

## Superstar 701

### [I'm Really a Superstar](#)

#### Chapter 701: The difficulty of Zhang Ye's questions!

Sunday.

The next morning.

The day before the deadline for the submission of the exam questions, everyone woke up and ate the breakfast delivered to them. Every team's question setters were called to a meeting by their respective team chiefs to begin another day of work, to compile and summarize everyone's questions, then analyze and discuss it as a group.

Mathematics team.

"Dean Pan."

"Oh, you're here?"

"Everyone has arrived."

"Uh, Teacher Zhang is not here yet."

"You haven't seen him since yesterday?"

"That's right, I did not see Professor Zhang since the night before yesterday. I think he stayed in his dorm the entire time, then I heard he went to get more information and past exams."

"The deadline's tomorrow, so we have to finish the rough draft of the Mathematics exam today, or else it'll be too late. Get someone to call for Professor Zhang."

"Alright, I'll go."

Right at this moment, Zhang Ye walked into the office from outside.

Dean Pan looked over. "We were just going to get you. So how is it?"

Zhang Ye came in with a stack of documents. "It's more or less done."

"How's the difficulty of the questions?" Dean Pan asked immediately with great interest. He truly intended to utterly depend on Zhang Ye's help this time for the Mathematics exam. Although Pan Yang was one of the supervisors of the Mathematics team, his expertise did not really lie in the area of algebraic geometry at the high school level.

Everyone gathered around them as well.

Zhang Ye said, "The difficulty should be good enough. Didn't you tell me that the more difficult it is, the better?"

"Yes, it'd be good if it's more difficult." Dean Pan said, "We already have a lot of questions that are just moderately difficult, so we don't need to come up with any more of those. What we're lacking are the extremely difficult ones, so let me take a look at what you have."

Zhang Ye passed the documents over to him. "There's multiple choice, fill in the blank, and short answer, all of which I've proposed quite a number of. Why don't you all go through them first. I still have more if they're not suitable."

A person said, "Professor Zhang's really efficient!"

A middle-aged man said, "I want to see what you've got there too."

They pulled a whiteboard over.

Then Zhang Ye's questions were placed on it and held up with a magnet while everyone gathered around the whiteboard to take a look. They scanned it once over from the first question to the last, all the way down.

Finally, when they finished reading the last question, all of the teachers from the Mathematics team were stunned for a while.

"This..."

"Man!"

"Ah? This question..."

"Let me do some calculations for it!"

"This isn't right. This is not a question for high school students at all!"

"This requires an advanced math formula that will only be learned in university to solve, no? It even uses a formula that will only be taught in the second year of university! Why's there even calculus in this?"

"This question won't do!"

Next to them, a female teacher went to a whiteboard and began solving the problem. She used a total of three minutes to solve the problem. It was very fast because the problem was not difficult to her at all, but the problem solving process required used at least two formulas that weren't taught in high school textbooks.

Putting down the marker, the female teacher said, "This is not something that a high school student can solve at all!"

After staring at the problem and solution for a long time, Dean Pan looked at Zhang Ye. "Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "The problems I have proposed are all solvable through the knowledge found in high school textbooks. None of them exceed the scope of a high school exam. This problem might look difficult and complicated when you read it at first. I see that this teacher used several formulas to solve the question just now, even using higher mathematics formulas, but it's actually not necessary at all." He picked up the marker and started writing on the whiteboard. "If you adjust your mindset first before attempting to solve the question, you would not be tricked by it. The actual, correct, and most simple way to solve this is to start from here. If you bring this specification over here to the front, then it would

become simplified and you can then apply this calculation, like this, like this..." He put down the marker. "The answer can be derived easily this way."

When everyone from the Mathematics team saw this, their jaws dropped!

Easy?

Easy your sister!

This problem was way too tricky! After they knew about the problem solving process, it did not look difficult anymore. Indeed, even though they could use algebraic geometry knowledge to solve it, it was almost impossible for anyone to have that train of thought for the solution when faced with such a question! Even this group of math teachers did not figure it out at the start! Let alone the students!

Dean Pan laughed. "This problem is interesting!"

That female teacher wiped the sweat off her forehead. "How many high school students can possibly solve the problem with that kind of thought process? The way I look at it, at least 99% of the examinees will be stumble at this question!"

Zhang Ye said, "That might not necessarily be true. Even if this problem solving process is not easy to think of, there are still at least two other ways using normal methods to solve it." He wrote out another two solutions on the whiteboard using high school algebraic geometry formulas which could be used to solve the question, even if the process was more complex and needed constant calculation and application of formulas.

The teachers of the Mathematics team were all convinced after seeing the solutions written out by Zhang Ye.

Dean Pan decided, "This problem is good. It's different from all the problems we've ever had in our Beijing college entrance Mathematics exams. Let's see the next problem then."

The next one was a multiple choice question.

This was an extremely tricky question and if there was just a lapse in concentration, the examinees would be deceived by the four given answer choices and make unnecessary assumptions about the question. Even if they used the wrong answer that they derived in the first place to work backwards, the answer would still stand, which made it even trickier. Among the question setters of the Mathematics team, when they were all studying this question, there was one of them who got the answer wrong due to being misled by one of the wrong multiple choice answers. When he finally found out what the correct answer was, the teacher who answered wrong facepalmed and coughed, flushing with embarrassment. He even wished for a hole to open up so that he could crawl in and hide. It wasn't that he wasn't smart, but rather he had a lapse in concentration and subconsciously fell for the trick question!

This question was wicked!

Professor Zhang understood too well the mindset of the examinees and had purposely set this trap for them. If it was in accordance with how other Mathematics multiple choice questions were solved, then there would be 5 out of 10 examinees falling for this trap!

The third question was similar!

The fourth question...

The fifth question...

The tenth question...

One by one, the questions were discussed and attempted. The more times the teachers from the Mathematics team attempted the proposed questions, the more frightened and depressed they felt. There were even some questions that left them with a lingering sense of a headache when they attempted to solve it. But the more they felt this way, the more they were convinced by Zhang Ye's ability.

After going through the last question.

Dean Pan looked at Zhang Ye and couldn't help but smile. "If I was given such an exam 30 years ago during my high school days, don't even mention getting full marks, if I could pass, I would thank the heavens for sure!"

The other teachers laughed at Dean Pan's exaggerated comparison, but they truly had a similar reaction to it as well. These questions were all too insane! This wasn't even a question of difficulty anymore. Many of the questions were just goddamn traps laid for the examinees!

A female teacher didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Isn't this too difficult?"

Dean Pan smiled and said, "I think it's appropriate enough. Since the higher-ups want a reform and are calling for an increase in the difficulty of the Mathematics exam section, then these questions by Teacher Zhang are obviously the most suitable to help achieve that!"

Someone said, "We're going ahead with them?"

"Yes, we are!" Dean Pan decided and approved.

A young mathematics teacher wearing a complicated expression said, "When the examinees see this exam, they will definitely be cursing all 18 generations of ancestors of the question setting team!"

Another teacher laughed loudly. "That's doesn't matter. The difficult ones have all been proposed by Professor Zhang. We were only responsible for the easy ones."

Zhang Ye said, "...so you're all putting the blame on me now!?"

Finally, after another round of deliberation, the first edition of the Mathematics exam was roughly confirmed. Zhang Ye was not going to bother with the remaining work left to be done and just let Dean Pan and the others handle it. Zhang Ye excused himself and headed to the Chinese Literature team with another set of documents.

At 10 AM in the morning.

Over at the Chinese Literature team, a fervent discussion was also taking place.

"But this question is very good."

"The board says that it's too traditional and not innovative enough."

"I've already changed the style, so it's no longer a traditional type of question anymore."

"That won't do, Chief Yu has rejected it. It's the same for those questions of mine, none of them pass, so I will have to start all over again. Hai, I don't think we'll be able to make it on time."

"The Board is asking for too much this time."

The door opened and Zhang Ye walked in straightaway without knocking. "Is Chief Yu around?"

Seeing him arrive, Su Na said, "Teacher Zhang, you're here? Let me get him for you." She knocked on the office door. "Chief Yu, Zhang Ye is here."

Chief Yu came out of his office. "How's the question writing going?"

Zhang Ye said, "All done."

Chief Yu immediately said, "Good. Everyone, let's study these questions."

Su Na was the most curious about the questions and quickly took the papers from Zhang Ye's hand to pinned them to the whiteboard.

When Liao Qi, Li Rui, Ma Qi, and the other Chinese Literature team teachers saw, they came strolling over as well. A few of the teachers did not seem to care too much, as they had always been biased against Zhang Ye and did not like or appreciate him much, feeling that his abilities had been over-exaggerated too much by everyone else.

However, when they laid eyes on the first question, those teachers looked like they nearly vomited blood!

Su Na burst out into laughter!

Chief Yu stayed quiet and did not say a word for a long time!

Liao Qi: "..."

Li Rui: "..."

Ma Qi: "..."

Then at the second question, everyone vomited blood!

The questions Zhang Ye had written out were questions they had never come across before. They weren't even things they had ever even thought of. All the questions could be described as totally unexpected, yet when they carefully thought about them, the meanings behind those questions were very interesting!

Zhang Ye went forward and gave a simple explanation of his questions' answers and thought processes. "The first question's answer is a little more flexible. It's mainly to test the examinee's thought, logic, and values. If the answer is logical and the arguments are valid and in a positive light, then we can give full marks for it. Next, we have the second question..."

One by one, he explained all of the questions to the teachers.

After that, Zhang Ye made an excuse that he had something else to attend to and left. He did not stay longer than necessary at the Chinese Literature team as he knew that a few of the people there did not have good opinions of him, so he didn't want to bother with them either. In the Chinese Literature team, he wasn't the lead question setter and did not have much say. Therefore, after he supplied them with the questions, he just handed them over to Chief Yu to let him make the final decision.

After he left, the Chinese Literature question setting team turned silent!

At this moment, everyone had actually wanted to shout:

F\*\*k!

Are these even high school level questions? Can it get any more wondrous than this!

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**Chapter 702: Celebratory feast!**

Monday.

Everyone from the Beijing college entrance examination's question setting team felt that the sense of burden had been lifted from them.

"Finally, everything is settled!"

"Phew, it hasn't been easy!"

"It's finally over!"

"We can finally rest for the next few days. I'm going to sleep well tomorrow!"

"This year's question setting work was too difficult. I wouldn't want to come back to next year's question setting team. It's been so tiring that I haven't slept soundly for the past week now."

"Anyway, our work is done here and we can finally relax."

"Yes, we only have to wait for the college entrance exam to finish."

"We're free at last!"

Today was the day of the deadline. Every question setting team had already submitted their tasks' requirements. The main, supplementary, and some backup questions which were not selected were all sorted and submitted to the higher-ups by the supervisors. At this point, this year's Beijing exams were basically confirmed with the remaining task of selecting the questions and some detailed adjustments left to the Higher Education Entrance Examination Board. The Higher Education Entrance Examination Board and the higher-ups would decide which of the questions were suitable for use and which were not. Essentially, the remaining work would no longer involve the question setting teachers as their jobs were already completed. From this point forward, the time remaining would count as their off days. Until the college entrance exam was over, they would not be allowed to return home.

On the hill.

Zhang Ye and Su Na were taking a morning jog.

Su Na was dressed in her sports attire with a towel hanging off her shoulder. She was already sweating all over while Zhang Ye was in a better condition, not feeling tired yet. After running for a while already, he was still not short on breath yet.

"I can't take it, I can't take it anymore. I have to walk from here." Su Na stopped and was unable to run anymore. "Teacher Zhang, you've got really good stamina."

Zhang Ye also slowed down his pace. "I'm doing worse than before. In the past, I'd always trained and gone for my morning exercise regularly. But now I can't do that since I'm always cooped up at work. I can only run a few laps to relax when I've used too much of my brain at work." His stamina was not exactly good either, but at least it was still better than Su Na who did not train frequently. After all, Zhang Ye was armed with some martial arts although it was still at a level where it only worked randomly and at given times.

Su Na smiled as she wiped her sweat away and asked, "How've you been doing recently?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It's been the usual stuff. I'm just doing TV shows which is my original profession."

Su Na said in amusement, "What original profession? I'm not even certain what your original profession is anymore. Math, literature, music, radio, television, which profession haven't you dabbled in? So which one of those is your original profession? If you didn't mention it, I would already have forgotten what your real profession is. Besides, you're amazing no matter which field you go into. You always manage to shine and thrive!"

Zhang Ye bragged, "Heh, I may not have any strong points but I'm really good at adapting."

Su Na said, "I seriously never expected you to be approached by the college entrance exam team this time. I suppose there are many people who also weren't prepared for it. If this is the signal the education system is sending out, then does that mean you're likely to return to Peking University this year? They can't keep you suspended for too long. There are still many Peking University students asking about you, hur hur. Not to mention the other examples, but just on Peking University's official forum alone, the students have made known their intentions more than once, hoping that you will resume your duties again."

"Is that so?" Zhang Ye was very pleased. "So the students still remember me?"

Su Na suddenly changed her tone. "However, there are still some students boycotting you."

Zhang Ye was baffled. "Hah?"

Su Na blinked and laughed. "You didn't know about that, right? When I got up this morning, I met some people sent by the Higher Education Entrance Examination Board. One of them was a university classmate of mine. During breakfast, I learned from him during our chat that you have already become a public enemy on the Internet. Do you know which group is boycotting you this time? It's this year's Beijing examinees and their parents. They're all calling for the Higher Education Entrance Examination Board to dismiss and send you home. On any forum and on Weibo posts related to the topic of the college entrance exam in Beijing, there's even an operation called 'Send Zhang Ye Home' going on.

According to my sources, not only are there beautiful women lining up to take a shower in your house, there is also plenty of cash in your bedroom and an ancient tomb of the Tang Dynasty was even discovered in it. All these things were said just to make you go home quickly to take a look. After I heard that from my classmate, I nearly died laughing! Your house is the subject of all verbal attacks online now!

Zhang Ye nearly fainted when he heard about the situation in the outside world. "What the hell is going on? Why are they boycotting me? Has this bro become a specialist in being boycotted that something like this would happen every few days?"

Su Na said, "Who asked you to present those wondrous elementary math problems in the past? The examinees are afraid that you will make the questions too difficult, so they started this movement and are totally enjoying themselves. Everyone from the examinees to their parents, and even your own fans, are happily and tirelessly smearing your name, haha."

Zhang Ye became even more speechless, but then boasted without shame, "After this bro entered the entertainment industry, I've always walked the path of a male idol, but why is it now becoming more and more like the path of a comedian?"

Su Na: "..."

The two of them chatted casually as they walked to the halfway point on the hillside.

The moment they reached the entrance to the dorms, they bumped into Dean Pan.

"Teacher Zhang, Little Su, both of you went for a jog?" Pan Yang waved at them.

Su Na said, "Yes, Dean Pan. Have you eaten yet?"

Pan Yang smiled and said, "Not yet, I'm saving my appetite for this afternoon. Oh right, the both of you should get ready as well, so quickly shower and get changed. There will be a celebratory feast at the hilltop at 11 AM. Everyone will gather to eat. Tentatively, it'll be an outdoor barbecue as the weather is quite nice today. It's cloudy and not too warm."

Su Na asked, "Is it organized by the Higher Education Entrance Examination Board?"

Pan Yang said, "No, it's our teachers who are organizing it. We do the same thing every year. It's already considered a standard event here. There will be a list of whatever ingredients need to be purchased and some staff from the Higher Education Entrance Examination Board will head out to buy them for us. If you need anything, you can let them know and give them a list."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Sure."

Su Na said, "I feel like drinking some iced soda water right now."

"That will definitely be included." Dean Pan said, "There are also some programs like singing or dancing. Whoever wants to participate can get ready beforehand. Don't be late."

Su Na said, "We will definitely be on time!"

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It was not even 9 AM yet, but some people were already at the top of the hill. However, Zhang Ye was not in a hurry as it was still quite early at the moment. After he had showered and changed into casual wear, he headed to Building 1. Without any Internet connection or his cell phone, the only free time activity left was reading. There was a library which had many books that covered many subjects such as literature, history, social science, and many other extracurricular books as well. The book collection in the library was not only limited to the scope of the college entrance exam.

There was no one inside as all their work had already been completed. Everyone had left and no one was borrowing any books or researching for information inside the library anymore.

He closed the door, turned on the air conditioning, and sat down. Without choosing a specific type of book, he took a random one and read through it. Well, to be accurate, the word "read" was not a good description for it. He was like a machine flipping through the pages at a very fast speed. He would only take one second to glance at a page, capture all the words on it, and then move on to the next page. This reading speed would have left anyone stunned.

Catalog of Song Dynasty Famous Figures.

Algebraic Geometry Exercises.

The History of Music.

Weiqi for Beginners.

Portuguese for Dummies (Part 1).

And so on. It had everything you could name.

The books he read were not determined by his interests but rather just whatever he was able to get his hands on. It was totally random and unrestricted.

After flipping through about 20 books, Zhang Ye stopped. He then quietly opened the game ring to take a look at the huge amount of Reputation Points which The Voice had given him with its previous two episodes. After that, he immediately tapped into the Merchant Shop and spent 10 million Reputation Points to purchase 100 Memory Search Capsules all at once. After consuming a capsule, his mind quickly recalled the contents from the first book he flipped through, storing all the knowledge into his mind, book by book.

Previously, Zhang Ye had always used the Memory Search Capsules to recall the knowledge from his previous world. But now he knew that this was no longer enough. For example, this incident of him not knowing when the college entrance exam was held had sounded an alarm for Zhang Ye. He was still too unfamiliar with this new world. After all, the two worlds were not the same. There were many differences like when the college entrance exam was held, the contents of the textbooks, as well as many other aspects. If he still based his behavior on the knowledge and train of thought from his previous world, he would definitely have problems with a lot of situations. That was the reason why Zhang Ye had planned on finding time to gain a deeper understanding of this world.

Other than these slight differences between the two worlds, most other things were essentially the same. Actually, the knowledge Zhang Ye did not have a chance to learn in his previous world could totally be learned in this world. There was no way that he could read the books from his previous world

or return to it anymore, but this world also had those books. Zhang Ye quickly went through all the related books or video resources and used the Memory Search Capsules to memorize them, achieving a crazy fast learning speed. It was still many days from the start of the college entrance exam. He could not go anywhere other than stay within the boundaries of the private location in the hills. With such plentiful time, it was apparent that this was the most suitable time to do this. Time should not be wasted. There were still plenty of things to learn about.

One book...

Three books...

Five books...

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ye had already etched the contents of five books deep inside his mind. He even could recite them backwards comfortably as all the information was easily retrievable.

Of course, a huge amount of Memory Search Capsule was needed for this and had to be supported by an enormous amount of Reputation Points. Thankfully Zhang Ye's new show contributed even more Reputation Points that allowed him to use them constantly. Zhang Ye did not feel pained after spending tens of millions of Reputation Points as they would be useless if left untouched. It was a different case for gaining knowledge. After comparison there was nothing to feel heartbroken about. Furthermore, The Voice has only aired for two episodes. After the later episodes were broadcast, there would be even more Reputation Points coming in so he could stand this round of huge spending. That was why the most important thing for Zhang Ye now was to enrich himself and arm himself. Knowledge was power and also a bridge connected to his goal of becoming an A-list celebrity. What he was doing now was setting a foundation to prepare himself to reach higher heights!

Six books...

Ten books...

Looking at his watch, he realized that it was almost time. Only then did Zhang Ye leisurely stroll toward the hilltop to join the celebratory feast that everyone had organized. He was ready to pig out.

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**Chapter 703: The teachers' friendly contest?**

Later in the morning.

11 AM.

The sky above the hilltop was scattered with clouds and some of the thicker clouds were floating past harmoniously, blocking off the hot sun which was shining directly overhead. With the addition of the dense shade at the hilltop created by the trees and a cool breeze sweeping through the wilderness, it felt very comfortable.

At this moment, the hilltop was full of teachers.

"Dr. Chen, you came too?"

"Yo, is everything prepared?"

"Where's the bacon? Where did you put the bacon?"

"In the second drawer of the cooler. Be careful when you open it, there are ice cubes in there."

"Let's light the charcoal!"

"Wait a moment, not everyone is here yet."

"Haha, my stomach is already growling in hunger."

"Can any of you male teachers come and help us move the grill?"

"I'm coming!"

The barbecue grill and food were all set and ready for cooking.

Zhang Ye was accompanied by two young teachers from the mathematics team as they walked up to the hilltop together. When they saw this scene, their mood became better seeing this lively atmosphere. Looking at the amount of food, their fatigue from the past few days seemed to disappear into thin air. They were just waiting to tuck in now.

Not far away, Su Na was drinking a soda and chatting with a few other female teachers beside her.

Many of the other male teachers had already opened a crate of beer and started drinking. For the past few days, the teachers were not allowed to even take a sip of any alcoholic drinks but it didn't matter anymore now.

"Professor Zhang, we're over here."

"Right here."

Many teachers from the Mathematics team were seated under a pavilion. When they saw Zhang Ye arriving together with some of their colleagues, they called them over.

Someone said, "Teacher Zhang, I heard that the Beijing examinees are undermining you?"

A female mathematics teacher covered her mouth while laughing. "I also heard from someone at the Higher Education Entrance Examination Board that the examinees have caused quite a big commotion."

When Zhang Ye heard this, he said in a depressed tone, "Hai, don't mention that. Tell me, what have I done to offend anyone?! This bro has somehow offended a large number of people again this time. What did I do to deserve this!"

A teacher from the Science team standing outside the pavilion heard that. He turned his head and asked, "The Science exams are presented as rather difficult, don't tell me your Mathematics team has set very difficult questions too?"

A math teacher smiled and said, "It's not just very difficult. Later you will know when you see it, especially those questions set by Teacher Zhang. Every one of them was trickier than the last!"

That person: "..."

About ten minutes later, the last wave of teachers who hadn't arrived yet reached the hilltop. Among them was Dean Pan of the Mathematics team. But Chief Yu, the supervisor of the Chinese Literature team, could not be seen, probably because something had come up and he could not come. Immediately, the hilltop was surrounded with smoke. Barbecue grills and charcoal fires were lighted everywhere. There were an estimated seven barbecue grills and were enough for these dozens of teachers to grill the food. The food was also abundant and could even last for the entire day of barbecuing.

"Almost everyone is here!"

"Let's start grilling!"

"Come on, come on!"

"Let's grill the scallops first. The hot weather will easily spoil them."

"Please grill some big shrimp for me, thank you."

Some of the male teachers volunteered and started getting busy in front of the grills. Not long after, the food was cooking on the grills, and the buzzing sound of the fat cooking emanated a fragrance that drifted everywhere.

At this point, a middle-aged male teacher from Tsinghua University suddenly announced loudly, "My fellow comrades, after working for so many days, our work is finally complete. From now on, we have nothing to worry about, so let's have a good time together. I suggest that we go by the old rules!"

A female teacher smiled and said, "OK!"

Another, slightly plump female teacher also said, "I agree!"

A teacher from the Chinese Literature team said, "Seconded!"

A teacher from the Arts team said, "Haha, no problem!"

Many of them were regulars of the Beijing college entrance examination's question setting team. Some of them had even participated in the question setting team for the past seven or eight years. Except for a few new faces who joined this year, like Zhang Ye, Su Na, and some of those younger teachers, the others were all very familiar with the "old rules" the Tsinghua University teacher had just mentioned. Don't think that these authoritative people of the education world who could easily send shivers down their students' spines with just their stares alone were stereotypically rigid people. They would throw up too if they drank too much. Similarly, if they overworked, they would find a chance to relax.

Zhang Ye was unsure, so he asked Pan Yang who was beside him, "Dean Pan, what old rules are they talking about?"

Pan Yang chuckled. "It's not too interesting if everyone just ate and did nothing. I forgot which year it started, but during the celebratory feast after every question setting, we organize some activities like a performance, singing, or calligraphy. We split the teachers into different teams and whoever loses is punished by drinking alcohol or taking on other penalties."

Zhang Ye nodded. "I see."

A middle-aged mathematics teacher said happily, "Every year, this segment is always interesting and something to look forward to."

However, Zhang Ye did not seem interested. This fellow had only been staring hungrily at the barbecue grill all this while.

Everyone began to discuss. Voices chattered.

"How do we split the teams this year?"

"For the past few years, it was always the arts teachers in a team and science teachers in the other. But then there isn't much suspense in the contest this way. The science teachers are bad when it comes to literary activities, so it has always been the arts teachers coming out on top every year."

"Heh, we science teachers have also won before, alright?"

"Haha, only once or twice. Old Zhou, you can still remember that?"

"That was still our victory! Besides, many of you people from the arts are well versed in literature, dancing, writing, and drawing. Is there any honor in beating our teachers from the sciences?"

"Let's be serious now, how should we split the teams this year then?"

"If we don't split the teams according to the sciences and arts, surely we can't split them according to schools, right? There will be too many teams like Tsinghua, Peking, Renmin, and Beijing Normal University. It won't be easy to manage so many teams."

"Why don't we group them according to gender?"

"Oh, right! That's a good suggestion!"

"Sounds good to me!"

"It'll be quite interesting if the two genders compete against each other!"

"What will the penalty be if a team loses?"

"The loser will have to drink since there's so much beer around."

"Good! It's settled then?"

"Yes, it's settled!"

"Come on, who's afraid of whom!?"

Isolated in the hills, everyone's passion for self-entertainment was many times greater than usual. It didn't matter if they were young teachers or older comrades, everyone were quite cooperative. Very quickly, all the teachers unanimously agreed with this proposal of splitting the teams. Everyone immediately stood with their camps, one side with all the male teachers and the other with the female teachers. When they were all with their group, there were obviously fewer people in the female teachers' team. They were only about two-thirds the number of the male teachers' team.

A female teacher disagreed with this, "That won't do, we have too few people."

Su Na also giggled. "That's right, us women already aren't good drinkers, and yet we have less people on our team. It's too unfair."

Liao Qi from the Chinese Literature team said, "Then how do you recommend we solve this?"

A middle-aged female teacher suggested, "Give us a teacher from your side who can at least drink on our behalf."

After some discussing, the male teachers did not have any objections as it was only for entertainment anyway. "Alright, pick a person, only one person."

Hearing that, the female teachers immediately started whispering to each other.

Many of the male teachers also straightened their backs in hopes that the female teachers would choose them. Being the only man in a group of women would also be a sign of popularity. Even if they had to drink on behalf of the female teachers if their team lost, it would be OK.

The female teachers were discussing while pointing fingers at them.

"What about Teacher Chu?"

"He's not bad."

"How about Teacher Wu?"

"He's a good one too."

"Aiyah, who should we choose?"

"We have to get someone who can drink a lot."

"Or find someone who can help us to win, haha."

Zhang Ye's enthusiasm for the activities was close to nil. This guy had already moved away from the groups and walked over to the barbecue grill by himself. On seeing the scallops were cooked, he scooped them up and started eating. At times, he would blow on his fingers as the food was too hot. The taste was acceptable. All that was missing was just some garlic paste!

Suddenly, a female professor of Renmin University took the lead and stood up. "We've made our decision."

Liao Qi asked, "Who will be joining your team?"

The male teachers all turned their attention to them and perked up their ears.

That female professor smiled for a bit and said, "Let's welcome Teacher Zhang Ye to our team."

When he heard his name being mentioned, Zhang Ye, who was just taking a big bite of some meat next to the grill, turned his head with a shocked expression. "Ah?"

Liao Qi's eyebrows twitched. "Are you sure?"

The female professor smiled and said, "Yes, I'm sure."

Pan Yang said, "Professor Zhang, stop eating for now. You've just been given an arduous duty."

Su Na also waved at him to call him over. "Teacher Zhang, come over quickly."

A female teacher said, "Hur hur, with Zhang Ye here, at least we won't lose in the field of literature. Besides, even if the male teachers' team plays dirty and comes up with some math questions or brain teasers, we still have a 100% chance of winning. As for the remaining areas like competing at singing or dancing, those are all our forte. We aren't afraid of anyone!" Among the female teachers, they were mainly comprised of English teachers, history teachers, political science teachers, and geography teachers.

A female doctorate professor said, "Teacher Zhang, it's all on you now. Is your alcohol tolerance good?"

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "I'm the type who goes down after just a glass. You'd have to carry me down the hill if I get drunk."

Su Na exposed him, "Save your excuses, when have you ever held back when it comes to drinking? Surely you can down at least two bottles of beer, right? Teacher Zhang, we're a group of women here, so you better not let us down."

Once he was with the group of women, many of the female teachers started chatting with Zhang Ye.

"Little Zhang, I'm Sun Fang from Beijing Normal."

"Ai, Sis Sun."

"I've a favor to ask of you."

"Please speak."

"Can you help me get Zhang Yuanqi's and Fan Wenli's autographs? My children like them both very much. Aren't you their leader now?"

"Man, I'm not their leader. I'm only an executive director and they will only take my instruction while filming the program. It's different once we're offstage, but no problem, I'll get them for you. Let's exchange phone numbers and I'll get someone to bring it to you."

"Teacher Zhang, I want them too."

"Yes, me too."

"I don't need their autographs, but Professor Zhang, could you help sign ten of your own autographs for me instead? After you become an A-list celebrity, I will open an online shop to sell your autographs."

Seeing that Zhang Ye was so popular with them, the male teachers did not feel too surprised at all. The most well-known person in the team of teachers was Zhang Ye. Not only was he reputable in academics, but even without his reputation as a famed mathematician, Zhang Ye was also one of the hottest B-list celebrities in the country. Many of the female teachers probably couldn't name some of the male teachers but all of them definitely knew Zhang Ye. Except for some teachers from the Chinese Literature team who had doubts about Zhang Ye and those who disliked him on Chinese Literature matters, the

majority of the other teachers were not prejudiced against him. Naturally, the only person who would receive unanimous votes from the female teachers would be him alone.

### I'm Really a Superstar

#### **Chapter 704: A poetry duel?**

The contest began.

As they ate, everyone was happily engaging in each other with a competitive spirit. The topic of the contest hadn't been decided yet, but the male and female teacher teams were already starting to snatch things from each other.

"Don't take that from me!"

"That's ours, haha!"

"Put down that chicken wing of mine!"

"Damn, I barbecued that, since when did it become yours?"

"We can't beat them! Teacher Zhang, come and help us, quick!"

"Don't you all know about 'ladies first!?'"

"Wow, the scallops are delicious, so delicious!"

Finally, the group divided into two teams, with one team standing in front of the barbecue pit towards the northern side, while the other team stood on the opposite side. The two teams drew a clear boundary from each other, not showing any weakness. Although it was just a friendly contest to relax from the tense work they were dealing with before, both parties were aiming to win. Everyone had a strong sense of team spirit and honor—well, except for Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye basically did not have any interest at all for this sort of contest.

Zhang Ye wasn't bothered by anything and was only concerned with eating. In his position as the only man in the group of women, his only duty was to drink should their team lose. Nothing else mattered to him.

"Come on!"

"Don't steal food anymore, it's time to compete."

"Which side gets to decide the topic first?"

"Let the ladies do it first."

"OK."

"Then we'll go ahead and set the topic."

"The usual rules apply. We'll have three judges to decide who wins or loses."



In the end, three teachers volunteered to be the judges without needing to be chosen. The judges' team was made up of the Chinese Literature team's Li Rui, a male teacher from a foreign language school, and an almost-retired professor who was previously from Tsinghua University who looked to be around 60.

The judges got ready.

The female teachers huddled together to discuss and then came up with the first topic: "The first topic will be Last Letter with song lyrics. Everyone will sing a line from a song and the next person must use the last word of the song to begin the next line." This was a traditional game they'd always had and something they always played. It was also the game the female teachers were best at. [1.]

The male teachers did not lose their morale.

"That's fine!"

"Come on!"

Last Letter with song lyrics began.

The first female teacher to sing a line was Su Na. "When will the moon be clear and bright..."

The male teachers' team sent a young history teacher to the front. "Bright heart o' mine suddenly awash by the downpour..."

A cheerful-looking teacher from the female teachers' team continued on from their word. "Downpour of confusion conspire to leave me lost..."

With a line coming from each side, the teams were evenly matched.

When the game was heating to the stage of becoming white-hot, the victory came as a surprise when someone from the female teachers' team sang a line of lyrics ending with the word "kiln." There were almost no songs that had lyrics beginning with this word, leaving the male teacher who was next in line hesitating for a long time and unable to come up with a line.

After five seconds.

The three judges announced that the female teachers' team won.

The female teachers scored the first victory and high-fived each other in celebration!

"We won!"

"Heehee, it's too easy!"

"Teacher Chu secured the victory."

"Drink, drink, drink!"

"Losers, admit your defeat!"

The male teacher who did not manage to come up with the line to carry on the game took a bottle of beer with a saddened expression and chugged it down. He took great effort to finish it, clearly showing that he wasn't much of a drinker at all. After he finished it and with the alcohol kicking in, he said in a

very upbeat manner, "The next round's topic will be decided by us. Our topic will be the Imitation Game." From his quick suggestion of the topic, it was clear that the male teachers had already discussed this while the female teachers were discussing about their previous topic.

A female teacher asked, "What are we going to imitate?"

The male teacher explained, "We will imitate actions and expressions. Each team member will make an action or expression and the other team will have to follow suit. The team that is not able to follow along will be the losers."

"This is something new."

"We've never played this before last time."

"OK, no problem."

"We accept your challenge. Come on!"

The female teachers were full of confidence.

This first action was to be done by a male teacher who walked to the front with hearty laughter. He got down on the floor and did a one-handed push-up. This action might not even be possible if Zhang Ye were the one doing it, as it was related to body strength and muscle groups holding up the person's weight. It wasn't something just anyone could do.

But it turned out the female teachers' team also had an able member. It was a young, petite, and slim female teacher. She walked up silently to the front, then got down on the floor with both hands on the ground initially to try out the posture first. Then she lifted her left and placed it behind her back and imitated the action of a one-handed push-up, persisting for one second before she could not hold it up anymore. It was only for that one second and not as long as the male teacher, but was still considered to have passed.

The male teachers were amazed.

"Damn!"

"She really did it?"

"Who is that teacher?"

"I know her. She's not a teacher from the universities, rather she's a deputy head at the Chinese Literature department of one of the high-ranking high schools. I think she has danced since she was in her teens. That's why her physical condition is quite good."

"How awesome!"

"Even I couldn't do that!"

The female teachers were also applauding and cheering!

"Teacher Ku is too coo'!"

"Teacher Ku, impressive!"

"Haha!"

Then this Teacher Ku stood up and immediately did an action. She did the splits right where she was.  
"Who's next?"

The splits were still a considerably common routine, but that was more in the context of a woman whose body was more flexible. For a man, even if he was very flexible, the splits still very difficult to handle.

However, there were also incredible people in the male teachers' team.

"Let me give it a try." A skinny male teacher came forward and adjusted himself for a long time before slowly splitting his legs apart and getting lower onto the floor. However, at the last bit of the action, he was unable to go down any further. He clenched his teeth and turned around to ask for help. "Can two people help me out a little here? Press me down slowly, I should be able to do it."

Two male teachers went over to help.

Press!

Press again!

In the end, he really was able to do it!

The male teachers' team cheered!

"Beautiful!"

Teacher Hu really gave it his all!"

"Really well done!"

"I've heard that Little Hu used to practice taekwondo as an amateur. Looks like that's true."

"Little Hu's ligaments are really elastic!"

That male teacher got up with the assistance of his team members. When he finally stood up, he was already swaying around a little, unable to stand properly. This round was enough to cause him some pain and even very nearly took his life.

The victor was decided in the next round by a male teacher. When he made the action, the female teachers all fainted at once. They saw him stick out his tongue and pushed the tip up and up and further up and touched the tip of his nose.

"What the heck!"

"He could do that?"

"That's really amazing!"

"..."

"We're done for!"

The female teachers were totally at a loss for a response. They attempted to imitate the same action but failed after countless tries. Don't even mention being able to lick the tip of your nose, most people couldn't even make their tongue cover the philtrum.

The judges announced and declared with great laughter the male teachers' team as the victors of the second round.

Su Na waved her hands and said, "Teacher Zhang, stop eating already. Come here and drink up."

Only then did Zhang Ye put down the razor clams in his hands and turn around to look over. "You all lost?"

A female teacher said, "We lost, so it's your turn now."

Zhang Ye acknowledged that and walked over to pick up the bottle of beer. He composed himself a little and then gulped it down in a single breath. As he drank too quickly, he could feel himself swaying a little from the alcohol and the ice-cold temperature of the beer!

The contest was getting more exciting as it progressed!

In the third round, the female teachers team won.

The fourth round was taken by the male teachers.

After the sixth round, both sides were still tied at 3-3.

Zhang Ye had drunk three bottles of ice-cold beer and with his alcohol tolerance not exactly high, he already felt like he couldn't drink anymore. His belly was already bloated.

But everyone else was still playing around happily, not feeling tired amid all the laughter.

"Teacher Zhang can't take it anymore?"

"Haha, Little Zhang can't drink anymore, let's keep going for victory!"

"Why don't we make the seventh round the decider?"

"Agreed, the seventh round will decide the winner!"

"Then who shall decide the topic?"

"I think for the sake of fairness, we should let the judges decide the seventh round's topic."

"OK."

"That would be great!"

"This is make or break!"

Everyone agreed to make the last round the decider.

The three judges began their discussion and communicated for a long time before finally agreeing on a topic together. The Chinese Literature team's Li Rui stepped up and smiled as he announced, "After our discussion, we've decided that everyone compete in the final round on the topic of...poetry. As for the

subject, this hill we are currently residing on used to have a couple staying here. A classic saying was even coined because of them, so in accordance to this setting, the subject has been decided as 'husband and wife.' Any sort of poetry theme will be accepted, so whoever comes up with the neatest and most elegant version that also fits the theme well will win this round."

Poems?

Everyone was very surprised by this.

Among the judges, Li Rui was part of the Chinese Literature question setting team. Even those who weren't on the Chinese Literature question setting team had heard of Zhang Ye's reputation in poetry, so how could Li Rui not know that this was Zhang Ye's expertise. Zhang Ye had first become famous because of his poems, so from this decision on the topic, did it show Li Rui and the judges team favoring the female teachers team and wanted them to have the advantage in winning? But that was not it. Quite a few people knew that Li Rui was not especially fond of Zhang Ye's poems and had also criticized Zhang Ye on the Internet when Zhang Ye was involved in the scolding battles with his literary circle peers. Besides, Liao Qi and a few of the Chinese Literature team teachers like Liao Qi and Ma Qi had clashed with Zhang Ye privately over the college entrance exam work that they had been working on the past few days. They felt that Zhang Ye's literary standards had been deified too much by people. Even though they admitted that Zhang Ye's literary standards were high, they did not think that Zhang Ye was as great as what everyone thought him to be. They did not believe that he deserved the status he was revered with. At the top of the great pyramid of the literary circle, there were only a few surviving masters. While many people mentioned Zhang Ye in the same breath with those masters, they did not feel that Zhang Ye was qualified enough.

Then what was the meaning of this topic?

Suddenly, Liao Qi came forward and said, "Send me up for this round!"

When everyone saw that, they were suddenly enlightened and could roughly understand what was going on. It was no wonder that Li Rui had chosen to use poetry as the topic. It was because those people from the Chinese Literature team were not convinced of Zhang Ye's talent and wanted to use this chance to test him and go up against him. They had come prepared and even came up with a subject that was rather subtle. Everyone knew that Zhang Ye's standard in poems specializing in scolding was very high, so they were not careless either and did not clash head-on with Zhang Ye. As such, they had chosen the theme of "husband and wife" for the subject. This theme was something that had never been reflected in Zhang Ye's previous works before. They were trying to limit his skills so that they could beat him.

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

**Chapter 705: Little Zhang Unleashed!**

At the top of the hill.

The atmosphere among the teachers was suddenly lively.

"How interesting!"

"Yeah, a poetry duel?"

"That is playing to Zhang Ye's strength."

"Teacher Liao isn't bad either. Teacher Liao Qi is not only an associate professor at Tsinghua University, he also holds a position in the Poetry Association, so his standards are really high too."

"But he still won't match up to Zhang Ye. Don't you know what sort of level Zhang Ye is at?"

"Haha, that may not necessarily be true. Teacher Liao is not weak either. It's just that Teacher Liao's works are more artistic, unlike Teacher Zhang's poems which are essentially tuned for the masses, so they are not so widespread and well-known by people. That is why we can't say that Teacher Liao's standards are inferior to Zhang Ye."

"Yeah, I think there could be a little competition between the two of them."

"Looks like Teacher Liao prepared ahead of time."

"That's right, to even dare to have a contest in poetry with Zhang Ye, he must definitely have come prepared. Looks like there's something we can look forward to here!"

"Start the duel then!"

"Teacher Zhang, go out!"

"Teacher Liao, come on!"

Quite a few people started to cheer them on in full anticipation.

However, Su Na winked a few times at Zhang Ye with full intent. She was also a part of the Chinese Literature question setting team and naturally knew that some teachers had some issues with Zhang Ye, a minority group of Chinese Literature teachers from Tsinghua and Renmin University led mainly by Liao Qi. They were very unhappy with the fact that a "tumor" of the literary and educational world like Zhang Ye was flourishing so well, so when the few of them suddenly created such a showdown during the contest, she suspected that they were surely up to no good. She wanted to remind Zhang Ye to be careful. As for his poetry, Su Na was not the least bit worried since she clearly knew Zhang Ye's abilities.

Behind Zhang Ye, two Peking University female teachers quietly tapped on Zhang Ye to remind him as well. From this, it could be seen that even though everyone was getting along harmoniously, speaking and laughing together with all the activities from earlier, it was all just fun and games. Now that this topic had been brought up, the atmosphere was no longer the same. This was the real thing. It felt like they truly wanted to challenge Zhang Ye. Naturally, most of the Peking University teachers were on the side of Zhang Ye. Peking University had long been old foes with Tsinghua University. When something like this happened, it was always clear to everyone where they should stand.

Judge Li Rui asked, "Has the male teachers' team chosen their representative for this round?"

Liao Qi nodded.

"How about the female teachers' team?" Li Rui turned his head and looked at the other side.

A female teacher from Tsinghua University smiled and said, "Our side is definitely sending Teacher Zhang out to compete this round. I don't think I need to further explain Teacher Zhang's poetry standards, do I?"

On the other side, a male teacher from Tsinghua University also chimed in, "Right, I've long heard of Teacher Zhang's abilities to compose a poem as soon as he lifts up the brush. Come forward then, Teacher Zhang."

The several Tsinghua University teachers began echoing each other, some praising first before attacking.

But who would have expected the following to happen? When Zhang Ye heard them, he gave a wave of his hands and said, "I'm not going to. I'd said earlier that I would be on this team only to help the ladies drink if they got punished. I'm a guy here and not truly a part of the female teachers' team."

Li Rui smiled. "The female teachers' team has already claimed you, so you're part of the group. Since everyone is recommending you, why don't you step up and take part in this final round?"

Zhang Ye was standing in front of the barbecue grill and only cared about cooking the meat. "You girls go ahead, I just want to eat my meat. My poetry is just so-so anyway." He was totally unable garner any interest in this poetry contest. "Oh, right, Teacher Su Na's standard is very high, so why don't we get Teacher Su to do it."

Su Na was speechless. Why do I have to do it!

Zhang Ye kept pushing it around, not wanting to take responsibility at all.

If it were anyone else trying to evade the responsibility, everyone would surely think that the person was not confident, was afraid to lose, or feared losing face, and thus did not dare to take up the challenge. But when it was Zhang Ye doing the evading, no one thought in that way at all. This was because Zhang Ye's poetry composition standards were something everyone already knew about. Those works, like *The Furthest Distance in the World*, *Dead Water*, *Admiring the Mountains* were there for everyone to see and were brilliant works without a doubt. It was impossible for Zhang Ye to not be confident or afraid to lose. The only reason he did not take up the challenge was—he was not interested or wasn't in the mood to do so.

Everyone hooted.

"Zhang Ye, get up there."

"If you don't go, there will be no one representing the female teachers."

"Yeah, you're the only person on the female teachers' team who is well-versed enough at poetry."

"This is the final round, it's even the decider of the overall winner. We're all having so much fun, so Teacher Zhang, you will surely honor that, won't you?"

"Right, let's have a good contest."

After dragging on for a long time.

Seeing the situation, Liao Qi from the male teachers' team suddenly said, "Since there's no decision on who is to represent the female teachers team, then I will just have to shamelessly go first. The theme is 'husband and wife'?"

Judge Li Rui said, "Correct."

"Liao Qi asked, "Do we have a brush and ink?"

"Yes." A teacher said with some laughter nearby. "It was specially prepared for the typical contest. I knew that there would surely be something like this today, so I prepared it ahead of time. There. Everything is laid out now." He laid them out with the help from a few other teachers and even the table was set up. Of course, since they were in an isolated location on a hill, they were not too fastidious about the details of these tools and equipment. Everything were just the simplest items they could get their hands on.

Everyone was looking forward to the contest.

"It's starting!"

"Teacher Liao seems very confident."

"Who do you all think will win?"

"If Zhang Ye does it, then the chances of him winning are larger. But if Zhang Ye doesn't want to take part, then there's not likely anyone on the female teachers' team who can beat Teacher Liao at this."

"That's what I think too."

"The theme of the poem has to be related to 'husband and wife.' This won't be easy."

Under the attention of all the teachers, Liao Qi of Tsinghua University's Chinese Department slowly walked up to the table and stood there stolidly. He composed himself for a moment, and as though with great thought, a glimmer of bright light shone from his eyes as he held the brush firmly in his hands. He looked like he already had something in his mind and began writing!

.....

Kǎishū (regular script) characters vividly came to life on the scroll: [1.]

We tied up our hair to become husband and wife.

Our love and affection we never doubted.

.....

Without a pause, the poem was written out in one go!

When Liao Qi finally lifted his hand and put down the brush, the observing crowd couldn't help but cheer!

"Great!"

"This poem is too beautiful!"



"It fits the theme perfectly!"

"The couple's mutual feelings for each other were described too vividly! This is so great!"

"This poem is really quite good! It rhymes well, the theme is clear and fits the mood perfectly. There's nothing to nitpick at all!"

"This poem is sure to win. Teacher Liao's really skilled at this!"

"Yeah, even if Zhang Ye were to step forward now, he might not win!"

"That's true, even if Zhang Ye were to write the next poem, how much better could it get than this?"

"That's not true. Zhang Ye's poems usually bring with them a certain strength I think can be better than this one."

"For the same thing, the benevolent sees benevolence and the wise sees wisdom, I suppose. When it comes to art, it has always been difficult to say who is better. In any case, I feel that Teacher Liao's poem is as good as perfect!" [2.]

Ma Qi from the Chinese Literature team started clapping. "Professor Liao, great poem!"

Judge Li Rui also applauded and gave his acknowledgment, "How wonderful!"

Liao Qi smiled slightly. "Thank you everyone. The mood just came to me and I was able to freely express it well enough."

At this moment, the young male teacher from the judging team looked in the direction of the female teachers' team with a smile and said, "Who will you all be sending out? The topic has a time limit of 10 minutes, so if no one is going to do it, will you be drinking instead?"

Liao Qi smiled in the direction of Zhang Ye.

The others also mostly focused their attention to Zhang Ye.

But it was like Zhang Ye did not notice them at all. His back was still facing them as he continued eating. He gobbled up the scallops and oysters by the mouthful like a glutton who could never eat enough. It was like he was either acting high and mighty or purposely keeping a low profile. It was really just because he could not get into the mood to duel with poetry today. Was there any meaning to this?

A big sister figure on the female teachers' team walked over. "Little Zhang."

"Ai," Zhang Ye mumbled as he continued eating. "Mm...what's the matter?"

The big sis was didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Stop eating. We're going to lose if this goes on. It's always been an annual tradition that the losing team also has to perform a group punishment besides drinking. Sometimes we have to do a group dance or a group run, and that's really quite embarrassing."

Zhang Ye acknowledged her and just continued to eat.

Su Na also came over. "Teacher Zhang, go up. It's your turn!"

Zhang Ye said with some amusement, "You're quite good at poems too. Why don't you do it and I will support you."

Su Na could only helplessly smile at that. "My level of poetry composition should not be shown on any stage whatsoever. Besides, I've already seen Teacher Liao's poem and it's at least five grades higher than my level. I don't want to embarrass myself. We're all depending on you, Teacher Zhang. You have to win this round for us!"

"Yeah, come on, Zhang Ye."

"Teacher Zhang, hurry up!"

"We're relying on you!"

"Stop eating already. Hurry up and go win!"

Many of the female teachers were constantly nagging him. Some of the younger female teacher might find winning to be more important, probably because they didn't want to perform the punishment and just wanted to quickly win the round.

Suddenly, a young male teacher from Tsinghua University shouted from his group, "If Teacher Zhang does not dare to take the challenge, then we should just get someone else."

Liao Qi smiled at that.

Li Rui and the minority group of people from the Chinese Literature team were also watching the fun.

Doesn't dare to?

Doesn't dare to take the challenge?

When Zhang Ye heard that, he looked in the direction of where the voice came from and let out a laugh. "I know you're try to goad me into taking the challenge. Do you think that this kind of goading will work on me?" Then he put down the food he had in his hands and went over. "Yes, it works very well on me!"

Su Na: "Pfft!"

Liao Qi: "..."

Li Rui: "..."

The female teachers were highly amused by this!

Wiping his hands clean, Zhang Ye walked up to the table and confirmed with the three judges, "The theme is 'husband and wife,' right? There are no other restrictions on the poem type?"

Li Rui answered, "Yes."

Zhang Ye nodded and lifted up the brush.

With that, everyone came together to surround Zhang Ye at once, sticking out their necks and trying to glimpse the Xuan paper.

Liao Qi and the others were also in the crowd.

Even with so many people watching, Zhang Ye still looked very listless, clearly not too excited by everything that was happening. It was like he just casually picked up the brush without even thinking and just started scribbling onto the Xuan paper.

It was Xíngkǎi: [3.]

Gazing with dried eyes over the span of mountains and rivers,

How many a bosom friend have I met thus far?

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

## **Chapter 706: Husband Missing Wife!**

He put down the brush.

The composition was complete.

When the first line of this poem was initially revealed, no one could see anything good about it. Everyone first noticed Zhang Ye's aesthetically pleasing characters, and when he wrote out the rest of the characters with an unrestrained, elegant motion of the brush despite his body looking extremely relaxed, many of the young female teachers who were observing started exclaiming excitedly. A few of the teachers and professors who were professionally trained in calligraphy also had stunned expressions. They rushed closer to have a clearer look, then looked even more stunned!

"These words..."

"This calligraphy skill is so high level!"

"An amateur hobbyist would not be able to write in this manner!"

"Is that Xíngkǎi? I've never seen such a style of Xíngkǎi before, it feels a little similar to the traditional Xíngshū style, but yet a little different." [1.]

"The characters are beautifully written!"

"I didn't expect that Zhang Ye could write such a good calligraphy piece!"

"It's also my first time learning that Teacher Zhang's calligraphy skills are at such a high level!"

Everyone was stunned at what they were seeing.

Liao Qi raised an eyebrow, looking rather surprised as well.

The several Tsinghua University teachers all looked at one another.

Only Su Na's expression did not change. Previously at the Calligraphy Association's anniversary gathering, which was also a day to celebrate Wu Zeqing and another calligraphy master's birthdays, Su Na and many others from the Calligraphy Association had all witnessed Zhang Ye's calligraphy skills. Su Na felt that the best work by Zhang Ye was that poem called Ode to Mulan. All the unique styles of Zhang Ye's writing were reflected in this work. This was a style unique to Zhang Ye. No one could write in the same way as him even if they imitated such a style directly from his works!

Clearly, no one from this world knew that Zhang Ye's calligraphy was imitated from the handwriting style of his previous world's famed calligraphy master, Wang Xizhi, the Sage of Calligraphy. Even though Zhang Ye had not eaten enough Calligraphy Skill Experience Books yet, and was still lacking quite a bit of soul, as long as he could achieve 20% of Wang Xizhi's calligraphy style, it would be enough to shock the people of this world. The title of Sage of Calligraphy was not for nothing, and not self-proclaimed by Wang Xizhi himself, but affirmed by history itself!

"It's so good!"

"These words are really feast for the eyes!"

"If this were a contest of calligraphy, Professor Liao would have been utterly defeated."

"Yeah, but the topic is still on poetry."

Many people were full of praise, but after having their breath taken by Zhang Ye's calligraphy skills, everyone slowly began to notice Zhang Ye's poem. They wanted to know how Zhang Ye would perform with the theme of "husband and wife" he was unfamiliar with.

Su Na squeezed to the front.

Dean Pan also went forward.

The poem read like this:

Husband Missing Wife

Gazing with dried eyes over the span of mountains and rivers,

How many a bosom friend have I met thus far?

The pot empty, afraid of pouring wine,

Difficult to pen my reply.

Journeyed away from the living for a long time,

Without news I slowly return home.

The lamp serves as my companion on lonely nights,

I am thinking of you, my wife and son.

After he finished, Zhang Ye even left his signature on the piece.

After a final glance at his work, Zhang Ye nodded with satisfaction and put down his brush. Then he strolled toward the surrounding crowd and squeezed past them to make his way back to the barbecue grill to continue eating, this time attacking the grilled mushrooms.

The remaining crowd cheered!

"Great poem!"

"The entire poem revolves around the 'missing' character. It embodies the husband's thoughts and feelings for his wife and was described in such a lonely but beautiful manner!"

"Awesome!"

"I'd thought that Teacher Liao's poem had already reached the peak of perfection! Who knew that Teacher Zhang is indeed Teacher Zhang! He thoroughly deserves his reputation! It's not any worse in comparison to Teacher Liao's poem! Moreover, Zhang Ye is not even married yet, so this theme of 'husband and wife' was already a topic not in his area of expertise. If we consider that point and include the fact that this was an improvised work, then it shows even more clearly how skillful Zhang Ye is!"

"Professor Zhang is still so full of literary talent."

"Well composed!"

"This poem is just like his calligraphy skill, they're both amazing!"

"Beautifully executed, Teacher Zhang!"

"Haha!"

Dean Pan nodded firmly, giving his approval.

Su Na gave Zhang Ye a thumbs up from afar.

Most of those in the female teachers' team also happily started dishing out their praise. As expected, Zhang Ye did not disappoint them, he did not let them down at this critical juncture!

A female teacher laughed, "I guess we won this final round?"

Ma Qi from the Chinese Literature team frowned. "What do you mean by you all won it? Teacher Liao's work is also very good. At least in terms of usage of words, I find Teacher Liao's phrasing to be more sophisticated."

A male teacher from Tsinghua University nodded with a smile. "I also find Teacher Liao's poem to be better and more beautiful."

Su Na disagreed, "Of course it's Teacher Zhang's poem that's better. No question!"

A female professor looked at the male teachers' team and said, "Whoa, you guys don't want to admit that you've lost now?"

"Why do we have to admit that we lost? Teacher Liao has indeed composed his poem quite well, so it's still very difficult to say who has won or lost yet. After all, when it comes to art, it's very difficult to distinguish who is better. Everyone has their own views and opinions," someone from the male teachers' team said.

An older professor who was very qualified commented, "That's true. In my opinion, each of these two poems have their strong points that stand out. It isn't easy to come to a clear conclusion as to which is better, so why don't we leave this to the judges. We will let the three judges vote and whichever work gets more will win."

"Sure!"

"Let's leave it to the judges then."

"Agreed."

"Zhang Ye will definitely win."

"It has to be Teacher Liao who wins it!"

Everyone looked to the judges, eager to find out the result.

Liao Qi was also very concerned about the results, but did not show it on his face.

But compared to Liao Qi and the few other Tsinghua University teachers, Zhang Ye was even more indifferent. After completing his job, he left it all behind and went straight back to eating and drinking.

At this moment, the young male teacher judge said something. "In my opinion, I still think that Teacher Zhang's Husband Missing Wife is better. Compared to the other poem I enjoyed the mood of this poem more."

The female teachers' team suddenly laughed happily at this.

"That's how it should be!"

"Well said!"

Then the next judge, Li Rui said, "I don't quite agree as I feel that both poems carry the mood quite similarly. However, I find Teacher Liao's poem to be clearly more suited to the theme of 'husband and wife.' In his poem, it greatly shows the theme with the husband, wife, and love written into it. But Teacher Zhang Ye's poem is more written from the perspective of the husband and only expresses one side of the pair's feelings. The poem is still good, but in the context of the theme, Teacher Liao's poem definitely takes it."

Many of those who heard this judgment also thought that this was a logical argument.

"That's true."

"Yeah, Teacher Liao's poem is more complete and in line with the theme."

"Yes, regardless of how Teacher Liao's other poems are, this one today is really quite well written."

Li Rui voted for Liao Qi.

Zhang Ye and Liao Qi were now at a draw with the votes at one-to-one. It was all down to the last judge's decision.

The last judge was the comparatively older professor who walked up over to the two poems which had been hung up vertically to take a closer look at them. He then turned around with a helpless smile. "I can't decide which is better. Both are beautiful to read, so why don't I abstain from voting and we'll make this a draw."

"Draw?"

"Man!"

"Then who's the winner?"

"I guess that just means there's no winner or loser."

"Then will we be adding another round to the contest?"

"Let's just leave it as a draw."

"Hai, we nearly did it, heehee. I was still hoping to see the male teachers' team perform square dancing!" [2.]

The contest finally ended with a draw. This was a result many people could accept. It was just a game after all, so as long as they were not judged to have lost and had to be punished, then it would be fine.

Liao Qi did not have any issues with this either. To be able to come up against Zhang Ye and walk away with a draw was a result he could wholly accept. At the moment, he and a few other Tsinghua University teachers all shot a belittling glance at Zhang Ye. As expected, just like how Liao Qi and a minority of them thought, Zhang Ye did not turn out as legendary as they claimed. If it really had to be said, at most Zhang Ye could be considered a very excellent literary artist. A master? He's not at that level yet! Even Liao Qi's poem could draw level on terms with his, so how could Zhang Ye be considered on the level of a master? His standard was only so-so!

Ma Qi said with the intention of bootlicking, "I can see that Teacher Liao has surpassed himself and gone a level higher already. Will this be the path you will be walking down more often from now on?"

Liao Qi laughed and waved it off. "Me? I think it's better for me to keep teaching with honest intentions, composing poetry and such things should just remain a hobby for me. I wouldn't do this professionally."

Li Rui also smiled and said, "For an amateur to write at such a good level, you're making us feel embarrassed."

Several of the Tsinghua University teachers also gradually chipped in with their flattery.

Over at the other side, Su Na had walked up to Zhang Ye from behind. "Still in the mood to eat?"

Zhang Ye grunted out a yes. "I've been using my mind too much for the past few days. I don't really know why I am feeling so hungry, but I've probably spent too much energy thinking." Not only was he tired from thinking about the question setting for the exams, he had also done some speed learning this morning using the Memory Search Capsules.

Su Na pouted, "They've already come to a judgment over there. It's a draw."

Zhang Ye smiled. "I heard it. If it's a draw, so be it."

"This poem of yours today was indeed not bad, but compared to your previous works, I feel that you have not fulfilled your potential," Su Na said helplessly. "You're usually more competitive than this, but look at you today. It seemed like you didn't care at all. I don't think you even gave it any thought when you were writing this poem, right? You just casually picked up the brush and composed it. If you had been more serious, how could you possibly not beat Teacher Liao? This isn't your usual standard at all."

I can't beat him?

I composed it offhandedly?

Zhang Ye smiled without saying a word. He did not offer any arguments to that.

Beside them, a few Peking University female teachers also said, "Hai, Teacher Zhang, you've really underestimated your opponent today. Teacher Liao obviously came prepared, yet you didn't do your best. With your reputation, a draw would already mean that we lost. If it gets out that Teacher Liao's poetry standards are on equal standing with you? Teacher Liao would get all the attention. By then, everyone might even think that we all from Peking University aren't a match for them from Tsinghua University."

Suddenly, someone appeared walking up the hill towards them.

—It was the Chinese Literature question setting team's Yu Fan!

Prior to this, Yu Fan was busy with the examination work and thus came rather late. When he arrived, he was a little taken aback by the scene. He smiled and asked, "What's the matter? Was there a contest again? Who won this year? How did you all divide up the teams?"

Li Rui smiled and said, "It's a tie this year."

Yu Fan blinked. "You can even manage to tie?"

Ma Qi said, "In the final round, both teams finished with a draw."

A summary of the situation was related to Chief Yu.

Chief Yu's interest perked and he went forward. "Let me have a look."

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

**Chapter 707: Marvelous, hidden palindrome poem!**

The contest ended.

Everyone was back to speaking in joyful manners with each other.

Ma Qi said to Chief Yu, "We were divided by gender into two teams, but because the female teachers' team do not really know how to drink, Zhang Ye was pulled over to join their team. The final round was a contest between Teacher Liao and Teacher Zhang."

Chief Yu said a little taken aback, "What did they compete on?"

Ma Qi said, "Poetry, with the theme of 'husband and wife.'"

Chief Yu looked to Liao Qi and smiled. "Old Liao is back to writing poetry?"

Liao Qi smiled and said, "Yes, it was spontaneous and not something that can't be presented on the professional stage. Chief Yu, you're the professional here, why don't you look over my piece and give me some pointers?"



Chief Yu waved it off, feeling flattered. "I sure can take a look, but I don't dare claim to be able to give any advice. If we're talking about writing poetry, you're at a higher level than me."

Liao Qi laughed heartily. "Chief Yu, you're being modest."

At this moment, Su Na came over to join them. "I still feel that Teacher Zhang's poem is better. Chief Yu, since you're here, why don't you give us your opinion? You're definitely the authoritative figure in this area."

A female teacher from Peking University also added, "Yes, please take a look."

As the Chinese Literature question setting team's chief and the supervisor, Yu Fan's qualifications were unquestionable. In the Chinese Literature team, he was definitely among the top few members. Whether it was in the education or academic world, he had had many great achievements in them. On the literary front, everyone had complete conviction in Chief Yu. Since nobody could agree on who won or lost and stuck to their own opinions of whom was better, then why not let an expert give his views instead.

Chief Yu agreed, "Sure."

In the blink of an eye, he was walking toward the two poems that were hung up.

Everyone else also came up behind, surrounding him not too far away.

"We tied our hair to become husband and wife, / Our love and affection we never doubted..." When Chief Yu read these lines out loud, he couldn't help nodding agreeably. "Fine poem." Then he turned his head to look at the other poem. "Gazing with dried eyes over the span of mountains and rivers, / How many a bosom friend have I met thus far..." After reading the poem, Chief Yu was suddenly silent. He stared at the poem for a long time and did not give any comments or say that it was a fine poem like he did for Liao Qi's work. Instead, he seemed to have become lost in thought.

Everyone saw, but did not understand what was going on.

"What's happening?"

"I don't know."

"Is there something wrong with Zhang Ye's poem?"

"Why isn't Chief Yu saying anything?"

Li Rui from the Chinese Literature team blinked, then said to Chief Yu, "Teacher Zhang's poem did not touch clearly on the theme of the subject. It's not complete enough as it only depicts the feelings of the husband and not the wife's. Comparatively, Teacher Liao's poem is complete, and even though it was decided that this was a draw, I still feel that Teacher Liao has won this round."

Ma Qi said, "If they were contesting calligraphy skills, then needless to say, Zhang Ye's calligraphy skill is already at a very high level. It's not something an amateur can come up against, but if we are talking about the poem alone, then I also think that Teacher Liao has won."

Chief Yu still maintained his silence.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

Suddenly, Chief Yu gaze lit up and he unexpectedly turned around to ask, "This was written by Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Li Rui answer with some reservation, "Yes."

Chief Yu sucked in a breath, then turned his head back around and continued staring at that poem. The longer he looked at it, the more shocked he felt, and the more wry his smile became.

Everyone was confused as they did not understand what Chief Yu was doing.

Dean Pan finally said, "Old Yu, what are you daydreaming about? Which of the poems are better? Spit it out." Dean Pan was not knowledgeable about poetry and such, having only been around numbers all his life.

Hearing that, Chief Yu smiled as he shook his head. "Whose poem is better?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"Chief Yu, stop keeping us on our toes."

"So whose poem is better?"

"It should be a draw, right?"

Everyone was extremely curious and wanted to know.

When Chief Yu finished listening to all they had to say, he broke out into laughter. "If we're talking about whose poem is better or of a higher standard, then I really am unable to pass judgment on that, because the difference between these two poems are not simply just a grade or two. These two poems are...basically worlds apart! A draw? A tie? Which of you decided on that?" he said with an amused expression.

Li Rui exclaimed, "Worlds apart?"

Ma Qi was stunned. "Surely it's not to that extreme? So who won?"

Chief Yu did not even think and just replied, "Do you even need to ask who won? It's obviously Teacher Zhang's poem that won, and it won by a difference that one cannot even begin to imagine! The difference between these two poems is not simply just a level or two!"

When Liao Qi heard this, his expression immediately turned dark. "Oh?"

Zhang Ye who wasn't too far away from them also heard this and glanced at them.

Su Na was also very surprised at this. "I do think that Teacher Zhang's Husband Missing Wife is better, but it's still just a little better. Surely it can't be that much better, can it?"

Dean Pan asked, "Is there really such a great difference?"

A female teacher asked, "Surely that's not true, is it?"

A male teacher from Tsinghua University said, "Aren't these two poems quite similar to each other? How did you reach such a conclusion?"

Many people were once again looking at Zhang Ye's Husband Missing Wife because of Chief Yu's comments. They wanted to look at it in detail, but could not understand no matter how hard they tried. Moreover, as Li Rui said, if they really wanted to quibble over the matter of the usage of words, then Zhang Ye's Husband Missing Wife definitely didn't suit the theme too well, so why did his poem get so revered by Chief Yu? This poem clearly had a flaw, didn't it?

Chief Yu glanced at Li Rui and said, "You were saying earlier that Teacher Zhang did not fully touch on the theme? It wasn't complete?"

Li Rui said, "Yes, I really don't understand why you are praising Husband Missing Wife so much. If this poem had another part depicting the wife's feelings for her husband on top of his feelings for her, then it would be complete and would be able to match up to Teacher Liao's work. After all, this isn't an open topic that one can freely decide what to write, but is limited to the scope of the given theme instead."

Chief Yu sniggered. "Wife Missing Husband?"

Ma Qi said, "Yes."

Chief Yu smiled and said, "If I were to tell you that it exists in this poem?"

Everyone was stunned.

"Huh?"

"There's what?"

"Wife Missing Husband?"

"Where is it?!"

"Yeah, there's nothing that mentions that!"

"Damn, what is Chief Yu talking about? Isn't this just Husband Missing Wife? It's depicting the husband's feelings of missing his wife from beginning till end, where's the depiction of the wife's part?"

Everyone was feeling confused, not understanding what Chief Yu was talking about.

In the end, Chief Yu did not keep everyone in suspense and looked up at the poem once again, some shock still in his eyes. He pointed at it and said, "This poem is not as simple as what you see on the surface, nor was it written casually by Little Zhang. There's something hidden in it, so why don't you read it backwards to find out what it is!"

Su Na was stunned. "What?"

Liao Qi said, "Read it backwards?"

Li Rui said appalled, "What do you mean by reading it backwards? How can we read it backwards?"

Chief Yu smiled and said, "Don't believe it? Then why don't you all try reading it once that way?"

Everyone looked at the last two lines of the poem with the intention to just give it a try as Chief Yu suggested. "The lamp serves as my companion on lonely nights, / I am thinking of you, my wife and son."

Read it backwards?

Someone who was not convinced by anything that was said so far, recited it out aloud:

"Your...wife...and...son...are...thinking...of...you..." However, just listening to this first line was enough to stun a few people!

"This...this..."

"Oh my god!"

Wife Missing Husband!

There's really a goddamn Wife Missing Husband!

What the heck! What was this? Just what the heck was this?

Su Na was very shocked, but hurriedly continued reciting it, each word louder and louder:

"Keeping a lonesome watch like a solitary lamp.

"Hesitating to send letters with no response.

"Long departed, we're separated like life and death.

"Why do you find it difficult to pen a reply?

"Pouring a bowl of wine yet afraid the pot will empty.

"Even as bosom friends, we have barely met.

"Gazing with dried eyes over the span of mountains and rivers!"

When the entire poem was read out aloud backwards, all of the teachers present there, including the Tsinghua and Peking University teachers were all stunned!

An antithesis? It was done to extreme neatness! [1.]

Does it rhyme? It rhymed perfectly!

Moreover, there was a difference in the poem when read backwards or forward.

It was like another poem with a change in perspective!

Reading it normally, it was about a man missing his wife! Reading it backwards, it was about a woman missing her husband! This was simply unbelievable!

Su Na exclaimed, "Holy shit!"

A female teacher from Peking University also said, "Holy shit!"

A female teacher from an Institute of Technology echoed them, "Holy shit!"

Liao Qi: "..."

Li Rui was desperately gasping for air!

Ma Qi was dumbfounded!

Dean Pan was dumbfounded!

The other teachers were all dumbfounded!

Suddenly, a younger female teacher shouted from the crowd, "Palindrome poem! It's a palindrome poem!!"[2.]

At this moment, no one knew what words could express their feelings anymore. Perhaps, the most suitable phrase that could depict their moods right now was "what the f\*ck!"

Could it get any more awesome than this?

Could it be any more unbelievable than this?

To think that just a moment ago, Su Na and the other female teachers from Peking University were still grumbling about how Zhang Ye did not seem to be putting in any effort and just casually composing a poem without serious thought. Who knew that it turned out to be the complete opposite of that! Zhang Ye did not just casually compose it! If he did that, would the poem be able to be read from both directions? Why don't you be casual and show us that instead! This was clearly a poem that Zhang Ye had put a lot of thought into to create! And he even did it spontaneously on the spot! There wasn't even a draft!

A draw?

A tie?

Thinking about how everyone had earlier come to such a conclusion, it would surely make anyone laugh their heads off! How could it be a tie? Chief Yu was right, these two poems were never in the same world to begin with! Even if Liao Qi's poem was pushed up a further four to five grades, it would still fall far behind Zhang Ye's poem! The chasm was too wide! This was a difference in the standards and level of the poet, a difference that couldn't be bridged even with a different usage of words and composition techniques!

Liao Qi remained silent.

A few of the teachers from Tsinghua University who had been stirring the pot earlier to get Zhang Ye to step up to take the challenge also stayed quiet! The difference in standards were too great that they didn't even know what they could say anymore! To compete with Zhang Ye in composing poetry? Perhaps from the beginning, this whole incident was already the greatest joke in the world!

At this time, the way that many of those present were all looking at Zhang Ye was like they had seen a god!

There were even some people who were still staring so hard at Zhang Ye's poem that they couldn't snap out of it. They read it over and over again, forwards and backwards. Every time they completed reading it once, they felt an urge to curse at someone's second grandma to appease their shock. This poem was...really too goddamn awesome!

Su Na suddenly walked up quickly to get Zhang Ye's poem and rolled it up carefully. She held the rolled up Xuan paper in her hands and said, "I didn't get your Ode to Mulan previously, so don't even try to reject me. Please gift this poem to me, Teacher Zhang."

Zhang Ye smiled and threw up his hands. "Whatever."

But no one else was having any of it. They all rushed up and tried to claim it for themselves.

"What's this, what's this?!"

"Little Na, don't even try to jump the gun on us!"

"Teacher Su, what do you mean by it's yours? I was still thinking of taking it for myself!"

"Little Su, please let me have the poem. I will treat you to one month's worth of lunch!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, gift it to me instead, please!"

Chapter 708: The date of the college entrance examination has come!

Zhang Ye's poem was being fought for over by everyone. Other than the value of Zhang Ye's calligraphy, the other main reason was because this poem was such a classic that each person wanted it to adorn the walls of their home. However, it still ended up being given to Su Na as she was the first one lay her hands on the scroll of Xuan paper the poem was written on and had already gotten the best chance of keeping it. On top of that, everyone also knew that Su Na and Zhang Ye were colleagues at the Chinese Department in Peking University who enjoyed a good relationship together. As a result, no one really made any further attempts to get it from her after that.

"Hai."

"I was a step too late."

"I really like this poem a lot!"

"Who doesn't like it! That's obvious!"

"Let me suggest this: why don't we have another contest and let Zhang Ye compose a few more poems so that we can share them equally. Do you all agree?"

As it turned out, no one bothered with such a suggestion.

Another round? Who can compete with Zhang Ye? You?

Having seen this palindrome poem, no one here today dared challenge Zhang Ye anymore. If anyone still dared to boast and go up against him, then surely that person would only be brought down in shame.

By contrast, Liao Qi was looking clearly depressed away from the others.

Chief Yu saw this and went over to offer some comforting words. "Old Liao, don't take it to heart. Everyone has something that they are good at. When it comes to poetry, it's what Zhang Ye excels at. Almost no one in the entire country can stand on equal footing with him, so your loss is not something to be ashamed of."

Liao Qi did not say anything.

The other Tsinghua University teachers who were provoking Zhang Ye earlier now felt hot with embarrassment. Half of their group had left the place earlier.

An old professor from Renmin University beside them said, "The younger generation will surpass the older."

Today's celebratory feast has given many of these teachers the chance to widen their horizons. Having been able to witness such awesome poetry made it worth their time in attending.

Not long after, the celebratory feast ended.

Everyone was still talking about the poem excitedly as they proceeded back to their own dorms.

This poem was actually by Li Yu from the Song Dynasty in Zhang Ye's previous world. The poem was titled A Husband's and Wife's Mutual Saudade. This palindromic poem was very famous among all the ancient palindromic poems. Zhang Ye had come across it once in a book and remembered it. Since he brought it over to this world on this occasion, it was naturally able to shock everyone.

...

Later that afternoon.

In the dorms on the hillside.

After Zhang Ye came back, he immediately took a shower and did not place much importance of today's incident. After his shower, he went to the library and borrowed another dozen or so books and brought them back to his dorm room. He restarted his work from this morning and started flipping through the pages of content. Then he used a Memory Search Capsule to take in all the details of the information he had flipped through in the books earlier and memorized all of it. Now he could simply just retrieve any information he wanted from his mind.

One book.

Another book.

Zhang Ye did not mind the boredom or loneliness and just repeated the same thing over and over again, working hard to absorb the vast knowledge of this world to use them as a basis and prepare himself for the future. He was already planning to use the remaining days approaching the date of the college entrance examination in this way.

...

The next day.

Daytime.

No one knew who did it, but Zhang Ye's A Husband's and Wife's Mutual Saudade was suddenly posted online to Weibo along with a message: "This was composed by Zhang Ye at the private location where the college entrance examination question setting teams are held. Come and enjoy this piece of poetry, everyone. Let me give you all a hint: there's a mystery to it, heehee."

Judging from the tone, it seemed like it was a woman who posted it.

Some netizens started paying attention to this post.

"Composed at the college entrance examination question setting team location? Then how did you get your hands on it?"

"Yeah, isn't that a private place that's closed off to the public? There shouldn't even be any form of communication allowed there. This must be fake then? Clickbait?"

"The OP might be a staff member of the Beijing Higher Education Entrance Examination Board?"

"That's possible."

"Let me take a look at this poem."

"Eh, it's quite well-written."

"Yes, it's written well with a suitable mood to it."

"Was this really written by Zhang Ye? It doesn't feel like it. I thought that Zhang Ye's poems were always earthshaking? This piece is good, but it doesn't carry any impact to it."

"It's definitely clickbait, it's confirmed!"

"A mystery? What mystery?"

Many of the netizens did not believe this was real as there were too many liars and rumors going around.

When the woman who posted on Weibo saw that everyone was doubting the veracity of her post, she replied with an update: "Whether you believe this was written by Zhang Ye or not, just try reading the poem backwards and you'll know. Other than him, no one else could compose a poem like it!"

"Ah?"

"Read it backwards?"

"Hur hur! This is the first time I've heard of a poem that can be read backwards!"

"Let me give it a try."

In the next moment, countless people were totally amazed!

"Holy f\*\*k!"

"Holy f\*\*k!"



“Your sister! This can really be read backwards!”

“This was really composed by Zhang Ye?”

“I know this! It’s a palindrome poem! It was very rare even in the ancient times! Even among the palindrome poems that were passed down from antiquity, there aren’t many that can be considered poetic and can rhyme as well as this one!”

“Why did Zhang Ye write this poem? A Husband’s and Wife’s Mutual Saudade? What does this mean?”

The woman who posted the Weibo post explained: “I heard that the teachers were having a celebratory feast and there was a contest. Someone had challenged Zhang Ye to use the theme of ‘husband and wife’ to compose a poem. Then, without even thinking, Zhang Ye composed this piece straightaway with a brush and won!”

“Heavens!”

“How informative!”

“This is too godly! The deep, ancient knowledge of literature of China is really broad and profound! If you didn’t mention it, I wouldn’t even have known that there was such a thing as palindrome poems! Too awesome!”

“Hearing this explanation from the OP, I would definitely believe that this was a work by Zhang Ye. Someone issued a challenge and Zhang Ye took it on with a palindrome poem? That’s totally that guy’s style!”

“Face-smacking Zhang has gone on to smack faces again!”

“Your sister, Teacher Zhang has been held in the mountains yet he can’t stay idle for a moment and has gone on a face-smacking spree again!”

“Pfft, that’s right! The name of Face-smacking Zhang is not for nothing! Even if Teacher Zhang were to be launched to the moon, I reckon he would still find the means to smack some faces! No would can stop the march of Face-smacking Zhang!”

“Hahaha, why is it that a poem that is so sorrowful can be twisted into something by you all that I’m crying from laughter!”

“Teacher Zhang is impressive!”

“Zhang Ye is indeed Zhang Ye! Fully deserving of his reputation!”

“Zhang Ye’s poem is not only good in that setting, even the technique he used is a very high level one! It can be seen that this is just child’s play to Zhang Ye. Composing a poem is mere child’s play to him since he can do it so easily and elegantly.”

When this Weibo post was forwarded and viewed multiple times, more and more people started paying attention to it and the number of comments also increasingly soared. Very soon, A Husband’s and Wife’s Mutual Saudade palindrome poem was broken down and analyzed. Word by word, the details were put under the microscope and picked apart. The more they researched, the deeper they got, and the more

people saw its ingenuity. They were increasingly feeling more and more amazed at how incredulous it was!

However, there was a big group of people who did not care about this at all.

It was the Beijing college entrance examinees!

“What palindrome poem, so what!”

“All I care about right now is how difficult this year’s Beijing college entrance exam will be!”

“Seeing this A Husband’s and Wife’s Mutual Saudade palindrome poem by Zhang Ye, I suddenly get a feeling of being screwed! If he can even compose such a difficult poem, then how can the questions he set be simple?”

“I’m giving up all hope!”

“It might not turn out to be that way. Everyone, let’s not be so pessimistic!”

“Right, Zhang Ye’s not the only question setter anyway, even if does set some questions, how many can questions can he write? As long as we can get the other questions correct, then the score wouldn’t differ by much!”

“That sounds logical!”

“Hopefully. But I have an ominous feeling about this.”

“F\*\*k, me too, I better go and revise my algebraic geometry again. I’m going offline, bye.”

“I’m going offline too.”

...

One day.

Three days.

Five days.

In the blink of an eye, the annual college entrance examination was here again!

Hello, readers. Thank you for leaving your reviews yesterday. If you have not done so yet, may I ask again for you to leave a review for IRAS at the novel’s main page?

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

**Chapter 709: The first day of the exam is over!**

At the end of June.

It was the first day of the college entrance exam.

The sun was already blazing early in the morning, making the Beijing weather extremely hot and sunny. Under the soaring temperatures, the examinees and their parents were all densely packed at the entrance of every examination venue in the province. There were traffic cops stationed at each of the

nearby junctions of the examination venues to maintain order and regulate the traffic flow, keeping traffic smooth to the fullest extent. Some of the exam venues even had an ambulance on standby to handle any emergencies. Everything was given careful consideration to the examinees.

Today was not only a big day for the examinees but also an important one the whole society was very concerned with. News related to the college entrance examination had been published all over the place by the media and newspapers since a few days ago.

"Drivers are advised to keep clear of the schools that are designated as examination venues."

"Cheering for the examinees to do well."

"Reforming the Beijing college entrance exam, difficulty likely to be greatly increased."

At a certain examination venue.

"Please produce your exam admission pass."

"Here."

"Alright, you may proceed inside."

"Mom, I'm going in."

"Little Ying, do your best, don't be nervous!"

"OK Mom, you should go home first."

"Mom's not leaving. I'll be waiting for you outside."

Similar scenes were happening at the entrance of every exam venue. The parents of the examinees all appeared to feel nervous and uneasy. Meanwhile, the students all had different expressions, some looked like they were not affected, some looked extremely worried, some were smiling brightly, and some were expressionless, as each person carried their books and did some last-minute revision.

Of course, there were also no lack of discussion by the examinees on the difficulty on the exam.

"I heard that the questions for this year's exam are extremely difficult!"

'Ai, I'm also quite worried."

"I really hope it isn't going to be difficult."

"It would be nice if they followed the previous standard of difficulty, why must they reform it no matter what?!"

"Let's see how it turns out with the English Language test first."

"Hocus pocus, can it be simpler for us?"

The first subject to be taken was the English Language test. The college entrance examination's subject sequence and timing of the sections of this world were somewhat different from Zhang Ye's previous world. Not only was the exam held at the end of June, the sequence for the first day's morning was the English Language test, followed by the Arts and the Science tests in the afternoon. The second day's

schedule would be for the Chinese Literature and Mathematics tests. Moreover, like the Mathematics test of this world, be it the standardized national test or those independent, provincial-level tests, the Mathematics test was not separated into the Arts or Science subjects, but as a standalone subject.

8:40 AM: The examinees take their seats.

9 AM: The English Language exam officially commences.

"The first section is a listening test..."

With the broadcast of the listening test, it raised the curtains for yet another year of the national college entrance examination!

1 question.

5 questions.

10 questions.

The examinees began their battle with their heads lowered, wearing serious expressions on their faces.

Time passed bit by bit.

When the bells signaling the end of the examination rang, countless examinees heaved sighs of relief. After submitting their papers, they began discussing the questions as they walked out of the exam venue.

Immediately, their parents surrounded them.

"How was it?"

"Did you do well, Little Qi?"

"Is the English Language test difficult?"

"It's more difficult than last year's, but only slightly. The difficulty was more or less the same compared to our second mock exam. It's still fine and not as difficult as I had imagined."

"Right, I also feel that it's alright. They just increased the difficulty on the listening test."

"Mom, I did quite well. I can definitely get a high score this time."

"That's great, Mom will take you to a nice restaurant!"

"I want to eat grilled fish."

The majority of the Beijing examinees felt that the difficulty of the examination questions were still quite acceptable and many of them seemed like they had fared quite well. Everyone left with their parents with smiles on their faces.

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Later that afternoon.

The second half of examination commenced.

The arts students were taking the Arts test while the science students took the Science test.

Because the papers for the Arts and Science subjects made up most of the points allocation and covered a greater scope, the examination questions were also more complicated. That was why the examinees did not dare take it too lightly and went into the examination venue with caution. But when the examinees completed the tests, it turned out that many of them had smiles on their faces instead. At some of the examination venues, quite a number of candidates even handed in their papers early. It seemed like they had completed the exam quite smoothly.

When they left the examination venue, those who bumped into their classmates immediately started discussing.

"What was your answer to the fifth question?"

"I chose A."

"Haha, looks like I got the question correct by chance!"

"The Science test was quite acceptable this time."

"That's right, I thought it would be very difficult."

"But the difficulty was still increased by a little, like the Physics section."

"Yes, the difficulty of the Physics section was increased. I didn't even understand the last major question on the test, but it's alright, I wasn't even planning to answer that question anyway. I had given up on it right from the beginning. I guess not too many people will be able to answer that."

"Eh, Wang Xue, you're also at this examination venue? I just saw you, how was your Arts test?"

"It was alright."

"It wasn't that difficult, right?"

"The Political Science test was quite difficult as the questions were worded quite trickily. The others were alright and many of the questions were modified to a different style of questioning. Actually, they were similar to those that we did in the mock exam previously and a majority of them were gimme questions. As long as we used a more flexible train of thought to analyze and answer the questions, there wasn't much of a difference from the past Beijing exams."

"That's right, this difficulty level is just right."

"Aren't the newspapers constantly reporting that the Beijing college entrance exam is undergoing a reform? Haha, I don't see much of a reform at all. To think that I was so worried about it previously!"

"That's right, they totally exaggerated it!"

"I also got a fright at that time, but it turned out to not be a big deal."

"Bye, I'll go home now to prepare for tomorrow's tests."

The first day of the exam was over. Many of the Beijing examinees went home joyfully with their parents and their faces beaming.

On the same night, the answers to the English Language, Science and Arts tests appeared on the internet. These answers were not released by the official authorities but were compiled by the teachers from the high schools who answered the questions one by one themselves and posted them online for the examinees to compare with their own answers.

An English teacher from the Beijing Normal University Affiliated High School posted on Weibo: "The difficulty of the listening test has clearly become more difficult, but the rest of the test was still within our expectations."

A teacher of No. 15 High School: "There were not too many difficult questions in the Science test."

A teacher of No. 14 High School: "The difficulty for the tests this time was average as there were some changes from past questions that were set, but were not obvious."

A teacher of No. 8 High School: "The exam reform is going slowly with a trial and error approach, so we cannot expect overnight results. Some of the questions for the Beijing exam this time were very eye-catching and original, but whether the questions were difficult or not was secondary."

There were many different opinions and views, as everyone discussed fervently about this topic.

In the end, even the Beijing media came forward to post: "Reforming the Beijing college entrance exams. The thunder was loud, but the rain was light?"

In contrast, the examinees from the other provinces did not have it as easy as the Beijing examinees.

"Hai, it isn't easy this year either."

"That's right, it's about the same compared with last year's exams."

"The English Language test was too difficult as there was too much new vocabulary I had never even heard of before!"

"Everyone, quickly take a look at the Beijing tests. It seems like it's still as easy as before."

"Weren't they intending to reform it?"

"I don't know. Anyway, I know how to do all those questions."

"F\*\*k, it's true. If I were given the Beijing exam, I would be able to get more than 500 points on my college entrance exam! Your sister! Looks like the examinees living in the 'Imperial City' are having a more blissful life!"

"I envy them so much!"

"In my next life, I also want to be born in Beijing!"

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

### **Chapter 710: The most difficult exam in history!**

The next day.

The college entrance exam ushered in the second, and last, day of the examination.

The subject for the day's morning's examination was the Chinese Literature test followed by the Mathematics test in the afternoon. It was not even 8 AM yet, but many of the examinees were already outside the exam venues accompanied by their parents.

"Have you brought along all your exam items?"

"Yes, I've brought them all."

"Exam admission pass, ID card, pens and pencils?"

"They're all inside my bag."

"Do your best today and just keep up your good work."

"Of course, Dad. I feel like I could get at least 550 points in this exam!"

"Are you serious? That high?"

"It's because the questions were not too difficult."

"If you think it's easy, then others will also find it easy too. Everyone might end up with very high scores in the end. When that happens, the cutoff points for admissions in Beijing will also increase accordingly. The result will be the same, that's why today is the crucial moment. Don't let your guard down, make the best of the easy questions to get more marks, and don't make any careless mistakes."

"Understood!"

.....

Elsewhere.

"How did you fare yesterday?"

"It was very good."

"I also did quite well. This year's college entrance exam didn't seem like the big deal they made it to be."

"Hehe, I'm going to the internet cafe tonight. You wanna come?"

"Let's go! Of course I want to!"

"After working so hard for the past year, I can finally enjoy playing games again!"

"Man, there are still two subjects left, let's focus on the exam first."

"It's nothing. With that standard of difficulty in the English Language and Science tests yesterday? I'm feeling very confident about it."

"Heh, that's very true."

From the conversations, the mood and mentality of the Beijing examinees were very telling. More than half of them came to the examination venues today with confidence and were calmer after having experienced their first tests of the college entrance exam yesterday. Many of them who originally were scared of the college entrance examination had become indifferent as the difficulty of the English

Language test had given them confidence for today. The remaining half of the examinees still maintained their alertness and nervousness as they felt that yesterday's tests were too simple and probably the two tests today would be slightly more difficult. On top of that, these two tests were set by the famous Zhang Ye. That was why some of the examinees definitely did not dare underestimate the questions.

Very soon, it was time for the examination to begin.

At the examination venue at No. 4 High School, in an examination hall on the second floor.

A plump and a thin examinee were whispering to each other. They were not from the same school and probably only got to know each other yesterday.

"Fatty, how was your English Language test?"

"I won't get fewer than 100 points."

"Whoa, you're that awesome?"

"What about you, Skinny?"

"I won't get fewer than 110 points."

"Hur, can you stop bragging?"

"I'm not bragging. If you don't believe me, let's compare whose Chinese Literature test will score higher. This subject is my forte. Moreover, the Beijing Chinese Literature test has always been very easy every year."

"It will be different this year since they're pushing reforms on the college entrance exam."

"Reform, my ass. You should've already gotten an idea when you saw yesterday's exams. How difficult can the tests get?"

"Sure, then let's compare whose score is higher. If I can demonstrate my fullest potential, I can probably score 115 points and above."

"Then I will score 120 points!"

"F\*\*k, I will score 125 points!"

"Then I will score 130 points!"

At this moment, a female proctor stared at the two of them and said, "Stop whispering to each other. The exams will be distributed soon."

The two of them immediately shut their mouths.

In the next second, the examinees were passing the exams backward. Once the tests were in their hands, everyone immediately picked up their pens and started answering the questions.

The plump examinee rubbed his hands together and had a look of concentration on his face.

The thin examinee was also smiling as he prepared to attempt the questions.



However, after just a moment, the entire batch of examinees in the exam hall suddenly fell silent. It seemed that even the sound of scribbling had disappeared and the atmosphere abruptly became strange!

A proctor glanced at them curiously. "Quickly answer your questions!"

Answer our questions?

Answer your sister!

The plump examinee was stunned!

The thin examinee was also stunned!

The entire hall of examinees were all stunned!

They had just began attempting five questions before they got stuck. They felt that they could not continue anymore! Some people felt like they were about to vomit blood as they stared with their eyes wide, looking down at the next few questions. As a result, they found out that after every few questions, there would be a question that was so difficult that it would make people feel like they wanted to die!

For example, this question:

Confucius and Laozi are fighting, who will you help?

Help your second granny! How could these two old men get into a fight?! Besides, even if the two of them really got into a fight, how could I help? No matter who I helped, I will get f\*\*king beaten up! Come on, they were both sages!

At this moment, all the examinees' hearts froze.

Score 120 points?

Score 130 points?

Both the plump and thin examinees could no longer boast anymore at this moment! Their faces turned green!

Many of them couldn't help but swear: "F\*\*k, what the f\*\*k are these questions?! F\*\*k, which f\*\*king bastard's grandson wrote these questions?!"

The proctor felt strange about everyone's reaction and was wondering why everyone was looking so baffled. Then she also looked down and flipped through the spare exams. After she saw the questions, the female proctor also became confused and was totally stunned at that moment. She was also a Chinese Literature teacher, but in all her life of teaching Chinese Literature lessons, she had never come across such questions before or even heard of similar ones. Even if she tried to attempt some of the questions herself now, she did not know how she would begin to answer the questions!

The same scenes were happening at every examination venue!

Some of the examinees even double facepalmed!

While some of them stared unblinkingly with stunned faces.

Without needing to think much, many of them had already come to a conclusion. Zhang Ye! This question was definitely f\*\*king written by Zhang Ye! Besides this bastard, no one else could possibly come up with such a wicked question! It was definitely that person trying to lead them into a trap!

They seemed to know Zhang Ye's style quite well. These extremely difficult questions in the Beijing Chinese Literature test were in fact all set by Zhang Ye. For example, the question of "Confucius and Laozi are fighting" was actually sourced from Zhang Ye's previous world, when Tsinghua University held its own admissions test, which could also be considered as a sort of college entrance exam question. The question itself was considered to be open-ended and could be freely answered as there wasn't a perfect answer. Confucius and Laozi were both people of a certain status, so it wasn't likely for them to get into a fight. Laozi spoke of the Way (Dao) while Confucius pushed Ruism. When Confucius was born, Laozi had left society. From the perception of ideology or conduct, there were too many ways to approach and analyze this question. [1.]

However, it was easy to say but hard to do. This question had truly stumped all of the Beijing examinees. On top of that, this was still only the beginning as there were more of these similarly wicked questions waiting for them in the later parts of the test, each one of them trickier and more difficult than the other!

Time passed by quickly.

"Put down your pens. It's time to hand in your papers!"

"Teacher, I haven't finish answering yet!"

"You can't continue to write anymore."

"Come on, please let me write a little more!"

Every examination venue was defeated on all fronts, with many of the examinees wailing!

When they came out from the examination halls, the examinees did not even know how they could describe their current feelings!

"Son, what happened?"

"Dad, I blew it!"

"Ah? How can that be?"

"It was too difficult! The Chinese Literature test was too difficult!"

Close by were some examinees who were already cursing and swearing!

"Zhang Ye! It must be him!"

"That guy is wicked all the way to his grandma's house! What an inhumane person!"

"I don't care whether Confucius and Laozi are fighting or not! I only know that if Zhang Ye were standing in front of me right now, he would definitely get beaten up by a bunch of people!"

"I've never come across such difficult Chinese Literature questions before!"

"Is this even the college entrance exam? Why do I feel like it's an exam for post-grad students instead?!"

"I'm done for! It would already be very good if I can manage to pass this time!"

"Me too, I've totally screwed it up!"

"I didn't give an answer for quite a number of the questions! I totally had no idea how to even start answering them!"

"It's really a reform of the exam! This reform is too harsh! All of a sudden, the difficulty has been increased severalfold!"

In the afternoon.

Many of the Beijing Chinese Literature exam questions had already been leaked and were quickly spreading on the internet. The questions became famous almost immediately as they were widely spread by everyone!

When the netizens saw this, they expressed their shock.

"Holy shit!"

"These questions...luckily I'm not involved in this year's college entrance exam!"

"Thankfully, I didn't repeat my studies last year. Otherwise, if I encountered these questions, I wouldn't even know how I died!"

"Why are they so difficult?!"

"Did all of the Beijing examinees get wiped out?"

"Who could even answer them?!"

"Who was the person who wrote these questions?! That was too damaging!"

After looking through the questions, many netizens and examinees from the other provinces very nearly fainted as well. With this, the examinees from the other provinces were no longer envious of the Beijing examinees or wishing they were born in the imperial city in their next lives anymore. These questions were so f\*\*king difficult that it was clearly not meant for anyone to attempt!

Some teachers also posted online.

A Chinese Literature teacher of Yucai High School: "I'm also stunned with some of the questions. I don't see how I can get full marks for them! Today's Chinese Literature test was totally beyond our imagination!"

A head-of-department at the Chinese Literature Department of Beijing Normal University Affiliated High School: "This Chinese Literature test is probably the most difficult test in the history of the Beijing college entrance exam! But if you were to say that the difficulty of the test has gone overboard? That is also not the case. All the questions were set within the scope of the topic, just that the approach of the questions were quite different from usual. They needed the examinees to have a very strong sense of logic and good at expressing the language to be able to answer them well. The exam questions were

actually set in a very interesting manner, and could be approached from several directions, thus testing the examinees' overall ability!"

News was flying all around in the mainstream media publications of Beijing!

"The Beijing Chinese Literature test: The reform that drew first blood!"

"The Beijing Chinese Literature test: Rated the most difficult exam in history by the experts!"

"The examinees believe about more than ten of the difficult questions were set by Zhang Ye. Reporters have inquired with the Beijing Higher Education Entrance Examination Board but received no comment and need further verification!"

"The Beijing Chinese Literature test creates a shock with its 'godly question'!"

"The Beijing examinees have fared badly at most parts of the Chinese Literature test. Examinees' parents curse at the question setter! "

Then, very quickly, in just the short duration of the afternoon break between the exams, the godly question and some godly answers in reply to it were published one by one.

For example, the question about Confucius and Laozi. Many of the examinees had posted their answers online. It was not known whether they were answering seriously or was just ridiculing the question.

ChenFeng2001: "I will help Confucius because Laozi knows Tai Chi!"

DUSHDJ: "I will help whomever the question setter helps!"

LittleButterflyCC: "I will not help anyone but call 110 to inform the police immediately!"

Obese317: "I will not help either of them. First, I will go and mediate for them. After I manage to calm Confucius and Laozi down, the three of us will proceed to beat Zhang Ye up together!"

The last answer resonated with many of the examinees.

Many of the examination candidates were "shouting" on Weibo @Zhang Ye: "Teacher Zhang Ye, show yourself. We promise that we will not beat you to death!"