Noticing it didn’t work, Chen Feng immediately tried to show his good points. He was actually fond of Rao Aimin, and despite that mouth of hers being so venomous, he felt that it was very characteristic. “What books do you usually read? Just the ‘Classic of Mountains and Seas’? My company deals with culture. so I have quite a collection of ancient books at home. If you are interested, I can bring them with me next time. If you want any other ancient books that I do not have, I can let my Dad know. He

can help me find it since he has quite the influence in the cultural circles. It would be easy for him to find ancient books.”

“I don’t like the ancient books.”

“Do you have Weibo?”

“No.”

“Shall we exchange chatting IDs?”

“I don’t go online. Don’t have one.”

Lu Yuhu was done with the water and came out. He eased the situation. “My Senior Sis isn’t interested in technology. Her cellphone is also bought from a long time ago. She prefers the traditional arts. Right, Old Chen, didn’t you bring a couplet, hoping to find someone to match the second half? Get my Senior Sist to do it!”

“Right.” Chen Feng immediately got his bag and spread out the couplet he had written on the table. “Miss Rao. Please take a look. I haven’t been able to match the first half of this couplet in a while.”

For once, Rao Aimin lowered her head to take a few glances with interest.

Lu Yuhu said with a smile, “It’s not bad right, Senior Sis? This couplet is very interesting. It was figured out by Old Chen himself. However, he does not have a second half. The couplet might look simple, and it’s possible to match it, but it’s not easy to match it nicely. Don’t you like studying such things? Give it a try.”

Chapter 316: Compete with Zhang Ye in couplets?

In the room.

Chenchen muttered.

“What are you muttering about?” Zhang Ye asked.

Chenchen looked towards the door as she mumbled in her mouth, “Someone more pretentious than you is out there.”

“You can hear them too?” Zhang Ye was not angry this time, instead he said happily, “This person is really a little pretentious. Talking about his company, ancient books, and his dad and what nots. How’s that even interesting?”

Chenchen said while doing her homework, “My aunt would not be interested in him.”

Zhang Ye coughed a little, “Little rascal, then do you think your aunt would be interested in me?”

“You?” Chenchen looked at him for a while, “But you can’t beat my aunt in a duel.”

Zhang Ye shrugged, “Then if your Uncle Zhang can beat her in a fight one of these days?”

Chenchen’s mouth twitched. “...Hur Hur. Let us talk when you actually beat her. Stop boasting. You never practiced martial arts. You can’t even beat Little Lu.”

Zhang Ye smiled, "That might not necessarily be true." He would definitely not be able to beat Rao Aimin, that was for sure, but her junior was obviously far more lacking than her. Without trying, Zhang Ye also did not know what his kung fu levels were like, he totally had no concept of his strength.

.....

In the living room.

Rao Aimin said, "The first half isn't bad."

Lu Yuhu urged, "Senior Sis, give it a try?"

"I don't know such things, I've never learned about them." Rao Aimin only cared about drinking her tea.

Chen Feng's smile appeared on his face, "That's alright. I couldn't match the second verse myself either. We should discuss it together, who knows when inspiration might strike while we are at it."

Rao Aimin put down her teacup, "I'm not interested to discuss such things. It's getting late, Little Lu, Senior Sis won't be sending you off."

Lu Yuhu lamented. "Senior Sis, why are you so uninteresting? We're already here, at least give us some face. Old Chen's literary level is very high. You'd know it if you had a chat with him. Didn't you use to say that you appreciated talented people? Old Chen is one of the best out there. It's not that I am boasting for a buddy, but you won't find a few who could match his literary level in Beijing. He has even published an essay compilation before."

Chen Feng put on a false front of humility, "I'm not that great."

Lu Yuhu said, "Come on, this is not the time to be modest. My Senior Sis has even said before that she only appreciates two types of people. The first would be anyone who could beat her in a duel, another type would be those who are talented."

Chen Feng smiled a little, "I did do a few years of judo before."

Rao Aimin laughed, "Young man, are you meaning to spar with me now?"

Young man? Chen Feng knew that she did not treat him as an equal, so he got a little angry. He really did mean it now, if you want to spar, then let's spar. A guy like me can't beat you? Even if you had practiced the Eight Trigram Palms before, this Senior Sis status was still just a status. You don't even have muscles, of course I don't fear you. He had learned judo since he was young, but took a break in the middle for some years. His skills were still there. He had gotten to know Lu Yuhu at a gym and would admit that he was probably not his match, in fact he would be far below his level, but Rao Aimin was just a woman, of course he did not think he wouldn't win.

But when Lu Yuhu heard their conversation, he nearly vomited blood. He saw that Rao Aimin had already stood up, so he quickly stopped her, "Senior Sis, cool down, cool down. Old Chen doesn't mean it like that. Of course he's not intending to spar with you. Quickly, sit down. You really make me panic when you are like this!"

Chen Feng was stunned, "Old Lu."

Lu Yuhu was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. He looked back to him, "Old Chen, just forget it. With those judo moves of yours, you still want to spar with my Senior Sis? You're really great. Didn't I tell you before? She is our generation's Senior Sis of the Eight Trigram Palms. This is not a rank based on age, get it?"

Not ranked by age?

Then could it be ranked by skills?

Chen Feng did not really believe this. How could this woman be even stronger than Lu Yuhu?

Of course, Lu Yuhu also did not tell Chen Feng regarding some of Rao Aimin's things. He could not say it either. The Chinese martial arts world was not something that Chen Feng could understand anyway. After all, he was not from this circle and would not know what the three words, Rao Aimin represented in the Chinese martial arts world.

Rao Aimin sat back down.

Lu Yuhu wiped his sweat. "Let's not rough it out, we will get to know each other through culture, through culture."

Rao Aimin rebuked, "I do appreciate people with talent, but he's far from it. Do you think your Senior Sis has never seen the world? Am I so easy to fool!?"

Chen Feng could not take it anymore, he was raging by now!

Lu Yuhu immediately said, "If this brother of mine lacks the literary talent, then you won't be able to find anyone in Beijing. Of course, I'm talking about the younger generation."

Rao Aimin was getting frustrated, "So are you guys going to scram? Are you asking for a beating?"

Lu Yuhu knew his Senior Sis' temper, she had a sharp mouth but was very soft hearted. So he cheekily said, "Match the first verse and we will go. It's about getting to know each other through culture, so you should try to match it."

Rao Aimin glanced at him at him, "Alright, you're getting bold now, are you? Still trying to impose yourself here?"

Lu Yuhu said, "I brought a buddy along thinking that we could have supper with you, but we've just been here for a few minutes, so how could you ask us to leave? I've haven't tasted your famous Tremella porridge in such a long time, I really want to have some and also bring some back too."

"You said you wanted to discuss literature just now, right?" Rao Aimin sat with her legs crossed.

"Yes, my buddy's talent is not something you'd know nor understand. That's why I suggested it this way, if you...." Lu Yuhu was still intending to boast for Chen Feng.

Rao Aimin cut him off directly, "Little Zhang, come over!"

The door opened. Zhang Ye had heard what they were talking about initially, but then later on as he was chatting with Chenchen, he did not hear what came after, "Landlord auntie? What's the matter?"

Chenchen also followed along out to witness the commotion.

Rao Aimin sneered at Lu Yuhu, saying, “Kid, didn’t you say you want to eat supper? Sure, if your friend’s literary talent can match my tenant, I’ll feed you the Manchu Han Imperial Feast, let alone Tremella porridge!”

When Lu Yuhu heard this, he was pleasantly surprised, “Senior Sis, you said it yourself, don’t go back on your word!”

“Yea, I said it!” Rao Aimin lightly laughed.

Lu Yuhu smacked his thighs, “Haha, Old Chen, we’re gonna have a feast tonight! My Senior Sis is a great cook. Once you’ve tasted her cooking, you will remember it for the rest of your life!”

Chen Feng was angered, but still put on a smile, “Sure, I would love to try out Miss Rao’s cooking to see if it’s really as good as Old Lu says.”

Rao Aimin sneered, “We’ll see about that. It’s still too early to say.”

Lu Yuhu and Chen Feng couldn’t help but laugh. Compete with a random tenant of yours? What’s there to even compete! Does he even know how a couplet looks like and how to match it correctly?

Compete with Zhang Ye in literature?

Compete with Zhang Ye in couplets?

When Chenchen saw this, she let out a Hur Hur.

Zhang Ye looked at the pretentious Chen Feng and completely lacked the interest. What’s there to even compete, wouldn’t he just be bullying him? “Landlord Auntie, let’s forget it.”

Rao Aimin stared at him and switched her crossed legs, “Don’t talk nonsense!”

Chenchen also stirred him up in an encouraging manner. “Zhang Ye, you can do it.”

What do you mean I can do it? Zhang Ye’s bitter smile remained. Compete with an amateur in literature? He couldn’t even get interested. “Alright, then I just need to match the correct couplet?”

Lu Yuhu said with a smile, “Right, come on bro.”

Eh, Zhang Ye?

This name sounded familiar.

But Lu Yuhu and Chen Feng paid no attention and just looked on with smiles on their faces.

Zhang Ye walked over to the table to take a look.

1st Verse: Qián bāguà, kūn bāguà, bābāliùshísì guà, guà guà qiánkūn yǐ dìng

(Divination lot, Qian. Divination lot, Kun, 8 by 8, a total of 64 divinations*. The rules of the Universe are set).

Zhang Ye's face showed no expression, as if he was indifferent about everything. He knew that Chen Feng was just trying to find a topic to chat about with Rao Aimin. This was probably Lu Yuhu's idea, so they thought up of a Divination couplet as the first half of a verse. Zhang Ye did not even think before trying to pick up a brush, but realized that there was no brush.

"Use mine." Chenchen passed him a pencil.

Zhang Ye took it from her and then proceeded to write below the first half, "Luán jiǔ shēng, fèng jiǔ shēng, jiǔjiǔbāshíyī shēng, shēng shēng luánfèng hé míng. (The 9 cries of the Luan (Simurgh**), the 9 cries of the Feng (Phoenix), 9 by 9, a total of 81 cries. The melody of man and woman's union)." These couplets basically also existed in his previous world too.

When the second half of the verse was matched,

Lu Yuhu was stunned!

Chen Feng was also stunned for a moment, "This...." He had earlier said that he had no matching second verse to his first verse, but how could that be? Of course he actually had a second verse, but it couldn't be more matching than what was written by the young man before him. His opponent's second verse was much better than his and it looked like he did not even needed to think to come up with such a verse!

What was going on?

What kind of a person was this tenant?

Rao Aimin smiled, "Is the match acceptable?"

Lu Yuhu coughed, "Senior Sis, your tenant....."

Chen Feng did not concede and said to Zhang Ye, "Yóu xīhú tí xīhú xī hú diào xī hú xī hū xī hú (Touring the West Lake, holding a pewter flask, the pewter flask falls into the West Lake, a pity for the pewter flask)." This was not a couplet that he thought of, but one that he had asked from his teacher. These were the couplets that his teacher had not been able to match or match well. So he had brought them out now since he had been bragging so much earlier. He did not want to lose face in front of his friend and Rao Aimin.

Zhang Ye said with annoyance, "Yóu xīshān ná yīshān yīshān luò xīshān xī shàn yīshān (Touring the West Mountains, holding some clothes, the clothes fall off the mountains, a pity for the clothes)."

Lu Yuhu exclaimed, "Great match!"

Chen Feng's expression changed. "Kāikǒu biàn xiào, xiào gǔ xiào jīn fánshì fùzhīyīxiào (Beginning with laughter, past laughter, present laughter, everything can be faced with just laughter)."

Zhang Ye replied listlessly, "Dà dù néng róng, róng tiān róng de yǔ jǐ hé suǒ bùróng (Magnanimity can contain, contain the skies, contain the earth, so what can't it contain)?"

Chen Feng face darkened, "Bái shé guò jiāng, tóu dǐng yī lún hóng rì (A White Snake crosses the river, a red sun overhead)!"

Zhang Ye yawned, “Qīng lóng guà bì, shēn pī wàn diǎn jīn xīng (An Azure Dragon hangs on the wall, multiple golden stars it wore).”

Holy sh*t! That was a riddle type couplet! His first verse referred to an oil lamp, yet his opponent also answered with a riddle type couplet verse — A scale!

By now, Chen Feng was dumbfounded!

Lu Yuhu was also stunned!

Zhang Ye was feeling sleepy and said, “Is that about it?”

Yet Chen Feng was still unwilling to cede. He clenched his teeth and said, “Kàn wǒ fēi wǒ, wǒ kàn wǒ, wǒ yě fēi wǒ (I am not me when you look at me, when I look at myself, I am not myself either)!”

Zhang Ye wasn't too happy by now, didn't you say we would be doing just one couplet? Is there an end to this? So he immediately answered back, “Zhuāng shuǐ xiàng shuí, shuí zhuāng shuí, shuí jiù xiàng shuí (You look like who you impersonate, whoever impersonates whoever, whoever will become whoever)!”

It might seem like this second verse was referring to acting, saying that acting makes you become another person.

But when dissected further, why does it feel like this second verse was used to scold someone!

Who's acting now?!

Chen Feng's face almost turned green!

But Rao Aimin was tickled, “What's the matter? Do you still want to compete?”

Chen Feng did not say anything. Compete? Compete your sister! This person right here had matched them, and not only matched them with perfection, but he had also used it to sarcastically scold him! Even a fool could see that between the two of them, their literary skills belonged to two different realms!

*Qian Kun refers to the Universe.

**The “simurgh” a mythical bird with eagle-like features of Persian literary tradition, has been widely adopted by western sinologists to translate the analogous Chinese mythical bird, luan, following the lead of the late Edward Schafer. The luan should not be imagined, however as a raptor, since it lives solely on the fruit of the bamboo tree.

Chapter 317: Senior Sis, You're Hoodwinking Us Buddies!

In the room.

The atmosphere became awkward.

Chen Feng had been raved by Lu Yuhu just a moment ago, and he had even accepted the praises. In the end, a tenant that Rao Aimin casually grabbed had managed to match his couplets perfectly. Not only had he matched it, the second half of the couplet managed to lampoon him on his pretense. His face had turned swollen from the smacking!

You look like who you impersonate?

Whoever impersonates whoever, whoever will become whoever?

To be able to use couplets to scold people, what f**king realm have you already attained?

Chenchen chuckled nefariously and said to Zhang Ye, "I already knew you could do it. I had my bets placed on you."

"You playful nymph. Speak properly." Zhang Ye tugged at Chenchen's head.

Rao Aimin used the corners of her eyes to look at her junior brother and Chen Feng. "Why aren't you speaking? Are you still competing? My tenant's standard is not bad, right?"

Lu Yuhu said in a depressed manner, "Senior Sis, what do you mean not bad? Who is this tenant of yours? Although I don't know much about couplets, even I can tell who's the better one!"

"He?" Rao Aimin kept him in suspense.

Chen Feng said helplessly, "To be able to utterly convince, this is?"

"Ai, wait!" Lu Yuhu suddenly said, "To be able to use couplets to scold people, and is proficient in this arena. Holy shit, he can't be Teacher Zhang Ye, right? Right! Chenchen called you Zhang Ye just now!"

Zhang Ye smiled.

Chen Feng was stunned. Zhang Ye? Which Zhang Ye?

"It's really you!" Lu Yuhu smacked his forehead and looked at Rao Aimin, at a loss whether to laugh or cry. "Senior Sis, you aren't being nice. How is Zhang Ye your tenant? Why is he staying here? Aih, to think you let my buddy compete with Teacher Zhang Ye in literary standards? Aren't you bullying him!? I've seen the news the past two days. Teacher Zhang Ye joined Peking University and is teaching in the Chinese department! He is a professional lecturer of Literature. What's there to compete?! Senior Sis, you're hoodwinking us buddies! Not cool! It's really not cool!"

Chenchen chuckled.

Lu Yuhu stared. "Chenchen, you hoodwinked your Uncle Lu! You didn't even let me know!"

Rao Aimin threw her hands and said, "Kid, you were the one who said it yourself. We didn't want to compete. You were refusing to leave and insisting on being a busybody. Who have you to blame?"

Lu Yuhu: "..."

Chen Feng also managed to find a way to escape the awkward situation. If he lost to anyone else, he would really have lost face. However, losing to a Peking University lecturer like Zhang Ye, then it wasn't a surprise. It had to be so. There was no use in being indignant. After all, he was just an amateurish hobbyist, while the other person was a professional. With him specializing it in his profession, being defeated by him in this aspect was normal, as there was no way of competing. Even if his teacher came personally, he was also not likely to be Zhang Ye's match, what more an amateur like him!

Chen Feng magnanimously reached out his hand. "Teacher Zhang Ye, I've long heard great things about you. Thank you for the teachings from before."

Zhang Ye looked over and also shook his hands. "Nice to meet you. Sorry about just now. It was nothing much, and you can't say those were teachings." Since the other party's attitude had changed, Zhang Ye did not mind. It was not a fight. "I didn't want to compete in couplets." And indeed, he had previously said that.

Chen Feng laughed. "You wanted to leave me face by not wanting to match the couplets. It was me being rude. However, it's great that I could learn from you. These couplets of mine have stumped my teacher for a long while. If I return with the matches, he will definitely be very happy. If we ever publish it, we will definitely indicate that the second half came from you."

Zhang Ye said nonchalantly, "No big deal."

It was still a bit awkward. Chen Feng pretended to look at his watch. "Aiyah, look at the time. Then we won't intrude on you any further. Old Lu, let us leave."

Lu Yuhu smacked his lips and said, "But I haven't eaten the Tremella porridge yet."

What the heck are you eating? Chen Feng had already lost face and was unwilling to stay any longer. He could also tell that Rao Aimin was in no way interested in him. There was no meaning for him to stay any longer. Furthermore, Old Lu's Senior Sister was indeed older than him by a few years, so their ages were not that appropriate for one another.

Blind dates were all about merry meeting and merry parting. If it didn't work, at least they could be friends.

"Senior Sis, then we'll be leaving. I'll come by again to scrounge for food." Lu Yuhu and Chen Feng bade farewell. No one held a grudge and could be said that the matters were smoothed over.

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With them gone, there was only the trio left in the house.

Chenchen blinked her eyes. "Zhang Ye, you're awesome."

Zhang Ye said proudly, "Of course. Who do you think your Uncle Zhang is?"

"So awesome." Chenchen flattered.

Zhang Ye turned cocky. "That's of course. Then, I really was bullying him. Couplets are a form of attainment in literature. If I claim second, no one would dare to claim they are first. Ai, why are you so unusual today? You are so full of praise for me? You have finally recognized your Uncle Zhang's greatness?"

"Yes, I got to know it." Chenchen then took out a book while saying, "Zhang Ye, help me do my language homework."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. "No wonder you were waiting here for me!"

Rao Aimin tapped on her niece, "Do it yourself. Hurry."

Chenchen curled her lip like an adult, before reluctantly returning to the small room.

Zhang Ye and Rao Aimin were the only ones left in the living room.

With one man and woman in one room, with no one around them, Zhang Ye's heart began to thump loudly. His hand began to stretch out in a dishonest manner. He touched Rao Aimin's waist and then immediately began moving his hands to her buttocks.

All flesh!

It was so bouncy!

Rao Aimin laughed. "Kid, you are getting bolder and bolder, right? I endured you once or twice, but you seem insatiable to do a third and fourth time. Do you need a beating?"

Zhang Ye embolden himself and whispered, "I just missed you."

"Scram. Take your stinking hands off." Rao Aimin leered at him.

Zhang Ye put on a brave front and said, "Not taking it off!"

"Are you taking it off?"

"....Not taking if off!"

"Alright!"

"Aiyo! Stop! Stop! Stop! Don't you move! My arm is breaking!"

"Hur Hur, are you taking it off?"

"Off! Off! Off! Just talk, don't get rough!"

Zhang Ye's shoulder was pinched by Rao Aimin at his acupuncture points. His entire shoulder and arm went limp. He was not left with any strength. He could no longer boast as it was so painful that he ground his teeth!

Rao Aimin released his arm and glanced at him sideways. She said softly, "Don't you go groping on me in the future. If Chenchen sees it, I'll destroy you!"

Zhang Ye said without any sense of shame, "The child is doing her homework. She won't see it."

Rao Aimin ignored him and then slowly sat down on the sofa. Crossing her legs, she said, "Didn't you say you would be washing the dishes today? After the meal, you went to have fun on the internet. The dishes are still sitting there waiting for you. Go, do some work."

Zhang Ye said in confusion, "Did I say I would wash the dishes?"

Rao Aimin looked at him with an unfriendly look, "Really?"

"Alright, alright, alright. I said it." Zhang Ye could only go to the kitchen.

Rao Aimin broke her composure and scolded him with a laugh, "Darn little bastard." Then she said loudly, "Don't you do it improperly. Wash them clean. I will check in a while!"

"Got it." Zhang Ye felt like he had been exploited to do labor. Hai, but he had taken advantage of her, and it was not that easy to take advantage of the landlady.

Washing the dishes.

Washing the pot.

Wiping the table, sweeping the floor.

With this, slightly more than half an hour passed.

"Little Zhang." Rao Aimin commanded, "Go make a kettle of hot water."

Zhang Ye stared. "I'm at least a teacher of the people. Are you really commanding me as you wish?"

Rao Aimin stared at him. "Then who do you think cleaned your room in the month you were away? Ah? Who washed your bed sheets? Ah? Who placed cockroach insecticide on your ground? Who swept away the dead cockroaches? Hurry up and do the work. Cut the crap. Even a rabbit is more diligent than you!"

Zhang Ye was stumped and did not say another word. Fine, work it is. His house had indeed been cleaned up by the landlady nicely. He could not refute that.

He finally finished busying himself.

It was already past 8.

Chenchen came out while rubbing her eyes. "Aunt, I've finished my homework. I'm sleepy."

"Okay. Go to bed." Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye also said, "I'm sleepy too."

Rao Aimin acknowledged and said, "Scram then."

Zhang Ye blinked. "I'll stay here. I'll tell bedtime stories to Chenchen. I recently created a few childrens' fairytales. They are extremely interesting."

Rao Aimin said with an ambiguous smile, "Do you want to leave yourself, or get thrown out by me?"

Zhang Ye said to Chenchen, "Uncle will tell you a bedtime story, do you want to listen?"

Chenchen gave a long yawn. "No, I'm tired. I'm sleeping now." Saying that, she clumsily climbed upstairs.

A drop of sweat flowed down Zhang Ye's head. This wicked child sure doesn't give Brother Zhang any face. If you don't listen to a story, how will this bro sneak into your aunt's bed!?

"Are you leaving or not?" Rao Aimin looked at him.

Zhang Ye said in a thick-skinned manner. "Aiyah, I suddenly don't feel tired. Let me stay here for a while."

"You might not be tired, but I am!" Rao Aimin raised her chin and stood up with a leg supporting her. "Hurry and scram. Go teach your class properly tomorrow and stop trying to stay here." With a pause,

she smiled. “Kid, you’re sure without worry. I already saw that many industry insiders are going to Peking University to listen in on your public lecture? There will be people from the educational and literary world. Who knows what serious situations will arise tomorrow, yet you still have the mood to blabber here with me? Think about how you are going to lecture your ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. If you don’t do a good job, your reputation will become bad. You won’t be able to run away from the title of leading people astray. Remember to save up some money. Don’t get fired from Peking University and not be able to pay the rent.”

Zhang Ye said leisurely, “Don’t you worry. Since I dared to lecture ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, I definitely have the confidence. I’m not worried about that, what I’m worried most is...where to stay tonight. I feel like my house has a dark and gloomy aura, and isn’t suitable for staying in. I’ve calculated that the place with the best Fengshui is a maisonette-style apartment...Ai! Ai! Ai! Don’t do it! Don’t do it! I’ll leave myself! Leaving myself!”

Thud!

The door closed!

With a depressed face, Zhang Ye was sent out of the landlady’s house. Hai! Life can be described by the phrase loneliness is where the shoe pinches!

He could only honestly return to his house and prepare the information needed for tomorrow. Then he laid out his bed before snuggling into it.

Tomorrow was an important day. Zhang Ye was done preparing!

Chapter 318: The Anticipation-Filled Day!

The next day.

Early in the morning, there was a cold breeze blowing outside the window.

Dawn had not come, and many people had just woken up. Some people were getting ready for work, some were preparing breakfast, while others were getting ready to send their children to school.

At this moment, the morning newspaper, as well as some morning news programs of provincial television stations, informed the public that there would be a public lecture “Talking about Dream of the Red Chamber” at Peking University’s Grand Auditorium. The news even included video clips of Zhang Ye’s lecturing. For example, Zhang Ye’s final most crucial words, “last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were not written by Cao Xueqin”. It was once again reported by numerous media outlets. Although some television stations did not broadcast it, and some people did not pay much attention to it, this level of exposure with yesterday’s newspapers and the war of words on the internet, was sufficient to let anyone who was interested know.

Zhang Ye was once again the focus of the news!

“Peking University has expressed that it fully supports and encourages this major branching off from established academical knowledge. They have also said on their official Weibo that they support Teacher Zhang Ye fully!”

“Whether Zhang Ye is saying the truth, there is no 100% affirmation from authoritative academics in the world of academia. Many academics and experts hold a negative view towards it. Hence, today’s second public lecture by Zhang Ye held in Peking University auditorium is highly anticipated. We shall see what happens!”

“If it is true, it will overturn history!”

“Does Zhang Ye really have genuine talent? Or is he playing to the gallery?”

“Breaking news. After yesterday’s report, Zhang Ye once again fired off a limerick on his Weibo. He ended with ‘a person in literature looks forward to the death of his peers’, launching an attack on the entire world of literature. He has attracted public outrage. Under the lead of the Redology organizations, Beijing Writer’s Association, and other literary organizations, numerous expert scholars have publicly condemned Zhang Ye for his disrespectful and irresponsible behavior! A portion of Redology experts and literary organizations have expressed that they will personally attend the public lecture to cross swords with Zhang Ye. They will debunk his so-called truth behind ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

“Now, let us recall the development of the events. The reason for this uproar from the historical and academic world is because of newly appointed Peking University lecturer, Zhang Ye. He threw a bombshell in his first class, ‘Appreciation of the Classics’...”

The matter became more and more fervent. It had reached a climax today. Many people, who were traveling to work, were discussing this matter on the buses and subways.

On a car driving along 15th Road.

“Zhang Ye is a warrior!”

“Haha, that’s right. He truly is a warrior. After fighting his unit, he fought his leader, and after fighting his leader, he fought with the SARFT. Now, he is going to war with the world of literature!”

“But I’ve watched his lecture. It’s really complete with evidence.”

“I’m not sure about that. No one can say for sure.”

“Whether he’s right or wrong, we should know the outcome today.”

“I heard quite a number of experts and professors will be going. Peking University will probably be quite lively!”

Such discussions occurred in various corners of Beijing. There were even such similar scenes happening in other provinces. Zhang Ye had not only become under public scrutiny, he had also attracted large swaths of societal attention.

.....

At home.

Zhang Ye himself was still sleeping soundly.

The sky brightened up. The sky really brightened up. The sky...was extremely bright.

Only then did Zhang Ye wake up. When he looked at his watch, well it was 11 AM. He had slept quite long, but he was filled with energy as a result. He was in good spirits. He first ordered in some food and then went to shower in the bathroom. After drying his hair, the pizza had arrived. He then began eating.

With that, Zhang Ye took his documents and teaching materials before driving to Peking University.

.....

Afternoon.

It was past 12.

The sector around Peking University's Chinese department was packed to the brim. There were numerous cars of reporters parked here. Cars with signboards that said they were visitors drove in.

The auditorium that held the public lecture could accommodate about 5000 to 6000 people. It was not in the Chinese department, but in a building not far off. There were many Peking University staff members guarding the entrance, so as to maintain order and to verify tickets for admission. Actually, there were no tickets. It was just a different format. Peking University students just needed to use their student pass to gain entry. They had to prove they were students of the school. The reporters needed their reporter passes. The number of reporters per newspaper and television station were limited. It could not exceed three people. As for some special 'guests', such as people from the Writers' Association or from Redology organizations, they would be specially led into the auditorium after submitting an approval application. Hence, those 'guests', who swore to expose Zhang Ye, were still not seen yet.

In front of the door, there was a crowd of Peking University students.

"Don't push me!"

"I can't move! Don't push!"

"Hey, who stepped on my foot!?"

"People in front, hurry up! There won't be seats in a while!"

"Let me in! What the heck! Those who block me will die!"

Many Peking University professors and teachers could not comprehend watching this scene. They were already speechless. On a square in front of the auditorium's doors, there were 2000-3000 students. Meanwhile, the numbers were constantly increasing. And this did not include those students who had been admitted after using their student passes! It was impossible to imagine that such a scene was a public lecture if they did not know ahead of time! If no one said a thing, people might even think an A or B list celebrity had come here for a concert!

There were too many students!

The whole scene looked a bit crazy!

A few reporters did not immediately squeeze in. They only lined up outside. Since they had nothing to do, they began to interview and film on-site. They had obtained the authorization to interview in Peking University.

A female host held a microphone and gestured to the camera in front of her. Three, two, one. She then said, "Dear viewers, I am now on Peking University's campus. Behind me is the venue for the public lecture of the controversial 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. As everyone can see, the square is packed with people. Everyone is lining up to enter the auditorium. Now, let us interview a few students." Saying that, she turned around to look for someone. "This student, hello."

Yao Mi turned her head. "Ah?"

The female reporter said with a smile, "Let me interview you. Did you listen to the last public lecture?"

"I did." Yao Mi giggled and said, "I'm enrolled in the 'Appreciation of the Classics' elective."

The female reporter said, "That's great. What's your assessment of your Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Yao Mi chuckled, "Is there a need to ask? Zhang Ye is the most excellent and most outstanding and most humorous teacher in my heart. He is my idol. He is my spiritual guide. He has showed me the way. He has lit the way ahead for me. We adore him, adore him for his diligence. We like him. Liking his..."

The female reporter nearly fainted from Yao Mi's words. "Oh, oh, I got it!"

Yao Mi began calling out, "Hey, hey, don't go. I'm not done yet. I'm not finished yet!"

The female reporter thanked the heavens that this was not a live broadcast. What were you even talking about. It was even a prose. Were ladies from Peking University's Chinese department so f**king eloquent?

Li Li chortled.

Yao Mi's dormitory roommate was also amused.

Li Ying said, "Little Mi, you chased her away from your chatter!"

Yao Mi felt stifled. "Why did she leave? I still wanted to praise my Uncle Zhang a few more times." Her father was Zhang Ye's good friend, so she naturally leaned towards Zhang Ye.

On the other side.

The female reporter interviewed others. "What do you think of Zhang Ye as a teacher?"

"I don't really think much of him. I'm not from the Chinese department." He was a Peking University student from the Math department.

The female reporter blinked her eyes and said, "Zhang Ye publicly attacked the world of literature last night on Weibo. Did you see his limerick? How do you evaluate it?"

The Mathematics department bespectacled boy said, "I don't have an evaluation for it."

The female reporter exclaimed, "You don't have any thoughts at all?"

The bespectacled boy threw his hands up. "What's there to think about? Doesn't Teacher Zhang Ye scold others based on an arithmetic progression? Hasn't it always been the case?"

Female reporter: "..."

At this moment, the female reporter and the cameraman saw a girl walk past them. She looked delicate and pretty, and wore spectacles and carried a book. She looked quite knowledgeable, so the female reporter went forward. "Student!" She had finally seen someone normal.

"Hmm? Are you calling me?" Senior Song nudged her spectacles and looked over.

The female reporter pushed the microphone over with a smile. "I'm interviewing you. Do you agree or disagree that the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was written by only Cao Xueqin?"

Senior Song nudged her spectacles once again and said, "Firstly, what you said isn't very rigorous. It should not be the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', as the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' are not considered complete. There are still parts that are lost, so I can't answer your question. You should say the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' on the whole before I can answer you. My view is that I do not agree nor do I reject it. This is because the evidence provided by Teacher Zhang Ye has given me quite a shock. I did not sleep at all last night. I flipped through a lot of documents, and was unable to find evidence that could refute what Teacher Zhang Ye had said. I realized I couldn't refute his theory, hence, I tried to find traces of evidence of the 120 circulated chapters to prove Teacher Zhang Ye's point, but I also failed to prove anything. It might be because I'm limited in my knowledge. I encountered 13 problems as a result. First, which is the most serious logical problem. The poem by Jia Baoyu that has given all Redologists a headache. It cannot be explained in any other way. Furthermore, this poem appeared in the first 80 chapters on the whole. Teacher Zhang Ye will not be able to avoid that. I am very curious if Teacher Zhang will avoid this poem and sweep it under the rug. The second problem is the linking of the last 40 chapters. I do not find it problematic. If the last 40 chapters and the first 80 chapter on the whole were not written by the same person, then this..."

As Peking University's Chinese department straight As student, Senior Song was a very serious person. Words began to flow from her mouth as she spoke to the camera. There were a total of 13 problems, which Senior Song patiently described each and every one of them. She did not even stammer. It was as if she did not even need to breathe, as she said it with gusto.

Oh my god!

What sort of people are they!?

A dark cloud already appeared on the cameraman's forehead. As the female reporter looked at this gentle and quiet girl, she nearly cried out with tears at the sky, "Holy sh*t!"

Can we have a nice chat?

Can we speak Mandarin?

Holy sh*t, is there anyone normal here!? Is there!?

Chapter 319: The Second Public Lecture!

Outside the Grand Auditorium.

The square was lively.

The female reporter and cameraman, who were from Jinshi locality television station, had their hands full, first was Yao Mi from the Chinese department, then the bespectacled male student from the Mathematics department and lastly, with the straight A student, Senior Song. The Tianjin television station reporter could only feel one emotion right now, and it was that the people from Peking University were totally from a different world than them. She had only wanted to get a simple interview, why was it so difficult?!

"The eleventh problem is..."

"Student, student. That will do."

"No, I'm not finished. The eleventh problem is an important character in the Jia residence..."

Many Chinese department students knew Senior Song. Even people from other departments had heard of Senior Song, so when they saw the female reporter's expression, they were all extremely amused!

"Hilarious!"

"Haha, Senior Song is doing it again!"

"The moment academic issues crop up, there's no way to stop her!"

"Those reporters are really unlucky. Of all the students here, they had to pick the Straight A Student Song! They even dared ask her about the academic issues of the lecture! This will probably take over an hour to talk about. Senior Song is not called Straight A Student Song for nothing!"

There were all sorts of geniuses in Peking University, and it quite was obvious here today.

Over there, Yao Mi made her dormitory mate help her to queue while she went over to the reporter and cameraman to speak well of Zhang Ye. Yet another reporter had their hands full with her, so they quickly escaped and hid from her!

The Chinese department teachers had also come.

As long as they had no afternoon lessons, they all made their way to the grand auditorium.

Seeing the reporter's sticky situation, seeing the crowds of people, Professor Zeng, who had a good relationship with Zhang Ye, smiled and said, "This scene, I doubt even the auditorium that can hold 5000 people will have enough seats for everyone."

Su Na was quite surprised. "So many students?"

Department Dean Chang Kaige frowned. "How many people skipped classes for there to be so many here?"

Zhen Shuquan quipped, "This time, higher management from the school will come to listen in. Let's enter first. I think if we enter late, there won't even be seats for us."

Other than the Chinese department teachers, there were also teachers from the History department, as well as other departments here to join in the bustle. After they saw this, they were rendered speechless.

Zhang Ye's class was just an elective. It only had about a hundred people enrolled in the class, but in the end, the public lecture had such a huge turnout? 5000 people? What was this!? This had already broken the attendance record of Peking University's public lectures! Such a large auditorium was only used for performances during conferences! The school had reserved this location for Zhang Ye to hold his public lecture because they had already expected the turnout to be larger than usual, but they had not expected the seats to be completely taken up. Judging by the situation now, not only would the seats be fully taken up, it would not even be enough to hold everyone! Behind them, they could even see students from their own departments who were supposed to have afternoon lessons, yet those students were here queuing up for a lesson that they weren't even supposed to attend!

It was a torture to compare people!

Trash thrown out upon comparison!

Zhang Ye's appeal was something that really left these Peking University lecturers with nothing to say, but they also knew they could not compare to him. After all, Zhang Ye's status was still a celebrity and the things he claimed now were really too shocking. If they themselves dared to claim something like "'Journey to the West' was not written by Wu Chengen" at a place like Peking University, they would also be able to gain attention from the whole of society, but what's important was that they did not dare to make those claims!

"Zhang Ye offended the literature world yesterday?"

"Yes, he posted a limerick on Weibo yesterday that offended the entire world of literature!"

"Why is he like that? His claims still can't hold any water and he dares to offend people like that?"

"Our Peking University is an institution of over a hundred years, he better not destroy our reputation. I hope that Zhang Ye can bring out some really solid proof today or else it will not end well."

"Yea, when I was outside earlier, I saw Dean Liu hosting some experts from the literary world for lunch. I suppose they will be joining this public lecture later."

"Zhang Ye has forced himself down a path of no return."

"Hopefully, he can back his claims up properly. If he can't do so, it would be too embarrassing, not only for himself, but for everyone of us at Peking University."

The few teachers from the various departments had some worries and concerns.

The Chinese department's Secretary and Dean also had similar thoughts. This was no longer just Zhang Ye's problem alone. It was now a problem of the Chinese department and even of Peking University. If anything went wrong, Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan would have their fair share of responsibility too. And this responsibility was too heavy to bear — Changing the history of one of the Four Great Classical Novels and misleading the students, it was a responsibility that even they could not take on. If it were just brought up as a point in a normal lecture, it might be fine. It wouldn't spread to the public. Even if it did, they could still control it, but now, it was like water that had been poured, they wouldn't be able to contain it anymore. The entire society already knew of this. There were so many students and so many reporters present. And as if Zhang Ye still did not have his hands full, he even added fuel to fire and offended the entire literary world. The literary world was now taking it up with them and had sent a few

dozen members over today. Together with the education and world history's people, it could be said that Peking University was a gathering place of the elite today. Whether they were here to pick a thorn or witness the commotion, they were all here!

This Zhang Ye!

He really makes others worry!

.....

At the same time.

As Zhang Ye's car entered the gates of Peking University, a phone call came.

"Son." It was Mom who called. "You've gotten into big trouble this time!"

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Mom, relax. I have a sense of propriety."

Mom said angrily, "Your Dad and I only knew you got into such big trouble after watching the morning news. Are you dying? Why can't you rest a day!? You even dare to trample on the Four Great Classical Novels? Great, now see what's happening? Everyone is scolding you. You really do not know when to stop!"

Zhang Ye said, "I really know what I am doing. Alright Mum, tell Dad not to worry either. I am at Peking University now and have to prepare for my class. Don't say anymore."

The call ended.

Ring, ring, ring. It was Wu Zeqing's number.

Zhang Ye hurriedly slowed down his car to pick the call up. "President Wu."

"Are you here yet?" Wu Zeqing's gentle voice was very soothing to the ears.

"I'm here. I just passed through the school gates." Zhang Ye said.

Wu Zeqing acknowledged. "How are your preparations?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Pretty much done. It all depends on how I express myself when the time comes. I did not prepare a script. I'm the kind of player that does better on the field. Hur Hur."

Wu Zeqing said, "Then I'm relieved."

"You really trust me? You aren't afraid I'll screw up?" Zhang Ye asked out of curiosity.

Wu Zeqing said calmly, "Since I invited you to join Peking University, then I naturally trust you completely. No matter what others say, just follow your own thoughts and lecture on."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye turned silent. "...Thank you."

Wu Zeqing said, "Alright, that will be all. I'll be going to the auditorium to listen to your class. I'm honestly looking forward to what you will talk about today. Don't disappoint everyone."

"Rest assured." Zhang Ye hung up.

With such trust from President Wu, Zhang Ye's heart was filled with warmth. This was the sort of feeling that he had never experienced much before. During his time in the radio station, he was seen with contempt by the leaders. When he went to the television station, the leaders sought to suppress him. Even at the online television station, Zhang Ye's unexpected moves and choices, like his Talk Show, were met with doubt from the leaders and others around him. He was stumbling his way through to get it implemented before the results managed to extend the broadcast run and made everyone recognize his work. Otherwise, the program would have been cut without a moment's hesitation, but here at Peking University, the situation was slightly different. Zhang Ye had not expected to meet such a trusting leader like Wu Zeqing. Compared to casting doubt on one of the Four Great Classical Novels' author, what sort of resistance did he get for proposing to do a Talk Show that had never existed before? What sort of pressure did he have to deal with for a radio station's children's' story program? What problems did he encounter as a lecturer for "Lecture Room"? With such a comparison, all of the issues he encountered seemed so small now, but yet with such an earth-shattering claim that even seemed 'treacherous', Wu Zeqing had actually been supportive of him!

The entire society was scolding him!

But Wu Zeqing's support for him had never changed!

Zhang Ye liked such trust. He was also grateful to such a trust. Since you trust me, then rest assured. This bro will definitely not disappoint you, nor will I cause you any trouble!

After alighting from the car.

Zhang Ye went straight to the back door of the Grand Auditorium. There was a passage for internal use. At this moment, his expression had also turned serious. He had wiped away his relaxed expression.

"Hey! Little Zhang." A familiar face appeared.

Zhang Ye looked over and went over. "Brother Hu, you came too?"

It was Beijing Television Station's Hu Fei, Zhang Ye's old leader, "Yes, I came over to support you. Coincidentally, I know a teacher here, so I'm entering through the back door. This public lecture's seats are really not easy to get. I had to cash in a favor before I managed to come here. Looks like I owe someone a debt now."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "You should have informed me, I would have left a seat for you."

Hu Fei smiled until his eyes were a slit. "I knew you had to prepare for your lessons, so I didn't want to disturb you."

"What preparations do I need? It's only making copies of some information. Don't you already know that? When have I ever needed a script? It's all in my head already." Zhang Ye laughed.

"Teacher Zhang Ye." Another person came from behind again.

Hu Fei said, "Alright, go busy yourself. I'll be going in first. We can talk later."

"Alright." Zhang Ye then turned around and looked. "Yo, Teacher Xiaomei. Director Zhao."

It was Beijing Radio Station's broadcasting host Wang Xiaomei and Zhang Ye's former leader, Zhao Guozhou.

Zhao Guozhou smiled and said, "Long time no see. Not bad. The commotions you stir up are getting bigger by the day. Thankfully, I know a Dean from the History department, if not I wouldn't even be able to come listen to your lecture."

Wang Xiaomei was the same as always. She did not like to speak unnecessarily.

Zhang Ye smiled and exchanged a few words with them. It had indeed been a long time and it felt really good when he saw them again. Zhang Ye rather missed them and his old colleagues.

After duo left, another person came.

"Hey, Little Zhang." Someone called him.

Zhang Ye looked over and his eyes lit up. "Elder Qian."

Elder Qian was a veteran in the literary world. He was the head judge of the Beijing Couplet Competition in the past. He was an old acquaintance that had pretty good relations with Zhang Ye. He had spoken up to support Zhang Ye on multiple occasions.

"Why have you come?" Zhang Ye was pretty happy.

Elder Qian stroked his beard. "I came to listen to your lecture."

Zhang Ye felt overwhelmed and said, "Don't say it like that. I'm not that good."

"Haha, if you aren't good, then who is?" Elder Qian pointed out that there were still many people gradually entering the auditorium through the back door, "Those who are here today are all here to listen your lecture. With your talent and knowledge, you have long been qualified to give lectures to others. The evidence you submitted yesterday were critical and also very substantial. I'm actually very curious as well, so here I am. Yes, please do well later. I'm here today as your student, I will listen well."

Zhang Ye quickly gave a wave of his hand, "Don't say that, you're overpraising me."

Elder Qian glanced at him once again, "But I have yet to take it up to you, rascal. What's with that limerick? You even scolded me along with them!"

Zhang Ye smiled and apologized, "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. I was just quick with my mouth, but that limerick was not meant for you. To me, you don't belong to the literary world. You belong to the world of culture instead. The world of culture is on a level higher than the world of literature."

Elder Qian said happily, "Don't try that with me."

Many others gradually entered the auditorium through the back door passage. When they saw Zhang Ye, no one bothered to greet him. Many of them greeted Elder Qian instead.

Some leered at Zhang Ye.

Some looked at him with slight annoyance.

Some people did not say anything and just shook their heads.

Clearly, they were likely those who “looked forward to the death of their peers”, members of the literary world, but Zhang Ye did not see any of the key personnels, they had probably already entered the auditorium.

“Hmph!”

“So this is Zhang Ye?”

“What arrogance!”

“I want to see how he is going to lecture today!”

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders and smiled at Elder Qian. “See that? Not many are here to listen to my lecture today. They are all here to watch me make a fool of myself.”

“That’s all because you always offend people.” Elder Qian laughed, for he was powerless. “Your shelling had scolded all of them.”

“But I didn’t scold them wrongly.” Zhang Ye did not think of it this way. “Other than you and a small number of friends from the world of literature, how many people in the literary circles actually like me? Oh, just because I’m a broadcasting major, I can’t engage in literature? And I can’t do it better than them? Whenever I have a problem, they all besiege me together. Whenever I come up with some poem or essay, they would say that it is not good. What sort of logic is this?! When I say that they ‘looked forward to the death of a peer’, surely I am not wrongly accusing them, right?”

Elder Qian said, “You have hit out at too many people in this manner. There are still many respected veterans in the literary world who did not criticize you.”

Zhang Ye smiled, “Other than you, I have not come across many others. When something happens, when the society really needs them, all of them go into hiding. They keep quiet, but when all is peaceful, they jump out immediately. They keep to themselves in their nests and only know how to exclude themselves. They use seniority and ranks, waving the flags of morality and criticizing their own peers. Hur Hur, they can criticize others, but don’t criticize me. This bro doesn’t care for the glory or traditions of the literary world. If you criticize me, I will criticize back at you! Do you think they can out-criticize me or I can out-criticize them? I am a host that makes a living by using my mouth. They want to compete with me in that? Even if I took a handicap of having half a lip, they still wouldn’t be able to out-scold me! They want to fight me in my occupation? Are they trying to make me laugh? I’ll surely fight it out with them!”

“Look at that mouth of yours.” Elder Qian shook his head and gave a wry smile. “If that mouth of yours were mounted on a spaceship, that spaceship might not even stop after flying out of the Milky Way!”

Not far away, a few experts from the History circles entered. They happened to hear Zhang Ye’s words and nearly stumbled to the ground!

There was only a phrase in their minds at that moment!

Hooligans were not scary, only hooligans with culture!

Knowing Teacher Zhang Ye was not as good as meeting him in person. He was more ruffian than the rumors made him out to be!

Chapter 320: 'Dream of the Red Chamber' only has 108 Chapters!

It was almost 1PM.

Inside the Grand Auditorium of Peking University.

Zhang Ye had arrived, but stayed in the resting room backstage. He could hear the busy chatter in the auditorium and he understood that all of these people were here today because of him. They were all here to listen to his lecture. At that moment, Zhang Ye felt a rush of adrenaline in his heart. Just like he had mentioned earlier, he was not the type who loved to speak. It was this way at home, and had also been the same at school. He was a low profile type of person in class and had generally never attracted much attention, but whenever there were activities, like a stage play, Zhang Ye's spirit would perk up. He was the typical field player. The more people there were, the bigger the occasion, the more excited he would be with vigor!

"How many more minutes?" Zhang Ye asked.

"Teacher Zhang, there's still 10 minutes." An auditorium staff member told him.

"OK, the projector and the microphones are all properly set up?" Zhang Ye asked.

The staff member said, "They've all been test already. Please do not worry. I guarantee that there won't be any problems. We've already tested it a few times."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Alright, thank you very much for everyone's hard work."

"Look at you being courteous, isn't this our job?" The few staff members were very courteous and polite. They knew that the focus of society was all on Peking University today.

.....

At the venue.

The cameras had all been set up. There were cameras that belonged to Peking University, and some that belonged to the reporters. They had gained prior approval from the university and were allowed to bring their video cameras to record, but if they wanted to post any parts of the public lecture, they would have to seek approval from Peking University. This was a prerequisite that they had agreed on.

There were a total of 7-8 video cameras set up.

The 5000-6000 seats were all filled, with none left empty. Many students did not manage to get in too.

Wu Zeqing and a few other faces that Zhang Ye did not know were the last to arrive. When they arrived, the people who were seated in the front row greeted them.

"President Wu."

"Dean Wang is here too?"

"President Chen, long time no see."

This was Peking University's group of leaders. A total of 4 people, each one of them held a very high rank. The highest ranked leader should be the same as Wu Zeqing. After chatting for a while, they all took their seats.

Those who greeted them were naturally not ordinary people either.

Those who sat in the front row were mostly senior figures and experts of the literature and history world.

Take for example, Elder Qian. President Wu and Vice President Chen both knew him, but Vice President Chen probably knew him better, as the two of them had a long chat.

Wu Zeqing was having a conversation with another woman instead.

Yan Yu laughed, "President Wu, your Peking University really has some talented people."

"We're doing OK i guess." Wu Zeqing replied softly, "We can't compare to your Writers' Association, I didn't expect to see you here today, Vice-President Yan. I heard that you've been busy with your book launch."

Yan Yu, the National Writers' Association's Vice-President. An author, a scholar, and a Redologist.

Yan Yu's lips curled, "I was busy with the book launch, but I couldn't help it. This book was written about the appreciation of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', but your Peking University's Teacher Zhang has totally negated 'Dream of the Red Chamber' with his new claims. I wouldn't be able to publish this now, so I came over to 'learn'."

Anyone could hear the sarcasm in Yan Yu's answer.

Wu Zeqing put on a demure smile, "Let's not say that it's learning, but instead having a discussion."

At the other end, a slightly tanned-looking middle-aged man said, "We won't be able to discuss with Zhang Ye. President Wu, I really respect you, but that Zhang Ye....." He shook his head.

Elder Qian interrupted saying, "Little Yang, why are you bringing your personal emotions into this? Hur Hur."

The Redologist, Teacher Yang said, "Elder Qian, I'm not being emotional here. I'm just someone who 'looks forward to the death of a fellow peer', so how could I be emotional?"

Indeed, these people were here with unfriendly intentions.

Their words all carried a sting.

Professor Zeng tried to put in a good word, "Old Yang, Teacher Little Zhang's mouth can be rather vicious, but in terms of literary skills, he is still a professional. If he has offended you in anyway, I want to apologize on his behalf to everyone." They were from the Chinese department of Peking University, while many of the guest were experts from the literary world. They basically knew each other, though not well. They had seen or heard of each other, and since this circle was not big, they knew of each other.

Old Yang waved dismissively, "There's no need for that."

Meng Dongguo, the Vice-President of the Beijing Writer's Association was also present. He looked at his watch and said, "He's not coming out yet?"

Renmin University's Ma Hengyuan was amongst them as well. Everyone had gathered here to talk badly about Zhang Ye, ready to see him make a joke of himself, so how could he not join in, "Time's almost up, right?"

Chang Kaige looked over to him, "Professor Ma cannot wait for it to begin?"

Ma Hengyuan said impatiently, "I still have a class in the afternoon. I will leave after listening for 30 minutes. This Little Zhang! Does he really have to start on time? So many seniors and industry experts all waiting for a junior like him?"

This was precisely what looking for issues to pick on looked like.

Many of Peking University's lecturers glanced at him, thinking to themselves that no one begged him to come anyway!

Countdown of three minutes....Countdown of two minutes.....

During the final minute, Zhang Ye finally walked out from backstage and onto the main stage podium.

The applause was sparse and not very synchronized.

Only Yao Mi and a few others, who really liked Zhang Ye, screamed and applauded. Although the applause were limited, in the end, it still felt rather lively.

"Teacher Zhang's so awesome!" Yao Mi shouted!

Yao Mi's dormitory mate also began to stir up, "Teacher Zhang, I love you!"

When those words rang out, the 5000 seater auditorium also burst out in laughter.

The Redologists and writers in the front row shook their heads lightly. This was an academic talk, not some celebrity idolizing event. How could a lesson begin like this—Whatever it was that Zhang Ye did, they would not be pleased with it. They were here today to deal a fatal blow should Zhang Ye's lecture present any arguments with logical errors.

The reporters were all putting up their utmost concentration.

"He's here, he's here!"

"Quick, turn on the video camera!"

"Check the image! Don't leave anything important out of the frame!"

The Peking University students also looked excitedly at the stage. Many of them were curious as to how Zhang Ye would present his lecture today, while some others did not care about this, but were instead here to see what kind of bombshell Teacher Zhang Ye would throw out this time!

Hu Fei looked at the stage with a smile.

Zhao Guozhou and Wang Xiaomei also exchanged whispers.

.....

On-stage.

Zhang Ye stood still as he took control of the microphone and took a deep breath as he looked on at the thousands of people below the stage. He really enjoyed this feeling of being the center of attention, just as he liked the famous song 'I Don't Believe' by Zhang Yuanqi. This song essentially depicted him.

I don't believe, that my life is worse than others!

I don't believe, that I have no one bit of talent!

I don't believe, that I'm destined to be a lowly person!

I don't believe, that my songs will be left unanswered forever!

Today, Zhang Ye's cry had reached far and wide, and he had received everyone's response. He had achieved what he had always been wishing for and looking forward to. He wanted his cry to reach further in the future. This was the path that he was determined to follow. He was extremely determined to stay on this path!

"Hello, everyone." Zhang Ye wore a smile as he spoke into the microphone, "Today is a very special public lecture class. We have many school leaders present, as well as many teachers and seniors from the literary and history worlds. There are even a number of reporter comrades here. As a Peking University elective class lecturer, I feel very flattered and surprised, but still, I welcome everyone here. Because of some special circumstances, the school leaders requested that I change the style of my public lecture a bit. I have agreed to it, so I will distribute a few microphones out into the audience, some for my students, and some for the experts of the literary world. As the auditorium is quite big, I wouldn't be able to hear your questions otherwise."

A few Peking University staff members went to the floor and handed out the microphones.

"Give one to me."

"I want a microphone too."

"Over here, bring one for me."

Several of the literary world's members all came forward trying to get a microphone, like Yan Yu, and Meng Dongguo. The rest of Zhang Ye's class students were all concentrated in the front of the middle section of seats. They were all seated together. Yao Mi and Senior Song were both holding microphones as well.

Zhang Ye said, "Anyone can bring up any question during anytime in my class today, not only my students, but please note not to disrupt the class when you raise your question. It would be best not to interrupt me before I finish speaking about important things."

"Don't interrupt you?"

"What do you mean by important things?"

"Then how can you still call this raising a question at anytime?"

A few literary world members coldly grunted at this. This remark was clearly made at them.

Zhang Ye was also very direct, saying, "As for what is important or not — I will be the one to decide."

Heh!

You good rascal!

A number of the literary world members were extremely offended by this!

Professor Zeng, Su Na, and a few other Chinese department teachers all smiled wryly. It seemed like Zhang Ye had clashed with them head on!

The students and a number of reporters were all excited by this remark. The class had not even started, yet the smell of gunpowder was already extremely strong. There's surely going to be a good show to be put on later!

"Let's start the lesson properly then." Zhang Ye looked at them and said, "If you don't have any intention to ask any questions yet, then please turn off the microphone first. This is to prevent any distractions for others." Finally, Zhang Ye took another deep breath and started the class, "In the previous lesson, we've mentioned a lot of things about 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. I've showed a number of documents as evidence to support my claims that the last 40 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' on the whole was not originally written by Mr Cao Xueqin. I'm sure people have verified this information when they got home yesterday. Little Song, have you done the necessary homework regarding this?"

When Senior Song realized that Zhang Ye had called her out, she calmly stood up and switched the microphone on, "I've done so. The evidence that you presented does indeed exist, and....I can't argue with any of them for the time being."

Zhang Ye looked at the others, "Students, who else would like to refute what I presented yesterday? If there's no one, we can continue from there."

The Peking University students did not speak.

Even those from the literary world were a little hesitant before finally not saying a word.

What Zhang Ye had presented as evidence to his claims yesterday were indeed quite substantial. In addition to this, they did not really have any other information that they could use to refute what he said. However, this did not mean that they accepted the evidence. Those few poems were still lacking and were not authoritative enough.

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "Since no one has any information to refute, then let us end the previous lesson at that for now. We will not mention it for the time being."

Meng Dongguo was stunned.

Ma Hengyuan also frowned.

Not mention? This was something unexpected to those literary world members. Yan Yu, the Vice-President of the National Writers' Association was also slightly surprised. To be fair, the evidence was

good and had research value. They had expected that Zhang Ye would try to hammer his points home by repeating that information again and again. Since no one could refute them, nor did they have any materials to do so with, Zhang Ye could bite onto this and not let go. Who'd have thought that he would give up on this himself!

What was he up to?

Without these, could you still go on?

Elder Qian lightly nodded his head. In terms of academics, Little Zhang was rigorous. He did not grab on to the past and instead elaborated from different angles. This was the attitude required for one to be an academic, and only through this could they convince everyone. Otherwise, with back and forth debate over the same thing, even if they thought it was quite logical, no one would be convinced by their views.

But Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan were still a little worried. This Little Zhang better not play with fire!

Zhang Ye said calmly, "I know that everyone is still doubtful of the information that I presented during the first lesson. Some of you might not even believe it, but did not say a thing as you cannot refute it. So why don't we just skip all of this instead. In the previous lesson, I had brought up the points from the angle of historical literature to prove my claims. So then today, I will be chatting with everyone here on the text contained within the 120 circulated chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. I will present to you a whole different way to backup my claims!"

Everyone's mind was engrossed by now.

The venue had become very quiet all of a sudden.

After a second, Zhang Ye opened his mouth, "Those who were listening intently enough might be wondering why I phrased my words that way. Yesterday and today's wording, I keep saying chapters after the eightieth on the whole. If not, I would say the last 40 chapters of the 120 circulated chapters, but if you recall, I never said anything about the last 40 chapters of Cao Xueqin's 'Dream of the Red Chamber' in any way. Some might be wondering, why don't I say the last 40 chapters of Cao Xueqin's 'Dream of the Red Chamber'?"

Senior Song blinked.

Senior Zhou also began recalling.

It was really so! Teacher Zhang Ye really didn't mention any of that!

"Why is that so, Teacher Zhang?" Yao Mi switched on her microphone and asked.

Zhang Ye replied lightly, "This is precisely the topic we will be talking about today. Why did I not mention that? Then I will tell everyone right now. Cao Xueqin's full version of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was never 120 chapters!" Zhang Ye looked at everyone as he once again shocked the reporters, students, and literary world members at the beginning of his second lecture. "The real, original version of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was only supposed to be 108 chapters!"

Ma Hengyuan sat there speechless!

Meng Dongguo and the others from the literary world all smacked their heads!

108 chapters? Zhang Ye ah! Are you intending to tear apart 'Dream of the Red Chamber', one of the Four Great Classical Novels, from top to bottom and from the inside out?

Holy sh*t!

You are spouting more and more nonsense!

The students also erupted into a flurry of discussion!