

I'm Really a Superstar - Chapter 5: Being Hired! -

Silence!

Not a single person spoke!

Zhang Ye was not at all surprised to see them speechless.

Li Honglian was already at a loss of words, "You... That poem..."

Zhao Guozhou could not understand Russian, "Old Li, translate it. How's the poem?"

Li Honglian cleared her throat with a cough, "That, I...I, too, did not understand it too well. *cough* I only understood a small portion."

Ah? Even you, as a person who studied Russian, did not understand it? A few of the interviewers nearly fell off their chairs!

"Prose poems are like that. Russian is also a bit harder to understand. Besides, Little Zhang said it pretty fast..." Li Honglian came up with an excuse.

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Then I'll translate it into Chinese and recite it once again."

Even after seeing Director Li being taken aback, a young interviewer was still unwilling to give up. He wanted to gain back some reputation for his Leader. As Chinese phrases were rich and contained all sorts of variations, it was different from Russian. Chinese was the only way to test a person's ability. I can't understand Russian? Then I can definitely make a fuss about the Chinese translation! I won't let it rest if you misuse a single word! I will fail you! This person still remembered the secret intentions behind his Leader's words. So what if you know Russian? The poem needs to be good, too! You think that you can foolishly pass the test by saying some random Russian phrases? How can it be that easy!?

Everyone had different thoughts as they focused fully on the Chinese version of Zhang Ye's recitation!

Zhang Ye could read some of their minds just by looking at their eyes. He knew that they still thought lowly of him. With a sneer, his emotions were

perfectly aligned with his recitation. “Up above the sea’s grey flatland, wind is gathering the clouds. In between the sea and clouds proudly soars the Petrel, reminiscent of black lightning. Glancing a wave with his wingtip, like an arrow dashing cloudward, he cries out and the clouds hear his joy in the bird’s cry of courage. In this cry—thirst for the tempest! Wrathful power, flame of passion, certainty of being victorious the clouds hear in that bird’s cry. Seagulls groan before the tempest, – groan, and race above the sea, and on its bottom they are ready to hide their fear of the storm...”

It was still calm in the beginning!

However as the poem reached its climax, Zhang Ye’s tone became more pressing. His volume increased, “The wind howls . . . the thunder rolls . . . Like a blue flame, flocks of clouds blaze up above the sea’s abyss. The sea catches bolts of lightning, drowning them beneath its waters. Just like serpents made of fire, they weave in the water, fading, the reflections of this lightning—Tempest! Soon will strike the tempest! That is the courageous Petrel proudly soaring in the lightning over the sea’s roar of fury; cries of victory the prophet...”

Why do difficulties always befall me?

Why is the world always this unfair?

But! So what if that was the case! So what if my body was shattered! This is the road I chose! I will not retreat! I have no fear!

Zhang Ye took a final breath and said loudly, “—Let the tempest come strike harder!”

The final stanza of the poem was engraved in the hearts of many in Zhang Ye’s previous world. It boiled one’s blood and, now throwing it into this world, it similarly injected itself into one’s blood!

Zhao Guozhou turned dumbfounded hearing this!

Li Honglian also felt goosebumps!

The young interviewer who was thinking of finding fault with Zhang Ye’s poem was now speechless. He did not even dare to breathe!

Silence!

Seeing everyone stunned by his poem, Zhang Ye felt discharged of his anger. His emotions escaped from the poem, allowing him to recover his calm. This society judged people by their looks and, over time, he had grown accustomed to it. As such, he did not have any scruples, as long as he was selected, “Teachers, I have finished answering the second interview question!”

“Ah... Okay.” Li Honglian’s soul finally returned to her body. Previously, her thoughts had flown into the tempest together with that Petrel.

Zhao Guozhou said with a hoarse voice, “What’s the name of this poem?”

Zhang Ye answered, “This poem’s name is ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’. In Russian, it also has the meaning of a person predicting the storm.”

“What a good Petrel!” Zhao Guozhou may not understand Russian, but he could understand the Chinese perfectly. “A flying Petrel, a proud Petrel, a fearless Petrel. That is describing you, right? The power of poems is sometimes very miraculous. Young lad, you have given all of us a lesson today!”

“I don’t dare to take that compliment.” Zhang Ye said.

Everyone looked at Zhang Ye in a different light. Previously, reciting a thousand words off script had shocked them greatly. Now, a casual recitation of a Russian prose poem that was at the level of a grandmaster had completely conquered the hearts of all the people present! His performance had also slapped all the interviewers in the face! Li Honglian had given this question to prevent Zhang Ye from passing the interview. It was clear that she was leading him into a trap, but she had never expected him to give a perfect answer. And the answer even included Zhang Ye’s anger and his unwillingness to accept the situation. It made them, as interviewers, ashamed!

From which stone did this sort of amazing person jump out from?

Li Honglian said with an expression that was hard to read, “That will be all for today. Go back and wait for the news.”

Was he accepted or not? Zhang Ye was not sure either. He only said, “Alright. Thank you, Teachers.”

He walked away and closed the door. Zhao Guozhou, who was all picky with Zhang Ye previously, immediately slammed the table, "My Literature Channel's broadcasting department wants this person!"

Li Honglian disapproved, "Old Zhao, didn't you say that you were eyeing that little Xu?"

Zhao Guozhou turned indignant, "Little Xu can be given to anyone, but this person definitely cannot!"

"Are you even being reasonable?" Li Honglian began vying for Zhang Ye, "I'm having first dibs on Zhang Ye!"

"I was the one who had first dibs! Your foreign channel is not well-matched with him. With his literary prowess, he should definitely come to our Literature Channel. Say no more, Old Li. It's settled. Whatever good seedlings we have later will all be given to you. I will not vie with you!" Zhao Guozhou said without relenting.

"I only want him.. and not anyone else!" Li Honglian said with a cold face.

Zhao Guozhou said, "Last year, I had given up a good seedling to your foreign channel. This year, I'm definitely not giving up. Stop fighting me over this. Later, I'll give you a treat and, at most, I'll owe you one!"

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Afternoon.

Jiaomen East.

After returning from his interview, Zhang Ye did not go to his parents' place. He still returned to his rental apartment. The small apartment was about 30-40 square meters, but he still liked it here. After all, this was his first time leading an independent life after graduation. He could not rely on his parents for every tiny thing. He planned to return home, but only after he had accomplished something.

Lunch was sumptuous. It was fresh prawns and noodles. Of course, it was the Master Kong-branded instant noodles.

Without money, Zhang Ye could only make ends meet by eating instant noodles. He did not find it tough while working hard towards his ideal goals and, instead, he found joy in it.

Suddenly, without any premonition, a person opened the door with the use of a key.

Rao Aimin, who was dressed in an autumn dress, entered the apartment, "How was the interview?"

Zhang Ye, who was topless, was at a loss about whether to laugh or to cry as he put on a vest. "Landlady auntie, can you please knock first? I have my privacy, too."

Rao Aimin sat down with her legs crossed and snapped, "What sort of privacy does a little kid like you have? You did not pass the broadcasting host interview, right? I've already told you umpteenth times. Just make an honest living by working behind the scenes. With your looks, who would hire you to be in the spotlight? That is, unless they were blind!"

It was quite a coincidence when the phone rang.

Zhang Ye picked it up and it was the voice of a youth. "Hello, are you Zhang Ye?"

"I am. Who is this?" Zhang Ye had a hunch, but he still could not believe it.

The youth said, "I'm calling from the Beijing Radio Station. You have been accepted and the higher-ups want to inform you to come to the Literature Channel the day after tomorrow to complete the necessary paperwork. Congratulations."

"Yes. Thank you! Thank you!" Putting down his cellphone, Zhang Ye slapped his thigh. Great! He got it!

The telephone call's volume wasn't soft, so Rao Aimin also heard it. She said, surprised, "Aiyah. Hey? It can't be! You actually managed to get hired? Every dog has his day. Even a rotten egg can be lucky one day!" Her tongue was indeed very venomous as she said, "Even you can be a host? Hehe. People have said that there are endless possibilities in the future for humans, but I never believed in miracles. However, after seeing you today, I finally believe what the miracle of life means!"

Miracle of life, your sister*!

Can you not be so disparaging?

Zhang Ye was in a good mood, so he did not retort. He immediately picked up the phone and phoned his parents. He informed them of the good news that he was no longer a jobless person. He was to become a broadcasting host!

Becoming famous and being a celebrity was what he had always dreamed of. Today, he had finally taken his life's first step. Although it was a tiny position and he did not have the looks or the height, but now, because of the game ring's help, his dreams might actually be fulfilled. He remembered the notice displayed in his dream while the game was being installed. This game was to aid him in fulfilling his dreams, in becoming the greatest superstar in the world. Now, the results were striking. The ability to save that he had obtained from the Lottery had helped him reverse the situation. The newbie incentive reward that had changed the literary background of the world had also played a miraculous role. Today, he could use his imbalanced knowledge of literature to build his fame. By accruing Reputation, he could draw at the Lottery, obtaining treasure items to help him fulfill his dreams of being a celebrity!

I'm thriving!

This bro is going to thrive!

Immediately, Zhang Ye felt that even the Earth could not stop him!

Becoming famous? House?

Girlfriend? That was really a problem!

Bungalow? Have you even seen the world!? Can you live in that kind of broken down place? Does it suit the status of a world-famous person? If one wanted to stay, one had to stay in a large mansion! Several tens of thousands of square feet in size!

As for a girlfriend? It has to be at least a super beauty like Rao Aimin! A girlfriend? Finding a girlfriend with my qualities? Are you cursing me!? How can I not go out with three to five beauties at once? Wouldn't it be a loss of face? I need to find at least five! That is just the beginning number!

Rolls Royce car? Can you not be so humorous!? Can you really not be so humorous!? If I don't sit in a bulletproof car when I go out, what happens if I get assassinated? Ah? What to do?

Anyways, he would move up to the peak of the entertainment world, step by step. People would remember him. The world would also remember his bright and mighty name, Zhang Jingkong!

Eh, that's not right. You got it wrong!

It's Zhang Ye!

*In this novel, you will see a lot of 'your sister', 'your granny', 'your grandpa', etc. "Your abc" was originally a euphemism for "your mother" or other variations, which is a pretty vulgar curse word in Chinese that's usually translated as the F word.

'Your sister' is a common phrase used online. It is a derogatory term; but when used against people, it has a humorous take to it. Most people use it without any malice. It is also usually used in conversations as a harmless retort (similar to 'screw you' when used in a joking fashion), and can also magically reduce awkwardness in a conversation. The other variations for different relatives also have similar connotations.⁴⁴

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