

Superstar 61

Chapter 61: The Weibo Messages of the People from the Writers' Association have been Deleted!

The Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was wrapped up.

After leaving the auditorium, Zhang Ye came within steps of Meng Dongguo and the other members of the Writers' Association. They still did not make any attempt to have a conversation with Zhang Ye and were escorted out by the staff. Deputy Station Head Jia was amongst the escorts and when he spotted Zhang Ye, he had a dark expression about him. One look and you would know that he was obviously unhappy.

Why?

Zhang Ye knew clearly why.

Ignoring the matter of Zhang Ye not selling the copyright of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' to the station, and ignoring that Deputy Station Head Jia's relative Jia Yan's planned program segment was forced out by Zhang Ye, the reason could only be today's poetry meet. Why were there so many Teachers from the literary circle attending, even though there was no official poetry session? Because of fame. The Leaders of the broadcasting station must have promised Meng Dongguo something; most likely, the promise was of guaranteeing him first place in the contest. Perhaps Meng Dongguo was notified very early on to let him have the preparation time to come up with a poem and in return, he would allow members of the Writers' Association to join. If it wasn't for the lure of first place, there wouldn't be any meaning to competing at all!

But an unexpected incident had to happen this time!

Zhang Ye had caused an upset by completing an impossible task within 20 minutes and had snatched the trophy for his own! How could Meng Dongguo be happy? How could Deputy Station Head Jia be happy? Indeed, Zhang Ye had brought glory to Beijing Radio Station, putting them in the limelight. After all, he was a host at the radio station. But Deputy Station Head Jia did not care about this. He was more concerned about their promise.

Zhang Ye could not be bothered to care about it, though!

First place belongs to this bro! Wanna bite me?

In any case, Deputy Station Head Jia and the Station Leaders were already offended; Zhang Ye could not be bothered anymore. If they didn't care about him, he was not obliged to care about them. He walked past them and back to his office.

"Teacher Zhang is back?"

"Haha. Teacher Zhang is too awesome!"

"That melody poem is so good; it makes me so excited just by listening to it!"

Several colleagues who were not close to him before had now actively joined him.

After offending the Station Leader, Zhang Ye was ostracized by the office and he wasn't well-respected. But after "Shuidiao Getou" was born, his popularity increased even a bit more than after his release of "The Wizard of Oz". Even though there were still some colleagues who wouldn't speak with him, they at least treated him with more respect now. After he obtained the coveted first place under so much attention, who would dare to not respect him?

"On the internet, the netizens' responses were erupting!

Zhang Ye flipped through the forums and Weibo and had a shock himself. He had not expected so much support over his injustice!

"I will not trust the Writers' Association anymore!"

"Right! From now on, I will only trust Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"The Song of the Stormy Petrel', 'Flying Bird and Fish', 'A Generation', 'See Me or Not' and those untitled works are all classics amongst classics! They are all great literary works of this world, yet they were s*** upon by Meng Dongguo and the others? Thrashed into worthless, rubbish poems? What is wrong with this world? Can't they differentiate between right or wrong? That gang of so-called Teachers, are they blind?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has proven his worth today! Let me see who still dares to gossip!"

There were Zhang Ye's ghost story fans, fans who liked his fairy tales, the troll army who followed his cursing phrases and even more fans who got to know about Zhang Ye through the poetry meet today. They had set up camp to denounce the Writers' Association's Meng Dongguo and others. Someone even shouted, "A Vice-President with standards like that should step down quickly."

Zhang Ye quickly replied, one by one, thanking them all. He knew that this miracle of garnering 150,000 votes was all because of these supporters. They were the ones who had created this miracle and made Zhang Ye into a legend. Of course he had to thank them!

Suddenly, someone @-ed Zhang Ye.

It was ZhangYeNumber1Fan. He mentioned on Weibo, "Teacher Zhang, quickly go check Meng Dongguo's Weibo and Big Thunder's Weibo. Haha!"

Weibo?

What has happened now?

Zhang Ye trusted this fan of his; he had received a lot of support from this person the past few times that he had met with difficulties. He quickly opened up Meng Dongguo's Weibo. Oh? There was nothing at all? The Weibo message that had been shared thousands of times that had criticized Zhang Ye's works for lacking literary value were no longer available. The status of this page was listed as "Has Been Deleted". And checking on Big Thunder and Little Red Mushroom's Weibo, the comments that they had shared were no longer available, as well. It was like they'd had a discussion to delete them away.

The trolls celebrated their victory!

"Brothers, we have again brought down another city wall!"

“Haha. This is fun! There’s no failures when we fight alongside Teacher Zhang!”

“That’s right; our team is getting more and more united, and the spirit is very good!”

“Correct. I suggest that we improve our partnership from now on. When there’s a problem, we will attack together. Just look at how those idiots from the Writers’ Association had to swallow their own words!”

“Teacher Zhang is awesome!”

“This ‘Shuidiao Getou’ is too well-written!”

Following the deletion of their posts from Weibo, it was clear that Meng Dongguo and the others had retracted their words. For now, this could be considered to be an ending. Zhang Ye used a work of his, used his style beautifully and found a solution to this problem. The people who had been misled earlier on by Meng Dongguo and company also began coming back. Many of them left comments stating that they would renew their support for him. The conclusion of it all was that Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and the others’ casting of doubt onto Zhang Ye not only did not cause his popularity to drop, it had instead increased his popularity by several times!

It was the perfect resolution!

It was a perfect reversal!

Zhang Ye now took some time off to check on the virtual screen of the game ring. His total Reputation was now over 320,000! And even while he was checking, his Reputation points were visibly piling up nonstop in front of his eyes!

+1!

+13!

+16!

It was obvious that people were now paying a lot of attention to him!

If we do a count, this was in fact the first time that Zhang Ye’s Reputation points had grown by so much. Even though within them, some of the points came from “Ghost Blows Out the Light” and “The Wizard of Oz”. But mostly, they were brought in by “Shuidiao Getou” and all that had happened at today’s Mid-Autumn event. It was really the case of ‘not opening for business for three years; once opened, it can survive for three years’. He had earned fame and Reputation. Today, he had the best of both worlds. Just the Reputation points now could afford him three lucky draws. If we mention the newspaper reports after today, the Reputation points still had a lot of room to grow!

Someone had tried to put him down, but he instead ended up getting popular by the day?

Zhang Ye wanted to scream out those words again — Let the tempest come strike harder!

Chapter 62: Family Dinner

Afternoon, 4 P.M.

The unit knocked off earlier, since it was Mid-Autumn's Festival.

Zhang Ye had wanted to rest an extra day tomorrow, so he stayed over to record the next day's episode of "The Wizard of Oz" before heading home. His mom had called this morning to inform him that he should go to his grandmother's place. Zhang Ye naturally obeyed, so he went home to the Jiaomen rented apartment, so that he could change into something more presentable.

Upon entering the corridor, he coincidentally bumped into Rao Aimin, who was coming out of the elevator.

"Eh, Auntie Landlady?" Zhang Ye greeted, "What have you been doing these days? Why haven't I seen you? I have pushed the rent through the underside of your door. Did you see it?"

"I saw it. Wait up." Rao Aimin threw the trash bag in her hands into a trash compartment by the door and took the elevator with Zhang Ye. She slanted her eyes at him, "You sure are good, kid. You became famous once again. You won first place at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet just now, right?"

Zhang Ye said proudly, "Just average."

Rao Aimin flicked a ball of thread that had fallen on her arm, "To think that you accepted the praise I gave you. It is only because those people don't know anything. Your poem was so sh*tty!"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Ah? My poem is sh*tty?"

"How did you compose it? Recite it." Rao Aimin said.

"Alright, then please analyze and tell me where it's wrong. I really can't believe it." Zhang Ye immediately turned offensive. He was thinking, "How could anyone pick a fault in Su Shi's most famous work? Isn't this bull****? Even those people from the Writers' Association could not say anything, but you can?" He then shook his head as he said deeply, "When will the moon be clear and bright..."

"Isn't that a load of rubbish!? When will it? The 15th day of the 8th month!" Rao Aimin said loudly.

Zhang Ye was stunned as he suppressed his speechlessness, "With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky..."

Rao Aimin interjected, "Why do you even need to ask the clear sky? There's no need to ask it. Asking me would do. I already told you; it's the 15th day of the 8th month!"

Zhang Ye's brain was already filled with black lines, "...In the Heavens on this night, I wonder what season it would be?"

Rao Aimin interrupted once again, "Didn't I already tell you. Today is the 15th day of the 8th month! Year 2014, the 15th day of the 8th month of the Lunar calendar! Do you have no calendar at home?"

Zhang Ye, "...%\$#@#@)!&&"

Rao Aimin showed her venomous tongue once again. This was the first time Zhang Ye had heard such a sharp criticism of the poem. He was momentarily dumbfounded!

Your sister!

Are you understanding “Shuidiao Getou” as something from the children’s show, ‘A Hundred Thousand Whys’!?

Zhang Ye already knew that he could not communicate with the landlady who had not one bit of literary culture, so he immediately went home to change his clothes. If he carried on speaking with the landlady, Zhang Ye believed there were only two outcomes. Either he would be vexed to death, or Su Shi would be vexed to life! However, after giving it some thought, Zhang Ye was hoping that there was someone like her amongst his fans. If a queen with a venomous tongue like Rao Aimin joined in the troll army wars, then she would be an absolute force to be reckoned with. The landlady herself had the power to fight a thousand alone. That was the real battleground for her to show her prowess. Yes, on this point, the landlady was an extremely rare talent!

...

5.30 P.M.

The sky was still cloudy and looked like it was about to rain.

Zhang Ye came to Liu Li Qiao, where his granny’s house was. This was an old and tiny district. The thing slightly different from his memory was that this tiny district had been repainted, so the houses looked newer. Clearly, this was a change caused by the game ring. It was like a butterfly effect. There were many slight adjustments in this world. Well, it was unknown what changes had happened to his relatives. This was also one of the reasons why he had not dared to come to his granny’s place ever since he had started work. Strictly speaking, this was no longer the world he completely knew, so he was afraid of letting the cat out of the bag.

Upstairs.

The door was open, but the anti-theft door was still activated. Laughter and chatter from the few cousins could be heard.

Zhang Ye opened the anti-theft door and entered. The first thing he saw was his mother and his third aunt, who were cooking in the kitchen, “Mom, Third Aunt.”

His Mom smiled. “Son, you are here?”

His Third Aunt smiled. “Heh. Our superstar is here.”

“What do you mean, superstar? I’m just a radio host, so don’t tease me.” Zhang Ye said humbly, before looking towards the sofa, “First Uncle, First Aunt, Second Uncle, Third Uncle.” He greeted them one by one. “All of you are here? Happy Mid-Autumn Festival!” Only his Second Aunt was not here for some unknown reason.

“Heh, Little Ye.”

“I haven’t seen you in a long time.”

“Quickly come in and meet your grandparents.”

Zhang Ye said, “Okay.” and entered the small house. The door was closed. His uncles smoked, while his grandmother did not like the cigarette smell. Opening the door, he gave some nutritional and health

supplements that he had bought from the supermarket to his grandparents, “Grandma, Grandpa, happy Mid-Autumn Festival. How are the both of you?”

Grandma liked Zhang Ye the most. The moment that she saw him, she urged him to take a seat, “I’m good. My health is good, too. I’ve only been missing you. Why haven’t you come in a month?”

Grandpa also doted on Zhang Ye a lot. There was no other way. Although Zhang Ye was a maternal grandson, he was the only boy amongst the younger generation in the house. As old people, they were more traditional and preferred boys, “Little Ye is busy at work. He just started work, so he can’t keep coming like before.”

Grandma asked, “Hehe. Why did you buy so much? How much would that cost?”

Zhang Ye smiled. “It’s not much. It’s just to honor the two of you, and let you supplement your bodies.”

“Look at our Little Ye; he’s so sensible.” Grandma beamed.

At this moment, shouts came out from the house. These shouts sounded like larks. They were clear and pleasant.

“My brother is here!”

“Bro! Let me take a glance!”

“The superstar is here! I need to see him, too!”

The three sisters crowded into the small room.

His mother’s family situation was quite interesting. His mother was the eldest sister in the house. She had three younger brothers, who were Zhang Ye’s first, second and third uncles. The three uncles all had daughters as children, which were the three cousins of Zhang Ye.

The eldest sister was Cao Dan. She was in her early twenties and was not much younger than Zhang Ye. She was still in college.

The second sister was Cao Tong. She was in high school. Her personality was quite frank, like a boy. She was good at making big hooahas.

The third sister was Cao Mengmeng. She was in middle school. She was the most mischievous of all. She made a fuss all day and she was not afraid of doing anything.

In summary, none of these three girls were easy to deal with.

When Zhang Ye saw them, he sighed, “Little Dan, Little Tong, Mengmeng.”

The eldest sister was considered the quietest amongst the three. She obediently called, “Bro.”

His second and third sister were not that particular. Cao Tong slapped Zhang Ye on the shoulder loudly, “Well done, Bro! You became a celebrity after I had not seen you for a few days!”

Grandma shot a glance at her, “This kid... How can you speak to your older brother in this manner?”

Cao Mengmeng sank as she held Zhang Ye's arm while laughing, "After hearing what First Aunt said, I specially went on the web to check, and I really found quite a lot of your works. Our school has also publicized 'Little Bunnies Be Good'. I only knew that it was written by my Bro yesterday. So awesome. Hehe. Bro, you must have made quite a lot of money? Be honest. The few of us don't have any allowance left to spend. My parents also aren't giving me any pocket money. We will be relying on you."

Money?

Hurhur, what sort of question was that!

You are my sisters; how can I not give money if you ask?

Well, but talking about money hurts feelings, so let's change the subject!

Zhang Ye digressed and chatted about other things with them. First Uncle and Second Uncle also came over and they chatted.

After a short exchange and some leading questions, Zhang Ye received quite a good understanding of the present situation. His relatives had not changed too much. However, there were still some differences. For example, his youngest cousin's school was no longer the middle school from his memories. His eldest cousin had scored tens of points higher for her college entrance exams than in his memory. For example, the working place of his First Uncle and Aunt had changed to somewhere Zhang Ye had no memory of. All of these were considered minor changes. After all, the world had changed to a new world. A lot of cultural industries may change, so it was impossible to not affect his family. After figuring this out, Zhang Ye also dared to speak, and was not too afraid of making mistakes.

Even as dinner time approached, everyone was still talking about Zhang Ye.

"Little Ye is so promising."

"Little Ye, when did you dabble in creative work? Why didn't I see it before?"

"That's right; I've never seen this talent of Little Ye in the past. Even if he gained enlightenment, it shouldn't have been so exaggerated. I heard from Big Sis that Little Ye even wrote poems!"

Third Uncle and Aunt had a suspicious tone, but they had no malicious thoughts. They really could not understand. This was because other than Zhang Ye having managed to make the cut for a pretty good university, he was not great in any other aspect. He had been too normal since he was young, hence they had even discussed before that after Zhang Ye graduated, he would at most find a behind-the-scenes job in a radio station or newspaper firm, where he would do the lighting or write documents. No one expected Zhang Ye to find such a well-fitted profession and even manage to sit stably as one of Beijing Radio Station's broadcasting hosts!

His parents did not speak.

However, his Mom did not like hearing that and was just about to retort.

Suddenly, Second Aunt came home. She held a bag of mantou in her hands. She had just went to buy food. The moment she entered, she began to chatter. She pulled out two rolls of newspapers that she had held under her arm. "Eh. Little Ye, you got off work? Quickly take a look. I just bought the newspaper at the newsstand. Little Ye has made it into the papers. At this afternoon's whatever Mid-

Autumn Poetry Meet, Little Ye had shockingly taken down the professional writers from the Beijing Writers' Association, getting first!"

"Eh?"

"There was such a thing?"

"Quickly, let me see."

"What sort of newspapers? Some tabloid?"

Everyone was very surprised.

Second Aunt said, "What tabloid? It's the Beijing Evening News. Another is the Beijing Times. They are all big newspapers and each have a great circulation!"

Zhang Ye tilted his head over and took a glance. He had walked past the newsstands just now, but he did not buy it. He did not think that the afternoon's events would be reported in time, as the newspaper firms would have prepared manuscripts. So it would never be in time. But who knew that it would come out today? Hence, he also had not seen the specific content.

His Third Cousin, Cao Mengmeng, grabbed it, "Wow, Bro. You really became famous. I thought it was just some small hooaha. I didn't know that you had become so famous!"

The relatives passed the newspapers around as they surrounded them. Only then did they realize how promising Zhang Ye had become.

Grandpa and Grandma were very elated. They praised their grandson for his abilities.

Mom's face was beaming with pride as she began to brag, "That's because you don't know. Little Ye is awesome. Just last time, he used a poem to save a person's life. A female university student wanted to commit suicide; but after hearing my son's poem, she immediately did not want to die. The next day, the entire family even brought a banner and made a big hooaha at my son's unit to thank him. Also, that fairy tale that was greatly publicized by the capital, it may seem like an ordinary story, but in fact, it's nothing ordinary. Back then, when my son posted 'Little Bunnies Be Good', that was a national contest... That was something that even shocked the Education Ministry. I think it's even possible for it to be written into elementary school textbooks. And then, there's the other time..."

Mom was bragging throughout the entire meal.

Zhang Ye blushed while hearing this. He was thinking, "I didn't realize that I was so kick-ass!"

Chapter 63: Can You Get Zhang Yuanqi's Signature?

After dinner.

Dad and the three uncles went to the balcony to smoke.

Zhang Ye felt embarrassed to smoke in front of his family, so he stayed behind with all the women, speaking at random.

Second Cousin Cao Tong was looking at her cellphone and suddenly kicked at Zhang Ye's shoes. "Eh. Bro, there will be the Golden Microphone Awards soon!"

Zhang Ye replied, "I know."

The Third Cousin immediately said, "I have also heard of it. My idol, Zhang Yuanqi, will be one of the judges this time. I heard from my classmate that this was the first time that the Golden Microphone Awards have invited such a big S-list celebrity to be a judge. Some people are even questioning if my big idol knows about broadcasting and hosting. Ha, what a joke. Don't they know that Auntie Yuanqi had been a television host many years ago? Furthermore, the program she hosted was very popular. It was only because she went to do music and film movies that she did not further develop herself in the hosting business. If she was not qualified to be a judge, who else is qualified? Keke. With Auntie Yuanqi present, there will definitely be many people watching the awards ceremony this year."

Zhang Ye said with surprise, "You sure know quite a lot."

"Of course." Cao Mengmeng smiled. "I'm most infatuated with Zhang Yuanqi."

Eldest Cousin Cao Dan looked at Zhang Ye, "The finalist nominations are almost done, right? Did you get in?"

Zhang Ye smirked, "Golden Microphone Awards? That has nothing to do with me. I have just started work this past month. To be nominated for the Golden Microphone Awards, one needs to have at least three years of broadcasting experience. I'm still far from the gates." He did want to get an award and had planned very well. Once he obtained an award and gained experience, he could leave the radio station for a bigger stage to develop himself. However, even if he set his sights high, he had never considered the Golden Microphone Awards. That was the most prestigious broadcasting host award in the country. He would not be able to squeeze into it, even if he broke his head.

Cao Dan blinked, "I'm not talking about being nominated for the Golden Microphone Awards; I'm talking about the Silver Microphone Awards."

Zhang Ye turned his attention back, "Silver Microphone Awards? What's that?" If he was not mistaken, his world only had the Golden Microphone Awards. Where did the Silver Microphone Awards come from?

"The Silver Microphone Award is a newcomer award." Cao Dan might have dreams of entering the entertainment industry, so she knew a bit more. She checked on her cellphone and passed it over, "Look. These are newcomer awards that were specially created for newcomers who have less than three years in the broadcasting industry. Among these, there are ten spots for all the rookie television hosts in the country, while there are ten spots for all the rookie radio hosts in the country. Take a look."

"Bro, you are so stupid." Cao Mengmeng scoffed.

Cao Tong was speechless too, "To think that you are an anchor. You don't even know this?"

Grandma protected her grandson, "Don't laugh at your brother. Little Ye has just started working for a month."

Zhang Ye broke into a sweat. He, of course, did not know of this because his world did not have it. Why was there a specially established award for newcomers? And they were given to ten people? He quickly checked and finally understood. These special Silver Microphone Awards prepared for newcomers were not something to be scoffed at. It was not limited to the capital regions. This award was a national award and meant a lot!

Haha!

He got whatever he wanted!

Zhang Ye felt that he had to get this award, regardless of anything. Wasn't he waiting for this? Once he had experience on hand, Zhang Ye could have vast oceans of flying fish... Eh, that's not right. Vast oceans of jumping birds... Eh, that's not right either. High skies... high skies filled with birds... Forget it! What a crappy phrase!

After teasing Zhang Ye, Cao Mengmeng began talking about her biggest idol. Strictly speaking, Zhang Ye did not belong to this world and there were many changes that he did not know about. But everyone in the family knew of Cao Mengmeng's hardcore star-chasing, and Zhang Yuanqi was her favourite, "I must go support my Auntie Yuanqi's new movie. She's too pretty, so gentle and so very elegant. When I grow up, I want to be as beautiful as someone like Auntie Yuanqi."

Third Aunt smiled. "My daughter will definitely be beautiful."

Remembering something, Cao Mengmeng glanced toward Zhang Ye, "Brother, you've got to work harder. You're only a small star now, so you have to quickly gain more fame. And when you reach Zhang Yuanqi's level, you must get an autograph from her for me. That is my biggest wish. Ah, ah. If I had her autograph, that would be so great; my schoolmates would be so envious of me!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, "Who is a really small star now?"

"Heehee. That's about what you are." Cao Mengmeng swung her pigtails around saying, "If you get me Zhang Yuanqi's autograph, I will admit that you are a famous star and worship you in the future."

Zhang Ye deliberately quipped, "If I can get it? How will you worship me?"

Cao Mengmeng rolled back her eyes, "Get over it. You can't even meet Zhang Yuanqi now; how do you expect to get her autograph?"

"Who says I can't get to see her?" Zhang Ye suddenly bragged.

Cao Mengmeng stuck out her tongue, "Keep on bragging; like I would believe it."

Cao Dan asked, "Where will our brother get the autograph from? What kind of person is Zhang Yuanqi like? Having bodyguards all around whenever she goes out, even if you were to meet her coincidentally, you would not be able to see her. She's going to be well-protected."

Cao Mengmeng eagerly said, "Brother, I will depend on you anyway!"

"Don't give trouble to your bother." Third Aunt told her daughter. "Little Ye has just debuted; how do you expect him to get you Zhang Yuanqi's autograph?"

Third Uncle, who had just come back from his smoke break, also said, "Little Ye, don't be bothered by her."

Zhang Ye laughed, then said to the youngest sister, "Do you really want to have it?"

"Of course! I want it, even in my dreams." Cao Mengmeng was a passionate fan of Zhang Yuanqi's, "Even if you take away a year of my lifespan, I still want it!"

"Stop spouting nonsense." Grandma lightly nudged her head.

Cao Mengmeng clutched her head and said, "But it's true; I am Auntie Yuanqi's hardcore fan!"

Zhang Ye and his Mom, along with their few aunties, were all tickled by Cao Mengmeng's antics.

Zhang Ye then mysteriously said, "Sure. Wait for me a little, then. I will go to the bathroom." In the toilet, Zhang Ye flipped through his wallet and took out a piece of paper. Did he have Zhang Yuanqi's autograph? He really did have it. It was from the other time when Zhang Yuanqi left the note to him before leaving his house. On it was written, "I've saved your phone number; the same goes for your unit number. I've forgotten yesterday's incident; I guess you have, too." in some sort of threatening tone.

Sign off:

— Zhang Yuanqi.

Zhang Ye cleared his throat, tore off the top part of the note, and kept the signature intact. He then grasped it in his hand and walked outside.

Outside the house.

Cao Mengmeng was still jumping around, expressing her love for Zhang Yuanqi, "The other time when the concert ended, I was just 100 metres away from her; a hundred metres! I hate myself for not having the courage to rush up! Then, maybe I would have gotten an autograph from her! It's my biggest regret! I hate it!"

"Really?" Cao Dan said in frustration.

Cao Tong tousled her little sister's hair, "Haha. There will be chances in the future."

Actually, Cao Dan and Cao Tong were also very into Zhang Yuanqi. They were just not at the level of crazy, like their third sister was.

Zhang Ye came over and nudged Cao Mengmeng with his arm, then opened his fist and said, "Take it."

"What's this?" Cao Mengmeng not understanding the situation, "Did you use this in the toilet? Aiya, brother; that's too dirty!"

Zhang Ye nearly fainted, "It's not toilet paper! Take a clearer look. You don't know how good I am."

"Let me see; what's this mysterious thing?" Cao Tong grabbed it, opened the note and gave out a scream, "Ahh! This can't be?"

Cao Mengmeng's curiosity was aroused. She immediately jumped up, "Show it to me! Show it to me!"

Cao Tong handed the note to Cao Mengmeng, dumbfounded, "You should prepare yourself for this!"

Cao Mengmeng casually took it from her, but when she saw the writing on it, it sent a shiver down her spine. Her little voice suddenly shouted, "OH, MY GOD! God! Zhang Yuanqi's autograph! Autograph!"

The entire family was startled.

"Is that true?"

"Zhang Yuanqi's autograph?"

"Little Ye, how did you get it?"

Even though the adults don't follow any stars, they still knew Zhang Yuanqi well!

"Did brother go to the toilet and forge this autograph?" Cao Tong asked cautiously after recovering from the shock. She immediately launched her mobile internet browser to search for Zhang Yuanqi's autograph to verify it!

Cao Mengmeng and the others gathered around to see!

The truth was revealed; it was exactly the same!

This was really Zhang Yuanqi's signature!

Cao Mengmeng nearly went mad, running around the house while holding the note in both hands. She shouted while doing this, "I have it now! I have it now!"

Zhang Ye "...Be quiet."

"My schoolmates are gonna be so jealous of me! I want to frame it! I want to frame it against the wall and place it above my bed forever!" Cao Mengmeng was ecstatic for a long while, before she remembered about Zhang Ye. She pounced on him, "Brother! I love you! I really, really love you!"

Zhang Ye patted her back, pretending to despise her, "Get down. Down!"

Cao Mengmeng held on tightly, "You actually got it. How did you get it?"

"I have my ways. But it's a secret, so I won't tell." Zhang Ye could still be stern when he wanted to be stern. "Keep it well."

Cao Tong stared, "Brother, I want it, too!"

Cao Dan also embarrassedly looked at Zhang Ye, "I would like one, too."

Zhang Ye was in cold sweat, "I've only got one; let's talk about it later."

"Brother, you are biased. You gave it to Mengmeng, but not to us." Cao Tong held out her hand in a tantrum, "I don't care. I want it anyway; you just get it for us!"

"Next time, next time." Zhang Ye said dismissively.

The autograph was handed around for everyone to take a look at it. Cao Mengmeng looked on, unwillingly. Whenever it was passed onto another person, her eyes followed closely, afraid they would damage it.

Having gotten this autograph, Zhang Ye was looked upon in a different light by his family. He actually managed to get his hands on Zhang Yuanqi's autograph? They only had the sudden realisation now; Zhang Ye was no longer the silly boy who could not achieve anything!

Chapter 64: New Feature of the Lottery – Additional Stakes!

The second day after Mid-Autumn's Day.

It drizzled lightly overnight and the morning was cool.

Zhang Ye was resting. In his rented apartment of about 30 square meters, Zhang Ye was preparing for something very important – the Lucky Draw.

At this moment, his total Reputation had reached an alarming 630,000. It had accumulated 100,000 points from before, from the broadcasts of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" and "The Wizard of Oz" over the past few days, as well as more from the fans gained from Weibo's "See Me or Not" poem, and "Shuidiao Getou" from the live broadcast of the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. Also, there was the popularity that Zhang Ye had received from yesterday's Beijing Evening News and Beijing Times. It was as if flowers were blooming from all directions. Hence, his Reputation had reached an unprecedented large number with all these aspects. Counting it, Zhang Ye had really never obtained so many Reputation points before. He felt like a nouveau rich!

It was so addicting!

It could be said that his hard work had paid off!

Zhang Ye forgot about his pressures and took a deep breath. Then he went to the bathroom and used some soap to wash his hands three times before sitting down on his bed — He was always this superstitious.

The game's interface appeared.

[Inventory]: Currently empty.

[Merchant Shop]: Only "Memory Search Capsule"

[Lottery]: There was only this method left to obtain new items.

Zhang Ye used his heavily scented hands to tap open the Lottery screen and chose to purchase the chance at the Lottery once. After he made the confirmation, the wheel began to spin. The drawing had begun!

Stats Category...

Consumption Category...

Skills Category...

Special Category...

The needle slipped past one after another!

About ten seconds later, the needle began to slow down!

Zhang Ye had previously had great luck when he had obtained a Special Category prize. He did not have any extravagant wishes, as the probability of it happening again so soon was too low. This time, he was hoping to obtain a Stats Category or Skills Category prize. It was because he had still not seen what sort of items there were in these two categories. He had no concept of it, so he naturally anticipated it. He also wanted to be familiar with the game ring's usage and effects as soon as possible. For example, what was a Skills Category item? For example, there were parentheses at the end of the Treasure Chest, within which was written "Small". Was there a Treasure Chest (Medium) or Treasure Chest (Large)? How was it opened? Or did he need to level up? Will there only be this feature in the future? Zhang Ye did not understand any of these.

The increase in his popularity depended on it. The Unlucky Sticker, the Memory Search Capsule, etc. had all given him a wondrous boost for his career. Even the modification of the world's background was all due to the game ring. It was only this that allowed Zhang Ye to use unknown literary works to appear so divine. For such an important thing that he relied upon, he had to research it thoroughly. He had great goals. He would not be satisfied with an average life.

As he was thinking this, the needle had stopped!

Seeing the needle point to a stop, Zhang Ye was a bit depressed. Your sister. Why is it still a Consumption Category? Even if this category accounted for a 50% probability, it shouldn't happen all the time!

Zhang Ye obtained another Consumption Category's Treasure Chest (Small). He helplessly took it out and opened the lid. Actually, Zhang Ye no longer looked forward to the Consumption Category, as he had obtained it too many times. However, when he opened the Treasure Chest and saw the item inside and its introduction, he could not help but be pleasantly surprised!

[Lucky Bread].

The item's introduction: Effective once eaten. Increases the player's Luck stat for five minutes.

Adding luck? This was a good item! Zhang Ye had clearly not used it before; however, he had used the "Unlucky Sticker" and the "Unlucky Halo". These items were things that had bad luck effects. From those two items, he could also see what effect that the Lucky Bread would have. It definitely would not be terrible!

Zhang Ye finally laughed. He carefully kept the Lucky Bread, and then opened up the Lottery interface once again. He still had 500,000 Reputation points, and could still draw another five times. However, to be safe, he would leave 100,000 Reputation points unused. He needed to ensure that he could obtain knowledge he could not remember clearly when there was a need. For him to want to become a celebrity, a celebrity more popular than Zhang Yuanqi, it was important for him to be careful.

There were still four more chances!

Zhang Ye chose the Lottery once again, and then confirmed his purchase!

The needle moved. Zhang Ye stared at the turntable, without blinking. Maybe it was because he looked at it so seriously, but Zhang Ye was suddenly shocked. He noticed that there was an option that he had never seen before on the turntable. As there were too many categories, and there were all sorts of color zones and the needle, the turntable was too complicated. It had distracted a lot of his attention, so Zhang Ye had only discovered it at this time. The option was very small, and was at the rightmost corner of the turntable.

[Additional Stakes].

These two words did not have any other introduction.

Zhang Ye hesitated for a while, before he tapped it.

Pa! A window popped out. At the same time, the needle stopped in its place and did not carry on moving. There were only six words on the screen.

Adding Stakes Or Not?

"Yes" or "No".

Zhang Ye was of a mind to try it for research purposes, so he chose "Yes". Following that, his remaining Reputation points and more options appeared.

Select Additional Stakes Quantity.

The default was "1", and there was an up and down arrow beside it. He could add more stakes.

Zhang Ye hesitated for a long time. With a ruthless determination, he decided to add an additional three more stakes. He reserved 100,000 Reputation points. This was the largest number of stakes that he could add. Every additional stake cost 100,000 points.

With the three additional stakes bought, his Reputation immediately became 130,000.

Following that, the interface bounced and returned back to the turntable interface from before.

The needle continued moving. It did not begin from the beginning. It was in the previous state as before. Its momentum was slowly decreasing and was closing in on the Stats Category!

Stop!

Stop, please!

Zhang Ye only wished that he could use his hand to pull the needle over!

Maybe it was because the Heavens had heard his call. As the needle carried on moving, it began to close in on the Stats Category at the final moment. It had hit the zone by just a millimeter difference! Finally, he had obtained the Stats Category that he had never obtained before, just what he had wished for. Zhang Ye was greatly anticipating it!

The Treasure Chest appeared. It was still the same old Treasure Chest (Small).

However, different from before, there were four Treasure Chests (Small)!

This was the effect of adding stakes? Drawing from the Lottery was one stake. With three Additional Stakes, there were four Treasure Chests?

Zhang Ye rushed to take out all the Treasure Chests. He used his left hand to open a lid, and the result greatly surprised him!

Fruit of Charm (Eye)!

Fruit of Charm (Eye)!

And still Fruit of Charm (Eye)!

The four Treasure Chests opened the same Stats Category item!

So this was the meaning of Additional Stakes! It was the same as buying lottery tickets. Additional Stakes meant doubling, tripling or more!

Understanding this effect, Zhang Ye believed this Additional Stakes option would definitely aid him greatly in the future. As he had added his stakes when the wheel was almost stopping, yet it carried on. That meant that whenever Zhang Ye wanted a particular category's item, he could watch the needle and wait until it was about to stop at the category he needed, then begin adding stakes. By buying Additional Stakes, he could then obtain many of the category's awards that he needed, all at once!

Chapter 65: The Amazing Effects of the Fruit of Charm!

He now had an understanding of the Additional Stakes.

Looking at the item's introduction, Zhang Ye was overjoyed.

[Fruit of Charm (Eye)]: Permanently effective once eaten. Increases the player's charm stat (Eyes). Can be unlimitedly stacked.

Only for the eyes? Could there be other Fruit of Charms for other parts?

So this was the Stats Category award! No wonder the chances of getting it were so low!

It was completely different from the one-time Consumption Category items! This was a permanent effect item!

And looking at the description, it could be stacked an unlimited number of times? This meant that he could eat as many of these permanent effect fruits as he could get his hands on?

Zhang Ye finished his Lottery draw. He had spent most of his points, so he had no intention of drawing again. He immediately placed the four Fruits of Charm on a desk. The fruits were not big; they were about the size of a fist. It was in a shape that Zhang Ye had never seen before. The fruits' skin were deep purple in color, and its surface was pitted with potholes; however, it had a magical charm to it that made it very beautiful. On the stalk, there was even a few green small leaves that exuded an aromatic fragrance.

Let's eat!

Don't believe in advertisements, believe in effectiveness!

There was a mirror in front of the desk. Zhang Ye prepared himself, holding up a Fruit of Charm in his hand. He took a bite with excited and mixed emotions!

Poof!

Even the aroma splattered out!

Zhang Ye uncontrollably closed his eyes. He swore that this was the most delicious fruit that he had ever tasted. Sweet and creamy, mellow tasting, overflowing with fragrance, full of fat, but not greasy, melts in the mouth, with a lingering taste..... Forget it, I'm not gonna exaggerate. Actually, the taste was just so-so, but if it were not exaggerated, how else could the specialness of the item be expressed? When you watch TV, those cuisine programs' food critics... Are they not the same? They easily say it melts in the mouth every now and then. Zhang Ye could never understand it in the past. Your sister! A piece of lousy jackass barbecued meat... How the heck could it melt in the mouth!? Did you think you were eating Dove? Zhang Ye could understand now why barbecued jackass meat could even melt in the mouth on TV — Because this would make it seem f***ing awesome!

All the fruits had been eaten!

Everything had been stuffed into his stomach!

Rumble, rumble. He felt his throat pulsating. The next moment, Zhang Ye had a surprise. He could only feel a very special, magical feeling. Something that was indescribable. Something very, very special; it was a feeling that could not be held in!

Could it be so magical?

Yes, it was just that magical!

Right. And so Zhang Ye rushed to the toilet for his small business. After flushing, the magical feeling had disappeared.

Alright, not kidding anymore. Let's go back to before the writing table. Zhang Ye was looking into the mirror at himself and he really discovered that there was something different!

His eyes had a burning sensation and he couldn't keep them open!

He could feel this burning sensation all around his eyes for over half a minute!

Only after Zhang Ye returned to his normal condition did he open his eyes. His reflection in the mirror gave him a little bit of a shock. This.... His eyes were like....

Were like they were unchanged!

Or maybe it changed!

The unchanged parts were the eye contours and its appearance, which was still like before, not too big and not too small, with a single eyelid. However, the spirit seemed to have changed. Originally, there was nothing special about his eyes. Now, there seemed to be an air of quality and depth, but it was not too obvious.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye's spirit rose. He excitedly grabbed all the remaining fruits and ate them!

One!

Two!

Three!

Everything had been eaten!

Fruit of Charm (Eye)! Effective.

Player's Charm state (Eye) permanently effective.

After bearing with the burning sensation with each fruit, Zhang Ye finally rubbed his eyes and looked into the mirror. He got a fright from looking at himself!

Is this still me?

How did I become so charming!

Could it be a delusion? Was this a placebo effect?

Zhang Ye was really confused, which caused him to question the results. Seeing that lunch time was almost here, he decided not to eat instant noodles. He went out to a restaurant to eat Lamian.

Going out.

Taking the elevator.

Inside the elevator, there were two 18-year-old female students who lived upstairs.

Seeing Zhang Ye enter, one of the girls with a ponytail did not respond. She gave a glance before looking back down at her cellphone. The other girl, who wore spectacles, paused her gaze on Zhang Ye for an additional second. Only when Zhang Ye's eyes met hers did the bespectacled girl quickly pull away her gaze. When the elevator almost reached the first floor, Zhang Ye could see from the corner of his eyes that the bespectacled girl had glanced at him again. When the elevator stopped and opened its door, the first girl went out, while the bespectacled girl took a third glance at Zhang Ye. This glance was very fast, before the two of them briskly walked away.

Were there flowers on my face?

Or was my face stained with something?

Zhang Ye was unsure. As he used his cellphone's front camera as a mirror, he realized that there was nothing unusual. The girl had definitely not looked at him because of that!

Coming out of the small district, Zhang Ye walked towards the Lamian restaurant.

On the way, people still ignored Zhang Ye. This was something that Zhang Ye was already used to.

However, as he walked, a 27-year-old older sister who wore a long skirt noticed Zhang Ye. She looked at him and her gaze paused on Zhang Ye's face for three full seconds, before taking her gaze off him as they brushed past each other.

He reached the Lamian restaurant.

Zhang Ye found a seat with air-conditioning, "A bowl of Lamian, a big bowl."

"Do you want to add meat?" A female waitress came over.

"There is no need to add meat. Add more chilli peppers. Thank you." Zhang Ye smiled.

The waitress took a look at his eyes, "Alright, please wait a moment. It will be served shortly."

In three minutes, the 18-year-old waitress brought the Lamian over, "It's ready."

Zhang Ye lifted his chopsticks and began eating. He noticed that there were four pieces of meat in the Lamian. He had frequently eaten in this Lamian restaurant before. He had always been thrifty and never added meat, hence there would always be at most two pieces of meat in the bowl. But there were actually four pieces today? He had said not to add meat!

Now, it was still 11 o'clock. There was still some time before the lunch hour, so there weren't many people here.

Soon, the waitress came over again and began chatting with Zhang Ye, "Do you come here often for your meals? I find you familiar."

Zhang Ye replied, "Ah, yes. I've come here a few times."

"Aren't you working today? Why did you come here so early for lunch?" the waitress asked.

The two of them had some idle chatter until a person behind called out to her. The waitress then busied herself.

After finishing his meal and coming out of the Lamian restaurant, Zhang Ye looked up into the sky and had the impulse to cry out!

People on the street look at me? He got special treatment when eating noodles? The waitress even took the initiative to chat with him? This was something that had never happened in the past, and was something that Zhang Ye had not even dared to think of!

The Fruit of Charm was indeed effective!

This was not a delusion of his! It was not a placebo effect! It had really worked!

Although there were only a few special cases and most people had not changed his attitude towards him, this was still Zhang Ye's first time experiencing this. He had never encountered special treatment before! Previously, he would often envy handsome hunks, where they would be given special attention or would be stared at. People would hit on them for telephone numbers, while no one paid him any attention. Ignoring the possibility of having additional pieces of meat in his Lamian, just not having his meat reduced would be something to be thankful for! And now that Zhang Ye had a tiny experience of such treatment, it would be weird if he wasn't happy!

He had reversed his situation!

He had seen hope!

At this moment, he wanted to sing a song, "Arise! All who refuse to be slaves!*"

But what was the principle behind the Fruit of Charm? How did it cause the change?

Actually, charm was something hard to explain. Some people had average looks without any attractiveness. However, there were people with average looks, who exuded a lot of charm. Zhang Ye understood that it was a combination of one's facial features and also the nourishment of one's experience. If one gained self-confidence, then it would result in a different air. For example, some celebrities did not look eye-catching in photos when they were young. Some could even be said to be ugly. But as they grew older and their career began to thrive, they somehow became more handsome or beautiful. Zhang Ye might currently be in such a situation. His looks were very average, and there was not anything outstanding about his eyes; however, after eating four Fruits of Charm (Eyes), the change in his eyes had become very obvious!

He was still the same person. While his eyes were still the same eyes, the feelings they produced in others were completely different!

The feedback he got from coming out to eat lunch had let Zhang Ye confirm this!

With the result from the test out, Zhang Ye was unsure what he himself was feeling either. This bro can have such a day? This bro can also become good-looking and be full of charm? He had always been helpless with his looks. They were given to him by his parents and it was natural. There was no other way. However, now that there was an opportunity for Zhang Ye to reverse this situation? This discovery made him extremely excited. He would no longer be obscure again! He could still be saved!

The world had such an attitude to people of his looks!

People differentiated one's looks into different grades!

In this objective environment, Zhang Ye felt that he had no other way out. Especially his goal of becoming a world-renowned superstar, the requirement for looks was even higher. Now, Zhang Ye had seen some hope. This was the best reward he had gained from the Lottery!

His looks could not change!

But his charm could change! Charm could be increased!

Now, just four Fruits of Charm had given him such a significant change. If Zhang Ye were to eat a hundred pieces...no, a thousand pieces, or even ten thousand pieces of Fruits of Charm, what sort of situation and concept would that result in? Could he charm the entire world with just one look? Zhang Ye did not know, but he was greatly looking forward to it. After all, the Stats Category's Fruit of Charm could be infinitely stacked. As long as he had the Reputation points, then as long as he gained the purchasing privilege of buying this sort of Fruit of Charm in the Special Category, then he could eat an unlimited number of them! When that happened, then would he need to work so hard in his unit, tiring himself to death just to increase his visibility and fame? He just needed to casually sing a song or film a movie; wouldn't his fan numbers increase with just a smile with his eyes? Just thinking of it made him excited!

What was the highest realm a celebrity could reach?

It was not working desperately to have a good piece of work and heavily promoting it to draw in numerous fans!

It was having fans stream towards him and increasing in numbers with him just standing there without moving! He did not need to work at all! Completely using charm!

*The lyrics are from the national anthem of the People's Republic of China, March of the Volunteers.

Chapter 66: The Olive Branch Held Out by the Television Station!

The next day.

The sky had just turned bright.

Zhang Ye, who was still sleeping, heard the irritating sound of the phone ringing. He opened his eyes and grabbed around with his hand stretched out, before pulling the cellphone to his ear, "Hello. How are you?"

"Is this Teacher Zhang Ye?" It was a middle-aged man's voice.

Zhang Ye had never heard this voice as he said with his eyes closed, "That's me. May I know who you are?"

The middle-aged man's laughter rang, "Teacher Little Zhang, are you still sleeping? Should I call again later? So as not to affect your rest."

"It's alright. May I know who are you?" Zhang Ye asked.

The middle-aged man said, "My name is Hu Fei. We have previously had some interaction on Weibo. I'm not sure if you still remember me."

Hu Fei? Who was that? Eh, wait a moment! Interaction on Weibo? Was it that famous producer, Teacher Hu Fei, from Central TV? Zhang Ye was immediately jolted awake. He sat up with his eyes opened wide. Of course he knew the name. Firstly, Hu Fei was quite famous in the industry. And secondly, when "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was released, he was the first big wig Weibo account to publicly praise Zhang Ye. He remembered very clearly that Hu Fei had supported him when his poems were posted on Weibo. He had even posted a very long Weibo message that gave him endless praises.

"Hello, Teacher Hu." Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "How do you know my telephone number?"

Hu Fei said, "Finding your telephone number sure wasn't easy. I have managed to get it thanks to someone from the Beijing Broadcasting Television Station. With their connections, they could get the telephone numbers from your radio station's anchors." The Beijing Television Station and the Beijing Radio Station had merged a long time ago. They were interlinked and had a common system, "You may not know that I have already left Central TV. My Weibo verification has already changed to Former Central TV Program Producer. I can tell you some things in advance. Shortly, I will be working at the Beijing Television Station and will be doing my old business of program production."

Left?

He had job-hopped to Beijing Television Station?

Zhang Ye did not understand, “Eh, and you are calling me because...?”

Hu Fei laughed, “Ever since you began ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, which was recommended to me by a colleague, I have begun taking note of you. I have read all of your modern poems. They are very good; they are so good that I’m speechless. Of course, the reason why I am making this determined decision to call you is because of the ‘Shuidiao Getou’ that you wrote. I never expected your ancient poetry literacy to be so outstanding. That melody poem had given me goose bumps after I finished hearing it. Hence, I came looking for you. Although my program hasn’t been decided, and I am still negotiating with the Beijing Television Station about the program matters, I still want to invite you in advance. How about it, Teacher Little Zhang? Are you interested in coming over to the television station to develop yourself?”

Zhang Ye was stunned with surprise, “Me?”

“Yes. I am new, so I need my own team. If my team has a talented person like you, it would be my honor.” Hu Fei appeared very polite.

Zhang Ye said unsurely, “Can I ask if I will be working front-stage or back-stage?”

“I was attracted by your front-stage work, so of course I want you to work front-stage.” Hu Fei said.

“However, my appearance might be off the mark. I’m not sure if you have previously seen my profile.” Zhang Ye was afraid that he would go back on his word in the future, so he gave him a heads up.

Hu Fei laughed upon hearing this, “I have seen your photo from the Beijing Television Station’s system. Your image might not be considered good, but you are also not ugly. You have decent features. Well, you might not know what sort of program category mine would be. It would be alright for me to divulge this to you. We have preliminarily decided on a cultural knowledge segment. Hence, we do not have very stringent requirements on the host’s and guests’ looks. If you come, I can arrange for you to be a host or arrange for you to be a long-term guest in the segment. This still has some room for discussion until we really decide on the program.”

Zhang Ye took two deep breaths, as he was lost for words, “This...”

“How about it?” Hu Fei invited him again, “Are you interested in helping me? Being a television host or guest would definitely be a challenge for you. However, if you want to go further in the future, it is something that you need to go through. It will definitely be better than developing yourself at the radio station. You should consider it.”

Zhang Ye immediately said, “There’s no need to consider. Teacher Hu, I’m going!”

Hu Fei nodded, “Alright, but I have a tiny request on my side. You are, after all, lacking in experience and have just entered the industry for a month, so I hope you can understand this.”

Zhang Ye said, “Please say it.”

Hu Fei explained, “It’s this. The Silver Microphone Awards are entering the nomination period soon. I want you to win this award, so that your resume will look better. With that, the pressure on my side will be much less. Although I am pulling you over for my segment, a lot of things are decided by upper management. I’m not questioning your ability. But due to your experience and lack of any official acknowledgement, the television station will not let a rookie like you who has no experience in

television hosting come over. I will definitely need to show a lot of papers just to convince them. For this, I hope you can understand.”

Zhang Ye certainly understood, “I understand.”

Hu Fei said, “This award should not be a big problem for you. With your current ratings there, if you can raise your ratings further and get the recommendation from the radio station, it would not be difficult to do. When you get a Silver Microphone Award, my program will be approved, and then I can immediately recommend you to my superiors for the position of host or long-term guest.

Zhang Ye said, “Thank you for Teacher Hu’s trust.”

“Your works have touched me. If we can work together, I believe the segment will gain pretty good ratings. When that happens, it will be me thanking you. Hur Hur.” Hu Fei did not have any airs of a famous Program Producer. He spoke very nicely.

The phone was hung up.

Zhang Ye threw his cellphone on the bed as he rubbed his head and slapped his face. It felt like he was in a dream! Great! The television station had invited him! He had not worked so hard for the past few days in vain! He had finally gained the attention of people in the industry! He immediately picked up his cellphone, intending to make a phone call to his parents to tell them about the good news. The radio station was just his springboard. The television station was really the stage that Zhang Ye would be satisfied with. How could he not be excited? However, just as he called out, Zhang Ye gave some thought before quickly hanging up. Not yet; it was still too early!

Someone had just held out an olive branch to him. The future had not been decided yet!

He had also put forward a condition that had not been reached, which was winning a Silver Microphone Award!

From Hu Fei’s words, Zhang Ye could tell that if he didn’t win the award, he would definitely not be accepted. Which television station would dare to hire a fresh graduate, who had worked for a month with no service of records or television experience, as a long-term guest or host? Hu Fei appreciated him, but Hu Fei was unable to make the decisions for certain things. The only way was for Zhang Ye to live up to his expectations!

He needed to get the award!

Zhang Ye felt an imperative. He definitely could not lose in competing for a Silver Microphone Award, regardless of any unexpected situations!

Chapter 67: The Rookie that was about to Make History!

The morning phone call had empowered Zhang Ye with energy. After he washed up, he left home. Today, he was again the first to reach the unit. After he retrieved the keys from the door keeper’s room, he rushed straight to the recording studios.

He wanted to record programs.

And he intended to record a few episodes.

After squeezing in some xiaolongbao, which he bought from the streets, into his stomach, Zhang Ye began to narrate "The Wizard of Oz" as he ate. He wanted to organize the plot. For example, the ending part of each chapter and the crucial plot's position. He was not changing the text or the plot, nor could Zhang Ye change it. He would not change anything about the story, but he could arrange where he would end the segment every day. He did not follow the exact chapter format of "The Wizard of Oz" to the tee. For example, he was ending the program today at a part that made people anticipate. With people's anticipation hooked, the listenership rating tomorrow could be slightly higher. These were all strategic methods.

Why did he go through all this trouble?

It was because Zhang Ye was trying to pull up his listenership ratings!

His current "Old and Young Story Club" listenership ratings were approximately 2.4% or so. It was second in the Literature Channel. If it went any higher, then he could break a few records. That would be extremely helpful for him in winning a Silver Microphone Award. Then, it would be quite certain that he could win the prize.

"Chapter 9: The Queen of the Field Mice."

"'We cannot be far from the road of yellow brick, now.' remarked the Scarecrow, as he stood beside the girl, 'for we have come nearly as far as the river carried us away.' The Tin Woodsman was about to reply, when he heard a low growl. Turning his head, he saw a strange beast come bounding over the grass towards them."

...

9:30 A.M.

His colleagues had already begun work for half an hour.

Zhao Guozhou's image had changed today. He had permed his hair. He held out the ratings table as usual, "Stop the things that you are doing for a moment. Is everyone here?"

Tian Bin looked towards an empty seat, "Zhang Ye isn't here."

Zhao Guozhou frowned, "He isn't here yet? What time is it already?"

Big Sis Zhou spoke out for Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang must have been too tired over the past few days, so he's a bit late. I'll give him a call." She took out her cellphone and gave a call, but Zhang Ye's cellphone was switched off.

Jia Yan tried to instigate matters, "He's not picking up?"

Big Sis Zhou stared at him, "His phone is switched off; maybe he's still sleeping."

Wu Datao seethed, "Isn't this not treating work seriously? He decides not to come on a whim? He has become arrogant just with this bit of results? Does he even have the Leader in his eyes?"

With this fault to pick on, a few colleagues who had extremely poor relations with Zhang Ye began to fan the flames. Their tones made it even worse.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye came in from outside. Hearing everyone say his name, he asked strangely, "Director, are you looking for me?" He was still unsure of what had happened.

Zhao Guozhou looked at him, "Why are you so late?"

Zhang Ye was puzzled, "No, I'm not late. I reached here at 7+ in the morning." He shook the bunch of keys in his hand, "I got the keys from the door keeper's room, and was in the recording studio, recording my program. I wanted to record a few more episodes today, so I came in earlier, so as to not need to line up to wait for the recording studio."

What?

You came in at 7?

He had been working and recording all this time?

Tian Bin, Jia Yan and Wu Datao's faces turned ugly.

Big Sis Zhou laughed and mocked at Tian Bin and company. She again stood up for Zhang Ye, "I was wondering why Teacher Little Zhang's cellphone was switched off; so he was recording programs."

Zhao Guozhou glanced at Jia Yan and company from the corner of his eyes before finally patting Zhang Ye on the shoulder in a satisfied manner. He smiled. "Very good. However, you must make sure to rest. Don't work too hard."

"Thank you, Director; I will." Zhang Ye said.

"Go back to your seat. I'll announce the results." Zhao Guozhou said warmly.

Noting that Director Zhao's attitude towards Zhang Ye was changing, Tian Bin's heart began to quiver. He suddenly felt a sense of danger. "Late-night Ghost Stories" had just been returned to his hands. "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was not done broadcasting, and it would be some time before Tian Bin managed to really take up the job. However, with the way things were going, why did he feel a sense of danger? Could Zhang Ye steal the anchor position of "Late-night Ghost Stories" once again?

Zhao Guozhou began announcing the listenership ratings.

"First place. 'Talk About the World', listenership 3.69%

"Second place, 'Old and Young Story Club', listenership... 2.98%!"

"Third place, 'Late-night Ghost Stories', listenership rating... 1.97%!"

With the top three announced, everyone was already speechless and unsure about what to do. Some people even let out audible heavy breaths!

This was too fierce!

Was this something that no one could stop?

Even "Late-night Ghost Stories" had gone up as well! It had gained third place!

Ever since Zhang Ye had a new segment, the first episode of “The Wizard of Oz” had replaced “Entertainment Daily”’s second placing. “Late-night Ghost Stories”, which was always third in place then got pushed back to become fourth. However, now, with Wu Datao and his partners frequently having errors in his program, “Entertainment Daily”’s listenership ratings have begun to drop off. Even “Late-night Ghost Stories” had surpassed this news-related segment, and had even reached a shocking 1.97% listenership rating. Ignoring their Literature Channel, even in the Central Broadcasting Radio Station, or even in all the radio station channels in the country, there were no late-night segments with such a f***ing ridiculous listenership rating! This...This was about to break 2%?

F***!

Was this still a late-night segment?

Even prime-time segments were not so fierce!

Only those colleagues who had been steadfastly listening to “Late-night Ghost Stories” were not surprised. This was because they knew that “Ghost Blows Out the Light” had ended a particular arc a few days ago and had begun to lay a foundation for a new story. During these few days, it was in a thrilling climax and was especially interesting or even very scary. This naturally pulled up the listenership ratings, resulting in another small outbreak. So it was no wonder that it could exceed “Entertainment Daily”.

Actually, what shocked everyone the most was the listenership ratings for “Old and Young Story Club”!

The first episode was 2.49%

The second episode was 2.45%

The third episode was 2.51%

There was supposed to be the fourth episode being broadcast the day before yesterday, but it was cancelled due to the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, so there was no listenership rating for that day. The real fourth episode had been shifted to yesterday, which was also the listenership rating that was announced today!

2.98%!

This growth was too defiant of the Heavens!

This was almost like making rockets! It was flying up in such a short period of time!

How can that be? Their channel had never had such a jump between listenership ratings before! They acknowledged that Zhang Ye’s new story, “The Wizard of Oz”, was indeed very fascinating; however, even the best segment and story needed a gradual process of improvement. It could not have such a jump without any signs, right? Eh, that’s not right! Who said that there were no signs? Many people realized after giving it some thought! It was the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet! It was winning first place with “Shuidiao Getou” that allowed Zhang Ye’s fame to greatly increase! The live broadcast of the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet happened to be the time slot for Zhang Ye’s program. And from various factors like this were “Old and Young Story Club” and even “Late-night Ghost Stories” brought to such an amazing height!

This was 2.98%!

It was going to break three soon?

In the history of the Literature Channel, only three programs had broken the 3% rating barrier. One of them was “Criticizing Books”, and another was “Daily Jokes”. These two segments had a historical reason for breaking 3%. Back then, television was still not universal, and radio broadcasting was the main avenue. Later on, with television and the internet becoming prevalent, “Criticizing Books” was axed six to seven years ago, due to poor ratings. “Daily Jokes” had now changed into a witty skit segment. It could be said to have ceased to exist. Today, the only program in history that still managed to break 3% in the Literature Channel was Wang Xiaomei’s “Talk About the World”!

But now, another one was about to appear!

What sort of glory was this? It was about to enter the Beijing Radio Station’s annals soon!

And it was highly possible for “Late-night Ghost Stories” to break a record, too! No, actually it should be said that ever since “Late-night Ghost Stories” was in Zhang Ye’s hands, it was making new records every day. It had created a history and miracle for late-night midnight segments! And this miracle was about to usher in a new peak!

Breaking 2%!

If “Ghost Blows Out the Light”’s rating could break 2%, this was not just creating history in the Beijing Radio Station, but history for the entire country’s late-night segments on radio!

A newcomer!

Two segments!

They had all reached a peak at this moment!

Zhang Ye’s results had made everyone envious; however, Zhang Ye was clearly not satisfied. It could even be said that he was far from satisfied!

He wanted to get the Silver Microphone Award!

He could not stop in his footsteps; he needed to climb even higher. He could still go further!

Chapter 68: Refreshing a New Historical Record!

Lunchtime.

Many people came to speak to Zhang Ye.

“Teacher Zhang, let’s go. Let’s go for lunch.”

“I have to congratulate you in advance. You might break a record tomorrow!”

“That’s right! If it all goes well tomorrow, your programs will definitely break 2% and 3%. At the very latest, it should happen the day after tomorrow. Don’t forget to give us a treat when that happens. I would not believe if your bonus money is less than 20,000 this month. Haha! Speaking of which, Little Zhang’s two program segments are in the channel’s top three, and also in the station’s top 20. This is

already a record in itself! Imagine our old comrades from the past; only a small handful of them could have done the same.”

Everyone was praising him.

Except for Tian Bin, Jia Yan and a few others, everyone else in the Literature Channel was friendly towards Zhang Ye now. If Zhang Ye could really wield his prowess and break a few station, or even national, records by bringing up his listenership ratings, then everyone in the Literature Channel would also stand to gain. There was a rule in the station that not only gave out rewards for individual performances, but also for team performances. Their whole channel’s employees could all gain an increase in wages of 10% to 20% due to Zhang Ye’s performance. When Wang Xiaomei’s segment broke 4% the previous time, everyone received a reward of about 1,000. It all depended on what record Zhang Ye could create now.

Zhang Ye smiled wryly, “Don’t expect too much. This time was just a coincidence that the results shot up by so much. It may not continue on.”

“Shouldn’t it be possible?” Big Sis Zhou was a little unsure now.

Zhang Ye waved it off, “There are no guarantees.”

Auntie Sun smiled. “We will just see tomorrow’s results. Let’s not give Teacher Little Zhang too much pressure.”

Wang Xiaomei took her lunch box and prepared to go to the canteen. She obviously had wanted to bring her lunch back to the office to eat, but the canteen didn’t have takeaway boxes. Wang Xiaomei gave a glance at Zhang Ye when she was passing him and suddenly stopped in her tracks, “Did you put on makeup today? Or use skincare products? Eye cream?”

Zhang Ye was stunned, “No?”

Big Sis Zhou wondered, “Hey, I also felt it when Teacher Xiaomei said that. It’s not makeup, but why does Teacher Little Zhang feel a little different today?”

Someone asked, “Really?”

Another asked, “Nothing changed, right?”

Auntie Sun said, “How could there be no changes? When I saw Little Zhang today, I felt it immediately. Shouldn’t this be a case of when everything is going well, the spirit is also refreshed? Haha. Look, it’s like he has become more handsome. His eyes are also discharging electricity every moment. Little Zhang doesn’t have a girlfriend, right? Auntie can introduce one to you. Do you want me to?”

Zhang Ye’s assistant, Xiaofang, also laughed, “Teacher Zhang did become more handsome.”

Zhang Ye finally understood why the question of makeup was brought up. They were actually talking about the effects brought about by the Fruit of Charm. “Even my eyes can discharge electricity? Damn, that’s too exaggerated!”

Xiaofang nodded furiously, “For real!”

She said nice words and had good taste. Zhang Ye was feeling very proud right now.

...

Afternoon.

The letters from the listeners had arrived.

Zhang Ye was once again the one who received the most letters within the channel. There were over 400 letters, more than Wang Xiaomei by a hundred. It wasn't hard to guess why. Zhang Ye had two programs, so the letters were also a combination of both of them. Besides, a children's program would definitely get more letters than an adult's program. Therefore, it cannot be said that just because of this, Zhang Ye could replace Wang Xiaomei as the channel's top host. He couldn't do it, because he was a guy.

The letters were written by a mixture of both adults and children.

"Please speed up the narration!"

"The Wizard of Oz' is really interesting, but it's too slow!"

"Uncle Zhang, could you read it faster? I can't wait any longer!"

"The program duration is too short. Comrade Zhang, I hope the program duration can be extended, or that the speed could be increased. It's making me so eager to listen!"

A lot of listeners put in their suggestions.

Zhang Ye thought about it. He also felt that the suggestions were valid. When he was narrating "The Wizard of Oz", he had maintained the speed and softness of when he had read "Little Bunnies Be Good". After all, this was a children's program and he wanted to take care of them, so he narrated it very slowly. But the letters this time made him reconsider. The speed could definitely be quicker. Because "The Wizard of Oz" had a more mature theme and suited a larger age group, it would not be suitable to use style of "Little Bunnies Be Good". The children might still accept this, but the adults definitely would not have the patience. They might like the story itself, but if it was too slow with its emphasis on every word, the adults might not continue to tune in.

Some changes were required!

Three chapters per segment was possible. Adding one chapter wouldn't be too difficult!

Zhang Ye had Xiaofang contact the recording studio for a booking. He stayed inside the studio for the whole afternoon to prepare the recordings for tomorrow and the day after. Zhang Ye had already recorded tomorrow's broadcast this morning, but for the quality of the program, Zhang Ye did not think twice about deleting the recording from before. He re-recorded a full three chapters for tomorrow and almost doubled the speed of narration for them. He had set very high standards for himself. He only finalized it after a few recordings.

...

The next day.

Friday.

Everyone had arrived early. Zhang Ye was in the spotlight today. Everyone from the Literature Channel also thought so and were waiting for history to be rewritten, but were unsure if it could happen. Yesterday's result was a special case. That rating had been brought about by the attention from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet event.

Zhao Guozhou also came in very early today. When they saw him coming in at 9:10 A.M., they all saw the smile he had on his face.

He got it?

He broke a historical record?

They listened to Zhao Guozhou announcing, "Today I will not be reading the listenership ratings in order of ranking. First, I would like to announce yesterday's 3rd placing, Zhang Ye, 'Late-night Ghost Stories'. The listenership rating is...." pausing on purpose to pique everyone's curiosity, Zhao Guozhou continued on, "Everyone applaud! Ghost Stories' listenership rating is 2.01%! Maybe some people have already expected it. Yes, the program has broken the 2% rating barrier. Not only has it broken the listenership rating record for late-night programs of the same period, it has once again refreshed the historical record for the midnight segment in the country. It has replaced the Central Radio Station's 'The Sound of the City's' legendary 'Zero Point Night Chat' from thirteen years ago, which had a 1.99% listenership rating! Now! This legend belongs to us! It belongs to our Beijing Radio Station!"

Whew!

Thunderous applause!

"Haha!"

"Too awesome!"

"Too impressive!"

"I think our channel is about to defy the Heavens!"

It has even exceeded the late-night segment, "The Sound of the City's" rating. It may not seem like much, exceeding it by only 0.02%. What was 0.02%, right? However, it was not that simple. Maybe only people in the industry would be shocked by this news. Why would it be shocking? Because it was too shocking!

This was a listenership rating from thirteen years ago. What sort of position did the radio station have back then? It had half dominance, and was already in decline, but it had not been completely taken out by television. A large number of people still maintained the habit of listening to the radio. It was completely different from the harsh broadcasting environment of today. The audience size differed by tens of times! But even so, "Late-night Ghost Stories" had managed to replace "Zero Point Night Chat's" record! What sort of value was this!? To people in the industry, this was something impossible!

However, Zhang Ye had managed to do it!

"Ghost Blows Out the Light" had managed to do it!

“Late-night Ghost Stories” had managed to do it!

People had reason to believe, that although they were unable to tell for sure at this moment, that the people on “The Sound of the City” had definitely received this news. They were definitely in a state of shock. They might have never expected that someone could break a listenership record from more than ten years ago in such a broadcasting environment!

Big Sis Zhou wailed, “Teacher Little Zhang, say a few words.”

Zhao Guozhou also smiled. “Little Zhang, tell everyone your mood?”

“Very excited.” Zhang Ye stood up and spoke, “I’m really very excited. I had never expected to have such a result, either. Actually, back when I created ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, everyone should know that it was due to extenuating circumstances. I had braved myself to narrate that one episode, so as to not have a live broadcast incident. To have reached the point of today’s result, I need to thank everyone for your help. Thank you for the Leader’s trust. This is not my achievement alone, but is also the hard efforts of our team.”

Zhao Guozhou gave a deep nod, “Well said.”

Everyone gave another round of applause and gave their congratulations.

Zhao Guozhou opened up the form in his hand, “Let me carry on announcing. First place is still Teacher Xiaomei’s ‘Talk About the World’. Listenership 3.77%.” With a pause, he said with a smile, “I know everyone is very concerned with the next listenership rating. Yes, it’s still Little Zhang’s segment. Second place, ‘Old and Young Story Club’. Listenership...3.17%!”

Ah? 3.17%!

Compared to yesterday’s 2.98%, it had jumped even more?

It can’t be! Why is it jumping higher every day!?

Even if the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had attracted many new listeners, it shouldn’t have jumped like that, right? Could it be the charm of a serialized story? A serialization had managed to consolidate the listeners further? This was definitely the case! People were still awed. Back then, people had questioned Zhang Ye’s use of a fairy tale serialization. Even Teacher Feng and several experienced old comrades had rebuffed his method of telling such a story. However, Zhang Ye had ignored their reproach and carried on going forward. He had used facts to tell everyone that others might not be able to do it with a serialization, but in his hands, it was possible!

Zhao Guozhou was extremely pleased as he looked warmly at Zhang Ye, “‘Old and Young Story Club’ has broken 3%, and it has broken way above 3%. We still need to give Teacher Little Zhang another round of applause. Our Literature Channel will have four segments that have broken 3% from now on. Our Beijing Radio Station only has 25 segments that have broken 3% in listenership ratings, too. So everyone remember this name, ‘Old and Young Story Club’!”

What was originally in last place had now become a star program that had broken through 3% in its listenership rating in just a week! This miracle could not be said to be not great! The Literature Channel’s

colleagues had witnessed the entire process. Even now, a lot of them could hardly believe it. This was not a miracle anymore!

It was a divine act of God!

As changeable as the clouds and rain, a divine act of God had made it come back from the dead!

Everyone even had the thought that according to the rate at which the listenership ratings were increasing, could “Old and Young Story Club” have a chance at catching up to “Talk About the World”?

People were shocked by their own thoughts!

It can't be, right? No matter how ridiculous it was, it can't chase up to Wang Xiaomei's segment, right?

Chapter 69: Little Zhang Reached the Top of the Literature Channel!

Saturday.

There were only a few people who came to work.

Zhang Ye was one of them. As he had rested from Wednesday all the way to today, he definitely needed to work overtime. However, his colleagues had worked overtime last week, so they were on break now.

The telephone in the office rang.

Zhang Ye noticed that a few editors and clerks were busy, so he picked up the phone, “Hello. How are you? This is the Literature Channel.”

“Little Zhang, right? I'm Zhao Guozhou.” The phone call was from Director Zhao, “I was just looking for you. Come over to my office.”

“Alright.” Zhang Ye went over the moment he put down the phone. He knocked on the Director's office door. Zhao Guozhou was reading the listenership ratings table inside, “Are you looking for me?”

“Here, take a seat.” Zhao Guozhou lowered his hand. “Take a look for yourself.”

Zhang Ye sat down and looked at the form that was passed into his hand. It was the ratings rankings for Friday. “Late-night Ghost Stories” had dropped back down to 1.9+%. Clearly, it had lost momentum. It would be difficult for it to go higher. After all, it was a late-night segment that had a limited audience. This was nothing to be surprised about, but the listenership rating for “Old and Young Story Club” made Zhang Ye pleasantly surprised. It had increased once again!

Its listenership rating was 3.31%.

And at first place, “Talk About the World” only had a 3.63% listenership rating.

One had dropped, while the other had risen. The gap between the two segments had once again narrowed!

This was something that had never happened before. No one had managed to force the number one girl, Wang Xiaomei's, segment to such a dire point!

To see Zhao Guozhou say, "Maybe it was because many students were having a school holiday on Friday afternoon, but your segment's numbers have once again sharply increased. Even the station's management has been startled. Beautifully done, Little Zhang. I knew I didn't make a mistake with you." Following that, he said, "I saw the segment chart for today, just now. The program after yours at 1 P.M. is 'Weekend Laughing Forest'. This program should be no stranger to you. Typically, it doesn't have an anchorman; it just broadcasts some skits or cross talk that we bought the copyrights to. However, as skits and cross talks are slowly deteriorating, as there are too few good works, we have been broadcasting the same skits over the past few weeks for 'Weekend Laughing Forest'. It has lost a lot of its audience, and has also been greatly criticized. Hence, for this weekend, I'm thinking of temporarily halting 'Weekend Laughing Forest', and handing you the time period from 1 P.M. to 2 P.M."

Zhang Ye said, "Is that alright?"

"It's only for this weekend. Can your story keep up?" Zhao Guozhou asked.

"There's no problem on my side. If I'm given a total of four hours for today and tomorrow for my broadcast, I can definitely finish 'The Wizard of Oz' this weekend." Zhang Ye said.

Zhao Guozhou tapped the table as he thought, "Alright. Then, let's do it. This opportunity is yours, so it's up to you to grab the opportunity well."

Zhang Ye promised, "Thank you, Leader. I will do my best!"

Zhao Guozhou said, "Go to the recording studio and get it done as soon as possible."

...

Walking into Recording Studio #4, Zhang Ye felt his body full of energy again. It felt like he had inexhaustible strength, so he quickly got down to recording the segment for the weekend. This was a great opportunity. He had also seen a glimmer of hope of surpassing Wang Xiaomei for the first time. Although he knew that it was still very difficult, and was almost unrealistic, Zhang Ye still wanted to fight for it. He wanted to do it for his records of service, for a chance at grabbing one of the Silver Microphone Awards and for him to be able to enter the television station!

The recording began.

"Hello, everyone. Today's program will have some temporary adjustments. 'Old and Young Story Club' will be broadcast from 12 noon to 2 P.M., so please do not change the channel. After it ends at 1 P.M., there will be a short advertisement before 'The Wizard of Oz' carries on its broadcast. And this weekend, 'The Wizard of Oz' will also come to its end. I hope that everyone will listen to it punctually." After adding these words, Zhang Ye began recording.

Working until the afternoon, he finally managed to finish recording "The Wizard of Oz".

After he came out, he wanted to look for Zhao Guozhou, so that he could ask about the listenership ratings; however, he could not find him. The Leader had gotten off work, so he could not do anything but wait until Monday.

...

He had a day off on Sunday.

The listenership ratings were not out and the announcement was delayed.

...

Monday.

Today seemed to be the day that was destined to be enshrined in the Literature Channel's historical annals.

After Zhang Ye got off the subway, he met Wang Xiaomei, who had been recognized by two male fans, in front of the station platform. Teacher Xiaomei was giving the fans her signature.

"Thank you, Teacher Xiaomei."

"You're welcome. Is that all?"

"Can we get a picture together? I really like your 'Talk About the World'!"

"Next time. I came to work late today, so I'm running late."

Seeing Wang Xiaomei cross the road, Zhang Ye also walked up to her, "Teacher Wang."

Wang Xiaomei turned to look at him and acknowledged tersely, "I heard your program's listenership rating on Friday had increased once again? 3.31%, right? It's very good."

Zhang Ye said, "There are more children resting on Friday, so it went up."

Wang Xiaomei said, "Aren't there even more resting on Saturday? Also, parents do not need to work."

"Uh, I don't know. It's of course good if it can increase a bit more." Zhang Ye said nonchalantly.

However, Wang Xiaomei said, "Work hard, then. It's not that easy to surpass my listenership ratings." Her tone sounded a bit prickly. She left after she finished speaking.

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly.

At the unit's office, today's atmosphere felt particularly weird.

"Did you hear? The rating for 'Old and Young Story Club' on Friday was 3.31%!"

"I knew about it the day before yesterday. It's really such an exaggeration!"

"Say, do you think Teacher Little Zhang will really reach the top of our channel?"

"It might have just been a fluke. I don't think it will happen. Teacher Xiaomei has been number one all these years. Her segment's foundation lies deep, so it shouldn't be taken down."

"But Teacher Little Zhang is too fierce! He has already chased to just about 0.3% left. Besides, I've heard they are giving him an additional hour over the weekend. They have halted 'Weekend Laughing Forest' for two episodes. There are also more people resting over the weekend, so an afternoon session might be able to rival a prime-time session at night!"

"That is still impossible."

"Right. Teacher Xiaomei isn't a pushover."

Everyone was discussing about this matter. The moment that they saw Wang Xiaomei enter, they stopped talking. Following her in immediately to the unit was Zhang Ye, who received a lot of attention from everyone. For a full half an hour, the entire office was quiet. No one spoke a word. Everyone was not really into their work. Today was the Literature Channel's battle of the top boy and girl. Even if it did not have anything to do with them, they were still curious.

Suddenly, everyone put down the things in their hands.

"Director."

"Leader."

Zhao Guozhou had arrived, "Alright."

This time, he did not need to speak any further, as everyone stopped working and uniformly looked towards him.

Instead, it was Wang Xiaomei and Zhang Ye, who were the people directly involved and today's main characters, that did not have many changes in their expressions. They seemed nonchalant.

Zhao Guozhou looked at the listenership ratings in his hand. His eyes looked very complicated, "Let me first announce the ratings for the programs on Saturday. There are quite a lot of things today, so I will not announce all of them. I'll first announce the top three." Looking up to look at everyone, "First place, 'Talk About the World', listenership 3.81%!"

3.81%?

Teacher Xiaomei was indeed not someone simple!

Actually, the listenership ratings for "Talk About the World" had been dropping over the past few days, so that even Zhang Ye had managed to chase up to it by quite a bit. People were even worried for Wang Xiaomei. But today's results made everyone understand that Zhang Ye had no chance. Teacher Xiaomei had gotten serious!

"Second place, 'Old and Young Story Club', listenership... 3.55%!"

Holy ****! Many people gasped again! It added another 0.2%?

Teacher Xiaomei had an explosive increase, but Teacher Little Zhang was not far off, either? However, it was still off by a bit; "Old and Young Story Club" would definitely not be able to catch up!

Sure enough, Zhao Guozhou said, "Next I'll announce the listenership ratings for Sunday." When he said this, Zhao Guozhou specially looked at Wang Xiaomei and Zhang Ye, "Teacher Xiaomei's 'Talk About the World', the listenership rating is still at 3.81%!"

Big Sis Zhou sighed as she murmured, "Little Zhang, there will still be plenty of opportunities in the future."

Aunt Sun also comforted Zhang Ye, "Don't lose heart. Second place is already very formidable. Don't compare your segment with 'Talk About the World'. It's nothing disgraceful to lose to it."

Zhang Ye smiled. "It's alright." He had not given up, because he had noticed that Zhao Guozhou may have first mentioned Wang Xiaomei's listenership rating, but he had not said that she was first. On Sunday, 'The Wizard of Oz' had come to an end, and that was also the climax of the entire story. It was also a two-hour segment, so Zhang Ye believed that even if he did not get first place, his listenership rating would definitely be much higher than Saturday's.

It was not over!

He still had a chance!

Zhang Ye was not confident in himself, but confident in his own story. This was 'The Wizard of Oz', one of the greatest fairy tales in his world!

Tian Bin funnily looked at Zhang Ye. He was thinking, "To think you still hoped to get first place? To really surpass 'Talk About the World'? You sure are funny!"

From the eyes of Jia Yan and Wu Datao beside him, one could tell that they were thinking Zhang Ye was having fantasies!

Alright!

The situation was fixed!

Time to do whatever you had to busy yourself with!

With this outcome, people no longer had any intention of listening.

However, what Zhao Guozhou said next stunned everyone. Zhao Guozhou looked at them and said, "But Sunday's first place is not 'Talk About the World'." After everyone stared widely with their mouths agape, Zhao Guozhou said, "First place, Zhang Ye's 'Old and Young Story Club', listenership... 3.82%!"

What?

Higher than "Talk About the World" by 0.01%?

With a "Hula" sound, the entire office seemed like a bomb had dropped! It exploded instantaneously!

Tian Bin was dumbfounded! Jia Yan's eyeballs stared like a cow! Big Sis Zhou was so shocked that her throat vibrated for a long while! The looks of the other colleagues were each more astonished than the last!

Zhang Ye had reached the top!

Zhang Ye had actually reached the top!

Although the gap was tiny, first place was still first place!

No one understood how Zhang Ye had managed to do it! No one could understand why 'The Wizard of Oz' was full of magic! But the facts were placed in front of them! This newcomer, Zhang Ye, had managed to use a segment that was ranked right at the bottom to pull Wang Xiaomei's star segment down from its divine spot!

It went from first from the back to first from the front!

Zhang Ye had used less than two weeks to achieve it!

What the heck! What sort of perverse existence did this Zhang Ye come from!

Chapter 70: The Silver Microphone Awards Nomination

Too impressive!

This was the change of an era!

Zhang Ye's literary accomplishments were not only known by those at the Literature Channel; even the whole Beijing Radio Station knew of them. Based on his strengths, everyone knew that Zhang Ye would achieve this someday, but no one had expected it to be so soon!

Zhao Guozhou continued, "Additionally, yesterday's 'Old and Young Story Club' placed fourth in the entire station's listenership ratings!"

It had gone to the top 4?

Only second to several of the news and traffic segments?

Zhao Guozhou looked towards Wang Xiaomei and said encouragingly, "Teacher Xiaomei, Teacher Little Zhang is catching up. Your program finally has a competitor now and won't be lonely anymore. If you don't push harder, Little Zhang's segment might really end up in first place."

Wang Xiaomei calmly replied, "I will."

Zhang Ye followed up modestly, "It won't; it's just my good luck that there were more weekend listeners and the program duration was extended by an hour with 'The Wizard of Oz' ending at its climax. All these helped to pull up the ratings. It won't be able to continue to compete for first tomorrow and will definitely be lower again."

Everyone knew so too, but why did it matter? Getting first one time was still getting first. In the past few years, no one in the Literature Channel had dared to challenge Wang Xiaomei's "Talk About the World". Zhang Ye was the first.. and he even succeeded!

"I want to add on something." Zhao Guozhou finally smiled and said loudly, "Yesterday, on Sunday, our Literature Channel's overall listenership rating managed to exceed the Traffic Channel's total listenership rating for the first time in 11 years. We are ranked second overall in the station! This was a team effort that contributed to our channel's brilliance. I would like to take the chance here to specially praise Teacher Zhang Ye for helping to pull up the two segments which had the channel's lowest listenership and bringing them to first and third place. Just his contributions alone have brought us amazing listenership ratings; it's also the main reason for us surpassing the Traffic Channel for the first time in 11 years! I feel that everyone here, no matter if you are a rookie or veteran, could learn from Little Zhang!"

They had not obtained second place in 11 years!

In the past, it had always been in fourth place, suppressed by the Music Channel. Later on, it was always in third place, behind the Traffic Channel. But today, their wish had finally been granted?

“Amazing!”

“Haha! It’s time to disburse the rewards, Leader!”

“No one can stop us from now on!”

“Let’s work even harder and surpass the News Channel, too!”

Some roared. Some bragged. In any case, everyone was on an emotional high.

Zhao Guozhou gestured for everyone to be quiet and said, “This afternoon, I will call the shots. Everyone do what you need to and we will break for lunch at 10:30 A.M. Let’s go to a restaurant outside for a good meal. It’ll be my treat!”

“Oh!”

“Long live our Leader!”

“Can we order expensive items?”

Zhao Guozhou gave a smile, “Choose whatever you like! Anything is fine!”

Zhang Ye said, “I guess I won’t be joining? I still have a recording later. ‘The Wizard of Oz’ has ended and I have to tell a new story today.”

Big Sis Zhou happily said, “How could you not go?”

“Right. Little Zhang must go. You are the star.” Auntie Sun urged.

Zhao Guozhou also added, “Everyone must go; no one can give it a miss. As long as we get back before noon, your broadcast will not be late. Let’s not discuss this any further. Don’t think that I have forgotten your specialty. You don’t need any preparation at all. Since when have you made a mistake during a live broadcast?”

Zhang Ye rubbed his temple, “Alright. Then, I will follow the Leader’s instructions.”

“That settles it, then. We’ll set off at 10:30 A.M. I will gather everyone in a while.” Zhao Guozhou then left.

Zhang Ye had something to discuss. After thinking for a moment, he followed him out. Seeing Zhao Guozhou going into his office, he followed in closely behind, “Director.”

Zhao Guozhou turned back to look, “Ah, Little Zhang. Hur Hur. How can I help you?”

Zhang Ye coughed a bit and said nervously, “About that... I saw on the news a few days ago that the nominations for the Golden and Silver Microphone Awards will be held soon. I’ve joined the station for almost two months now and I won’t talk about my performance, but it’s been quite okay. I haven’t been working for a year yet, so I fit the criteria for the Silver Microphone Awards. Do you think that I could get a nomination?” As no one had discussed this with him before, Zhang Ye could only bring it up himself.

Zhao Guozhou acknowledged this and signaled for him to take a seat, “It’s just this matter? I was still expecting something else. You are asking about this today? If I had waited for you to apply for the nomination, it would have been too late already.” While speaking, he pulled out a drawer from his desk

and took out a document, “Here. This is a copy. The original has been submitted to the Station Leader a few days back. I recommended that you be nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards and sent this over, together with your resume.”

Zhang Ye wore an expression of joy, “You recommended me already? Thank you, Leader. Thank you!”

Zhao Guozhou told him, “The Silver Microphone Awards are not as important as the Golden Microphone Awards, so the nomination list for it is smaller, too. Our Beijing Radio Station has two nomination spots. Even though your nomination has not been approved by the management, I guess your nomination is almost guaranteed. Among all of this year’s rookies, your results have been the most outstanding. There is no one close to your work performance; at the very most, there is someone from the News Channel called Zhāng Yě*, who is performing reasonably well. If all goes according to expectations, then it’s likely that you and Zhāng Yě will be our station’s two nominees. There’s only one winner in the end and I expect it to be you. It is true that, in the past, the Golden and Silver Microphone Awards judges have always favored those from the news channels, but you are different. Your contributions are too outstanding. You have provided a dominating result that no one can compare with.”

Zhang Ye asked, “When is the selection date?”

Zhao Guozhou answered, “This Friday, but only the Golden Microphone Awards will be broadcast live, not the Silver Microphone Awards.”

The Silver Microphone Awards — 10 winners from all the nation’s radio stations.

There were about 30 to 40 nominees, but only 10 received an award.

The number of radio stations in the country amounted to more than that, but it was impossible to give every station an award. Only some of the key provinces and cities could be given the award. For example, Central Radio Station almost always had two winners, followed by Beijing Radio Station and Shanghai Radio Station, each of which usually had one winner. As for the other provinces, the other winners would rotate around their radio stations. Beijing Radio Station would never miss out on a spot, though, since its place was already politically guaranteed.

That was why with the station’s two nominations, there was a 50% chance for either person to win an award. No, according to Zhao Guozhou’s analysis, Zhang Ye’s chances at winning an award was 99%. As such, Zhang Ye felt refreshed and good about it. This time, with backing from his recent first place in the Literature Channel and the unprecedented history he had set, giving him a thicker resume, his confidence was emboldened. On the subject of the Silver Microphone Awards, Zhang Ye could only feel that it was a sure thing that was in the bag!

Get down off your high horse quickly!

He already couldn’t wait to further his career at the TV station!

*Another person named Zhāng Yě as compared to our main character, Zhāng Yè If the side character is mentioned again, his name will have the Pinyin tones included to distinguish between them. The main character will remain without any Pinyin tones.