

## Superstar 71

Chapter 71: You Really Think I'm a Pushover!?

At the celebratory lunch, everyone was in good spirits.

Zhang Ye had not felt this relaxed in a long time. Because he was due for a live broadcast soon, he did not drink any alcohol, but instead only ate the food.

Ring, ring, ring. Zhao Guozhou received a phone call. Shortly after he answered, he suddenly did not look too good. He hung up and then took a look at everyone, saying, "I will head back first; there's a short meeting. You guys head back early after you are done. I've settled the bill already; enjoy yourselves."

"Ah?"

"Why are you leaving now?"

"Then we should head back, too."

"That's right; we are almost done anyway."

Everyone left, one after the other. They decided that they might as well return to the unit together.

Zhang Ye was also wondering about Director Zhao's expression. But he couldn't care about it for now. After he went back, he sat in front of his computer to think about the story for his broadcast. Which should he choose? "The Wizard of Oz" had finished, and it had been received quite well, too. Should he choose another serialized fairy tale, again?

His colleagues were also treating it as if it were any other day and were chatting during the lunch break.

But at this time, an alarming piece of news had reached them!

It was from an old editor from the Literature Channel, "Teacher Zhang Ye, your 'Old and Young Story Club' has been replaced. The notice has just been passed down by the station. Jia Yan's 'Soaring Youth' will be taking over. You don't need to do your broadcasting today... Little Jia's pre-recorded program will be broadcasted instead!"

"What?" Big Sis Zhou got anxious.

Auntie Sun asked, "Why? Why so?"

Wang Xiaomei was also stunned, "With the listenership ratings of 'Old and Young Story Club', why would it be taken off the air?"

The old editor explained, "The management said that 'Soaring Youth' was a planned program and would certainly be implemented. Because 'Old and Young Story Club's' listenership ratings soared during the weekend, the station plans to move Little Zhang's program to a weekend broadcast. It will be shortened from 7 days to 2 days, but the program duration will be increased. If that plan is executed, then 'Weekend Laughing Forest' will be axed, but all this is still being worked out and is not fixed, so Little Zhang temporarily does not have a segment for now. At least on the notice, 'Old and Young Story Club' has been taken off-air."

Zhang Ye's face sunk!

Wang Xiaomei was acutely aware, saying, "He has no program now? Then what about Teacher Little Zhang's Silver Microphone Awards nomination? The rules for the nomination states that if a host has no program duties, they are not eligible to be nominated. Today is the deadline for the nominations, right?"

The old editor paused for a moment, "That's why he wasn't nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards."

Once that was said, everyone became silent. The atmosphere was heavy inside the office!

The station was too harsh! They were ruthless! Are they not trying to play Zhang Ye to death!?

"Old and Young Story Club" would definitely not be canceled. No one would dare to cancel such an outstanding program. Not only would the station not agree to it, even the audience would not agree to it. That was why the station had only put the program on temporary hiatus and pushed the segment of Deputy Station Head Jia's relative, Jia Yan, up, and then told everyone that Story Club would be shifted to a weekend broadcast.

However, they did not pass down a document to drag things out. With the procedures coming to a halt, it was only empty talk. Zhang Ye, who had been removed as the "Late-night Ghost Stories" anchor now no longer had any anchor duties.. at least before Friday! Why was it done this way? The answer was already very clear! Someone in the higher-ups obviously wanted to fix Zhang Ye! They just didn't want him to be up for the Silver Microphone Awards! In fact, they didn't even want him to be nominated! They even went to the extent of putting a cap onto Zhang Ye's program duration and influence! They had changed Jia Yan's program so that it could take over their Literature Channel's number one listening segment without directly informing the audience. By forcefully switching, a large number of Zhang Ye's listeners would end up supporting Jia Yan. This gave Jia Yan a flying start in his ratings!

They had repressed Zhang Ye and let Jia Yan take advantage of the situation, killing two birds with one stone!

This move made Zhang Ye's colleagues heart palpitate!

This was really pushing Zhang Ye to his death! They even resorted to such venomous trickery? Did they need to push it so far with a rookie? To treat someone who had contributed so much to the station and brought pride to them, did they have to go so far? This had really made everyone's heart go cold!

At this moment, even Tian Bin felt uncomfortable. Given that he had several conflicts with Zhang Ye, he wanted to see Zhang Ye embarrass himself. But no matter how much he disliked Zhang Ye, he also acknowledged Zhang Ye's abilities. His opponent had used his abilities to move up step by step, so even if Tian Bin could not accept it, he had to accept it. He was indeed inferior to his opponent. But what about you, Jia Yan? Just because you have a Station Leader as a relative, just because of that, you can come in and take up our resources? Get favored over every one of us? Even push a colleague off a cliff like that? This has really gone too far! Isn't the Station Leader going too far? Tian Bin may be quite close to Jia Yan, but that didn't mean he liked him!

This time, Tian Bin did not kick Zhang Ye while he was down.

Wu Datao glanced at Zhang Ye, but on this rare occasion, he did not gloat. He only shook his head helplessly and mourned silently for Zhang Ye's future and the current system. This was such a place that if the leaders wanted to fix you, there was no way of escaping it. You just sat idly and were fixed!

There was always a benevolent side to the human mind. The station's treatment towards Zhang Ye was too much. It was also unreasonable and unfair. This had affected many of the staff in the unit and had left them inclined towards Zhang Ye's plight!

Big Sis Zhou was nearly tearing, "They are such bullies! Bullies! Who has Little Zhang offended? How could they do this! The Silver Microphone Awards event only happens annually; if he misses this opportunity, it is over!"

Auntie Sun also did not hold back and said, "Deputy Station Head Jia, does he think that he can behave so lawlessly?"

At the side, a youth quickly said, "Auntie, lower your voice; don't let people hear that."

Auntie Sun was outraged, "Little Jia is not around; I'm only saying a few more words. I really don't get it. What is the Station Head doing? Why is he not managing this? How can he just stay still, while watching some of these Leaders do the wrong things?"

The old editor that had led the conversation hesitated for a moment, before saying softly, "There are no outsiders here today, and we have been old colleagues for decades. There might be some conflicts amongst our people, but we have stayed together over all sorts of hardships. Even through the friction, we are war comrades in the trenches, so let's just keep this amongst us and not spread this outside."

"Don't worry."

"We won't."

"Old Zhou, you think too little of us."

Everyone could see that he had something to say. They looked over at him in a serious manner.

Having made sure that everyone was on common ground, the old editor explained, "Actually, Director Zhao tried very hard earlier in the meeting when he was notified of this matter. Director Zhao was in a rage and strongly disagreed about letting 'Soaring Youth' take over, but since it was already decided by the higher-ups, Director Zhao was also helpless." Looking at Auntie Sun, he said, "Just now, Sis Sun asked why the Station Head is not doing anything about it. I shouldn't say too much, but I've heard of some talk. I know of this from a friend from the News Channel. The other person that was nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards, Zhāng Yě... His father is an old comrade-in-arms of our Station Head."

No wonder!

No wonder Deputy Station Head Jia had nothing to fear!

That was killing two birds with one stone? No! This was killing three birds with one stone! Fixing Zhang Ye, assisting Jia Yan, and promoting Zhāng Yě!

If Zhang Ye had been nominated, be it his literary standard or his broadcasting standard or his accomplishments, Zhang Ye would no doubt have gotten the only spot for the Silver Microphone Awards

given to the Beijing Radio Station. There was no way that Zhāng Yě would have a chance at it. But now that the person in charge of the Literature Channel, Deputy Station Head Jia, had used an extremely ruthless method to trample down upon Zhang Ye, leaving Zhāng Yě as the only nominee, then was there any need to decide on who would win the Silver Microphone Award? It would definitely go to him! With this, Deputy Station Head Jia would not need to be worried about other Station Leaders accusing him of abusing his powers. From a certain viewpoint, he could be considered as following the instructions of the Station Head. Who would dare question him then?

At this moment, Jia Yan came back.

The old editor and the others saw him and they did not mention the issue again, afraid that the Leader would hear of this.

At the celebratory lunch, Jia Yan was still feeling a little down. But after he came back and disappeared for half an hour, he came back in high spirits. "Editor Chen, my two broadcast recordings are still around, right?"

A female editor replied, "They're in the small room."

"Good. Help me to prepare them; in the future, from Monday to Friday, the afternoon segment will be changed to be mine." Jia Yan commanded, "Hurry up; it's almost 12 P.M.!"

The female editor was unwilling, but could only go.

Zhang Ye's heart felt cold. He also felt disgusted. When he had wanted to job-hop, he initially felt sorry, as the unit and organization had groomed him well. But now, Zhang Ye's decision was firm. With such a Leader in the station, he did not want to stay here for one second longer!

Haven't you guys have gone too far?

First, it was the Jia's, one old and one young!

Now, even the Station Head wanted to trample on him a few times?

Zhang Ye did not know what wrong he had done. You all had offered that little amount of money and tried to buy my copyright to "Ghost Blows Out the Light" for your own profits. When I refused, you removed me from my program. That's fine, so I abandoned "Late-night Ghost Stories". Then, I worked hard on my new program. Now that the program has reached the summit and set a trail of outstanding results for the station, you all f\*\*\*ing coming at me again? And you even want to compress and repress my segment? You're even resorting to such underhand means to not let me get the Silver Microphone Awards nomination! Just to let Deputy Station Head Jia's relative step over me to gain his place? Just because of helping the Station Head's old war comrade's son win the Silver Microphone Award?

I've worked so hard to fight for such a result for the station and even helped a program from Beijing Radio Station break a record previously set by the Central Radio Station! And in the end? In the end, this is what I get?

F\*\*\* your grandpa!

Do you take me, Zhang Ye, to be a pushover?

Beside him, a youth about the age of Zhang Ye advised in whispers, "Forget it, Teacher Zhang. You can't beat them. Just endure it. The station has purposely dragged to Friday before announcing the resumption of your segment, so as to stop your Silver Microphone Award nomination. Without an anchor position, you cannot be given the nomination, no matter who recommends you." He added on casually, "That is, unless one of the five judges for the Silver Microphone Awards give one of their additional nomination spots to you directly. Every year, there are three other additional nominations for the Golden Microphone Awards, while there are two for the Silver Microphone Awards. Only these spots do not need to gain the nomination through the stations, and can be put on the list of nominees through an exception."

Additional?

There were additional spots?

Zhang Ye's mind began churning. He recalled that Zhang Yuanqi was one of the judges this time!

Chapter 72: The Silver Microphone Awards' Nomination List has been Released!

Throughout the unit, the news spread like wildfire.

"Did you hear? Wang Xiaomei from the Literature Channel was knocked off her perch!"

"It's that Zhang Ye from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, right? This rookie emerged out of nowhere. If not for his average looks, he would be someone in the future. It's a pity that he just lacks that little bit to succeed."

"Hey, why are you guys so outdated?"

"What's the matter, Old An? Did something happen again?"

"Zhang Ye's program has been halted and might be rescheduled to a weekend slot. He had lost his former positions as anchor for those two programs; he hasn't got a chance for this year's Silver Microphone Awards nomination!"

"Impossible!"

"Right... How can that be!"

"With his results, he can't get the Silver Microphone Award?"

"What do you know? Do you know who is the new program's host that is taking over Zhang Ye's Monday to Friday segment? His name is Jia Yan; he's Deputy Station Head Jia's relative. Also, don't tell this to anyone or tell others that I told you this, but the nominee for the Silver Microphone Awards, Zhāng Yě... His father and our Station Head are old comrades."

"This..."

"Isn't Zhang Ye too tragic?"

"Hai, he sure is unlucky enough!"

“It’s so disgusting for the Station to do this; not only did they not reward the station’s greatest contributor, but they actually... What the heck is this!”

“Well, he is the Leader, after all.”

“If the station carries on doing things like this, it will lose the trust of the people sooner or later!”

“The relatives and good friends of the Leader have to be well taken care of. That is normal human behavior; but, you shouldn’t be so insidious. Isn’t this forcing Zhang Ye to his death!?”

Everyone did not dare to openly question this, as this was a decision made by the Station Leader; however there was a flurry of discussion in the shadows. Everyone had a strong opinion about this.

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Deputy Station Head’s office.

There were two people in the room. One of them was Deputy Station Head Jia and the other was Zhāng Yě.

Deputy Station Head Jia was friendly, “Little Yě, how has your work been recently?”

“It’s pretty good.” Zhāng Yě sat across him and said, “I troubled Station Head Jia. Thank you for your concern.”

Deputy Station Head Jia smiled. “There’s no need to be so polite. We aren’t outsiders. I even saw you often in the Station Head’s house when you were young. Do you still remember?”

Zhāng Yě touched his neck and said, “I remember.”

Deputy Station Head Jia nodded, “Then, let’s talk about proper matters. Today is the deadline for the Silver Microphone Awards nominations. They will be officially selected on Friday. The station has only just submitted your name to the selection committee. As we do not have enough outstanding personnel in the Beijing Radio Station, we will only be nominating you. It is equivalent to handing one of the ten Silver Microphone Awards, which has been reserved for our Beijing Radio Station, to you. Calling you over is just a formality, so prepare your acceptance speech. You might even need to say a few words onstage. To put it nicely, it will be helpful for your future development. After all, there will quite a lot of famous people in the industry there on the day of the awards ceremony. There will be broadcasting Leaders, various producers from radio and television stations and famous anchors. Hur Hur, there will even be Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi. So prepare your acceptance speech well and leave a deep impression on everyone.”

Zhāng Yě might have known of this earlier, so he was not very excited, “Thank you for Station Head Jia’s nurturing; I will work hard.”

“So modest. Good.” Deputy Station Head Jia said with appreciation, “After you receive the Silver Microphone Award, your future will be limitless. After you have some training, people from the television station will definitely come for you, even without my recommendation.”

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Literature Channel's office.

Jia Yan energetically set off for the live broadcast studio. Although his program had been recorded, he still needed to make an opening statement and introduce himself.

Big Sis Zhou hatefully watched his back, "He is a scoundrel having greatness thrust upon him!"

Auntie Sun said with comforting words, "Little Zhang, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future; don't worry."

"Right. Teacher Little Zhang, you will definitely be able to do it. There are still other awards in the future" his assistant, Xiaofang, said.

However, even if they said so, everyone knew there would not be such a good opportunity in the future. Indeed, there were other awards in the future, but which one of them had more value than the Silver Microphone Award? This was the nation's most prestigious newcomer award in the broadcasting world. There was only one a year and nominations were only allowed for rookies who had worked for less than three years. It would be gone once it was missed out on.

Those famous radio announcers currently in the radio station, and those famous hosts currently on television... Which of them did not receive a Silver Microphone Award back then? They had all received it. They could reach their present height all because of the qualifications the Silver Microphone Award brought them. Receiving it was equivalent to having a thick layer of gold plating. It was completely different from those people who did not have this newcomer award!

Many people felt pity for Zhang Ye!

Many colleagues felt aggrieved for Zhang Ye!

However, Zhang Ye's expression looked abnormally calm.

"Little Zhang, don't let your thoughts go astray." Big Sis Zhou was extremely worried, "If you want to curse, curse a bit. Everyone here is on your side; no one will spread it out."

Zhang Ye said, "I'm fine, Big Sis Zhou."

Wang Xiaomei glanced at him and stood up to walk towards him.

"Teacher Xiaomei, what are you doing?" Xiaofang noticed something was wrong.

Wang Xiaomei said calmly, "I'm going to ask the station's Leader to change his mind; it's too demoralizing!"

Big Sis Zhou cleared her throat and grabbed her, "Don't do that, don't do that. It would be useless, even if you went. Don't pull yourself into the ditch!" From Zhang Ye's situation, people could tell that the politeness given to the star anchor by the station's Leader was only just pure courtesy. So what if you were a star anchor? Zhang Ye had also gotten the number one listenership rating! Wasn't he still suppressed by the station's Leader? When there was a conflict of interest with the station's Leader, no one else mattered. Everyone had to pave the way for them, letting their relatives take off!

This was the status quo!

After all, they had someone higher up!

Zhang Ye was very touched, "Teacher Xiaomei, thank you, but there's no need. You won't put any sense into them, no matter what you say. If the nomination will not be given by the station, fine... I'll get it myself!"

Wang Xiaomei was shocked, "You get it yourself?"

"Where are you getting it from? Isn't it impossible without an anchor position?" Big Sis Zhou could not understand, either.

Zhang Ye did not respond to them. He picked up the cellphone on the table and stood up, "I'll go out and make a call." He then disappeared out of the office.

On the corner of the hallway.

Zhang Ye opened the window and leaned on it. He flipped through his message book and found Zhang Yuanqi's telephone number. After pondering for a moment, he made the call. He was not a person who liked to beg for favors, at least he would not suddenly beg of people. If he could do it himself, Zhang Ye would do it himself. If he could not do it, then he would not do it; that was always his character.

However, he did not have much pressure making this phone call. This was because Zhang Yuanqi had drunkenly gone to his house that day. Zhang Ye had taken care of her, washing her clothes and making food for her, so Zhang Yuanqi owed him one.

Ring, ring, ring.

Ring, ring, ring.

Only after it rang ten times did the phone call connect.

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Hello, Teacher Zhang. It's me, Zhang..."

A magnetic voice from Zhang Yuanqi came over, but the tone was not very friendly, "I know who you are. I'm very busy now. I'm giving you ten seconds to speak."

Zhang Ye was not taken aback. He had slowly gotten used to the Heavenly Queen's coldness. He knew that it was the Heavenly Queen's character deep down, and was not directed at him, "Then I'll cut the long story short. It's like this. You are one of the five judges of the Silver Microphone Awards, right? My segment has been axed through the machinations of my station's Leader, so I cannot be nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards according to the rules. I heard judges have two additional nomination spots, \*cough\*, so I'm asking if you can..."

At this moment, the ten seconds were up!

Bada, the other side punctually hung up!

Zhang Ye was surprised. Your sister! I haven't finished speaking! The ten seconds you said was really ten seconds? He nearly cursed at her mother, thinking how he would not care about her no matter how drunk she was in the future. If he saw her drunk at his place again, he would push her out on the road and write a plaque, "Take a photo with the Heavenly Queen: 1,000 Yuan." This bro could earn some extra money!

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In the afternoon, "Soaring Youth" finished broadcasting.

Jia Yan returned to his office and he stood straighter than ever before. He looked arrogant as the listenership rating had already been collated. It was 2.13% For a new segment, this result was quite brilliant! Jia Yan was very satisfied.

Everyone knew that the next Silver Microphone Award for the Beijing Radio Station was guaranteed to be Jia Yan's. However, looking at his attitude, no one was impressed. This was because he had not done it with his own abilities, and it was not because "Soaring Youth" was that good; the reason was that he had a good relative. Everyone knew deep down that axing Zhang Ye's segment forcefully without any notice was to help pull listeners for Jia Yan. How many listeners did Zhang Ye have? Ignoring "Soaring Youth", even a program that wasn't even worth a fart would have a listenership rating of 2%!

Someone who had no ability sure appeared impressive!

Some average person could receive the Silver Microphone Award!

Yet a huge contributor like Zhang Ye had been forced into such a pathetic state! He was not even given a nomination! They were really brutal and cold-blooded, confusing right with wrong!

The nomination deadline was in the afternoon!

Now, Teacher Little Zhang was completely out of the race!

Big Sis Zhou's hands were trembling with anger. It was too unfair!

Jia Yan and the News Channel's Zhāng Yě knew each other well. They knew each other due to their elders' connection. Seeing Zhāng Yě getting the Silver Microphone Award, while Zhang Ye got nothing, Jia Yan also felt his anger vent.

It was almost time to get off work.

A tall and thin youth suddenly entered the office.

"Yan, let's go. Let's have dinner together." The youth said to Jia Yan.

Jia Yan smiled upon seeing the person, "Zhāng Yě? Sure. Wait for me to pack my things."

No one was surprised that the two knew each other. Both of them were products of nepotism, so it was inevitable that they knew each other.

Zhāng Yě was also curious about the identity of Zhang Ye. Looking around, he saw him at a glance. The Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had been a big deal, and he had seen Zhang Ye's photo before. He has just this much looks and height? They're only average! Zhāng Yě was already sure that he would win the Silver Microphone Award, so he looked down on Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also looked at him.

The two of them locked eyes, while Zhāng Yě let out a laugh, showcasing the power of the victor.

At this moment, Zhang Ye's assistant, Xiaofang, suddenly shouted. It was unknown what serious matter had happened. She pointed towards the computer, "Oh, hey! Come and see, quickly! Everyone, come and see! The Silver Microphone Awards nomination list has been released!"

Chapter 73: This Time it's Smacking the Leader's Face!

This year's Golden Microphone Awards event was organized and sponsored by the Beijing Television Station, so the award ceremony would be held in the Beijing Television Station's large theater. Hence, all the announcements and name lists were published on the television station's official website, including the nomination list announcement.

What Xiaofang saw was clearly this!

But no one understood why she was making a fuss!

"Come quickly!" Xiaofang was still shouting, "This...This..."

Big Sis Zhou snapped, "What big shot list? Without Little Zhang, what's there to see!"

But Xiaofang shouted with even more exaggeration. Quite a lot of people gathered around, "What's the matter? Let me see."

Upon taking a closer look, a second person also immediately called out, "What the f\*\*\*! Why is there Teacher Zhang Ye's name!? Am I seeing things?"

Zhang Ye's name?

Why was his name there?

Auntie Sun also ran over in disbelief. She then said with excitement, "There's Little Zhang! There really is Little Zhang!"

Jia Yan was shocked, "How can that be? Did you see wrongly?"

Zhāng Yě's expression also changed. What? Didn't the station recommend him as its sole nominee?

Wang Xiaomei also came over, "Little Zhang does not have an anchor duty temporarily, so the station should not be able to nominate him, right? Also, who would nominate him?" Zhang Ye had offended the Leader, so even if he was qualified to get the nomination, one of the Leaders would definitely think of a way to get him out of the way!

Xiaofang said with a pleasant surprise, "It's not recommended by our Beijing Radio Station! It's recommended by one of the five judges for the Golden Microphone Awards! Someone gave Teacher Zhang Ye a Silver Microphone Awards additional nomination!"

"Ah?"

"The jury?"

"An exception was made to nominate him?"

Big Sis Zhou said in a surprised manner, "Why would the jury give Little Zhang a nomination? Out of the five judges, three of them have three additional nominations for the Golden Microphone Awards. The

other two people would have the two additional nominations for the Silver Microphone Awards. That is to say, one of the judges has helped Teacher Little Zhang?”

Many people looked at each other, for they could not react in time!

To think that they were were worried over Teacher Little Zhang. Take a look. Zhang Ye himself had someone up there!

Zhang Ye heard this and felt a burden lift off his chest. He was really shocked. Just now when he called Zhang Yuanqi, he thought Old Zhang would not have bothered with him. She had hung up on him. But who knew that Comrade Old Zhang was so reliable? She had immediately set things right for him. She was righteous!

...

At the same time.

Deputy Station Head Jia's office.

“What's the matter with the name list?” Deputy Station Head Jia said with a blackened face to his secretary.

The secretary had a wailful expression, “Leader, I only recommended Zhāng Yě alone to the jury. There was no mistake. Maybe it is one of the additional nominations from the jury.”

“Additional?” Deputy Station Head Jia immediately confirmed it on the website. And indeed it was true. He waved his hand, “Go out and close the door!”

The secretary walked out gingerly. He knew the Leader was mad.

Deputy Station Head Jia called someone he knew on the jury, “Hey, Old Zheng, what's the meaning of this?”

The middle-aged man on the phone had a husky voice, as if his vocal cords had been injured, “Old Jia, I was just about to contact your radio station. I only just got to know about the nomination matters. Do not worry. There's no other meaning to it, nor are we trying to beat on your radio station. From what I know, someone from the jury submitted this nomination. The other judges had to give that person face, so we have such a list.”

Deputy Station Head Jia asked, “Which judge?”

“I don't know about that.” Head Zheng said.

Deputy Station Head Jia said angrily, “But in the eyes of others, you are smacking our Beijing Radio Station's management's face. We have only nominated one person, and did not nominate a second person because there was no one suitable. But with you doing this, isn't it saying that our radio station is failing to recognize someone for his worth? For us to not discover him, despite having a good candidate... Wouldn't that mean that we needed someone from the jury to nominate him for us? How would the other stations look at us??”

He had clearly caused the present situation due to his private goals, yet he said everything as if he was right!

Head Zheng explained, "Don't be stressed. There's really no way to control this matter. As a small Head, I can't do anything with the nomination from the higher-ups."

According to the rules, additional nominations could be given freely.

However, in principle, these nominations were not given willy-nilly. This was also the reason why Deputy Station Head Jia was angered.

In the past, the jury and the broadcast stations had a tacit understanding. Most of the time, the jury would not use the additional nomination. When it was used, it was because the broadcasting station had too many good newcomers, despite only being able to nominate two. Only then would they need the additional nomination from the judges, to give those who weren't recommended a nomination, as a form of encouragement. Yes, it was a form of encouragement. This was because there was no precedent of a person winning the award with the additional nomination. It was just a symbolic nomination as an encouragement. They would not award the person who was given an additional nomination.

Why?

This was because the jury not only had to consider the qualities and abilities of the broadcasting host, they had to also take into account the views and attitudes of the unit the person worked at. And since there were two nominations from a station, these two people indicated the opinion of the station, so the jury would usually respect it, and naturally would not consider the additional nominations.

But even so, Deputy Station Head Jia was still filled with anger. Anyone who had eyes could see Zhang Ye's results. He had broken so many records and made new history. Even other radio stations from other provinces might know of Zhang Ye's name. But Zhang Ye had not been nominated by their station. So anyone with eyes would know the attitude of their station, which was not wanting Zhang Ye to be up for nomination. But now? An unknown judge had pulled Zhang Ye into the nomination list! Wasn't this a smack in their faces? Who was it?

Could it be Teacher Lu? Impossible! Teacher Lu's additional nomination should be for the Golden Microphone Award.

The person with the Silver Microphone Award nomination had to be a new judge. Could it be the famous Heavenly Queen? That was more impossible! How could Zhang Ye know Zhang Yuanqi!?

The phone was hung up.

Zhāng Yě knocked on the door and entered, "Station Head Jia, about the nomination..."

Deputy Station Head Jia suppressed his anger and got over it, "It's alright. It's just a little bump. You are recommended by the station, so the Silver Microphone Award is definitely yours. You don't have to worry."

Only then did Zhāng Yě heave a sigh of relief before saying, "What is he trying to do? He found someone to give him a nomination? Isn't this openly challenging the unit?"

“Go back.” Deputy Station Head Jia did not say much. He had already given Zhang Ye the death sentence in his heart. You even dare take the station down a peg; do you even have any concept of a bigger picture!?

Some people were like that. Even though they were the one repressing others with their power, fixing anyone they wished, they did not allow the other party to fight back. There was no consideration when they abused their powers. They were always unreasonable. But when the other party resisted, they would respond with a ton of logic! In short, they would never be wrong. Whatever they did was the truth.

All the fault was on Zhang Ye! It was Zhang Ye that should not have been born in this world! Against such a person, Zhang Ye would usually only say this to them—Helping those bunch of ungrateful crap that thought the world revolved around them, then go f\*\*\* yourself!

...

After work.

His colleagues left the unit in pairs or trios.

Big Sis Zhou said happily, “Little Zhang, you have a chance this time.”

However, Auntie Sun pessimistically said, “There’s still no chance. According to what I know, additional nominations will never win the award.”

“Ah?” Big Sis Zhou did not understand, “There’s such a thing?”

“It has always been so. The judges will follow the unit’s opinion.” Auntie Sun said, “But this is enough. It is also a smack of the Station Leader’s face. Little Zhang has at least been able to vent out some of his anger!”

Enough?

It’s far from enough!

After having been repressed so much, Zhang Ye would not take this lying down!

Chapter 74: The Awardee’s Name has been Messed Up!

Friday.

Afternoon, there was a clear sky.

Today was the day of the live broadcast of the Golden Microphone Awards. Countless numbers of people crowded outside the Beijing Television Station’s Grand Theater. They were lining up with their entry tickets.

The moment that Zhang Ye came, he saw his colleagues.

“Little Zhang, over here!” Big Sis Zhou waved from the group.

“Big Sis Zhou? Auntie Sun?” Zhang Ye blinked before walking forward.

Auntie Sun let him cut in line. She thickened her Beijing accent, "Come over quickly. There's no need to line up behind everyone."

Zhang Ye did not feel bad about cutting in line, since he was nominated. He did not need to line up and could just show his work pass to enter. "Why is everyone here?" He really did not know that there would be so many people coming, as he had not gone to work the past few days. He had been fired from "Late-night Ghost Stories", and "Old and Young Story Club" was still halted, so he did not have any work to do. Zhao Guozhou also took into account Zhang Ye's mood, so he made an exception to let Zhang Ye take a few days off.

"These are tickets from the unit. There are many seats in the Grand Theater. Almost all our colleagues are here. Look – Tian Bin and his wife are right in front. See them? They are near security, and Teacher Xiaomei came early and is already inside. We actually came late." Big Sis Zhou said laughingly.

Auntie Sun said in a comforting fashion, "Little Zhang, just relax today and don't think about anything else."

Big Sis Zhou also cheered him on, "Right. It's alright if you don't get it this time. There are still chances in the future. Just treat it as watching a show."

Zhang Ye said untruthfully, "I understand."

"That's good. Let's go." It was their turn to go through security.

Throwing his lighter into the trash can, Zhang Ye passed through security and entered with them.

This was the largest venue that Beijing Television Station had. It could accommodate a thousand people. The seats for Zhang Ye's unit were arranged to the right of the front rows. It was pretty good. After all, their radio station was part of the Beijing Broadcasting Television Station. It was their turf, so they naturally had priority treatment. It was much better as compared to the other broadcasting stations from the other provinces. This was the home turf advantage.

"Teacher Little Zhang, you've come?"

"Sis Zhou, you are too slow."

"Little Chen, Little Xu, why are you so early?"

The tickets for the Literature Channel were all in serial, so they naturally all sat together. Some came alone, while some brought their lovers. Some even brought their children.

After greeting each other, everyone sat down.

Right in front was the Beijing Radio Station's News Channel's seats. Zhāng Yě was sitting in the first row. Clearly, it was for him to easily go onstage to receive his award. He had already made his preparations. At this moment, he turned around after being reminded. He looked at Zhang Ye and raised his hand with a smile to attract Zhang Ye's attention, "Zhang Ye." He was the same age as Zhang Ye, but had entered the station half a year earlier, so he did not use the salutation of "Teacher".

Zhang Ye looked over, "Oh?"

Zhāng Yě laughed, “Why aren’t you sitting in front? The both of us are nominated for our station.” There was not too much of a problem with these words, but people felt uncomfortable hearing it.

Everyone knew that Teacher Zhang Ye did not sit in the first row for nominees because he knew he would not win. Yet you had to rub it in? Aren’t you doing this on purpose!?

Zhang Ye said coldly, “There’s no need.”

“Oh, suit yourself, then.” Zhāng Yě turned around.

Jia Yan also happened to arrive at this moment. With his ticket in hand, he did not sit at the Literature Channel’s area, and instead went to the News Channel’s seats.

“Zhāng Yě.”

“Hi, Jia.”

“There was heavy traffic; that felt crappy.”

“Sit over here. I reserved a seat for you.”

Jia Yan and Zhāng Yě sat together. They chatted happily, as if there was no one else around them. Ever since Zhang Ye’s matter was made known and Jia Yan got his program, many people felt demoralized, seeing the Station Leader’s insidious schemes. Many people from the Literature Channel had excluded him from their circles, so Jia Yan decided not to make himself unwelcome. Since the colleagues from the Literature Channel did not value him, he did not value them, either. After all, with Deputy Station Head Jia, he could ignore anyone.

Once upon a time, when Jia Yan just came, everyone was very polite and friendly to him. After all, he was a relative of the Leader. In contrast, Zhang Ye had been excluded for a period of time. But now, the situation had reversed itself. There was really a reason of degree. Some methods were too damaging. It may be Zhang Ye this time, but could it be someone else from their Literature Channel the next time, in order to make way for Jia Yan? Forced to their deaths by the Leader? People could not help but have such thoughts after this matter!

Big Sis Zhou said to Zhang Ye, “Ignore them.”

“Those without abilities won’t be jumping for long.” Xiaofang also said hatefully.

An old editor sighed, “Hai, the internal affairs of the unit is getting more messy these days.”

This year’s Silver Microphone Award for their station was definitely Zhāng Yě’s. There was no question that it would be Jia Yan’s next year. So what if Zhang Ye had the ability? He could only bow down before others. Of course, those were the thoughts and judgments of others, and not Zhang Ye’s. Zhang Ye had not given up!

Compromise?

Yield?

Endure?

That was completely not his style!

He could only develop himself further in the television station by winning the Silver Microphone Award. But what did he need to do to win this award that he absolutely needed? Zhang Ye did not know. He was out of methods at this moment. Find Zhang Yuanqi? Impossible. The Heavenly Queen also had no way to change today's outcome. The jury was decided on a majority. Three votes out of the five judges would make it effective. Other than Zhang Yuanqi, who was a new judge, the other judges respected the rules. So no one would vote for Zhang Ye. So it was meaningless if Zhang Yuanqi helped Zhang Ye alone. Besides, Zhang Ye had already used her favor, so he could not seek Zhang Yuanqi's help anymore.

He was at a loss!

There was no way out and no way back!

Zhang Ye had to admit that he was really backed into a corner. However, he needed to find a way out despite this impossible situation, for he could not swallow his anger!

Routine methods were definitely ineffective. Zhang Ye opened his game ring's interface, hoping to find a method to break this quandary. These few days, with "Old and Young Story Club" halted, he could only count on "Ghost Blows Out the Light" to increase his Reputation. However, that was all there was. Hence, he did not have much Reputation. If he played the Lottery...

Hey! I almost forgot!

There was an item in the inventory that had not been used!

Zhang Ye suddenly thought of it. He opened the game inventory and indeed, there was a shiny little thing inside. Lucky Bread! This was something that he had received a few days ago. He had eaten the Fruits of Charm that he had received from the Additional Stakes right there on the spot, so he had nearly forgotten about this item!

Let's try it out!

Let's try it as a last resort to save a hopeless situation!

The Silver Microphone Award was about to be announced soon, so Zhang Ye had no other choice. He could only bet on this!

He took out the Lucky Bread from his inventory. Holding an Ice World mineral water in his hand, which was a famous mineral water brand of this world, he pretended to drink the water, but was actually secretly eating the Lucky Bread. People could not see the items obtained from the game ring's Lottery, but people could still see Zhang Ye's actions. If he were to stuff thin air into his mouth and even chew, people would think he was crazy, so he had to have some cover up actions. Gulp. The last mouthful of bread was finished!

Lucky Bread in Effect!

Player's Luck state Increased!

Countdown of five minutes begins!

...

At the same moment.

In the back, resting area three, inside the hall.

There were five staff arranging the trophies and certificates to be awarded today. Yesterday, the results were actually decided, so the certificates and trophies were quickly produced. There were Golden Microphones and Silver Microphones. They were all placed on a table. The door was locked. It was a strictly confidential process. However, although it was so to speak, confidential, this sort of thing was impossible to keep a secret. Anyone in the industry would be able to understand who would win or lose. Furthermore, it wasn't the election of a President, so it was not that strict.

"Name – Liu Feng."

"Over here."

"Alright, place it in front. The certificate has to correspond to it. Don't mess up."

"Don't worry. It can't go wrong."

"Zhāng Yě, this is one of the winners of the Silver Microphone. Take it in front and send it over in a while."

"Alright, it's ready."

But just as the few staff were arranging the order according to the name list, without any forewarning, a female employee accidentally knocked into a certificate. Pa Da, the certificate flipped, pushing down a mineral water bottle that was mysteriously placed on the table. The cap covered the top, but it was not tightly sealed, so momentarily, water spilled onto that certificate. It was all very sudden!

"Ah ya!" The female employee hurriedly wiped the certificate with her sleeve.

"Don't rub it!" An old comrade beside cautioned, but it was too late.

With this rub, the paper on the certificate turned into a mess. The words could no longer be read.

A youth quickly came over to help, quickly wiping the water off the table and onto the ground, so as to not to affect the other certificates. However, the floor was made of glazed tiles, so with water it became very slippery. The youth nearly slipped, but although he did not crash to the ground, he had still pressed on the table with his hand to stabilize himself, and thus he had touched the corresponding trophy to that certificate. The trophy crashed to the ground amidst their panicking eyes!

The trophy shattered!

The Silver Microphone Award trophy was different in quality compared to the Golden Microphone Award. It may be a Silver Microphone Award, but it was actually made of something similar to crystal. It was in the shape of a microphone. And since the toughness of crystal was not that much stronger than glass, it ended up shattering. Even its real mother wouldn't recognize it!

"Ah!"

“Bad, bad!”

“What are you doing!? How can you be so careless?”

“Sorry, sorry. I didn’t know that it would turn into such a mess!”

Everyone began running helter-skelter. After that mishap, there was no other way, as there was such a huge mess!

“Uncle Ping, what do we do? There’s still another hour before the Silver Microphone will be awarded!” The female employee was worried. She had never expected that they would screw up such a simple job!

The Silver Microphone Awards were what was first awarded in the morning. As it was not a live broadcast, it was considered a warm up for the Golden Microphone Awards. Only after the Silver Microphone Awards were given out would the Golden Microphone Awards be broadcast live on television. There was indeed not much time left. There was no way the Silver Microphone Awards would be placed after the Golden Microphone Awards, as there had never been such a precedent!

The oldest employee gritted his teeth, “Don’t panic. We can still make it in time. The certificate is easy. We still have blank, ready-made certificates. Just filling it in would do. The judges would definitely have an official seal on their side. Little Chen, go get the seal from the judges. Little Wang, I’ll give you a task. Immediately call Yi Xuan. The trophies were produced by his company. I’m sure they still have backup Silver Microphone Award trophies. The name is blank, so get them to engrave the name ‘Zhāng Yě’ on it as soon as possible. Go get it yourself. Do it as soon as possible!”

“Alright!”

“Understood!”

The two of them went out. One of them made a phone call, while the other made the certificate.

The female employee first got Yi Xuan’s number and hurriedly called, “Hello, this is the Beijing Television Station...Yes, we have a situation here. Can I ask if there is still a Silver Microphone Award trophy...There is? That’s great, that’s great. Please help us make the name again. One of them was shattered...Yes...Thank you very much. Please do it quickly, or it will not be in time... Alright... The name? The name is Zhang...” Being in a hurry, she had forgotten the name that the old comrade had told her as she said into the phone, “Hold on!”

The youth had already taken out a certificate and was about to fill it in.

The female employee immediately asked, “Little Chen, what’s that person’s name?”

“Uh, the unit is the Beijing Radio Station, I think it’s Zhang.. Yě?” The youth was also not certain and did not feel comfortable asking Uncle Ping again, for fear of being reprimanded. Hence, he quickly searched for the nomination list on his phone. “Oh, I found it. Beijing Radio Station, it’s this; his name is Zhang Ye!”

“Which Ye?”

“Take a look for yourself.”

“Alright, I’ve written it down.”

The pronunciation of Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě was about the same. They were both “Ye”, just that there was a slightly different tone.

The youth used a pen and wrote down the name from the internet.

The female employee also told the trophy makers, “It’s Zhang Ye It’s written with a 火 and a 华. His unit is the Beijing Radio Station!”

Chapter 75: Zhang Ye’s Miraculous Win!

9 in the morning.

The entire Grand Theater was packed. Almost everyone was here.

At this moment, the game ring on Zhang Ye’s pinky displayed a screen with virtual text.

Countdown ended – the Lucky Bread was used up!

Five minutes have passed?

It’s over? Just like that?

Zhang Ye blinked his eyes in a daze. He looked to the left and then to the right. Why didn’t anything happen? It increased my Luck stat? Where was it increased? I couldn’t see a bit of it! This was the first time that the special items from Zhang Ye’s game ring did not have any effect. He was extremely depressed. He was originally hoping that the “Lucky Bread” would help him, and it was also his final life-saving weapon, but who knew that nothing happened at all. At least let this bro pick up a wallet to show its effects!

Unlucky!

There was not a chance left now!

Zhang Ye was at a loss as to whether to laugh or to cry. He had choked at the critical moment!

Over there, the Literature Channel’s old editor, who had become the eldest after Teacher Feng retired, returned. He had not been seen all along, for he had gone somewhere.

“You just came?” someone asked.

The old editor said, “I came much earlier. I just went to find a friend backstage.”

Big Sis Zhou was excited, “You know people here? Are the decisions for the awards out?”

“It came out earlier on.” The old editor said, “There was something happening backstage. Don’t tell others that I was the one who told you. I heard that one of the trophies shattered from dropping.”

Auntie Sun exclaimed, “Then wouldn’t they not make it in time?”

The old editor said, “The company manufacturing the trophy must have spares. By quickly engraving the unit and the name of the winner, it’s quite fast. They should be able to make it in time.”

Nobody took this news in mind.

Big Sis Zhou asked again, "Then who will win our station's Silver Microphone Award?"

The old editor said helplessly, "You are still hoping for Little Zhang to create a miracle? It's impossible. The additional nomination will not win the award. There has been no precedent, and neither will there be one in the future."

Big Sis Zhou rolled her eyes, "I know that. I'm asking if Zhāng Yě got it. It's said that every year our radio station will get one Golden Microphone Award and one Silver Microphone Award, but wasn't there a mistake five years ago with the Golden Microphone Award, where both our station's nominees were not awarded, and it was awarded to Hebei province's broadcaster?" She could no longer stand seeing Zhang Ye being bullied to such a state. Since Zhang Ye could not get it, then it was best that Zhāng Yě did not get it as well. It could vent her anger. Seeing Zhāng Yě and Jia Yan's overbearing manner from before was annoying!

The other colleagues also looked over.

The old editor gave a wry smile, "How can there be so many accidents. I heard from my friend that he happened to see the award certificates yesterday. Our station's Silver Microphone Award winner is Zhāng Yě."

"It's already decided?" Big Sis Zhou still remained adamant.

"It was decided yesterday afternoon." The old editor said, "It's him. My friend saw it with his own eyes. The trophy even has Zhāng Yě's name on it, so how can it be wrong?"

Big Sis Zhou tutted.

With so many colleagues worried for him, Zhang Ye felt quite heart-warmed. He had never seen a good unit or a good Leader, but he had met a group of cute colleagues, making him feel blessed.

"Hey! That's Teacher Cheng! The eighth Golden Microphone Award winner!"

"Aiyah, even this round's Teacher Zhou is a guest? Although he had long retired, but he was the number one brother of the hosting world. Who could compete with him back then?"

"That is Auntie Qu! My idol and goal! I watched her program while growing up!"

The important show was at the back as heavy-weight big shots began to enter. There were top hosts from years ago, and also current top hosts. There were Leaders from the broadcasting stations and also the judges. The moment they entered, they stirred up a commotion. Other than some established people from various industries who were invited to be in the audience through a lottery, the other people were all hosts from various television and radio stations. In front of so many sage-like predecessors and former idols, people were extremely excited. They were the direction people were fighting towards!

However, when the last figure appeared, people's emotions weren't excited anymore, but explosive. The entire venue resounded into a earth-shattering uproar!

"Zhang Yuanqi!"

“Zhang Yuanqi!”

“Ah! I see Auntie Yuanqi!”

“Sis Zhang! I love you forever!”

Many staff of the television and radio stations did not make a big fuss, for they were in this industry, so they would not craze over celebrities. Even if they crazed over someone, they would do it for a top figure in the hosting world. Zhang Yuanqi may have been an excellent host in the past, but she was after all not professionally doing it, hence people were relatively calm.

However, the other audience members could not be suppressed! Many people stood up! They raised their signs and light sticks as they roared Zhang Yuanqi’s name! They did not care about the Golden or the Silver Microphone Awards! They were here for the Heavenly Queen!

Zhang Yuanqi appeared from the side stage. She had initially wanted to take a seat, but seeing the audience shouting so enthusiastically, she waved with a smile at everyone!

“Ah! Sis Zhang smiled at me!”

“Didn’t you make a mistake!? Sis Zhang was smiling at me!”

“Sis Zhang, you are too beautiful! I love you to death!”

“Sing a song, Sis Zhang! I want to hear ‘I Don’t Believe’!”

The situation went out of control. There were even fans rushing up to get her signature. Many reporters charged up to take pictures!

More than ten security guards, who were standing by to maintain order, immediately came to fend off people. They finally managed to control the situation. It was tiring enough!

Zhang Ye and his radio station colleagues were secretly surprised!

This was a Heavenly Queen! This was the current number one sister of the entertainment industry! This appearance showed the apparent gap! The number of fans was completely of a different grade compared to star hosts! It was estimated that all the fans of the star hosts present added up were far smaller in number than Zhang Yuanqi’s alone!

Zhang Yuanqi sat in the first row. People could no longer see her, as they were facing her back, so the shouts slowly stopped.

“The Heavenly Queen sure is beautiful.” the old editor praised.

Big Sis Zhou also said, “Yeah, better looking than in the movies.”

Auntie Sun said, “I also like her movies. She’s good at singing, too. Her voice has a magnetic charm and metamorphic charm to it. No one in the current entertainment industry can compete with that mature and gentle charm that she has!”

A Literature Channel youth sighed and said, “Yes, Sis Zhang is really like a giant panda in the entertainment industry. Other Heavenly Queens and Kings can be replaced, for they look good and are

good at acting, but Zhang Yuanqi is definitely someone who cannot be replaced. She represents a generation!”

Everyone’s evaluation of her was very high.

Tian Bin and Zhāng Yě, who were in front, also looked towards Zhang Yuanqi.

Maybe some people did not craze over Zhang Yuanqi, and some people had controversies with Zhang Yuanqi’s works, but no one could deny that wherever Zhang Yuanqi was, she would forever be the main lead!

...

Onstage.

A host went up. This person seemed to be from the News Channel from the Beijing Television Station. He was not very famous, but everyone found him familiar.

“Hello, everyone. Welcome to this year’s Beijing Television Station’s live broadcast of the Golden Microphone Awards. He did not introduce the guests and judges, because it still wasn’t a live broadcast. Those were lines only said during the live broadcast. “There is still half an hour’s time before the Golden Microphone Awards. According to established practices, now is the time for the awarding of the Silver Microphone Awards. First, let me announce this year’s Silver Microphone Awards nominees.”

“Beijing Television Station – Chen Bin! Yan Qi!”

“Hebei Television Station – Lu Mei! Huo Dongyan!”

“Jinshi Television Station – Chen Tao! Zhang Yang!”

...

“Beijing Radio Station – Zhāng Yě, Zhang Ye!”

“Shanghai Radio Station – Su Leilei! Li Bang!”

...

After each nominee’s name was announced, the host began to announce the first winner, “Next, I will announce the winner of this year’s Silver Microphone Awards’ television host award, Beijing Television Station’s Yan Qi!”

Everyone applauded.

A female host seemed very surprised as she quickly rushed onto the stage while covering her mouth to accept the award.

The person handing the award to her was one of the five judges, Teacher Cheng. He was an old senior of the broadcasting world.

The awards host laughed, “Congratulations to Yan Qi. She is almost my colleague. Little Qi, this occasion is quite magnificent. With so many seniors sitting below, do you have something to say?”

Yan Qi took over the microphone, "Thank you. Only thank you. Thank you everyone for your help! Thank you everyone for your recognition!"

Next.

Then the next.

The announcement of the winners of the ten television hosts awards quickly came to an end. Other than a few people having longer acceptance speeches, there was no delay. Next was the Silver Microphone Awards for radio hosts. They were also for ten people. However, at this moment, it was cut back to the host, to hear him say, "Next will be the radio station broadcasting Silver Microphone Awards. Let me invite my colleague Zhang Huo from the Beijing Radio Station to announce it." After he walked down, Zhang Huo came up with a smile.

Zhang Huo was no stranger to Zhang Ye. Back at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, he was also one of the hosts. He was a winner of their station's Golden Microphone Award many years ago. Since this award ceremony was organized by the Beijing Television Station, he had the qualification to do it, even if he wasn't very famous in the industry.

Zhang Huo came onto the stage, "Hello, everyone. I'm Zhang Huo." At such a big occasion, with so many seniors and Leaders around, he also seemed slightly nervous. After all, he was just a radio station's news-related broadcaster, so his fame was definitely incomparable to other television stations' hosts. "Thank you for the Leader's trust for me to host this Radio Station Silver Microphone Awards. Next, I will announce the first winner of the ten awards."

He flipped open the certificate and announced, "Central Radio Station, Gong Xu!"

Immersed in the applause, Gong Xu excitedly went up on stage. Zhang Yuanqi took over the trophy from a member of the staff. It was her turn to give out the award.

"Congratulations." Zhang Yuanqi gave a warm smile.

Gong Xu received it with an expression of shock, "Thank you, Teacher Zhang. Thank you to the jury. I will continue to work hard. I will not put this trophy to shame!"

Zhang Yuanqi smiled. "You've already done very well."

Zhang Huo smiled. "Let's give a round of applause to Teacher Gong."

Beijing Radio Station's Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia were in the first row. They applauded the winner.

Next, Zhang Huo announced another person from the Central Radio Station. Zhang Yuanqi did not get offstage. She took the trophy and handed it to him, congratulating him.

Offstage.

Big Sis Zhou was not feeling an emotional high, "It's almost already time for our radio station."

Wang Xiaomei looked unsurely at Zhang Ye, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Zhang Ye pretended to look indifferent. Actually, it would be weird if he was fine. This award was extremely important to him!

Auntie Sun patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder, "Let's not bother ourselves arguing with the likes of them."

Suddenly, Zhang Huo's voice came again, "Next is the third Silver Microphone Award. The result of the jury is..." Upon saying this, Zhang Huo suddenly paused. His words were still stuck in his throat. He had opened the certificate and remained silent for a long while. He looked with an unsure gaze offstage, with a questioning gaze.

Deputy Station Head Jia frowned, "Carry on reading."

"What's the meaning of this?" The Beijing Radio Station's Station Head also pulled a long face. This was organized by them, and Zhang Huo was from their radio station. Even though it was not a live broadcast, he should not have made such a low-level error. Wasn't this embarrassing their radio station for a host to lose his focus?

"Eh?"

"Why isn't he speaking?"

"Who's next? He's not announcing it?"

Zhāng Yě was already waiting offstage to receive his award. He knew he was next.

The few people from the jury were also wondering what he was doing. Hence, they gave Zhang Huo a stern expression to tell him to carry on!

Zhang Huo breathed in deeply. Seeing the Leader and jury members having such expressions, he could only read, "The next winner of the Silver Microphone Awards is Beijing Radio Station's...Zhang Ye!"

In the beginning, no one realized it.

Zhāng Yě, who was in the front row, smiled and got up.

Zhang Huo hurriedly waved at him not to go onstage. He said to his News Channel colleague, "It's not you. It's.. Zhang Ye!"

Chapter 76: Does this Award Count?

"It's not me?" Zhāng Yě was the first to be dumbfounded.

Jia Yan was just about to applaud Zhāng Yě, and his hands were still frozen in midair.

Host Zhang Huo's words made many people who knew what was going on stunned. Everyone looked disbelievingly at Zhang Huo, thinking that he had made a mistake!

However, Zhang Huo looked seriously at the award certificate in his hands, and with great care and confirmation, read once again, "This year's Silver Microphone Award winner... Zhang Ye!"

He articulated his words very clearly!

It was Ye! Not Yě!

Deputy Station Head Jia was stunned!

The Station Head's face turned black!

Everyone from the Beijing Radio Station made an uproar!

Xiaofang almost jumped up. She grabbed Zhang Ye and shook him hard, "Heavens! It's you! Teacher Zhang, it's you!"

Zhang Ye was in a daze, "Me?"

Auntie Sun widened her mouth, "How did it become Zhang Ye?"

"I don't know, either." Zhang Ye wasn't sure himself.

"It's you! He has already read your name twice!" Big Sis Zhou was happy all of a sudden. She gave Zhang Ye a hard push, "Haha! Stop looking silly there! Quick go on stage to receive the award!"

The old editor also urged in a whisper, "No matter what, just go up first!"

"Right, first get the award before speaking. Even if the staff made a mistake, it will be too late to change who gets it at that point!" Big Sis Zhou came up with a rotten idea.

Zhang Ye was about to stand up, but he was stopped.

A staff member suddenly ran onto the stage to communicate with the host, and then took the award certificate from his hands.

Next, Zhang Huo waved his hand at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, wait a while. The jury has asked for a pause. I think there's been a mistake." Following that, he said to everyone present, "Sorry, everyone. We have a situation on our hands. Please wait for the jury's review."

The other people did not know what was happening and also waited to see a show play out before their eyes.

The five judges were already in discussion. Besides them, there were other staff members gathered together.

Deputy Station Head Jia went over to take a look and also came together with the Station Head to understand the situation. What had happened? It was clearly supposed to be Zhāng Yě. They had even seen Zhāng Yě's trophy. But why did the announcement suddenly change to Zhang Ye? Wasn't this nonsense!? There was no precedent of additional nominations winning an award! Not even once!

"Where's the award certificate?"

"It's here. Take a look. It's written 'Zhang Ye'."

"It's definitely not him. It should be the Beijing Radio Station's Zhāng Yě."

"Ah? Then why is it this name in the award certificate? That's not right. The trophy is here, too. It's also engraved 'Zhang Ye'. There's no mistake."

"Even on the trophy was written 'Zhang Ye'?"

“Can someone tell me what is happening?”

“Teachers, this might be the fault of my people.”

“Qu Ping, what are you talking about?”

“Just now backstage, one of my staff members spilled some water and the award certificate could not be used. The trophy also shattered from falling, so I got them to get a spare from the manufacturer. But.. they might have heard the names wrongly. Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě sound quite alike.”

“What do you mean by this?”

“How can this happen?”

“Then how are we to present the award?”

“The names are all written as Zhang Ye, so should we present it now or not?”

At this moment, the Beijing Radio Station’s Station Head interrupted their conversation, “Even if it’s wrong, it should still be presented to Zhāng Yě. This was decided by the jury, so how can we change it?”

An old judge looked at him, “We already announced it, so how do we take it back?”

Deputy Station Head Jia knew that Zhāng Yě had to get this Silver Microphone Award, for he was the only son of the Station Head’s old war comrade. Hence, he said, “Since it’s an error made by the jury staff, we shouldn’t have it affect our station’s newcomer award winner because of this! That would be too unfair for Zhāng Yě! You can’t do that!” Fairness? When they were pushing Zhang Ye to a cliff, refusing to give him a nomination, they had never thought of the meaning of fairness. But now, once it affected their own interests and relations, they began shouting about fairness!

The old judge was very unhappy with their tone. In terms of qualifications, he was an old veteran in the circle, and was one grade more senior than the Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia. “Isn’t Zhang Ye from your radio station, too?”

Deputy Station Head Jia flatly said, “No way can it be Zhang Ye! It has to be Zhāng Yě!”

One of the five judges, a younger judge, stared at Deputy Station Head Jia, “Please keep your tone down and don’t scare us again. Now that we are discussing how to resolve the matter, must we go to the point of making such a fuss? Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě are both comrades from your radio station. I have some impression of Zhang Ye. If I remember correctly, his results are much better than Zhāng Yě’s, right? So this should not be a huge difference for your radio station.”

The judge’s tone had changed. They seemed to have the intention to leave the mistake uncorrected and make the best of it.

Actually, Zhāng Yě was chosen by them. Among the five, four votes were given to Zhāng Yě, while one abstained. Under normal circumstances, the jury would of course respect the views of the radio station, but the problem now was that the circumstances were now not normal. The trophy and certificate were all wrong, and even the host had announced the wrong name. It was not easy to deal with this situation. And with the Golden Microphone Awards about to be broadcast live, where did they have the time to make a new trophy for Zhāng Yě?

“But...” the Station Head said with a long face.

The old judge said, “We will take it into consideration. Can those who are uninvolved please return to your seats?”

The Station Head could not say certain things, so Deputy Station Head Jia decided to say it, “This Zhang Ye has a character problem. That’s why our station did not recommend him. He definitely doesn’t deserve to win this award!”

As their voices were a bit loud, and Zhang Ye was sitting in the front area, and was pretty close by, he could hear clearly what the Deputy Station Head said!

I have a character problem?

I don’t deserve this trophy?

Zhang Ye laughed from extreme anger. He never expected that these so-called Leaders would not only trample on him for no good reason and push him aside, they would even smear him now!

The old judge looked at Zhang Yuanqi, who was still onstage smiling and chatting with the host, before looking at Deputy Station Head Jia’s eyes, “Character problem? An exception was made for Zhang Ye’s nomination by our jury. Are you questioning our jury’s level or are you questioning our jury’s basic distinguishing ability?” Seeing that they still wanted to add on further, he waved his hands and put it to a stop, “I’ve already said that uninvolved people should please leave!”

...

Over here.

Big Sis Zhou was straining her ears to listen, “What are they saying?”

A Literature Channel’s young editor said, “I think they were saying the trophy broke from falling, and they wrote wrongly. That’s all I heard.”

Zhang Ye had naturally good ears, so he heard more than them. He had not missed a single word of what the two Station Heads said!

“The trophy shattered?”

“No wonder! So this was written wrongly?”

“Hehe, I see. Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě are quite similar!”

Everyone finally understood. After all this time, it was a blunder!

Blunder? At this moment, Zhang Ye finally understood. He had initially thought that the Lucky Bread had been ineffective, as he had not seen any effects. In fact, it was not ineffective, but it had happened without him knowing. He was sure that the shattering of the trophy, the messing up of the award certificate, and having the name written wrongly were definitely the effects that the Lucky Bread gave in those five minutes. If not, there was no way that such a thing could happen!

All the mistakes happening together at the same time?

If it was a coincidence, it was too exaggerated!

Zhang Ye secretly touched his game ring. You sure helped me a lot this time!

Wang Xiaomei looked at Zhang Ye who was two seats away, "Teacher Little Zhang, I still do not know what magic you used? Such a thing can even happen?"

Wang Xiaomei said out what was on everyone's mind!

That's right! This can even happen? You can even make a comeback with this!?

During his time in the station, Zhang Ye had never had a smooth-sailing experience. He was looked down upon the moment that he came. He was never appreciated. He later offended the Leader, and was repressed by the Leader. It could be said that he stumbled to the extreme.

However, what made everyone speechless that despite all the dire situations, Zhang Ye had never suffered. He had managed to turn around every difficulty and problem that he encountered, saving the situation. He was godly!

They were sure that Zhang Ye would definitely plant his face into the ground this time, but who knew that this would happen. He had managed to get his name announced in a manner that no one could believe!

Big Sis Zhou laughed heartily, "Our Little Zhang is full of luck!"

In the back row, Tian Bin and his wife heard this. They were thinking, "What darn good luck? He was more bad luck. Whoever stained themselves with him would end up unlucky." The bizarre sequence of events that happened in the office was still fresh in their minds. It was similar with this situation. The coincidences made people speechless!

But it was still early to say that Zhang Ye had won the Silver Microphone Award, because the jury had not made their indication, so no one could guess the outcome!

Zhāng Yě's face tightened as Jia Yan spoke to and accompanied him.

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head were sent back. They sat in their seats, silent. They stared unblinkingly at the people in the jury. This was not only about Zhāng Yě not getting the award, it also had to do with their Beijing Radio Station's face. Although Zhang Ye was from their station, he was not nominated by them. Letting a newcomer that they had abandoned win the Silver Microphone Award? The few Leaders in the radio station could not afford to lose this amount of face!

This was not just the smacking of the face!

It was the trampling of the face! The kind that used feet to trample!

They were all waiting for the jury's decision. The jury was still in urgent consideration, and had not made up their minds.

However, a few minutes later, a few guests and audience members could not bear waiting. They did not understand what had happened, nor did they care if there was a problem. They did not give a damn who won the award!

“What the heck?”

“Are they still handing out the award?”

“Hurry up! Sis Zhang has been waiting there for so long!”

The few judges and staff members halted their exchange. The final words they said seemed to mean that they had come to a conclusion.

A staff member immediately ran up to the podium and whispered to the host, Zhang Huo.

Zhang Huo nodded slightly, as his lips moved without anyone knowing what he was to say. He then picked up his microphone, “Sorry for the wait. I will announce this award again.”

Zhang Ye took a deep breath!

Zhāng Yě appeared full of anticipation!

Both Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun balled their fists!

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia’s faces looked solemn!

This result had caused a lot of angst amongst many people’s hearts. After Zhang Huo remained silent for a moment, he announced, “The winner of this year’s Silver Microphone Award, Beijing Radio Station’s...Zhang Ye!”

Chapter 77: A Poem to “Thank” the Unit and the Leaders!

It was still Zhang Ye!

The reward recipient remained the same!

Instantaneously, Zhāng Yě’s face was as ugly as it could be. The Station Head and the Deputy Station Head’s expressions were not much different from his. They felt like there was a stream of fire burning inside them that they could not vent! Zhāng Yě had clearly been selected previously! It was clearly something that had been decided long ago! Why did it inexplicably become Zhang Ye’s award?

What the heck!?

What is the meaning of this!?

How can such a ridiculous situation happen?

The other side had a different expression!

Xiaofang was heard screaming, “Teacher Zhang! It’s really you! This time, it’s really you!”

Wang Xiaomei congratulated, “Congratulations. Even if it was a blunder previously, now that the jury did not change the outcome, it has become reality. With the Silver Microphone Award, the path ahead of you will be much easier. This is a national-level award that is given alongside the Golden Microphone Awards. It’s the highest honor and qualification for a rookie!”

“Beautifully done!” Big Sis Zhou slammed Zhang Ye’s back heavily, “Even the Heavens have helped you!”

Only Zhang Ye knew that it was not because of Heaven, but because he had used the game ring to reverse the situation!

The Station Head had risen from his seat and stared at the people from the jury. He did not speak, but managed to express his great dissatisfaction with his eyes!

Deputy Station Head Jia also slammed loudly on the hand rest!

The people from the jury paid no heed. They already had a result!

Zhang Ye noticed the actions of the two Leaders. Up until this point, the station's Leaders still had the same attitude towards him. They did not even want to give him the little bit of respect he deserved. It was clear that they did not acknowledge Zhang Ye. He finally saw through it. So what if he worked hard? So what if he broke the Central Radio Station's record? So what if he got first in his channel's listenership ratings? So what if he won the Silver Microphone Award?

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia would never look kindly at a small figure like him! They had taken for granted Zhang Ye's great contribution from his results. Zhang Ye had used his works to create a legend, and even did not want any bit of compensation for his copyright from the station, yet they still thought it was expected of him, and in turn, tried to basically rob him of his copyright without spending a dime. And if he didn't give it to them? If he didn't give it to them, he would be threatened! Removed from his position! Not given a nomination! They were so ugly in their actions and faces that they looked inhumane!

It was as if Zhang Ye owed them. They would never remember Zhang Ye for his merits. They would never care about his results. That was all that they cared about!

It was quite tragic! Zhang Ye's heart was already completely cold. A surge of anger exploded in him. He had already accumulated this sentiment of his for too long. He could not repress it any further!

"May I invite Teacher Zhang Ye to come onstage to receive his award." Zhang Huo smiled.

Zhang Ye straightened his clothes and strode up, "Thank you."

Zhang Yuanqi was wearing a nightgown today. It was purple. A large portion of her smooth back was revealed. The whiteness was especially charming. She took over the trophy from a staff member, and with a gentle smile and eyes, no one could tell the Heavenly Queen's usual indifferent nature, "Teacher Zhang, congratulations."

"Thank you, Teacher Zhang." Zhang Ye took the trophy from the Heavenly Queen's hands.

Receiving this award was not easy, but was this the end of it? No! It was not over!

Zhang Huo conditioned the atmosphere, "As the saying goes, the road to happiness is strewn with setbacks. Teacher Zhang took the longest to receive this year's Silver Microphone Award. Hur Hur." Looking at the audience, he said, "Some people might not know Teacher Zhang, or they might not be familiar with him. But if I say something, I'm sure many would know. A few days ago at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, it's this Teacher Zhang who beat all sorts of elites, shocking the entire auditorium with a single 'Shuidiao Getou'!"

"Oh!"

“I’ve heard of it!”

“So it was him?”

Quite a small number of people were enlightened!

Zhang Huo acted according to tradition and began introducing Zhang Ye’s segments. It was easy for others, as they would end with a few words, but Zhang Ye’s was really very long. “Teacher Zhang had previously hosted ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ and ‘Old and Young Story Club’. He gave birth to several excellent works, such as ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’, ‘Snow White and the Seven Dwarves’, ‘The Emperor’s New Clothes’ and ‘The Wizard of Oz’. And they were all original creations of Teacher Zhang!”

“Ah?”

“He was the one who wrote ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’?”

“Even ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’ was created by him?”

“Holy \*\*\*\*, I wouldn’t know if you didn’t say it, but the moment you said it, it’s really frightening!”

“Who is this person? He’s so awesome!”

“That’s nothing. It is only now that you understand? Note that the most famous ‘Flying Bird and Fish’ was written by him. I heard this poem even saved a life.”

“I know this person, too. I especially like ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’. It’s so aggressive!”

“With these qualifications, he can even vie for the Golden Microphone Awards. Why was there so much controversy over a Silver Microphone Award? If he doesn’t get it, who else can get it? Are the judges blind?”

Some people had heard of him, while there were even more people who heard of him for the first time.

After hearing all this, many people were astonished by Zhang Ye’s achievements!

Zhang Huo carried on, “I’m not sure if Teacher Zhang has brought with him an acceptance speech. I recall that the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was also hosted by me, and the acceptance speech Teacher Zhang gave could only be described as art. It is as good as his talent for poetry.” As they were colleagues, Zhang Huo also knew him, so he added on quite a bit more. This was also to ease his tension, since the he was at an important occasion, so even a senior like Zhang Huo could not feel at ease.

Zhang Ye smirked, “Since Teacher Zhang Huo has mentioned my poems, then I will use a poem for my acceptance speech.”

Zhang Huo laughed out, “Then that will be a treat to our ears, for us to hear your new work for the first time.” After he finished, he stepped back and gave the stage to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Yuanqi also went down. She sat in the first row, listening.

Zhang Ye touched the microphone stand in front of him, “I actually did not wish to say anything today. I want to use this occasion and setting to thank the station’s management that helped me. Our Beijing

Radio Station's Station Head, and our radio station's Deputy Station Head Jia. Without the strong support from my Leaders, there would not be today's Zhang Ye!"

...

Below.

When Deputy Station Head Jia heard this, he thought, "At least you know how to appreciate favors!"

However, the Station Head did not even give Zhang Ye a look. From the beginning to the end, Zhang Ye had not entered his eyes!

Jia Yan snorted in his heart. He looked down on Zhang Ye. To even say that you received help from the Station Head and Deputy Station Head? You sure know how to kiss ass! Now you know the importance of having a good relationship with the Leader? It's too late! For you to obtain an award you should not receive! It is considered an accident! The Leader will not let you go. He will definitely remember to take revenge on you! Zhāng Yě was someone close to the Station Head! You even dared to steal his award? It's too late trying to suck up now!

...

Big Sis Zhou said with a surprise, "What's Little Zhang saying?"

"This doesn't sound like what Little Zhang would say." Auntie Sun was also wondering.

Tian Bin interjected, "He's been forced by the situation. From a certain perspective, Little Zhang has matured."

The old editor sighed, "Indeed. Hai, this is also a chance to reconcile relations. Little Zhang is still quite smart. He knows that this situation is not a time for private emotions."

...

The famous Program Producer formerly from Central TV was also offstage. He had been transferred to the Beijing Television Station for work, so he was naturally invited for the Golden Microphone Awards.

"Old Hu, this is the newcomer that you recommended?"

"Yes. He is Zhang Ye, a very talented young man."

"His looks are quite plain. You want him to be your segment's host or guest? I don't think it's appropriate."

"I seldom make a mistake in my judgment of people. This kind of talent is not met even in a hundred years. Isn't he going to recite a poem soon? Listen well. See if my evaluation is wrong."

Hu Fei began promoting Zhang Ye.

...

"Sis Zhang, you know this Zhang Ye?" a young judge in the first row spoke softly.

Zhang Yuanqi gave a smile, "I don't know him."

“Then why did you give the additional nomination to him?” The youth was puzzled.

Zhang Yuanqi said, “I’ve seen his ‘See Me or Not’ poem before. I think it’s very good.”

The young judge was enlightened, “I see. This person’s poems are indeed exceptional. I have not seen ‘See Me or Not’, but ‘Shuidiao Getou’ was like a precious jewel falling into my hands.”

Another old judge said, “Let’s see what poem he will recite today. I happen to have heard of his ‘A Generation’. I heard that there were some problems with that bunch of people from the Beijing Writers’ Association?”

...

Other than these industry insiders, other people were not looking forward to it.

“Thank the Leaders?”

“What’s nice about such an acceptance speech?”

“That’s right; to think he even wrote a poem to thank his Leaders? What an ass-kisser! He’s kissing too much ass!”

“What can you do? It’s all people in the system. Who can you thank other than the Leaders?”

Quite a number of radio and television station counterparts from other provinces were dismissive. Some even silently scolded Zhang Ye as an ass-kisser!

...

Everyone was discussing.

However, Zhang Ye was not distracted. In this atmosphere that was not particularly quiet, on this stage with elites and Leaders gathered, Zhang Ye recited a poem. “This poem is me giving back to my station’s Leaders, as well as Beijing Radio Station, which nurtured and taught me!”

Everyone listened most devoutly and respectfully.

Zhang Ye closed his eyes to gather his emotions. The first lines of his poem dumbfounded everyone. His opening expression was that of a mocking laughter, “This is a bleak pool of dead water, where no breeze can raise a ripple. One may as well throw in metal scraps and leftover food!”

Dead water?

Furthermore, a bleak pool of dead water?

What modern poem was this? Are you sure that this is thanking the Leaders and the unit?

Many people began whispering. Some of them had not even gotten around to it!

Zhang Ye carried on, and sneered, “Perhaps the metal will turn into emeralds, the rusty cans into peach blossoms, the grease will weave a silken gauze, and the mold will rise and become twilight clouds. Let the dead water ferment into a green wine, in which white foam floats like pearls. Tiny pearls giggle and

turn into big pearls, then get broken by pilfering mosquitoes. Perhaps a bleak pool of dead water is fair, after all. If the frogs get lonely, they can bring music to the place.”

Upon reaching this point, Zhang Ye’s expression suddenly changed into a cold and angry look as his voice reached a crescendo, “This is a bleak pool of dead water! Where beauty cannot reside!” Finally, he stressed, “One may as well let the Devil cultivate it! And see what kind of world he will create!!!”

Everyone was dumbfounded!

Faced with the absolute silence and a shocked crowd, Zhang Ye dropped the microphone and left while holding his trophy after finishing his poem!

This poem was called “Dead Water”, and it was written by Wen Yiduo. It did not exist in this world.

In Zhang Ye’s world, this poem could be considered the most famous “scolding poem” and “cursing poem”. This was also the highlight of Wen Yiduo’s poem. There was only one central idea and theme from the beginning to the end, and that was to scold! And this poem was even printed in high school education textbooks! In his second year of high school, his teacher had specifically made them all memorize it to recite it. It was probably the same with many other schools, hence Zhang Ye did not need to use the “Memory Search Capsule” at all to clearly recite it ad verbatim. This poem was too famous, and he was too familiar with it!

He had scolded happily!

He got a kick from cursing!

After being repressed for so long, Zhang Ye finally was in a great mood today. He was happy, inside and out!

Chapter 78: One of the Station Leaders Fainted!

The poem was done reciting.

Without staying an additional second, Zhang Ye went straight backstage with the trophy in his hand. He only left his back and the outcry of thousands of guests and judges!

Holy \*\*\*\*!

What modern poem was this!?

Could you mean that your Beijing Radio Station is Dead Water? Your radio station’s Leaders are devils? No, there was no need to begin the sentence with ‘could’, he clearly meant that! This sort of poem was not profound. “Dead Water” was extremely easy to understand. That’s right; it was used for scolding!

“What the f\*\*\*!”

“Isn’t this way too overbearing?”

“Is this person mad? How can he say that?”

“Wasn’t he going to thank the unit and his Leaders?”

“That’s right; I even believed it. Haha, this will be interesting!”

“Although it’s not broadcast live, but this is still the Silver Microphone Awards; is he sure that he won’t get into trouble for saying that? Can he really do that? Isn’t this offending his Leader to the point of death? Station Head? Didn’t he mention a Deputy Station Head Jia in his acceptance speech? He is already naming names. Aiyah, holy \*\*\*\*. I really did not come for nothing. I really did a good job vying for one of the ten tickets from my unit. When would you usually hear such a heroic modern poem? This poem is too classic. He cursed so ruthlessly!”

“To think that the television and radio station system has such a ruthless person!”

“Zhang Ye? I have remembered this name. Haha, impressive!”

“I have to apologize. I even scolded Zhang Ye for being an ass-kisser, I never expected that it was such a ‘thank you’!”

This was the perspective of the audience. As they had no direct interest in the matter, everyone just had the state of mind of watching a thrilling show.

But there were some people who were not the same.

Big Sis Zhou nearly dropped her jaws upon hearing it. She smacked herself in the forehead, saying loudly, “I already said it! I already said it! Thank the Leaders and the unit, my ass! This is not something Little Zhang would say! When has he ever fawned upon the powerful!? You see! I hit the jackpot!”

Zhao Guozhou, “...” He already did not know how to speak.

Tian Bin and his wife were also in a daze. Back when Zhang Ye was about to give his thank you speech, they had thought that he was trying to make a compromise with the Leader, and had known how to yield and exercise forbearance. But the next moment, with Zhang Ye reciting such a poem, they could not figure out where Zhang Ye got the courage!

Xiaofang stamped her feet due to her worry, “What do we do now!? Teacher Zhang has caused such big trouble!”

“Only big trouble?” Wang Xiaomei said, “Little Zhang has offended too many people this time!”

Auntie Sun whispered, “But the way he scolded sure was good for venting anger! I have never understood Little Zhang’s other poems, that ‘Flying bird and fish’, or ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’. I do not have much cultural literacy. But today’s “Dead Water”, I really understood it. It’s written so well and delightfully. May as well throw in metal scraps? And leftover food? Little Zhang is certainly completely disappointed with the station. This place is like a pool of Dead Water to him!”

The old editor was at a loss about whether to laugh or to cry, “You can’t say that, either. What sort of occasion is this? It’s the Golden Microphone Awards! There are the top predecessor Teachers in the industry. There’s the Heavenly Queen, the other television and radio station’s staff, and many audience members not from this circle. Little Zhang may get a kick from scolding, but what will happen later? Does he still want to work in the station? They went ahead with the blunder of the award, and that was not already not a small problem.

An additional nominee winning the award? This was another unprecedented event! Alright, then he used a microphone to scold the unit and the Leaders during his acceptance speech? This is no longer an

unprecedented event. Do you understand? It's not something that will happen in the future, either! There will only be this once!"

Yes, this matter was absolutely unprecedented and would never occur ever again. The old editor dared to guarantee it, because if it was another person, no one would dare to do this!

Xiaofang gave a wry smile, "Teacher Zhang has always had such a temper."

Big Sis Zhou said, "That's right. Only Little Zhang would dare to do it. Sometimes, I really envy him, and I like this guy more and more. He's blunt. If he's not happy, he scolds. You can feel peace of mind when you interact with him. You never need to worry about him scheming against you. Everything is placed out in the light with Little Zhang; he would never backstab someone."

The old editor said in a speechless manner, "You may be feeling good, but others aren't."

...

Hu Fei was one of those who were not feeling good. After hearing Zhang Ye's poem, Hu Fei nearly fainted. Just a few minutes ago, he was boasting on behalf of Zhang Ye to his channel's Director, who was beside him. He had strongly recommended that Zhang Ye join his new segment. Who knew that a few minutes later, Zhang Ye had done this!

The Director glanced at him, "Teacher Hu, this is the person you are recommending?"

Hu Fei gave a cough and helped speak up for Zhang Ye, "Let's put aside his temper for now. Just looking at this poem, there are absolutely no flaws. It is pure literature."

The Director also could not control his laughter, "You sure can right a wrong for him. I don't know if it is pure literature; I only know he is prickly!"

Hu Fei said, "Talented people tend to have an attitude."

The Director said, "But his attitude is too explosive. Thankfully the Silver Microphone Award is a lifelong award. There is no revoking it; if not, just that modern poem in his acceptance speech could have gotten his award revoked. Besides, the Beijing Radio Station is also under the same umbrella as our Beijing Television Station. We have merged long ago. By scolding their radio station, isn't that also including us?"

Old Hu, I need to give your recommendation further thought. I dare to guarantee you that after this matter, Zhang Ye might very likely be known by everyone in the television and radio station business. Some people may appreciate him for his bold words, but even more will push him aside. No one in the industry will dare hire him. You can nearly call it a ban. Hur Hur. Who would dare want a ticking time bomb? If he did that at a critical moment, who could stand him!?"

Hu Fei firmly said, "Even if he is prickly, I still want him. His literary talent definitely cannot be buried, for it will be too great a pity!"

...

Over at the judges.

Zhang Yuanqi watched Zhang Ye leave the place with smiling eyes. She did not comment.

The young judge was speechless, and after that said, "This poem.. sure is alright..." After he hesitated for a while, he did not dare say anything further, as he knew Zhang Ye was recommended by Zhang Yuanqi. Although he did not believe that Zhang Ye could know the Heavenly Queen, in the end, it was still Zhang Yuanqi who gave the nomination. He had to give the Heavenly Queen face, for he was not like Teacher Zheng and the other judges. He did not have the experience, nor the age. He did not dare to be rash in front of Zhang Yuanqi, for she was his predecessor.

Teacher Zheng closed his eyes and did not make a sound.

"Old Zheng? What do we do?" A female judge consulted, "Is he not respecting our award presentation stage and jury?"

Teacher Zheng opened his eyes, "Let's put aside whether the poem is right for the occasion; just this "Dead Water" has broadened my horizons. Originally, I did not intend to join the jury this year. I'm already old and should step back. But now I feel that I'm very thankful to have come here. Hur Hur. Do you believe it? Just with this modern poem, I dare to say that this young man will definitely carve a name for himself! One may as well let the Devil cultivate it! And see what kind of world he will create? I'm very interested to see how this young man will create such a world!"

...

At this moment, the most angry people were the radio station's Leaders!

There was no need to mention the unit's Station Head. He had already promised his old comrade's child this year's Silver Microphone Award, but ended up failing. This already made him extremely angry. Now, Zhang Ye came along with a finishing move.

It was not smacking of face, neither was it trampling of face, it was live stomping of face! One foot after the other, stomping on their faces! With so many peers and predecessors present, there were also the Leaders from other broadcasting entities. The Beijing Television Station's Leader was here, too.

The Station Head already felt he has lost all his face, with nothing left of it! From today onwards, no, there's was no need for tomorrow. Just this afternoon, this matter would probably spread to all the television and radio stations. How was he to look up ever again? To be scolded by a subordinate who was a lowest-level newcomer anchor, and yet have no way of retorting. Zhang Ye was holding a microphone onstage. Even if the Station Head had said something, no one else could hear him.

But the Station Head was still good. He was in relatively better shape.

What was most notable was Deputy Station Head Jia. Zhang Ye was in the Literature Channel under him. As he had conflict with Zhang Ye over the copyright matter, it was Deputy Station Head Jia who made the decision to make it difficult for him. Hence, Zhang Ye's retaliation this time was clearly meant for him!

"This f\*\*\*ing punk!" Deputy Station Head Jia's face was already green. It was really green. He could not stop himself from cursing. He had turned silly from anger due to Zhang Ye. His lungs were almost exploding, in the end, maybe because his heart could not take the anger, Deputy Station Head Jia ended up suffering from shortness of breath. His eyes turned white and he actually passed out!

Another Deputy Station Head beside him was fast. Seeing Deputy Station Head Jia's neck slump on his seat, he quickly held him, "Old Jia! Old Jia!"

"Aiyah!"

"Deputy Station Head Jia!"

"Someone come quickly! Someone come quickly!"

"Call an ambulance! Someone fainted!"

"First check his pulse. Quickly, see if he's still breathing!"

It became a huge mess immediately. Seven to eight people gathered around to help!

In the end, there was not big a problem. After rubbing his philtrum, Deputy Station Head Jia woke up. A staff from backstage helped him measure his blood pressure, and indeed he was fine.

This tiny episode made people even more speechless.

Deputy Station Head Jia also felt the shame of letting a subordinate he looked down upon anger him to the point of fainting. His face naturally looked ugly!

Zhang!

Wait and see!

The Station Head used this matter to talk to the five judges, "Teachers, I suggest withdrawing the Silver Microphone Award from Zhang Ye. This person spoke nonsense and discredited his organization unit. He has to be severely punished!"

The most qualified old judge, Old Zheng, looked at him, before discussing simply with the other judges. He said, "I'm afraid that's impossible. The award has been handed out. Be it the Golden Microphone Award or the Silver Microphone Award, they are lifetime awards. There is no process or rule for withdrawing the award." After he finished speaking, he added on, "This little comrade's speech indeed is a bit problematic. Your unit should handle the education and disciplinary matters itself."

"But the Silver Microphone Award..." Deputy Station Head Jia stood up due to his flustered anger.

Another young judge flatly said, "The award will not be revoked. The rules are rules. Well, let's begin the next award presentation. Hurry up and do not delay the Golden Microphone Awards' live broadcast. We don't have much time left!"

The other Silver Microphone Awards were announced, but no one had the mind to pay attention to them. No one even cared about the Golden Microphone Awards!

Zhang Ye had stolen all the limelight by himself!

Zhang Ye had attracted all the attention with a single "Dead Water"!

A few sensitive reporters even ignored the awardees' name from then on, not caring whose Silver Microphone Award it was. They just sat at their seats and began typing up a manuscript, preparing to immediately report back to their office about this matter. Teacher Zhang Ye, well done! The reporters

were thrilled. Their professional traits were fated to be those of people who wished to see the world burn. They were not afraid how big a controversy you would make; they were afraid that you would not make a big enough controversy!

What was a topic of controversy?

This was a topic of controversy!

What could be more interesting and eye-catching than a person scolding his Leaders during an acceptance speech?

Besides, this was not any normal scolding. It did not use vulgarities without any technical skill!

Cursing tends to be a derogatory term. When mentioned, the first impression others have is its lack of quality. But today, Zhang Ye had broadened the horizons of everyone. One could scold others in such a bold and unrestrained manner. Scolding others could be so elegant and cultured. This was the first time they had really seen it. They had learned something!

This was a scholar!

Killing people without knives, using one's mouth!

Swearing without one's mouth, using one's poems!

Zhang Ye had used "Dead Water" today to show the lofty sentiments of a scholar. He had inherited the good tradition of a poet, quaking the world with his poems!

Chapter 79: Zhang Ye — Synonymous with Notoriety!

Afternoon.

Grand Theater's hall.

The venue hosts were announcing the remaining Silver Microphone Award winners. There was still some commotion, but Zhang Ye had already left the venue and backstage. Along the way, Zhang Ye attracted the attention of many people. This was because outside the theatre, the staff had also heard Zhang Ye's poem. Some of them even saw him while they were below the stage. Therefore, there was such a strange scene happening now.

"Uh."

"Hey, look!"

"That's Zhang Ye."

"F\*\*\*, this guy is too awesome!"

A few staff members kept staring at him like he was some kind of god.

Some others who were not aware of the situation could see the crowd watching Zhang Ye and parting when Zhang Ye passed through them and thought that he was some superstar. That can't be necessary, right? He's just walking along. Why does everyone need to send him off so properly?

“Who’s that?”

“Don’t you know? You weren’t at the venue earlier?”

“No. I took over my shift outside earlier.”

“Hey, then you’ve missed a great show. go regret it in a corner. Haha!”

Seeing everyone’s reactions, Zhang Ye knew that he had done something with big repercussions today. It was not like he did not know his cursing poem was inappropriate. He had killed his chances at remaining in the radio broadcasting industry. The same could be said of the TV industry, especially in Beijing Television Station, which is a sister station to Beijing Radio Station. With the cursing speech by Zhang Ye, they would not have a good impression of him. Even though Hu Fei had promised him that if he had won the Silver Microphone Award, he could join his new program, after the poem the invite would have been voided. Zhang Ye had weighed his thoughts and was clear that he would not be joining Beijing Television Station anymore.

But even so, he just wanted to curse!

He would do it all over again if given the chance!

You are the people I’m cursing! Your faces are the ones I’m slapping! I just want to put you in a spot! I just want to expose your ugly faces to those in the industry! And any other thing? Zhang Ye did not care about any other things; he just wanted to feel good first. To let those who made him uncomfortable, he would not let them be comfortable, either!

That’s how it was!

It was that simple!

At this moment, Zhang Ye’s phone rang. So many people were calling him: his Leader, his colleagues and some others whom he did not know. They might have been reporters. Zhang Ye rejected them all without exception. He did not want to listen to anyone right now. What was done was done, and what was scolded had been scolded; there was no need for an explanation.

He only strolled slowly into a restaurant and treated himself to a meal. There was a television in the restaurant and it was tuned into Beijing Television Station. The Golden Microphone Awards event was just about to start. Zhang Ye only footed the bill after the awards ceremony finished its broadcast. He took a bus back to the Beijing Radio Station afterwards.

...

Afternoon.

The colleagues who were in the Grand Theater had all made their way back. They were discussing the happenings of the day with those who did not attend the awards. They only had half a day off and had work in the afternoon.

“Ah?”

“That’s not true, right?”

“Big Sis Zhou, you are just joking around, right?”

“Yeah, how can that be? Does Teacher Little Zhang still want his job?”

Just as they spoke of the devil, Zhang Ye returned at this moment. When he stepped into the office, everyone’s gazes were focused on him!

Big Sis Zhou exclaimed loudly, “Little Zhang! Why didn’t you answer the phone!”

Zhang Ye smiled “I didn’t hear it; I was having lunch earlier.”

“You were great!” Big Sis Zhou said. “Did you know that after you left, the whole theater’s atmosphere was so charged up! You winning the Silver Microphone Award this time, it could be said that you have entered the record books. First was the blunder, then came ‘Dead Water’. You were nothing short of astonishing!”

Auntie Sun said, “Deputy Station Head Jia was so angry that he fainted.”

“Ah?” Zhang Ye blinked, “Really?”

“It’s true.” Xiaofang quickly mentioned, “His neck was crooked on his seat. Everyone was in a mess and they had to resuscitate him!”

“How is he now?” Zhang Ye asked.

“He’s alright. They pinched his philtrum and he recovered. I guess it was the shock.” Big Sis Zhou answered.

Soon after, perhaps the news of Zhang Ye’s return had spread. Zhao Guozhou arrived with big strides. “Little Zhang, get over here. Look at the big mess you created!” he chided. He said with a straight face, “Follow me. The station leaders are calling for you; explain it to them yourself!”

Zhang Ye reached into his pocket, took out a letter and placed it on the desk, “Leader, this is my resignation letter. I will not be explaining it to them, nor could I. I will not be working for them anymore. Please let them find someone else that is better!” Having said that, Zhang Ye started to pack his desk. A long-serving employee would find this troublesome, but Zhang Ye was strictly still in a probationary period. His resignation process was too simple.

Zhao Guozhou’s face blackened, “You are leaving, just like that?”

“Leader, honestly, I would like to not go.” Zhang Ye said so sincerely to Deputy Zhao and also at every one of his colleagues. He said, “Here, I learned a lot. My present results cannot be removed from the help of you, Director Zhao and colleagues Xiaofang, Teacher Xiaomei, Big Sis Zhou, Auntie Sun, Teacher Feng, etc. Although I came for just over a month, I have also grown attached to everyone. Who would want to leave unless it was a last resort? But the reality is as such. Everyone has already seen it. It’s not that I want to leave, but it’s the station forcing me to leave. As the saying goes, ‘while the dropping flowers pine for love, the heartless brook babbles on unrequited love’. I would not stay here, asking to be snuffed out!”

Zhao Guozhou exasperatedly said, “You are too rash!”

"I am not rash, Director. I have thought through it clearly and understand it very well." Zhang Ye turned to look at his colleagues and gave a deep bow, "Thank you for everyone's help all this while!"

Xiaofang's eyes turned red, "Teacher Zhang."

Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun also could not bear to part, "We really don't want you to go."

However, everyone was not surprised with Zhang Ye's resignation. The station's Leader had been too unfair with Zhang Ye and had gone too far. If it was anyone else, they would also go mad!

Zhang Ye smiled. "It's alright. We can meet again when we have the chance."

Zhao Guozhou sighed, knowing that Zhang Ye had made up his mind, "Alright, I'll do the paperwork for you." He brought Zhang Ye to his office. When there were only the two of them, Zhao Guozhou said, "You were brought in by me into this business, and I have always appreciated you. Now with things in such a situation, I am also quite at fault. Little Zhang. Hai, I didn't manage to protect you, letting you feel wronged."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Don't say that. You are my Bo Le\*. I will never forget this kindness for life. I know you did your best. You can't do anything with the Station Leader's instructions. Anyways, if there's anything in the future, just tell me. If I have the ability, I will never refuse!"

Zhao Guozhou suggested, "Let's have a last meal tonight with everyone."

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I think it's best not to. My status now is sensitive. I have already offended the Station Leaders to such an extent. If they know that everyone sent me off, it will give trouble to everyone. It's fine going off on my own." He was very thoughtful, coming nicely, leaving simply.

...

Afternoon.

The resignation paperwork was done.

Zhang Ye hugged his stuff as he left the unit. Coincidentally, he met Jia Yan and Zhāng Yě, who had just come back.

Enemies see red the moment they meet!

Jia Yan might have already gotten the news, "Yo, leaving?"

"Zhang Ye." Zhāng Yě stared at him, "I will remember today's matters, and it will be for life. If we have the opportunity to meet again at work, we will square off!"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Alright, I'll wait for that day."

Jia Yan said, "You won't meet him. You think anyone in the industry will dare to want a person who dares to publicly denounce his unit's Leader?"

Zhang Ye said, "Just wait and see, then."

After taking one last look at the building, the place where he had worked his first job after graduation, Zhang Ye's gave a complicated gaze. After he chuckled, he turned around and strode away, without

looking back! Now, there was no use in saying anything else, so he did not leave behind any words. However, in his heart, Zhang Ye said to himself, "Beijing Radio Station, I will use concrete actions to prove to you that forcing me away is your loss! I will definitely let you regret every action you made whenever you hear my name, Zhang Ye!"

Jia Yan and Zhāng Yě entered the station's door. Zhang Ye was gone, but they did not feel happy at all. Why? Because Zhang Ye did not suffer at all. Not only did he get glory and results from the radio station, he had thickened his resume and won the Silver Microphone Award. Leaving with the Silver Microphone Award trophy in his hand, he had gotten everything he could as a newcomer. On the other hand, the station had suffered due to Zhang Ye. They had entered a passive condition with his "Dead Water" scoldings. It could be imagined that the radio station would not be peaceful in the future. They had to busy themselves to reduce any influence from this terrible situation to its minimum! This fellow Zhang Ye had left, but he had left behind a mess!

Who profited?

The result was obvious!

Going for wool and coming home shorn! It was like the Dog and its Reflection!

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia really felt the pain from Zhang Ye's beating! Maybe they had never imagined that this world had a newcomer that did not spare his punches like Zhang Ye!

What scholar? Bull\*\*\*\*!

This was a damn hooligan!

Everyone had already seen the essence of Zhang Ye. After "Dead Water", Zhang Ye's name had become famous in the industry. But of course, it was notoriety! The newspaper, gossip tabloids and online videos were most likely beginning to report on Zhang Ye's 'acceptance speech' at the Silver Microphone Awards. From today onwards, Zhang Ye's name would be synonymous with notoriety in the radio industry!

In legends, a god in charge of manning the horses was named Bo Le. In the human world, a person who can distinguish a good horse is also called Bo Le. In some sense, it is similar to saying how a person is your muse, but in a different way.

Chapter 80: This World's Celebrity Rankings!

The second day, Saturday.

It was entering Autumn, so the temperature was cool and pleasant.

Today was a rest day. But even if it was not a weekend, Zhang Ye had to take a "long vacation". After leaving the radio station, he was now a free man.

The phone rang.

Zhang Ye did not pick it up the first time, as he was sleeping soundly.

However, the phone kept ringing nonstop, giving Zhang Ye a headache.

He could only yawn as he grabbed the cellphone on the table, "Hello. Who's this?"

"Who do you think is it?" It was Mom's voice, "Why are you still sleeping? It's already 9+! And I want to ask you, what is this matter that is written in the newspapers? How did a rotten kid like you offend his Leader again? If you took the Silver Microphone Award, so be it! It's such a good thing! Even a person who doesn't know your industry like me knows about the award! It's very valuable! But what did you say for your acceptance speech!? Do you still want to work at your unit?"

Zhang Ye said sleepily, "I don't want to."

"What did you say?" Mom turned worried.

"I already resigned yesterday. My wages have also been settled." Zhang Ye told his Mom.

Mom was angry from worry, "You finally managed to find a job and you were doing well! Why did you quit!? Are you dumb!? That is the Beijing Radio Station! An institution! Where can you find a better place than that in the future? Who would want you with your looks?"

Zhang Ye gave a helpless laughter, "Mom, I've already resigned. I will have no future staying there. Let me rest a few days. After that, I'll go look for other units."

Mom was rejected, "No, immediately take back your resignation letter!"

"Mom..." Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry, "Don't worry. My next unit will definitely be better than this. And it has to be much better. I assure you."

"No way!" Mom was angry.

However, Dad's voice came from over the phone. Zhang Ye only heard him say lightly, "Our son has grown up. He has his own plans, so you don't have to worry about it."

"How can I not be worried!? Now all our relatives know my son is a small celebrity in the radio station. With him quitting, how can I keep bragging in the future?" Mom was quite frank.

Zhang Ye was amused, "Alright, Mom. Let's end it here. I'm hanging up."

After putting down the cellphone, he could no longer fall back asleep. He got up and used the computer and watched the news.

Indeed, there were many forum discussions on the Silver Microphone Awards ceremony yesterday online. Zhang Ye's Weibo had been @ crazily, with a barrage of notification sounds!

"I love this 'Dead Water' too much!"

"Every work of Teacher Zhang Ye is earth-shaking!"

"Haha. It is a delight to hear and see! Teacher Zhang Ye also can get mad! So addicting!"

"Well-cursed! The institutional abuse is too much nowadays! Only Teacher Zhang Ye dares to stand up and speak out!"

"Did you notice that Teacher Zhang's Weibo's verification has changed to 'Former Beijing Radio Station Literature Channel famous radio host'. Was Teacher Zhang fired?"

“He wasn’t fired. I heard my insider friends say that he had resigned by himself.”

“So what if he quits. There’s no need to be attached to such a Dead Water unit. Teacher Zhang, you still have us. No matter where you go, we will support you!”

“Well-said! Supporting Zhang Ye!”

“All limbs up in the air while rolling on the floor to support!”

“A single ‘Dead Water’ has sounded the words in people’s hearts. Yes, it is clearly Dead Water filled with metal scraps and leftover food, yet it pretends to be elegant. This is the state of many of our units. It reeks of death, with the Devil proliferating it. On Monday, when I was at work, I really wanted to be like Teacher Zhang Ye, shouting at my unit’s Leader, ‘One may as well let the Devil cultivate it, and see what kind of world he will create’, but I couldn’t do it. I still have a family to feed. I do not dare to lose my job. I do not have Teacher Zhang Ye’s boldness and courage, so after listening to that poem, I have made a decision. From today onwards, I will be a hard-core fan of Teacher Zhang Ye and will never change until death!”

“Will never change until death+1!”

“Will never change until death+28!”

This work of Zhang Ye had brought him quite a number of white-collar worker fans online!

“Dead Water” had gone completely viral online. Not only was the poem well-written, the special background gave it additional fame. That was the Silver Microphone Awards ceremony. This made “Dead Water” even more legendary, as people enjoyed talking about it!

Weibo forwards!

Forum clicks!

The publication in newspapers!

The transmission of the award ceremony’s broadcast!

Zhang Ye’s popularity had once again increased slightly. Maybe it did not have much influence on people outside the circle, but it was shocking inside. Many people in the industry already knew of Zhang Ye’s name!

The comments and replies seen previously were mostly yesterday’s.

Suddenly, the fan, “ZhangYeNumber1Fan”, who spared no effort in supporting Zhang Ye, @-ed him. A new Weibo post was published with a picture.

“Wow, quick look at the Celebrity Rankings!”

“Godly Number1, what’s the matter?”

“Didn’t I attach a picture? Can’t you see it?”

“Ah, I see it! Holy \*\*\*\*! Teacher Zhang Ye has become an E-list celebrity!”

“Is that true? It’s really true! Congratulations, Teacher Zhang Ye. You deserve it!”

“Citizens of the Hebei province send their congratulations. Congratulating Teacher Zhang on making a new high!”

“There aren’t many people who become E-list celebrities just from writing poems and making radio programs, right? You can count them with your fingers; there’s definitely not more than 20 people!”

“Awesome!”

“Teacher Zhang is impressive!”

They were all very lively and excited.

However, when Zhang Ye saw this, he was confused. E-list celebrity? Celebrity Rankings? What and what? Zhang Ye knew he was still unfamiliar with this world. For example, his previous world did not have the Silver Microphone Awards. Hence with an open mind, he clicked the link everyone gave into the Celebrity Rankings’ official website. Upon seeing it, he was shocked. Holy \*\*\*\*. He had originally thought that it was someone’s personal website or some forum, but when he saw the organizing unit of the website, he was dumbfounded. It was the News, Publication & Broadcast Bureau!

This was an official authoritative website?

There were even official announcements for Celebrity Rankings?

He had initially thought it was fake. He quickly checked the website’s cooperating units. There was the National Writers’ Association, Directors’ Union, Editors’ Association, China Film Group Corporation, etc. Zhang Ye knew it was not fake. After a series of searches and inquiries, Zhang Ye finally manage to understand what this Celebrity Rankings was all about. This ranking was standardized internationally, and was not only effective domestically. It had a certain amount of authority even internationally. As for the ranking criteria and choices, they were partially done manually, but a large portion of it was calculated through a statistical formula. It was valid worldwide. The entire world also used this formula to give a celebrity a ranking based on his overall abilities, influence and popularity. It was most authoritative, unlike any other!

In Zhang Ye’s world, there were also rankings for celebrities.

For example an international B-list celebrity, or a domestic S-list celebrity.

But over there, this ranking had no fixed formula, nor was it conclusive. It was beauty in the eyes of the beholder. It only counted if a large number of people acknowledged it. It was comparatively fuzzy. For example, some celebrity may be considered as an A-list celebrity by industry insiders, but many people would only think he was a B-list celebrity. There were also cases where people felt he was a B-list celebrity, but the professionals or other people would think that he was a C-list celebrity. Who do you listen to? What rank would this celebrity be? There was no certainty, because there were no clear boundaries!

But this world was different!

There were all sorts of scores and all sorts of rules. Over many years of refinement, a nearly-perfect set of judging rules were produced. It was acknowledged by official bodies and the people. Even other

celebrities acknowledged it! It was no longer that troublesome to know a celebrity's specs; one could get it from flipping through the Celebrity Rankings!

Domestically, there were seven rankings.

S-list, A-list, B-list, C-list, D-list, E-list.

The seventh rank was not called a F-list celebrity. In this world, they were collectively referred to as "public figures".

After checking this out for a long time and taking a long time to absorb this information, Zhang Ye finally understood. The celebrity rankings between the two worlds were similar, but they also had their differences. For example, in Zhang Ye's world, when an E-list celebrity was mentioned, it was just an adjective. There was no real E-list celebrity in his world. The meaning of E-list meant the lowest and most obscure celebrity. There were at most the A-list, B-list, C-list and D-list. Even D-list was not something many people acknowledged. There was a lot of controversy behind it. However, over in this world, it was clearly demarcated. An A-list was an A-list, an E-list was an E-list. There was no dispute!

There was another difference.

Maybe it was because this world's entertainment industry was relatively more developed, where people crossed over more often. the rating score was an overall integrative score.

Notability was important.

Influence was important.

The fan cohesiveness strength was important.

The quality of the works were important.

Good works had to be produced over a long period of time, and had to not go out of fashion.

In general, no matter what industry one was in, the ranking depended on one's overall ability!

For example, the authors, Han Han or Guo Jingming, were they considered celebrities in Zhang Ye's world? Of course! Were they highly notable? Of course! But what rank were they? Probably no one could tell. There was no celebrity ranking system for people in the publication industry. At most, when they were mentioned, they would be publicly acknowledged as A-list authors in the publication industry, but this world had unified it. Be it writing novels, children's fairy tales, poems, or even university professors and wealthy businessmen who received a lot of attention, they could obtain a rating from their combined abilities and appeal using the statistical formula. Once the rating was calculated, they could be perfectly ranked!

This was this world's Celebrity Rankings!

Zhang Ye had used "Dead Water" to go from a public figure to an E-list celebrity. This could be said to be one big step, and could also be said that this was the actual moment that he entered the entertainment industry. One had to know that be it Little Red Mushroom, the Vice President of the Beijing Writers' Association, or Big Thunder and company, they were all considered public figures. As for Tian Bin and

Zhāng Yě, they were ranked in the tens of thousands amongst public figures. They would not even be ranked.

Zhang Ye had already surpassed them!

Although an E-list celebrity was the lowest, it was still a celebrity!

However, he still had a long way to go. This was just the beginning!