

## **I'm Really a Superstar - Chapter 7: First Day of Work -**

Monday.

The weather god was not happy, so the haze was heavy.

This was Zhang Ye's first day of work. He wore a western suit and a tie. He came, once again, to the Beijing Radio Station respectfully and found the Literature Channel department upstairs.

The radio station's coverage was the Beijing-Tianjin-Hebei area. Some small cities in the northeastern regions could also receive the signal. Although it could not be compared to the Central Radio Station, its coverage and listeners were much greater than other local radio stations that were similarly ranked.

The Leader's office.

Zhang Ye knocked on the door gently. After hearing a "come in" from inside the room, he pushed open the door and entered. Sitting behind the office desk was a person Zhang Ye had met during the interview. He was Zhao Guozhou, who was in his 40s. He was the person in charge of the Literature Channel. Be it the radio station or the television station, this position in Beijing and several areas was called Director. Of course, there were exceptions; for example, Southern and Northern Hunan would call this position Master.

"Leader."

"Hello, Little Zhang. Sit down. Have you brought all the documents?"

"I've brought them all."

"Great. Someone from HR will do the hiring procedures for you, but there's no rush with that. Drink some water and, after that, I'll first bring you to the office in order to introduce you to everyone."

"Okay, thank you for the trouble."

Zhang Ye was very mindful of his speech, even during this simple exchange.

After a while, Zhao Guozhou led Zhang Ye with a smile to the Literature Channel department's office on the same floor. It was a large area and there were about 30-40 desks. As today's programs might have already been pre-

recorded, everyone did not look too busy. Some were playing games, while others chatting.

Only when they saw their leader come did they stop playing and chatting.

“Leader.”

“Good morning, Leader.”

Everyone greeted.

Zhao Guozhou nodded and slapped Zhang Ye on the shoulder. “Everyone, stop what you are doing. I’m introducing a new comrade. Zhang Ye is a broadcasting major graduate from the Broadcasting College. He will be one of us, from today onwards. Please welcome him.” Although the Media College was its current name, it was previously known as the Beijing Broadcasting College. Its name was changed only in the past few years, so many people still called it by its previous incarnation out of habit. “...There might be some schoolmates of Little Zhang here. You are his senior brothers and senior sisters. Everyone, please take care of this rookie.”

The welcoming applause was sparse. Some people gave an obvious questioning look.

Zhang Ye grabbed the opportunity to say hello and gave a brief self-introduction.

Following that, Zhao Guozhou called over a youth. He looked to be about the same age as Zhang Ye and could not be much older than Zhang Ye. However, there was no need to compare their looks. He was much more handsome. “Tian Bin. Ah, you are radio host. Bring Little Zhang around these days to get him familiar with the business.”

Tian Bin offered to shake Zhang Ye’s hand, “Hello, Little Zhang. You can ask me anything if you have any doubts.”

Zhang Ye immediately used two hands to receive the handshake, “Brother Tian, I’ll be troubling you in the future.”

Zhao Guozhou said to Zhang Ye, “Little Tian is the radio host of our channel’s ‘Late Night Ghost Stories’. Learning from him would be helpful to you.” Previously, the Literature Channel had ghost stories on the late night channel,

but the program name was different. It was probably changed by the game ring.

After all the necessary procedures were done, Zhang Ye went to do the paperwork formalities for his hire. After he was done, it was already 10.30 A.M. Only then did he return to his office desk in the corner.

A corner desk is usually popular amongst people, as the leader will not be able to see it, allowing one to skive. However, this corner was different. Firstly, it was not far from the entrance and secondly, there was a water fountain here. People came to and fro, which made it a busy spot.

As a rookie, Zhang Ye could not do anything. Although his position as a radio host gave him wages higher than the office secretary or editors in the office, he was, after all, a rookie. No special seat would be left for him to choose.

Tian Bin was sitting across from him with a board separating them.

Zhang Ye looked around, as he had nothing to do. No one had given him any work, so he stood up and asked, "Brother Tian, what do you think I should do or learn?"

Tian Bin glanced at him, but his expression was clearly no longer the same as the one he had in front of the Leader. He did not care about him and said, "Familiarize yourself first."

"Alright." Zhang Ye was not able to ask anything more.

At noon in the station's cafeteria, Zhang Ye took the opportunity to greet his colleagues in the same office, "Hello, Sister Wang. I'm new, so please take care of me."

Wang Xiaomei's gaze swept across his face and gave an unfeeling "Uh", before turning away.

Zhang Ye had wanted to shake her hand, but now he got himself into an awkward position.

Previously, he had gathered from everyone's conversations that Wang Xiaomei, who was about 30 years old, was one of the starlets of the office. She was the top girl in the Literature Channel. The "Talk About the World" she hosted was the celebrity program that had the highest ratings of their channel.

It was a humanities and history program, where the past and present were discussed. Wang Xiaomei was good at hosting and her looks were good.

Although she was not as ridiculously beautiful as Rao Aimin, everyone who saw her would evaluate her as a beauty.

Only Zhang Ye was not smitten by her, because although Wang Xiaomei looked pretty, she had no characteristics to her beauty. She was lacking in temperament, which made her pale in comparison to his landlady.

For an entire day, Zhang Ye tried to build personal ties with people, but it was to no avail. It was as if everyone was not friendly with him. He seemed dispensable.

Tian Bin was as such.

Wang Xiaomei was as such, too.

Only when it was time to knock off did Zhang Ye realize it when he happened to chance upon a conversation between the Literature Channel's phone editor, Tian Bin, and another beautiful woman.

The beautiful woman was most likely Tian Bin's wife, as the two of them were holding hands. She had probably come to meet her husband after their work hours had ended.

"Brother Tian, how did Zhang Ye get hired?" the phone editor asked.

Tian Bin curled his mouth and shook his head, "Who knows? Just his looks makes him fail."

The phone editor sighed, "That's right. How can a person with such looks become a radio host? I seriously have no idea what the channel was thinking. I think I could do a better job than him."

Tian Bin asserted, "Zhang Ye will definitely not be famous."

The phone editor echoed, "Let's not even talk about being famous. He might not even be able to get a program. All of our programs in the Literature Channel have permanent hosts. He can, at most, be a replacement host or a guest host to take over for someone who's sick. Do you think he can have his own program? I don't even think that will happen next year. Let him endure

through it. Heh, if not for the previous replacement host being transferred to the News channel, would he have been hired with his looks? It would not even be his turn to enter the Literature Channel as a host.”

Tian Bin’s wife laughed, “Even such a person was hired? What a joke.”

Tian Bin said, “The leader even got me to lead him around. I don’t have that time.”

His wife said, “Then just ignore him. If he doesn’t have a program, the channel will probably transfer him to another department.”

The three of them walked as they chatted. They were unaware that Zhang Ye, who was by the company entrance, had heard them. Speaking ill of me behind my back?

Still want to transfer me away?

What sort of people are they!?

Clearly, the editor was jealous of Zhang Ye’s good luck. The other radio hosts also did not think Zhang Ye would accomplish much. To them, Zhang Ye a replacement host, who was no different from any ordinary article. As a result, this scene unfolded. No one in the Literature Channel valued him.

Who told you I won’t be famous?

Who told you that I can’t go on programs?

Wait and see. I’ll let you open your eyes!

People chased after fame and fortune in their lives. Zhang Ye was not greedy, as he only wanted fame and not money. He would put all of his effort and energy into becoming famous, heading towards his final goal that was set by the game ring’s settings, which was to “become the greatest superstar in the world”!

Hard work would always pay off. By abandoning all desires and to only strive for fame, he did not believe that he could not make it big!

As for other things, like money?

Well, what is money? How can it be compared to being famous?

He had always treated it like dirt. He really did not care about other worldly things, such as money. He really did not care...

Eh, wait!

Zhang Ye suddenly stopped at the Western entrance of the station. He had used his foot to step on to something. Seeing that no one was looking at him, he bent down and picked up a dime that someone had dropped on the floor. He surreptitiously stuffed it into his pockets, before he carried on walking.

Right, where was I?

Oh, right!

Who told you that I can't go on programs?

Eh?

Who told you that?

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