

Superstar 81

Chapter 81: The Absolute Unsparing Duo!

Afternoon.

The sun had risen. It was a bit stuffy in the house.

Zhang Ye opened the room's door to air the place out. He stepped on a flyer that was slotted under the door and picked it up. He took a look and saw that it was a menu from a fast food restaurant called Long Long. It's likely this was a new eatery that only existed in this world, as Zhang Ye had never heard of it before. Whatever. Since it was convenient, he called in to make an order.

"Hello."

"This is Long Long Fast Food."

"What's the cheapest item you have for delivery?"

"Well, the cheapest is chicken rice. Adding the delivery fee, it comes to 15 Yuan."

"Okay, I'll take that. Let me give you the address."

Just as he was about to hang up, Zhang Ye suddenly caught sight of a small shadow creeping into his house. Zhang Ye was startled, hung up the phone and then looked over. It was a little girl who came in. She was about eight years old and obviously an elementary student, as she was wearing a school uniform from the Xuanwu district's No.2 Experimental Primary School. The little girl had a face like a porcelain doll. Zhang Ye had never seen such a fair and glowing child; she was especially beautiful.

"Little kid." Zhang Ye blinked, "Who are you looking for?"

The little girl took a glance at him, ignored his presence and walked straight to the fridge. She opened it up and looked inside, then as if it were her house, tiptoed at the edge on the inside of the fridge and reached for a bottle of cola that Zhang Ye had inside. She slammed the fridge door shut afterwards and looked around for a place to sit down. She found herself a seat on the sofa and twisted the bottle cap open and slowly enjoyed the gassy goodness.

Zhang Ye, sweating with anxiety, asked, "What's your name? And what are you doing here at my house? Did you lose your way from your parents? What are your parents' names? I'll take you back."

The little girl asked childishly, "What's your name?"

"I'm called Zhang Ye. Hey, why are you asking me instead?" asked Zhang Ye.

The little girl briefly acknowledge that and took a look at Zhang Ye for the first time, "You are THAT Zhang Ye? The school has been broadcasting your fairy tale every week now. I'm so sick of it; it's so childish!"

Zhang Ye asked, "You know me? My story is childish?"

The little girl's tone was that of a child, but somehow her voice was deep. When she spoke, it felt like you owed her some money, "Not childish? Just take 'Little Bunnies Be Good'. When I first listened to it, I

thought that the person who wrote it was rather dumb, like he had no general knowledge.” She spoke with a logical flow and was composed, unlike many other kids her age. “Let me ask you: is the Big Bad Wolf a picky eater?”

Zhang Ye in confusion replied, “Why would a wolf be picky about food?”

“That’s it.” she pouted. “You’ve personified the wolf in your writing, making it able to open or knock on doors. The little bunnies could converse with the wolf, too. These are not the problems, though. However, you wrote that the wolf tried all kinds of means to lure the Little Bunnies out to eat them instead of eating the Mother Bunny, so this would be a fault in your logic. You just said that the Big Bad Wolf is not a picky eater, so why does it only want to eat the Little Bunnies and not the Mother Bunny? The Mother Bunny was not protected by the door. Would that mean that the wolf was repulsed by the thought of Mother Bunny’s meat being too old? That it would be difficult to chew?”

Zhang Ye “...”

The little girl was calmly sipping on her cola and continued, “Another fundamental mistake is in the last paragraph where Mother Bunny used a stick to hit the wolf. Even if it had used a kitchen knife, it could not have beaten the wolf. Firstly, there’s the physical difference in their build, and secondly, there’s a gender difference, too, so how could it have beaten and chased off?”

Zhang Ye “.....It’s just a fairy tale; it precedes life!”

The little girl’s snorted, “But fairy tales are inspired by life.”

Zhang Ye was rendered speechless. He nearly wanted to curse. Your sister! Which family did this unlucky child come from! Was the Big Bad Wolf a picky eater? A female bunny could not beat a male wolf? All these were questions that Zhang Ye had no answers to. He had been choked by them! Why are kids nowadays such smarty-pants? They are too unlikeable!

“By the way, how do you know me?” Zhang Ye looked at her and asked, “Did your family tell you?” That couldn’t be right; he did not know most of the tenants here, nor had he even seen this kid before.

Suddenly, the landlady auntie’s voice could be heard coming from the corridor!

“Chenchen!”

“Rao Chenchen!”

“Where did you run off to?”

After several shouts, under the stunned eyes of Zhang Ye, Chenchen shouted back to the outside, “Aunt, I am at Zhang Ye’s house.”

Two seconds later, Rao Aimin appeared in front of Zhang Ye’s door. She came in and immediately stared at the little kid, “Running around again! Sooner or later, you will be sold off if you bump into human traffickers!”

Rao Chenchen’s sipped a little of her cola in disagreement.

"Drinking cola again? Who gave that to you?" Rao Aimin angrily snatched the cola out of her hands, "Let's go back to Auntie's house."

Rao Chenchen pursed her lips and said "You are always scolding me at home. I don't want to go back; it's better here at Zhang Ye's house."

Rao Aimin smacked her little head saying, "Call him Uncle Zhang Ye; don't be disrespectful!"

Zhang Ye was all confused while listening beside them. Damn it, I was still wondering why the speaking manner of the kid was so familiar. So it's a relative of the landlady auntie! No wonder she's so sarcastic; it's exactly the same as her aunt! Each one was more sarcastic than the other!

"Landlady Auntie, this is....." Zhang Ye asked.

Rao Aimin looked at him, "This is my niece; my sister's child. She will be under my care from now on. You keep your eyes on her, too. Don't let her run around; this little imp is full of tricks."

A puzzled Zhang Ye asked, "Under your care from now on? What about your sister and brother-in-law?"

Rao Aimin's eyes did not betray any emotions as she replied calmly, "They passed away a long time ago. The child had been cared for by my brother-in-law's family in the past. Two days ago when I was not around, I was at the proceedings to take custody of her. Her surname will follow our Rao family."

"I see." Zhang Ye understood that her family matters were probably a little complicated, so he did not probe further.

"Oh, yes." Rao Aimin thought of something, "I heard you resigned? How is it?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "It's alright, Landlady Auntie. I did not want to continue there for some time already; thanks for your concern."

Rao Aimin looked at him, "I'm not concerned about you. I am concerned if you are able to pay your rent on time. It's almost the end of the month; if you can't pay up, then get out. No two ways about it."

Zhang Ye nearly vomited blood. You are too damn direct!

At this time, Rao Chenchen also laughed at him derisively, "Hur Hur."

Rao Aimin agilely picked up Rao Chenchen with her hand and held her in her arm. A child of eight years old was not that small, but the landlady auntie did it without skipping a beat. It was as if she was carrying a beer bottle. She said to Zhang Ye, "Quickly find a job next week. Who allowed this boy to curse at the award presentation ceremony? You deserve to lose your job, hur, but that poem of yours was quite appropriate. You had some of my style when I was younger!"

Zhang Ye casually said, "Sure. I will look for a job after a few days' rest. Please don't worry. The rent will continue without break; I will definitely find a good workplace."

Rao Chenchen who was in her aunt's arms looked at Zhang Ye cross-eyed, her mouth stiffly smiling, "Hur Hur."

Hur Hur, what Hur Hur! Zhang Ye was utterly defeated by these two ladies. The landlady auntie's poisonous mouth was enough to give him nightmares. Great, now there's a little one, too!

Could he live through this?

Will this old and young one team up and come destroy him every day?

Chapter 82: Zhang Ye brings the Child to School!

During the weekend, Zhang Ye spent most of his time sleeping, eating and watching TV. He handled no serious business, but instead used the break to readjust his condition and relax his mind. It's Monday now. Zhang Ye was planning to sleep until daybreak, but someone did not give him the chance to do so.

It was only 6 in the morning.

Someone was knocking at his door.

Zhang Ye pretended not to hear it. He was still deep in his sleep.

Bang, bang, bang. It had changed to pounding on his door. In a moment, a click sounded, a turn of keys. The door was unlocked from the outside.

"See, he is at home!" It was Rao Aimin who stepped into the house, "This rascal, he's always pretending not to hear!"

The landlady auntie was holding the hands of a cute and beautiful little kid. It was Chenchen. He could only hear the little girl repeating her aunt's name for him, "Rascal."

Rao Aimin looked at her, "That's for me to call him that."

"Then I can call that, too." Chenchen said in a deadpan way.

"Be good and call him uncle; don't be so disrespectful." Rao Aimin educated her.

Chenchen acknowledged, then deeply called him, "Uncle Rascal, get up quickly."

Zhang Ye, who was sleeping comfortably, was nearly driven mad by the two ladies' perfect harmony, as he pulled his hair, almost on the brink of collapse, "What's the matter, Landlady Auntie?"

Rao Aimin began talking about important matters, "I'm going out soon. I had scheduled an appointment with the subdistrict and police station to settle Chenchen's residential information to be transferred over to me, so I haven't had time. However, Chenchen's school has a public class in the afternoon today. All the guardians have to be present to listen to the child's language class. I think there's a session with guardians and children writing a composition." Saying that, she thrust Chenchen's hand over, "I can't trust others with the child. Since you are also known as a Teacher, I'll hand Chenchen over to you. In a while, bring her to school. Just say are Chenchen's uncle."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted and quickly covered his head with his blanket, "I'm not going. I still have things to do during the day. I still need to submit my resumes, and..."

Rao Aimin kicked his leg that was dangling out of the bed without any reason, "Cut the crap and get up quickly! You have to go, even if you don't want to!"

Zhang Ye was disagreeable towards it, "Definitely not. I'm tired."

Chenchen glanced at Zhang Ye and spoke like a tiny adult, "A lazy ass has lots of sh*t and urine."

"Anyway, I'm handing the child to you. I'm leaving." With that, Rao Aimin left. But before she left, she said, "If you don't finish the task, see how I will settle score with you later! If you do well with Chenchen in the morning, this big sister will cook and settle all your meals for the next few days!"

"That won't do." Zhang Ye was anxious, "Don't go, Landlady Auntie. Landlady auntie?"

As he sat up to shout, she had already disappeared, leaving little Chenchen gloomily staring at him with her big eyes. She gave off that laughter that made people want to faint, "Hur Hur."

What a crappy child!

Can you stop Hur Hur-ing!?

As the two looked at each other in the eyes, Zhang Ye decided to roll over and carry on sleeping. Taking care of a child... How is he to take care of a child?

One minute...

Five minutes...

Zhang Ye fell asleep again. He slept soundly.

But suddenly, an uncute voice from Chenchen rang in his ear, "Zhang Ye! I'm hungry!" She even used her tiny arm to push his shoulder.

Zhang Ye pulled her hand away, "Stop messing with me!"

Chenchen ignored and carried on pushing him, "I'm hungry."

"Aiyah, I'm really succumbing to you." Zhang Ye may say so, but how can this fellow bear to let the child go hungry. No matter how sleepy he was, he got up and said unhappily, "What do you want to eat?"

Chenchen said confidently and straightforwardly, "Soy milk and fried dough sticks."

"What fried dough sticks? My house only has instant noodles." Zhang Ye said.

Chenchen constantly nagged, "Soy milk and fried dough sticks, soy milk and fried dough sticks, soy milk..."

Zhang Ye got a headache, "Stop saying that already! Fine, fine, fine. Wait for me to change."

He finally understood that with this tiny thing beside him, there was no hope of him sleeping. Hence, after washing up, he looked for something to change into, and then brought Chenchen downstairs. They went to a breakfast stand across the street.

The female boss approached with a smile, "What do you want?"

"Two soy milk, three fried dough sticks. Thank you." Zhang Ye was very polite.

"Sure, in a moment." The female boss gave a loving glance at Chenchen, "Is this your child? She's so pretty. How gorgeous would she be when she grows up?"

Zhang Ye was thinking that if he had such a wicked child, he wouldn't need to live his life ever again!

...

Hepingmen.

Beijing No.2 Experimental Primary School.

There was also a subway station here. But as three transfers were needed, making it very inconvenient, Zhang Ye came with Chenchen using a public bus. It was a direct line on Route 70.

"Give me your hand." As they were about to cross the road, Zhang Ye held out his hand.

Chenchen curled her lips, "You did not wash your hands after eating the fried dough sticks."

Zhang Ye was gloomy, "Didn't you not wash, either? Hurry up! Why are you so troublesome?" He was afraid that the road was dangerous, so he forcefully held onto Chenchen's hand.

Chenchen gave a reluctant look as if she greatly despised him, but she followed Zhang Ye to the school gates while carrying a tiny school bag.

Today, there was indeed a public class for second grade students. The moment that Zhang Ye entered the school, he saw many parents bringing their children in. Some children even had two parents beside them.

"Chenchen!" someone shouted.

A young boy came running over with his parents.

Chenchen gave him a glance, "Dede?"

The little boy said in friendly fashion, "You came? Is this your dad?"

Chenchen said nonchalantly, "He's my uncle. My father is much more handsome."

Dede's parents were amused hearing this. Dede's father took the initiative to stretch out his hand, "Hello."

Zhang Ye shook his hand, "Hello. Are the both of you here to join the public class? Aye, the school sure is something. The things they organize are getting more and more complex."

Dede's mother said, "Indeed. Both of us needed to work today, but ended having to take time off. Hur Hur. There's no way around it. Children matter the most."

Dede was also trying to chat with Chenchen.

"Did you prepare today's composition?"

"No."

"Did you do the homework our teacher assigned for the weekend?"

"No."

"Ah, why didn't you do it? You will be reprimanded by the teacher again. I'll let you copy mine. I did them."

“There’s no need.”

It was Dede who kept the conversation going, but Chenchen appeared uncaring.

On Zhang Ye’s side, he had already finished chatting with Dede’s parents. They brought the children into the school building. Zhang Ye also held Chenchen’s tiny hand and as they walked, he said, “Dede was chatting with you. Why were you so cold? You won’t have friends in the future if you keep this up.”

Chenchen said nonchalantly, “Women need to be more reserved.”

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded, “Who taught you that?”

Chenchen said, “My aunt said it.”

“Let me tell you something: don’t keep learning from your aunt. Look at you. You are almost a duplicate of your aunt. Speak a bit more cutely and pleasing to others, understand?” Zhang Ye taught with utmost care.

Chenchen directly said, “I can’t.”

Fine, treat it as if this Bro didn’t say anything. Zhang Ye brought her to the classroom of the first class, second grade.

“Are you Dede’s parents?”

“Right, you are Qianqian’s mother, right? Hur Hur, I always hear my son talk about Qianqian. The two children seem to hit it off well. Whenever you are free, you can come visit my house.”

“Alright, let’s communicate more.”

In the classroom, there were quite a lot of parents introducing themselves to each other as they got to know each other.

However, there was not much a reaction when Zhang Ye brought Chenchen in. Other than a few boys like Dede who were willing to speak to Chenchen, the rest ignored Chenchen. Some girls even gave her aversive looks. Zhang Ye finally understood. Indeed, little Chenchen was too unpopular in school.

“Hey, the teacher is here.”

“Teacher Zhao Mei, hello.”

“Teacher Zhao, thank you for taking care of our children.”

Zhang Ye whispered to Chenchen, “Who is she?”

Chenchen said indifferently, “Zhao Mei, my class’ teacher-in-charge. She always criticizes me!”

Just as she finished saying that, Teacher Zhao Mei saw Chenchen, and then her eyes stared right at Zhang Ye’s face. She strode forward, “You must be Chenchen’s guardian, right?”

Zhang Ye said, “Ah, yes. I’m her uncle.”

Teacher Zhao Mei’s face turned sullen, “I’ve finally seen you. Uncle Chenchen, follow me.” Saying that, she went to the end of a corridor.

Zhang Ye could only follow, "Teacher, what's the matter?"

Teacher Zhao Mei immediately said, "What sort of guardians in the world are you people? Chenchen has been in school for a year. This is the second year, but this is the first time I'm seeing her guardian. I heard that back when she first came to school, Chenchen had reported to school with her books and fees herself. Last year, I had been asking to see Chenchen's guardians for an entire year, but none of you came. Do you even care about the child? I've been a teacher for so many years, but this is the first time I'm seeing such seniors like you!"

Zhang Ye was stunned, "No one brings Chenchen to school usually?"

"No." Teacher Zhao Mei asked angrily, "You even asked me? I stand at the school gates to greet students almost everyday. Chenchen always takes the bus herself to school!"

Zhang Ye finally understood. It was no wonder the landlady auntie had gone through legal procedures to obtain the child's custody, because her brother-in-law's family didn't take good care of her, so he immediately explained, "Teacher Zhao, it's like this. Chenchen's family situation is a bit more complicated. Her parents are no longer alive, and she had been under the care of her elders on her father's side. They were not very attentive. Now, with the child's custody in her aunt's hands, who is also a big sister of mine, I will guarantee you that this will not happen again. If you have any problems, just give her aunt a call, or even call me. I assure you, I will be available immediately." After understanding Chenchen's family situation, Zhang Ye felt pity for the child.

She was just seven years old!

She had gone to school herself? She probably even needed to make her own meals. No wonder Chenchen was so much more mature than her peers!

Teacher Zhao Mei exclaimed, "Ah? Is that so? Aiyah, then I haven't been a good teacher-in-charge. Sorry, I didn't know before this." After sighing, she said, "Actually this child is very pitiful. No wonder she never got along well with her classmates."

Zhang Ye frowned, "Are others bullying her?"

Zhao Mei gave a wry smile, "You think too much. Who dares to bully Chenchen. If she doesn't bully others, I'll already be praying to the gods. As a guardian, you should know Chenchen's mouth better than me. Many of the young children in class have cried because of her words. Not only children, even her math teacher, a new teacher who just came for a year, nearly got sick from the stress due to Chenchen, and even had to take several days off!"

Zhang Ye said in an ashamed manner, "How can this be?"

"Why not?" Zhao Mei also felt angry and funny at the same time as she said, "A few days ago when school opened, the math teacher had just been assigned to our class. On the first day, the teacher had asked Chenchen to answer a question, but Chenchen could not answer. When the teacher reprimanded her, Chenchen retorted with a question that no mathematician could prove. In the end, Chenchen even said that since the teacher could not answer, then she had no right in demanding that she answer the teacher's question! There was also the language teacher. She could not stand in anymore with Chenchen and even left the classroom with her materials!"

Zhang Ye coughed, "I'll speak to her about it. This child is not very sensible."

"Don't say things so heavily. Treat it slow and progress slowly. I can tell that she is a good child, but she doesn't trust people easily. Hai, maybe it's due to her family situation." Zhao Mei could understand and felt pity, "A family's influence on a child is too great."

Zhang Ye said, "I'll have to trouble you in the future."

"I'll try my best." Looking at her watch, she said, "Class is starting soon. There will be Leaders from the Education Ministry coming today. Chenchen's guardian, please take a seat."

"Alright." Returning to the classroom, Zhang Ye saw Chenchen sitting alone by herself. He felt his heart go soft. He went over to straighten her ruffled hair and adjust her school uniform's collar. Then, he brought a seat to sit beside the child, just like the other parents were doing by their children.

Chapter 83: Zhang Ye Writes an Elementary School Composition!

Morning.

No.2 Experimental Primary School began classes.

A familiar musical tone rang. A forty-something-year-old female teacher holding some lesson plans entered the classroom, "Good morning, students."

"Attention!" a class representative shouted.

Everyone stood up at the same time, "Good morning, teacher!"

The language teacher smiled. "Students, please be seated."

The other children were pretty well-behaved and listened to instructions accordingly, except for Chenchen. Her movements were slower by a beat, without any spirit and a look of disinterest. It was like she was not properly fed her meals. Zhang Ye had never seen Chenchen smile sincerely before, not even once. Her smile was always "Hur Hur", like a cold sneer which always hung from her face.

Zhang Ye prodded her, "Pay attention."

Little Chenchen just nodded in acknowledgment.

The female teacher hearing some commotion, immediately looked towards Chenchen and said with a sudden displeasure, "Keep quiet; it's class time now!" before putting on a smile again and saying to the parents, "Good morning, parents. Today is a public exhibition class, so I would like to thank everyone for taking time off to attend. As for today's lesson plan, I would like it to be more interactive. I will be giving a question for the students to write an essay piece of at least 200 words. Parents may supervise, advise or work on it together with your child. This is to let our parents understand our children's world and improve our interactions with them. Alright, I will now begin the question."

She turned around and wrote some words on the blackboard.

Title: Sing the praise of any type of plant.

Requirements: The theme is to be clearly written, with at least 200 words used.

The form teacher of the class, Zhao Mei, was seated at the back of the classroom, observing every student's performance.

Clapping her hands, the language teacher announced to everyone, "Alright, students, You may start writing. If you are unsure of any words, you can ask your parent for help."

"Dad, I want to write about roses!"

"Sure. That is good."

"But I don't know how to spell 'rose'."

"Here, let dad write it out for you."

"Mummy, mummy, I want to sing a praise for the Cathaya plant. Ah, orchids are not bad, too; the orchids we have at home are very pretty. Didn't you say that they were extremely famous and expensive?"

Everyone started moving their pens.

Only Chenchen kept still for a long time. She was biting on her pen without writing a single word. In the end, she turned her head and looked at Zhang Ye, "Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye asked, "What?"

Chenchen's heart did not miss a beat as she passed her pen to him, "Write it for me."

Zhang Ye stared at her, "The teacher gave the assignment to you; we adults at most can teach you to write some unknown words. You are really thick skinned. Hurry up and write it yourself."

Chenchen lowered her voice, "I don't know how to."

Zhang Ye tried encouraging her, "What's there to not know how? Think about which plant is good and which one you like, then write what is good about it and how it is pretty. That is all. Aren't you very good at talking? Your vocabulary should be much greater than others of your age. You can definitely do it." This little kid had someone like Zhang Ye, someone who was good at speaking and who had worked as a radio host, at his wits end. Zhang Ye knew that Chenchen was especially clever.

But Chenchen just could not write. She laid there for half a day without writing anything. It was obvious that Chenchen was getting frustrated.

Suddenly, there was a rush of footsteps coming from outside.

The school Leader had arrived, along with several people who looked like they were from the Beijing Education Bureau's chiefs. There were about 20 of them in a row, men and women, young and old.

The language teacher quickly greeted, "Director Liu. Principal Li."

No.2 Experimental Primary School's Principal Li lowered his hands, "Carry on. You don't have to bother about us."

The form teacher, Zhao Mei, also stood up to welcome them and showed them the pre-arranged seats at the back of the class, "Please take a seat, everyone. The children are all writing an essay for their language class."

Director Liu from the Education Bureau said pleasantly, "That's great. We have to hear some of the children's essays."

Zhang Ye swept his vision to the back and understood that they had likely arranged an exhibition class because of the Leaders visitation. Eh, this was so troublesome. Formalism was really a pain in the ass.

Soon after, the language teacher looked at her watch, "Okay, time's almost up. Whoever has finished writing, please put up your hands. I will read, hur hur. As this is an experimental class, the first placed for today's essay writing will be broadcast during the school's broadcast period. This is a rare opportunity."

When they heard, the children became all eager and excited!

"I've finished writing!"

"I've finished writing, too!"

"Read mine first! Read mine first!"

Everyone was very enthusiastic; the children all had the urge to show what they could do.

Principal Li was very glad. He told the Leader, "Director Liu, this is our school's best experimental class of grade 2. The children are all very motivated."

"I saw it." Director Liu praised "Very good."

Only Rao Chenchen lowered her head and did not make a sound. Her essay book was still blank. When Chenchen looked around and saw her classmates all raising their hands, she slowly pursed up her mouth.

Zhang Ye could not bear the sight of this. He bit his teeth and did not care anymore, if I have to write, so be it. This child cannot afford to lose her confidence in front of her classmates. Moreover, the language teacher had been angered by Chenchen before. If she were to rub it in, Chenchen will further be ostracized. This was something that Zhang Ye did not want to see happen. The landlady auntie had always helped him when he was at his lowest. Big Sister Rao had entrusted the child to his care, so Zhang Ye definitely would not let the child suffer while under his care.

"Chenchen." Zhang Ye whispered, "I will read, you write."

Chenchen pursed her mouth and nodded. For once, she did not rebutt Zhang Ye's words.

But what should they write? Praise which kind of plant? Zhang Ye's head was blank, too. But all of a sudden, he had an idea. Yes, that's the one!

Chenchen urged him on, "Zhang Ye."

"Alright, don't rush me. I have something." Zhang Ye said, "The subject — 'Tribute to the White Poplar'. The white poplar is no ordinary tree. Let me sing its praises."

Chenchen's writing was extremely fast. With a few strokes of the pen, she was caught up.

Zhang Ye continued on, "When you travel by car through Northwest China's boundless plateau, all that you see before you is something like a huge yellow-and-green felt blanket. Yellow is the soil — the uncultivated virgin soil. It is the outer covering of the Loess Plateau, accumulated by Mother Nature several hundred thousand years ago. Green are the wheat fields signifying man's triumph over nature. They become a sea of rolling green waves whenever there is a soft breeze. Here, one is reminded of the Chinese expression '麦浪', meaning 'rippling wheat' and cannot help admiring our forefathers' ingenuity in coining such a happy phrase."

Chenchen did not know some of the words, as she had not learned them. Zhang Ye guided her with instructions on how to write them.

...

Over there, the language teacher had already picked up Dede's essay, "Dede raised his hands up first, so I will read his essay first. "Violet". "I like the violet. Once, dad and mum brought me on a trip to Europe. I first saw them in a courtyard. They were so beautiful....." after reciting, the language teacher praised, "Well-written. I could see Dede's heart in this; the words were also quite good."

Dede was spoilt by the praise.

Dede's dad and mom also smiled. They felt proud of their son.

"There. Tongtong raised her hand. Let me take a look at Tongtong's essay." The language teacher picked up the little girl's essay, "Praising the Cedar". "The Cedar is one of the most treasured trees in the world. Because of overharvesting, many of the ancient cedars no longer exist..." she finished reading. The language teacher's eyes lit up, "Tongtong's essay is even better. Compared to Dede's essay, there is more depth and the concept of environmental conservation. It's really quite good; please continue to work hard."

"Thank you, teacher." Tongtong grinned. She looked over at Chenchen's table and gave her a look of arrogance, like she was showing off. It can be seen that her relationship with Chenchen wasn't too good.

1 essay.....

3 essays.....

5 essays.....

Every student's essay had been read out.

At last, the language teacher asked, "Who else has finished, but not let me read it?"

Tongtong suddenly said loudly, "Rao Chenchen's essay has not been read yet." She pointed towards her.

Tongtong's dad who was by her side, looked over at Rao Chenchen and Zhang Ye. His glance was a bit cold and he said cynically, "That's right; I also want to hear Student Chenchen's writing." Last school semester, Chenchen had made his Tongtong cry a few times, so Tongtong's father was obviously not very pleased with them. He had purposely found fault with them, "Chenchen's guardian, are you already

done? Then recite it for teacher. Chenchen's educational performance can be said to be 'outstanding', so her composition must be very well-written!"

Everyone in class knew that Chenchen's educational performance was bad; in fact, she was one of the last few in the class!

Many of the children who did not play with Chenchen were now gloating and booing at her.

"Read it, Chenchen!"

"I also want to hear Chenchen's essay!"

The language teacher had not wanted to read Chenchen's essay. It was not like she didn't know about Chenchen's language standard. She was the class' worst student, and was likely to be kicked out of the experimental class next year. Today, it was a public class, so with so many teachers and school Leaders, and even Leaders from the Education Bureau present, she naturally wanted to choose the best works to be recited. By doing so, she could highlight her teaching abilities. Hence, she said, "Chenchen might not have finished writing."

Tongtong's father sneered, "I saw her stop writing a while ago!"

Teacher-in-charge, Zhao Mei, who was in the back of the class, was a bit mad. What sort of parent was this!? Why did you have to treat another person's child like this? Was there a need to mock others? Yes, Chenchen might have a sharp mouth, and had made your child cry, but don't you know that you should not take offense at a child's babble? Furthermore, that was also the child's own matter. Why must you, as an adult, step in and help your child bully another? What sort of words were those!? Ever since she knew of Rao Chenchen's family background and history, Zhao Mei's attitude towards Chenchen completely changed. She also became very tolerant.

Zhang Ye was also mad. He stared at Tongtong's father. Grandson, what sort of words are you saying!? Are you finding fault with me? Fine!

"Chenchen, you?" The language teacher queried, and also signaled to Chenchen with her eyes, indicating that it was fine if she just said that she was not done writing.

But before Chenchen sounded out, Zhang Ye spoke up, "My child is done writing! Since everyone wants to listen to it, then read it!"

The language teacher was stunned. Holy sh*t, are you really reciting it?

Tongtong's father laughed, "Teacher, we are all waiting."

The Leaders from the Education Bureau and school could not bear watching this any further. They felt that some parents parents was lacking in bearing, so they did not plan to carry on listening. They got up and were about to inspect other classes.

At this moment, the language teacher had already taken the composition from Chenchen's hands. The moment she looked at it, she was at first stunned. There was nothing else. There were too many words in this composition, and it had far exceeded 200 words. She wrote so many words? You can write so many words just to compliment a plant? She then read with a skeptical tone, "Title: 'Tribute to the White Poplar'. The white poplar is no ordinary tree. Let me sing its praises!"

When the first sentence came out, everyone was amused.

Singing the praises for the white poplar? And it was no ordinary tree? You must be kidding! There were damn white poplar trees everywhere on the streets, and most of them were in the rural areas. What was the meaning of praising this plant? Look at what the other classmates were writing. They wrote about orchids, cedar or lavender. Even the worst of the worst was praising roses!

What about you?

Praising the white poplar?

Man, why didn't you praise the oil waste in the sewers!

Quite a number of children mocked, and a few adults, like Tongtong's father, laughed together with the children. They looked disdainful! A rotten child was a rotten child! They could not do anything! What sort of crappy composition was this!? Aren't you even ashamed to use it to compare with my child's composition?

The language teacher also felt there was a problem with the composition. The title itself wasn't well chosen, but there was no other way. With a few parents purposely forcing the situation, she had to carry on reading, but the more she read, the more astonished she became. Her expression became more and more surprised!

This...

This was prose?

Only then did she realize that the composition was not as simple as she thought. The words may have been simple and uncomplicated, but there was something amiss in it!

"With straight trunks and branches, white poplars aim high."

"White poplars are no ordinary trees. But these common trees in Northwest China are as much ignored as our peasants in the North. However, like our peasants in the North, they are bursting with vitality and capable of surviving any hardship or oppression. I pay tribute to them because they symbolize our peasants in the North and, in particular, the spirit of honesty, tenacity and forging ahead — a spirit central to our struggle for national liberation."

"The reactionary diehards, who spite and snub the common people, can do whatever they like to eulogize the elite nanmu (which is also tall, straight and good-looking) and look down upon the common, fast-growing white poplar. I, — for my part, will be loud in my praise of the latter!"

The language teacher closed Chenchen's composition book and said in a daze, "End."

She had finished reciting the composition!

Everyone at this moment was silent!

Tongtong's father was dumbfounded!

The other parents were in a daze!

The Education Bureau and school leaders who had just walked out the classroom also stood in their original spots for no reason. Then.. one by one, they quickly returned. They looked in shock at the classroom, as if they had seen a ghost!

Zhang Ye began to be the braggart he was and scoffed at the parents who questioned Chenchen and him. You really despised me as a dog!?

Show off! Show off some more to me!

Competing with me at compositions? All of you are sure funny!

Zhang Ye was not surprised at the astonishment of everyone. Was I joking with you? This was the 'Tribute to the White Poplar'. If he did not remember wrongly, this was a famous essay in his world's second grade textbooks. And its author was even more famous: Mao Dun!

Zhang Ye would spit at anyone who could find fault with this essay. 'Tribute to the White Poplar' did not have flowery language, and also did not have complicated vocabulary, but it was because of this that the value of this essay was highlighted. Only then could it highlight the ideological, educational and literary value of the essay!

An essay that praised items?

'Tribute to the White Poplar' was the most inconspicuous one! But it was also the most famous one!

Chapter 84: You are That Zhang Ye?

In the first class, second grade's classroom, the atmosphere had suddenly turned silent. The rowdy children and parents were all fixed in their spots!

Astonishment!

Astonishment!

And more astonishment!

Teacher-in-charge Zhao Mei gaped, "This essay..."

"'Tribute to the White Poplar'! What an excellent 'Tribute to the White Poplar'!" The Education Bureau's Director Liu applauded and praised it. This shout also broke the silent scene. He looked slightly over-excited, and it was obvious he was not just a Leader. There was an 80% chance he was a teacher or scholar who was involved in education in the past. "The text is plain, and could even be said to be simple. There is no uncommon word or complex rhetoric in it. It does not look like prose at all, but it is this kind of text that perfectly harmonizes with the topic to an extreme. A common white poplar, simple peasants in the North. It might be writing about plants, and furthermore, a very inconspicuous tree, yet in actuality it is expressing the greatness and power of the common people!"

Another person from the Education Bureau was also extremely shocked, "This... This is practically a model essay out of model essays! Currently, in all the mainstream textbooks, be it in elementary, middle or high school, there is no other educative model essay as this! How could this be written by a child!? And a eight-year-old child at that?"

Principal Li immediately asked, "Who wrote it?"

The language teacher said in a daze, "It's... It's written by our class' Chenchen!"

Principal Li nearly fainted, "I meant, who was the real author of this essay!"

Which of them was dumb? Furthermore, even a person with intellectual disabilities could tell that this plain on the surface, but riddled with layers of profoundness, essay was clearly not written by an eight-year-old child. Ignoring an eight-year-old student, even among them, who were in education all their lives, there was not any one of them who would be able to write such an outstanding model essay even at the age of eighty! They did not have that literary foundation! They were almost certain that the person who could write a prose like 'Tribute to the White Poplar' was no ordinary person!

Famous author?

Scholar?

Or which professor?

They were all trying to guess!

The language teacher gave a wry smile, "Principal Li, I, I do not know either." Immediately looking towards Rao Chenchen, she asked, "Chenchen, who wrote the essay for you?"

Chenchen said without being ashamed, "I wrote it."

Zhao Mei immediately said, "The Leader and Principal are here. Chenchen, say it truthfully; who prepared this essay in advance for you? It's alright. We won't say anything bad." Of course, they could not criticize Chenchen. Today's language public class' topic was meant for parents and children to write an essay together. For example, in Tongtong's save-the-environment kind of essay, it did not look like Tongtong's work at all, with its terms or deeper meaning. It was definitely prepared by Tongtong's father ahead of time. Quite a large number of other parents and guardians were also ghostwriters for their children. After all, it was a parent's heart. No one would like their child to be embarrassed in such a public setting, so the teachers understood this.

Chenchen said with a calm face, "It was written by me." She did not lie, but she added on, and looked towards Zhang Ye, "I wrote it while my uncle read it."

Your uncle?

He was the original author?

Immediately, everyone's eyes landed on Zhang Ye!

As Zhang Ye was too young, everyone gave a suspicious look. Who was this? Not familiar? Never seen him before? He could write such an essay at such an age? That can't be! Principal Li, Director Liu and company had their doubts.

Principal Li asked, "You are?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm Chenchen's uncle."

"I mean... How do I address you?" Principal Li said with a skeptical tone.

Without waiting for Zhang Ye to respond, Rao Chenchen said with a hoarse voice quickly, "My uncle's name is Zhang Ye (张烨), written with a 火 and a 华."

"Zhang Ye?" The language teacher was immediately stunned!

Principal Li was also shocked, "You are that Zhang Ye? The Zhang Ye who wrote 'Shuidiao Getou'? The original author who won first place in the essay competition with 'Little Bunnies Be Good'?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "That's me." Hehe, I didn't know this bro was so famous in the education system.

However, there were only these few people who knew him. The other parents did not know him. They only knew Zhang Ye was probably quite an impressive person, given Principal Li and the language teacher's surprised expressions.

Director Liu laughed, "So it's Teacher Zhang Ye. No wonder, no wonder you can write an essay such as 'Tribute to the White Poplar'!"

If it was any other person, how could a young lad just past the age of twenty be able to write 'Tribute to the White Poplar' on the spot? They would definitely not believe it, as it was impossible. But the author was Zhang Ye, the famous Zhang Ye. There was no need to talk about his other works. Just think of 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel', which shocked the online world was written by Zhang Ye.

Both essays were writing about living things. One was written about an animal, while the other was written about a plant. One was a prose poem, while the other was also prose. The common theme was clear; they were using a living thing as an allegory. "The Song of the Stormy Petrel" was using the petrel to express one's resistance and fearlessness, while "Tribute to the White Poplar" was using the white poplar to express the greatness and simplicity of the ubiquitous people.

They had different themes, but the same feeling!

Hence, there were no doubts about his authenticity after they knew he was Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye was the only literature author in the country who could write such an essay at his age. Of course, there were other young people who wrote well, and they were also about the same age as Zhang Ye, but the problem was they were just not bad. No peer of Zhang Ye could reach his standard! The difference in quality in the works was too great!

The language teacher exclaimed, "You are really Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye blinked, "That's me. Why?"

"Nothing, nothing, I... Nevermind. I'll talk to you after the class has ended." The language teacher seemed to have something on her mind.

Director Liu then said, "Right; there's still class. Come, let's go behind and continue listening. Let's not disrupt the children from their lesson."

The people from the Education Bureau and teachers all sat in the back row. With the appearance of "Tribute to the White Poplar", they no longer had any intentions of visiting other classes.

Principal Li said after taking his seat, "Teacher, carry on. Don't bother about us."

"Alright." The language teacher calmed her mood and said to everyone, "Students, just now you heard 'Tribute to the White Poplar' once. From the looks of everyone, you might not understand why this essay is good, and it can't be blamed. This prose is not something easily understood at your age, because its essence and excellence is not on its surface, but within. I really wish each one of you will be like the white poplar, and using Chenchen's uncle's words... With straight trunks and branches, aim high, stand erect and be unbending in face of a violent wind."

The children all looked towards Chenchen.

"Actually, I need to be self-critical of myself." The language teacher said honestly, "Just now when I read the first sentence of 'Tribute to the White Poplar', I had some contempt in my heart. Like everyone else, I also find the white poplar mundane. Praising the white poplar? What was there to praise? But after I finished reading it, I knew I was wrong. A rose may be beautiful, but it easily withers. The orchid may be beautiful, but it is easily bent. The white poplar might look ugly, but I think they are much more beautiful than them. It is beautiful in the sense of striving for excellence. It is an unyielding beauty. This is a ubiquitous beauty!"

The language teacher's evaluation of it was of a certain standard.

After hearing this, everyone applauded!

Director Liu and Principal Li also nodded and gave their applause!

"Just now when I recited 'Tribute to the White Poplar', I had some uncertainty and hesitation. So my tone was not right at times. Actually, I also do not have the ability to recite it properly. I wish to invite Teacher Zhang Ye to recite it once. I'm not sure if Teacher Zhang is willing to?" The language teacher suddenly said, "You might not know this, but Teacher Zhang Ye is a professional in this line of work. His profession is a broadcasting host, but he is also an author. His recitation will definitely be better than mine by a hundred times. Hur Hur, students, let us give a round of a applause for Teacher Zhang Ye to recite."

There was applause once again.

Director Liu also greatly wanted to hear how Zhang Ye recited it. Principal Li might not have heard Zhang Ye's live performance, but Director Liu had happened to listen to an audio upload of Zhang Ye's recital of "Dead Water" onstage at the Silver Microphone Awards ceremony. That mocking tone, that sarcasm and that anger, with no scruples about cursing, could be felt throughout the recitation. Back then, Director Liu had even stood up and slammed his table when he heard it. It was too exciting!

Zhang Ye was not willing to incur ridicule on himself. However, Chenchen kept stabbing him with her little elbow, "Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye could only stand up, "Alright, then. Since the teacher has said so, I'll incur ridicule on myself today. If I don't recite it well, please don't fault me." Following that, he did not take Chenchen's composition book. He did not need to see it. He walked to the podium and closed his eyes to steady his breath. It was his habit, and also a breathing technique taught in his broadcasting college. This was because recitation was not a simple matter. It needed to be recited with emotion. Amateurs might think

that it was simple, as it was just reading an essay, but only professionals knew the trade well. Zhang Ye was a professional at this, so he was not sloppy at all.

He calmly said, "Tribute to the White Poplar."

Immediately following that, Zhang Ye gave a smile. It was a smile exuding confidence that ignored everyone, "The white poplar is no ordinary tree. Let me sing its praises!"

Smile.

Frown.

Coldness.

Eccentricity.

Zhang Ye's visual interpretation of this essay was extremely good!

The children were fascinated listening to him. Not even them, even the parents and the language teacher were watching with respect and shock!

A professional was indeed a professional!

It was indeed completely different from how the teacher had read it!

Especially when Zhang Ye read the last line, his fanatical smile made people feel a rush, "The reactionary diehards, who spite and snub the common people, can do whatever they like to eulogize the elite nanmu and look down upon the common, fast-growing white poplar. I, — for my part, will be loud in my praise of the latter!"

Bba Bba Bba!

The applause this time reverberated through the entire corridor!

Chapter 85: Could I Have an Autograph?

Second floor.

Along the corridor.

The sixth class' public lesson had ended early, so the parents had already come out. They were chatting outside, and those with smoking addictions even hid in the bathroom to smoke.

"Eh? Why is there such a commotion in the first class?"

"What's the matter? Is the teacher teaching?"

"It's not teaching; I heard the experimental class is writing compositions today."

"Oh, a student's essay? Let's go and take a look."

"Alright, but we should be quiet. There's the school's Leaders and teachers in there."

Soon, a number of curious parents had come outside of the first class. They had happened to hear Zhang Ye's recitation of that "Tribute to the White Poplar"!

A parent touched the goose bumps on his arm. He was alarmed.

The other parents were also stunned. A person looked at the other parent from before, "Friend, are you sure this is a composition written by an elementary school student?"

The person wiped his sweat, "That's right; their class is having a composition writing public lesson."

The parents were all feeling amazed. Were elementary school students so impressive these days?

...

A few minutes later, The public lesson ended.

"End of class."

"Rise."

"Goodbye, students."

"Goodbye, teacher."

The language teacher smiled. "Thank you to all the parents who came. Today's lesson will end here, so you can bring your children home. Today's homework is for everyone to write a reflective piece after you read 'Tribute to the White Poplar'. Tomorrow, I will check them in class."

The moment that the lesson ended, Chenchen's seat was surrounded by all the other children!

"Chenchen! Your uncle is so awesome!" Dede was the first to run over.

Chenchen was unlike her peers who would be smug in such a situation. She still had that grumpy little face of hers as she nonchalantly said, "Passable."

"Is your uncle a superstar?" Another boy asked, "Why do the principal and the teachers know him?"

Chenchen quietly kept her pencil case and books, saying, "I guess so. I didn't know he was that famous."

"Chenchen, let's go home together."

"I want to go, too. Let my father drive us home."

"Chenchen, Chenchen, do you want to come to my house and play? My house is nearby."

A group of boys and girls surrounded her, asking all sorts of questions. They were very friendly.

Zhang Ye also felt relieved when he saw the current situation. He was greatly wishing to see this little rascal have good relationships with her classmates. Actually, little Chenchen was pretty and cute, like a porcelain doll, and probably no child in the school was prettier than her. From an aesthetic point of view, most people would be willing to play with her; however, as little Chenchen was too cold, and was mature beyond her years, this resulted in her not mixing well with others. After today's matter, there was reason to believe that Chenchen's interpersonal relationships would improve. This was also the only thing that Zhang Ye could do.

Tongtong and her father were already silent at this moment. The father brought his daughter out of the class. He did not want to stay a second longer, for he felt disgraced.

“Teacher Zhang Ye!” The language teacher suddenly walked over.

Zhang Ye, who was about to bring the child home, stopped in his tracks. He recalled that she had said something in class, something about talking after class. He then asked, “Teacher, previously, you were saying?”

The language teacher was a bit embarrassed. She did not look much older than Zhang Ye, and she had also not graduated for more than two years. After she hesitated for a moment, she took out a book, “Actually, actually, it’s nothing important, just that... I especially like your poems. I have seen your ‘Flying Bird and Fish’, ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’ and ‘A Generation’ more than ten times. I can even recite them without a mistake now. Especially that ‘Dead Water’ you recited a few days ago.. I like that the most. I am one of your hardcore fans!”

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye felt embarrassed, “Ah? Thank you, thank you.”

The language teacher held the book and looked at him, “Could I have an autograph? My husband also likes you. He likes your ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’. He stays up late every night to tune in to it. He has not missed a single episode!”

Zhang Ye immediately took the book over, “There’s definitely no problem at all. How many do you want?”

“One... No, two would be best.” The language teacher was very happy as she passed him a pen.

Zhang Ye’s words were not very nicely written, but that was his normal handwriting. When it came to autographs, it might seem funny, but this rascal had purposely practiced before. He had wished to be famous since he was young, fantasizing about being asked for an autograph one day. He finally had his wish fulfilled today. Come to think of it, this was the first time a fan had asked for his autograph. It was a day worth remembering.

“Here’s the autograph.” Zhang Ye returned the book to her.

“Thank you! Thank you!” The language teacher was especially excited.

Chenchen gave a cold glance over.

Zhang Ye then touched little Chenchen’s head and said to the language teacher, “This child Chenchen is not very sensible and not very obedient, so I’ll be troubling you in the future.”

“You’re welcome, too welcome.” The language teacher immediately said, “Don’t worry. I’ll definitely teach the child well.” Saying that, she whispered, noticing that there were no adults around, “Actually, with Chenchen’s results, she might be transferred out of the experimental class this or next semester, but... I will definitely help Chenchen fight for it, so that she won’t be transferred.”

Zhang Ye said, “Then I’ll have to thank you.”

At this moment, the teacher-in-charge, Zhao Mei, briskly walked over, “Teacher Zhang, give me your autograph, too. I am a loyal protector of your children’s fairytales. Hur Hur, back then for ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’, I had even activated the school’s teachers to vote for you. However, I like ‘Snow White and the Seven Dwarves’ the most.”

"Then I have to give you an autograph. Thank you for the support." Zhang Ye gave an autograph to Zhao Mei.

After finishing this, Zhang Ye bade farewell to a few teachers and reached out his hands, saying to Chenchen, "Let's go. Time to eat lunch at home."

Chenchen again revealed those eyes of contempt, but she still obediently placed her tiny hand into Zhang Ye's big hand, allowing him to hold her hand.

Zhang Ye led the child out of the classroom.

The other parents and children that had not left watched as they left, while they discussed about them.

...

Afternoon.

Jiaomen East.

With the two reaching downstairs, they took an elevator up the building.

Zhang Ye bragged, "How was it, little rascal? Now you know the awesomeness of Uncle Zhang, right? Don't be too impolite to your Uncle Zhang in the future. You must learn to be respectful of your elders."

Chenchen smirked, "Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye "..."

With the elevator reaching the floor, Zhang Ye led her to the landlady's house and pressed the doorbell.

In a short while, Rao Aimin, who was wearing an apron and had her hair tied up, opened the door, "You're back? Wash your hands and prepare to eat."

Rao Chenchen returned to her own room. Zhang Ye entered the kitchen with Rao Aimin, hoping to help. But noticing the table was full of dishes, he was shocked. "Landlady Auntie, what's the occasion today? Why are there so many dishes? Is someone else coming? How many people are eating?"

Rao Aimin stir-fried some vegetables as she said, "It's just the three of us."

"Then that's too much. How can the three of us have such big appetites?" Zhang Ye found it extravagant.

Rao Aimin did not even look at him, "Why are you saying so much crap? Just wait and eat." Pausing, she said, "Chenchen's teacher called me just now and told me what happened in school. Not bad; I didn't know that you were quite that famous. Even the teacher knows you?"

Zhang Ye flaunted, "That's right. It's only you who keeps trampling on me. I'm not bragging. My popularity... Let's not talk about it!"

Rao Aimin shrugged her shoulders, "Hur Hur."

Following that, Rao Chenchen, who just came in, also smirked, "Hur Hur."

The two ladies had given the mocking laughter at almost the same time. Even their expressions looked identical, like they were carbon copies, making Zhang Ye extremely depressed.

You're the Hur Hur! Your whole damned family is Hur Hur!*

...

In his own house.

After returning home, he held his stomach and burped. It was too delicious. The landlady might be unsparing with her words, and could be as negative as she could, but her cooking was par excellence. Anyways, Zhang Ye had completely succumbed to the landlady's culinary skills. Although he had previously eaten Rao Aimin's cooking, it was clear that she had not put her heart into it. It was like the food had been prepared by a completely different person. It could be seen that the landlady was using such a method to thank him for his help today, which was why she put in so much more effort into the meal.

Delicious!

His stomach was exploding!

Zhang Ye climbed before his computer. As he digested, he surfed the internet. Ever since he entered the E-list celebrity ranks, there were many people who @ him. He did not find it tiring, and looked at every one of them. After spending an hour, he finally saw the newest one and was immediately focused on it.

The person who posted it was called "The Skies for the Children".

"Today I saw my idol Teacher @Zhang Ye. Due to certain reasons, I won't say how I met him. But thankfully, I received two of Teacher Zhang Ye's autographs. And I'm very honored to have listened to Zhang Ye recite his new work live, which was a prose. Weibo doesn't allow too many words, so I'll include the essay in an attached picture. The words are written by a child, so everyone can ignore that."

The entire text of "Tribute to the White Poplar" was posted.

This was a picture of Chenchen's notebook, taken using a cellphone.

Zhang Ye knew at once that the person who posted it was the language teacher. He immediately helped by forwarding it.

"Teacher Zhang's new work?"

"Zhang Ye also knows how to write prose?"

"How can't he? Wasn't 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel' a prose poem? It's about the same."

"I've seen it. It's really impressive. It indeed looks like it was written by Teacher Zhang Ye."

"Ah, Teacher Zhang also forwarded it and gave it a like. It's definitely Teacher Zhang Ye's work!"

"Everyone, quickly push it to the top. The next big work after 'Dead Water'! Don't let it sink!"

"After seeing 'Tribute to the White Poplar', my mind suddenly had these words, 'Tribute to Zhang Ye'. What sort of talent is needed to create so many works worthy of being classics!?"

“You really saw him? What does Teacher Zhang look like? Is he handsome?”

The language teacher replied, “You can’t describe him with handsome, but I think his eyes are quite charming. Haha, my husband is coming home soon, so I’ll delete this reply in a short while.”

That afternoon, ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’ did not receive as many forwards or clicks as Zhang Ye’s previous works, perhaps because it was more educative in nature. But many teachers and scholars who worked in education treated it as a treasure as they forwarded it and discussed about it. It did not draw in a large audience, but it was surprisingly well-acclaimed! This was Zhang Ye’s only work that did not have much controversy. Those who had seen it did not have any doubts!

* This is a popular Chinese slang in the form of “You’re the one XXX! Your whole damned family XXX!”. It came from “My Own Swordsman”’s character, Mo Xiaobei. The original text goes along the lines of someone saying to Mo Xiaobei, “Mo Xiaobei, you are a child who matured early!”, before Mo Xiaobei replies “You’re the one who is maturing early! Your whole damned family is maturing early!”

Chapter 86: Little Zhang Seeks Employment!

Today.

Early in the morning, Zhang Ye lazed in his bed. He laid under his blanket while surfing the internet on his cellphone. The comments on his “Tribute to the White Poplar” was ever increasing and it was all positive. He browsed through the comments before opening up the Celebrity Rankings website to take a look at his own ranking. The site was very well-organized. After all, it was the most authoritative ratings publisher with historical information and all results are clearly listed.

Searching for “Zhang Ye”.

Day before yesterday’s rating: E-List, ranking 1375.

Yesterday’s rating: E-List, ranking 1382.

Today’s rating: E-List, ranking 1375.

Zhang Ye’s previous world had many things that did not exist in this world. But this world also had many successful works which did not exist in his old world. There was no fair comparison as to which world was stronger. In fact, this world’s professional ratings were very well-standardized. There was an especially large number of artistes, with very broad development and advancement routes. There was hardly any limitations to who you can become.

For example, in this world, many stars started off as models. They developed within their industry to D-List celebrities or higher, before turning to acting in TV shows and films. In the end, they even managed to get very high achievements. Where Zhang Ye came from, it was a very different world. Models, authors or poets... It was very difficult to crossover from different industries. At the most, they could reach the pinnacle of their own field. Only a small minority could succeed when they transitioned from their own industry to a different one. The limitations were huge.

This was something that Zhang Ye appreciated. Because with his level of a few radio broadcast shows and several poetry works, he would never have become a celebrity in his old world. This world had been unified in a way where no matter which industry you came from, as long as your results were exemplary,

they would contribute to your celebrity ranking data. Even if you were a cab driver, as long as you attracted enough social attention through any means and managed to climb up the Celebrity Rankings Index, advertisers would still look for you. What matters most in this world is fame!

Of course, if it were because of some hot topic which contributed to your fame, the data would take it into consideration and average out your rankings. Every factor would be carefully formulated, so that any viral topics would not attribute to an increase or decrease in rankings suddenly. The Celebrity Rankings website will also decrease rankings very quickly if a celebrity has not been producing any works that mattered.

Then again, it could be exactly because of the open nature of such rankings that contributed to the scale of development here compared to Zhang Ye's previous world. The number of celebrities here were over ten times the amount of where he came from.

Just looking at the E-List ranked celebrities, Zhang Ye was ranked at over 1000. Further below him, the lowest number was 1400+. Going further up the list to D, C, B and A, the total number of celebrities were too many. Not counting S-list and A-list celebrities, as those had much smaller numbers, the number of people who peaked were in the minorities.

The entertainment industry's environment is not bad, but sigh, the competition was fierce, too. You win some, you lose some!

1375?

1382?

Fell 7 ranks yesterday?

Zhang Ye knew clearly that "Dead Water" had brought him up into the E-List of rankings. But what goes up, usually comes down. There were still some fluctuations after the attention has faded. Yesterday was an exception. Even if "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was still being broadcast, Zhang Ye's ranking dropped. Even though today's ranking rose again, he knew that it was due to the talk around "Tribute to the White Poplar". Although the sharing rate for it was not very high, the artistic nature of the prose was very important. It was important in the calculation of the rankings and likely to have had a big contributing rating in the statistics formulation. After all, the artistic values was something that could not be measure by fame. This had already been considered by the formulation.

"Dead Water"'s trend had already died down.

"Tribute to the White Poplar" would only be trending for several more days.

"Ghost Blows Out the Light" would finish its broadcast run within half a month.

Zhang Ye's pressure was extremely high. He also felt that he was in danger. He couldn't stay like this any longer. If he continued to stay home doing nothing, then his fame would fall sharply. What does an artiste depend on? They depend on continuous attention on themselves. Zhang Ye thought that if he had nothing else to show for, he would fall off from the E-List celebrity rankings in several days and go back to the role of a public figure again. He definitely did not want to see this happening. It hadn't been easy to achieve his fame and reputation. It had been very difficult in getting closer to his ambition, so he cannot just helplessly watch himself fall!

Time to look for work!

Target: Television stations!

— This was the next target for Zhang Ye upon finishing his work at the radio station. He really wanted to be a television host to further develop himself. They had much larger audiences than at a lousy place like a radio station!

Zhang Ye didn't laze around any longer. With an imminent taste of success, his spirits had been lifted and he began searching on a few job-seeking websites. After submitting a few resumes, he browsed over some of the television stations' official website recruitment pages. If there was a hosting position open, he would email them his resume. Even when there was no opening for the position, he didn't hesitate and emailed them all the same. He had to spread his fish net. It did not matter whether they were hiring or not. We will talk after the resume has been submitted!

However, something that made Zhang Ye at a loss of whether to laugh or cry happened!

20 minutes later, Tianjin Television Station was the first to reply to Zhang Ye's email. The email said, "Teacher Zhang Ye, our temple is small. Therefore, we cannot afford to place such a strong deity like you here. Please look for another place." One look and he knew that they knew of him; they must have heard of "Dead Water".

The second reply was from the Zhejiang Television Station. The email was written by the human resources department of the Zhejiang Television Station, "We're sorry, but we aren't hiring." However, Zhang Ye clearly saw that they had a job posting on their website which was to hire a variety program host.. and they were especially urgent!

It was a job posting that was just posted!

Great... When it reached me, you aren't hiring?

Are all of you television stations banning me? That can't be necessary, right? I just said a few sentences to scold my unit and Leaders. I scolded the Beijing Radio Station, not all of you!

Actually, Zhang Ye knew very clearly how big a mess he had stirred up at the awards ceremony, or he would not have submitted resumes himself without contacting Teacher Hu Fei, who had promised him earlier. He knew that no one in the industry would dare to hire him, especially the Beijing Television Station. From a point of view, they might not be the same team, but the Beijing Television Station and the Beijing Radio Station were practically two sides of the same coin, so Zhang Ye did not plan to give Hu Fei trouble. Although he knew, Zhang Ye still could not help but curse a few times while speaking to himself. All of you are less forgiving than a chicken!

...

At the same time.

Like Wind Recruitment Online, Shanghai headquarters.

A staff member in charge of contacting companies about recruiting candidates was twiddling his thumbs. He was flipping through resumes half-heartedly. He wished to finish his work sooner, so that he could leave work early. However, when he clicked casually, he found Zhang Ye's resume posted on his

company's website. Upon seeing it, he was astonished. A former Beijing Radio Station broadcaster? Created and also broadcast the current most famous supernatural novel, "Ghost Blows Out the Light"? Wrote "Little Bunnies Be Good" that was promoted by the Beijing Education Ministry? Posted modern poems online with more than a million clicks? And even received the most authoritative newcomer award in the broadcasting industry, the Silver Microphone Awards?

He was a talent!

This was a high-quality talent!

He was shocked by the beautiful resume, and after checking on the internet, indeed, there was nothing fake about the resume; they were all Zhang Ye's achievements! Immediately, the staff member felt touched. Why would such an impressive person need to use our online recruitment website to look for a job? Which place wouldn't be fighting for you? But you still chose us? You trusted us this much? He immediately felt a great responsibility!

He had to be worthy of the client's trust!

He had to live up to the recognition from such a high-quality talent!

He immediately turned diligent. He noticed that Zhang Ye wished to be a television station host and that he had no other position restrictions, which made him appreciate him even further. Look at him. He was fine with any position as a host. Variety, science, etc, he was not picky at all. Tsk, look at others. There were a bunch of those who had achievements similar to a fart. The last time, he had seen a person who was also looking for a hosting job. He was just a fresh graduate and had no experience at all. He demanded to be a variety show host, and needed a guarantee of his screen time after he received the position. He was so picky, and based on what?

Look at Teacher Zhang Ye!

Friendly! Low-key! Professional!

Don't worry! Leave this job to me!

The staff member logged onto the backend system and quickly found the data of seven or eight stations that were hiring hosts. He then called them one after another!

"Hello, this is Like Wind Recruitment Online. I have a very qualified person here who wants to apply to be a host. When can you interview him?" the staff member asked.

The other side asked, "Does he have working experience?"

The staff laughed, "Of course, and his results are especially outstanding. You industry insiders should know. His name is Zhang Ye, and he has received this year's Silver Microphone Award."

"Zhang Ye?" The other side was dumbfounded.

The staff chuckled, "Yes, yes, you know him, too, right? He trusts our site greatly and posted his resume to us. I think your television station is pretty good, so I chose first to recommend a person with such outstanding credentials to you. How about it? Interview tomorrow?"

The other side was silent for a long time before saying, "Then please leave this person with outstanding credentials for other television stations. Our station isn't that great, so we won't need him."

"Ah? You don't want such an exceptional talent?"

As he said that, all he heard was the sound of the other side hanging up.

The staff was curious and called a second telephone number, followed by a third and a fourth. In the beginning, it was fine on the other side, as they appeared very thirsty for talent. But the moment that they heard him say the person was Zhang Ye, they all declined!

Finally, when he made the sixth phone call, a television station staff member put on a long face as he said, "Big Bro, can I call you Big Bro? This is the second time you are calling. I'm in charge of both the hiring for the variety segments and the news segments. We were just on the phone before, so please spare me. I'll tell you the truth; if I were to agree to let Zhang Ye come for the interview, I can probably tell that I'll be interviewing at other places!"

The Like Wind Recruitment staff was stunned, "Is it that exaggerated? What's wrong with this person?"

The television station staff gave a bitter smile, "Nothing much. He just had a war of words online with his colleague, cursed his unit with a poem at an award presentation ceremony, and caused a Leader to faint from anger!"

The moment the staff heard this, he nearly vomited blood. He finally realized why Zhang Ye would submit his resume to a small website like theirs. It was not because he trusted them, but because no unit dared to hire him, so he had tried his luck with them!

This wasn't some high-quality talent!

It was clearly an extremely notorious hooligan!

Chapter 87: Selling the Copyright to the Novel and Fairy tales!

Beijing Radio Station.

"Station Head Jia." His secretary entered.

Deputy Station Head Jia had his head lowered, busy with work, "What's the matter?"

The secretary smiled. "I heard that Zhang Ye is applying for television hosting jobs and had submitted his resume to several provincial television stations."

Deputy Station Head Jia laughed, "He still wants to go to a television station?"

The secretary said, "Yes. And from what I know, they have rejected him. No one wants him."

"Alright, I got it." Deputy Station Head Jia let his secretary leave. He knew that no one would dare hire Zhang Ye because both he and the Station Head had already informed friends in the industry. Although working in the radio station was not as glamorous as a television station, they still had quite a lot of connections. Maybe they might not be able to make other radio or television stations do anything to a person with excellent qualifications, but if they made the indication for someone whose qualifications were not good, then they could definitely let everyone in the industry reject that person!

This was the so-called banning!

The moment “Dead Water” was out in the world, the Beijing Radio Station and Zhang Ye were irrevocably irreconcilable!

...

An entire day.

Zhang Ye did not receive anything. Every time he sent his resume, he would not even be given a chance at an interview. Their replies were very fast, for they rejected him without even giving him a look. It was impossible for them to not know him. A typical process of submitting a resume would need at least a few days before responding, even if they did not want him. Some even dragged it out for a month or two. But for Zhang Ye, it was different. It could be said to be a “second-level reply”. Some people had responded politely, but others were not that polite. There were even e-mails that said “we want anybody but you”!

It’s the end!

The plans were up in smoke!

Has this bro become public enemy number one?

After trying a few more times to no avail, Zhang Ye was also out of options. Immediately, his temper turned bad. F**k it, were the television and radio industry collectively banning me? Fine, you think I can’t live without you? Do you really think I need you to become famous?

Zhang Ye immediately corrected his short-term plans. He definitely needed to join a television station, as it was a very important development and waypoint for his future. However, now with the situation changed, Zhang Ye had to make some temporary adjustments. He decided to put the television stations on hold, pushing forward some of his earlier plans, and waiting out the negative influence brought by “Dead Water”. Since there was nothing to do these days, Zhang Ye would naturally not just sit idle, or his popularity would decrease by the day. He had to retain his popularity, as well as earn some money on the side.

He called his previous assistant, Xiaofang from the radio station.

Du Du, it was connected.

“Hello, Xiaofang. This is your Brother Zhang.”

“I know, Teacher Zhang, I have your number.”

“Have you gotten off work?”

“Not yet. I’m adjusting some documents and will probably need to work overtime until eight.”

“It’s this. I came to you because of a matter. The last time, do you know about the matter of publishers contacting our radio station to publish my ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’? I didn’t agree back then. The publishing firm had also skipped over me, or it could be said that the station management purposely prevented them from contacting me. Now, I’m thinking of getting the publishing firm’s telephone

number. I have already left the unit, so it's not convenient for me to ask. Even if I asked, I wouldn't be able to get it. Can you check for me?"

"Aiyah, I also won't be able to find that out. I'll secretly ask others for you. I'll see if any colleagues know anything about this. You just need to know the publishing firm, right?"

"Yes, I just need to know the publishing firm."

"Alright, I'll do it immediately. Wait for my news."

"Sorry for giving you trouble. Thank you. I'll treat you in the future."

After putting down the cellphone, Zhang Ye lit up a cigarette and waited.

After about twenty minutes, Xiaofang called back. She was very efficient, or it could be said that she was diligent with Zhang Ye's matters, "Hehe, Teacher Zhang, I got it for you. Get a notebook and write it down. The telephone number is 53276172. It's the Beijing Education Publishing Firm, one of the largest publishing firms in terms of sales in Beijing. Although they specialize in publishing some official books and works, they also do commercial books."

Zhang Ye wrote it down and said hurriedly, "Thank you very much."

Xiaofang whispered, "You don't have to thank me. Actually, it was Teacher Tian Bin who knew that you needed it before telling me. After all, he was always the anchor for 'Late-night Ghost Stories', so it was his responsibility to contact authors and publishers and knew this area well. Uh, but Teacher Tian Bin told me not to let you know this telephone number was given by him. I'm just being frank with you, so don't betray me."

Zhang Ye was surprised, "Tian Bin? He was so nice? And didn't even want you to tell me?" He and Tian Bin had previously had several quarrels and their feud was not tiny.

Xiaofang sighed, "After you left, Teacher Tian's days haven't been good. You might not know that yesterday, the station had already removed Teacher Tian from his anchor position of 'Late-night Ghost Stories', making him a replacement host. He has no position now."

"Ah?" Zhang Ye was curious, "That can't be; didn't he get the job after I was removed?"

Xiaofang explained, "It's because of Jia Yan. Jia Yan's new segment, about 8-9 episodes of 'Soaring Youth' have been broadcasted already. Other than the first episode having an extremely high listenership rating, the episodes after decreased by the episode. It could only get that listenership rating for its first episode from the popularity of 'Old and Young Story Club', and it could not measure up to its previous usual standard.

Now, with the program's defects exposed, yesterday's listenership rating was just 0.46%. I heard that it's about to be axed soon, so the higher-ups have transferred Jia Yan to 'Late-night Ghost Stories'. Once 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is done broadcasting, Jia Yan will take over. After all, with tomb robbing-related supernatural novels being extremely popular these days, there are quite a lot of good works that are tailing behind you on the market. As long as we buy the copyright, we can use the popularity to increase the listenership ratings. The station is clearly paving the way for Jia Yan, letting him build up his qualifications. As for Teacher Tian... He naturally became the sacrificial lamb."

Zhang Ye frowned, "Old Tian is so miserable now?"

"Hai, your 'Dead Water' did not wake them up. Now the station is getting even messier. Anyways, I heard that Teacher Tian has already submitted his resignation letter. He should be leaving in a day or two." Xiaofang said.

The phone was hung up.

Zhang Ye sat on the bed. Hearing a previous enemy of his in such a situation, he did not feel happy at all, and in fact felt very uncomfortable!

Let's put this matter aside for a while.

Zhang Ye called the number given to him by Tian Bin. It did not connect on the first time, as the other party might have been busy. It connected on the second try.

"Hello, who's this?" The other party was a middle-aged man.

Zhang Ye said, "Hi! I'm Zhang Ye, the original author of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. I heard your publishing firm wants to discuss about the publishing copyright? I'm wondering if you still have those intentions?"

The middle-aged man was stunned, "You are the author of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Hur Hur, that's me alright."

"Eh, I thought you were not planning on selling your copyright?" the middle-aged man curiously asked.

Zhang Ye said, "I never said so. You must have gotten that information from my unit, right? The unit did not inform me. They told you things I know nothing about. I have also resigned already."

Hearing this, the middle-aged man was very excited, "Aiyah, then that's great. We were still worried about how to get the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', but your unit was unwilling to reveal anything. Now that we have gotten ahold of you, things can be expedited. Teacher Zhang Ye, I'm the one who was in charge of this matter, so you can discuss about the copyright matters with me. Do you want to go the royalty route or a one-time buyout of the simplified Chinese edition copyright?"

"What would be the prices?" Zhang Ye asked.

The middle-aged man said, "If it's royalties, then it will be normal, for we all use a standard rate. It will be based on a percentage of the sales received. If it's a buyout, we had offered two million to your radio station back then. Of course, that was back then. Now 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is causing a greater effect on the market, and the response is very hot. Many people are looking forward to a physical copy. Even a few tomb robbing books that imitate yours have sales of about 100,000 copies. Even if I don't tell you, I believe you will understand. Nor will I lie to you, as the evaluation of your work is definitely very high. Uh, let's do this. I'll make the decision, and not decide based on the word count. I'll offer four million. We only want the copyright to the simplified Chinese edition. The rest of the copyright belongs to you; how about it?"

"It's a bit low, right?" Zhang Ye's tone sounded unsatisfied, but he was actually overjoyed in his heart. Baby, four million? This was enough to buy him so many instant noodles!

However, upon further thought, it was actually not a lot. In his world, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' had gone mad. He did not know how much the author had received, but it was definitely more than four million.

The middle-aged man paused, "Teacher Zhang, I'm not sure how much you want, but please believe me. Only our Beijing Education Publishing Firm will be willing to buy the copyright of one book with four million. It happens that we have good cash flow this year. If it were other publishing firms, none of them would dare make such a bet, for if the sales aren't good..."

Zhang Ye interrupted, "Can't you already estimate the sales volume? If the works that imitate mine already have such sales, the sales of mine would definitely be higher than theirs by a lot more once 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' comes out! I believe you know the market better than me."

The middle-aged man said, "But your program has been broadcast on radio, and many have already heard it, so it might cause some detrimental effect to the sales."

Nonsense. 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was first posted online in his world. And weren't there quite a number of people who had read it? Yet, I didn't see it having low sales when it was published!

After more bargaining.

Zhang Ye requested for six million.

The other side was only willing to give 4.8 million, having added a bit more.

After the bargaining could not carry on, the middle-aged man pondered and said, "Alright, Teacher Zhang, we can do six million, too, but you will have to give the publishing rights of 'Little Bunnies Be Good', 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarves', 'The Emperor's New Clothes' and 'The Wizard of Oz' to us. We are an education publisher firm, so that is our core business. We can include some illustrations and sell them as small books. With all that added up, six million!" Clearly, they knew Zhang Ye well and had done their homework on his fairy tales. They knew the value of those stories!

"The fairy tales do not include the overseas copyright, right?"

"Man, no it does not. Only the domestic simplified edition. As for publishing overseas... We don't have that ability, either." The middle-aged man felt that Zhang Ye was very ambitious. Was he already thinking of selling the fairy tales overseas?

Zhang Ye did some calculations and felt that the price was right, "Alright, then."

"Great! Since we are in a rush for time, shall we meet now? And sign the contract?" The middle-aged man said, "I am also a loyal listener of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. I can tell that this novel will end in a few more episodes, so once we sign the contract, we can send a lawyer's letter to the Beijing Radio Station to stop the broadcast of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. The audio edition copyright is still in your hands, right?"

"Yes, all the copyright is with me." Zhang Ye said.

"Then, that's great. If the radio station finishes broadcasting it, then there is no suspense. It will definitely affect the sales. Since you have already resigned, I believe you have no qualms about stopping the broadcast?"

"Of course not. You can do it for me."

"Alright, leave this to us. I'll immediately draw up the contract!"

Having negotiated successfully, both sides were overjoyed.

Actually, the price received for selling 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was not that high. It could be said to be acceptable, at best. However, Zhang Ye knew that in his world, the legendary sales of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' were not created in a short period of time, but over a long process. One year, two years, three years, they were accumulated sales figures. And the publishing firm had bought it out with six million at once. After inflation and other factors, Zhang Ye did not lose out at all, and it was just the simplified Chinese edition. It did not include the copyrights to games or movies, so he was very pleased.

The contract was signed.

Details and the promotion were discussed.

...

The morning of the second day.

Deputy Station Head Jia had just arrived at the radio station. But before he could enter his office, his secretary came rushing over. "Station Head Jia, we have a situation. The Beijing Education Publishing Firm has sent us a lawyer's letter, requesting that we immediately stop broadcasting 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', or they will sue us for infringement!"

"Infringement?" Deputy Station Head Jia said angrily, "What copyright has our program infringed on!?"

The secretary gave a wry smile, "But, but the novel was written by Zhang Ye. He never gave us the copyright. Now, the lawyer's letter is with the Station Head. I heard that it even has Zhang Ye's signature."

Deputy Station Head Jia's anger surged, "What is this Little Zhang doing? Eh? How can he stop the broadcast after it had been broadcast for so long? How are we to answer to the listeners?"

The secretary sighed, "But legally, we are indeed..."

The phone in the office rang, Deputy Station Head Jia quickly went forward to pick it up, "Hello. Oh, Station Head... What? Stop the broadcast? How are we to stop! The story isn't over yet... But... Alright, I understand. I will instruct the Literature Channel... Rest assured."

The station did not want to lose money in a court case. The Station Head had compromised!

Deputy Station Head Jia was gritting his teeth with hate. This Zhang Ye! He was gone, but he was still around haunting them?

Admittedly, they had caused a ban on Zhang Ye and Deputy Station Head Jia had naively thought that Zhang Ye would never have a platform of his own forever, existing silently. With such a major "ban order", what waves could he set off without a program? But Deputy Station Head Jia now realized something. They could suppress Zhang Ye in the broadcasting industry, but they had no say in other industries!

The publication world?

They could not ban him even if they wanted to!

And Zhang Ye was not a person with only broadcasting abilities! He also had his creations! And those novels and fairy tales! Despite Zhang Ye leaving the broadcasting industry, Deputy Station Head Jia realized to his anger that Zhang Ye could still thrive! This made him extremely angry, but he was helpless!

Chapter 88: The Competition for the Rights to Ghost Blows Out the Light

Two days later.

The news of the publication of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was spread like wildfire.

When Zhang Ye opened a few large discussion boards, three of the boards had the advertisement banners for 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' on the main page. "The original ancestor of Grave Robbing Novels, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', will be released on the 1st of October at all major bookstores."

Today was already the 29th.

It was about to go on sale in less than two days.

Zhang Ye had also asked the middle-aged man from the publication firm why it could be done so quickly. His reply made Zhang Ye speechless. He had said that back then, their publication firm had already agreed with the Beijing Radio Station a long time ago. They had even readied the contracts, as well as all the preparations for the promotions and sales printing planned.

Everything was just waiting for the green light. However, there was complete silence from the radio station, which was because Zhang Ye did not agree to Deputy Station Head Jia acquiring his rights. Hence, all the printing and promotional plans were put on hold. Now, having finally received the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', they just needed to bring forward their plans from before. This resulted in a very fast procedure, and was unlike other publications which could take months.

Of course, the most important thing was that the Beijing Education Publishing Firm was also in a hurry. Six million Yuan (1,000,000 USD) was not a small amount. The situation with the fairy tales was better, for there were no similar fairy tales that tried to compete with Zhang Ye's. However, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was not the same. As it was not published immediately, this resulted in a large number of works that chased the tailwind and left it behind, being published first. If this dragged on, the situation would be hard to tell. If the grave robbing novel market was oversaturated, then their publishing firm would be unable to regain their initial investment. This was what they were worrying about. Hence, the moment that they received the copyright, they had rushed to ensure things would go smoothly. Clearly, they were more worried than the author himself.

It was good that the publishing firm was very diligent.

As a result, Zhang Ye did not worry over it. Since his copyright had been bought out, he was no longer worried about the situation with the sales. He remained at home, watching the television without any worries.

Ring, ring, ring. A phone call came in.

Seeing that it was an unfamiliar number, Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello."

"Hello, may I know if this is Teacher Zhang Ye?" It was a female's voice.

"That's me; may I know who this is?" Zhang Ye asked.

The woman smiled sweetly, "I'm calling from the Hebei province's radio copyright department. It's this; I heard that the Beijing Radio Station has halted broadcasting for two days. Later on, there was the promotion of the publication of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. Are you trying to preserve the sales volume, so you halted the broadcast of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? I want to ask how many audio episodes left are there in 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? Is it convenient to tell me?"

Zhang Ye said, "There's probably another 10+ more episodes."

The woman said, "Then, will it be possible to sell the audio rights of the last 10+ episodes to my radio station? The price is negotiable. Shall we meet to discuss the details?"

Zhang Ye understood what was happening and said, "There's no need. Before the publication of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', the audio version will definitely not be broadcast. I have already discussed this with the publishers."

The woman said determinedly, "No problem; we can wait. 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' should be published in 5-6 books consecutively, right? After the last book is done, our radio station will publish it. Price-wise, we can give you 100,000 in copyright fees, as there's not that many episodes. Uh, what do you think?"

"Forget it." Zhang Ye shook his head.

"If you think the price is too low, we can still discuss it." The woman was unwilling to hang up.

"Thank you, but I'm not selling it for the time being." Zhang Ye hung up the phone.

But not long after, a few more phone calls came in. It was unknown which publisher or other circles had revealed his contact information. This resulted in various provincial radio stations calling him to buy the audio rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. They did not quote a low price, and were willing to wait until the publication was out before releasing the audio version, paving the way for the hardcopy. What was most hilarious was that even someone from the Beijing Radio Station came looking for Zhang Ye.

"Teacher Zhang, I'm Little Li from logistics." The youth said, "We once met in the elevator and exchanged a few words. Do you still remember?"

Zhang Ye naturally did not remember, but he said, "Oh. Little Li, I remember you."

The youth sighed before saying, "The higher-ups told me to discuss the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' with you. I know that you have had some conflicts with the station previously, but even so, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is your program, your child. It was brought up by you and your novel is already well-rooted in our radio station. The audience recognizes this brand. With this halt, many listeners are calling it quits. Our official website has received a few denial of service attacks. I believe that you also do not want to see this situation. The audience is wishing for 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' to resume its broadcast."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye sneered, “Yes, that is not something I want to see, but I did not leave willingly. Everything has a solution, but your station’s management did not leave a route for me to live. I also wish to see ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ finish its broadcast, with a beginning and an end, but I have no choice.

You don’t have to say nice words to me, nor use the audience to try to influence me. Those listeners who like my novel can buy the book to ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’. Those who like listening to a broadcast and audio version can hear it on a radio station after the last volume of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ is published, but I can guarantee you this... It will definitely not be on Beijing Radio Station!”

He immediately hung up. He did not say anything unnecessary!

Zhang Ye found it amusing. You were the ones forcing me away, and now you are keeping a straight face to get my permission and rights? How big is your face?

As for the other radio stations, they had definitely been given the order to ban Zhang Ye. Although Zhang Ye had not submitted his resume to the radio stations, it was obvious that no one would accept him even if he applied. But now? After banning me, you still want my rights? You want to get all the advantages?

Not selling!

Zhang Ye had rejected them all!

However, with careful thought, if other radio stations, including the Beijing Radio Station, were dying to buy the rights to ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, and furthermore a ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ with just 10+ episodes left, this showed that many people in the industry thought highly of the novel. It could also be said that the industry knew how exceptional ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ was.

Zhang Ye had used a single ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ to break the late-night segment listenership ratings records! Number one in the country for that time period! The creator of the midnight period historical record in the whole country! Even the Central Radio Station’s late-night segment was not enough to defeat Zhang Ye! What sort of legend was this? Probably most colleagues in the radio station knew that having ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ meant having such listenership ratings!

Even if there were just 10+ episodes left, even if it was less than ten episodes, even if it was a late-night segment, ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ was ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’. It was not something other late-night segments could compete with! Hence, they had rushed to buy the rights. Even the Beijing Radio Station had straightened their faces before approaching!

Not long later, the phone rang again.

Zhang Ye was prepared not to pick it up, as he knew it could be someone from the radio station. However, when he saw the number, he gave a wry smile. He had to pick it up.

“Hello, Little Zhang.” It was Beijing Radio Station’s Literature Channel’s Director Zhao Guozhou, “What are you doing? Why did you take so long to pick up the phone? Hur Hur, you can’t still be sleeping, right?”

Zhang Ye coughed, “No, Director Zhao. I woke up earlier on. I had been on the phone for an hour.”

Zhao Guozhou understood, "They were all looking for you to buy your audio, right?"

"Yes," Zhang Ye said, "You can even guess it?"

Zhao Guozhou said lightly, "I wasn't guessing. I knew it. I called you because of this matter. Just now, you rejected someone from logistics, right? The higher-ups aren't willing to let go of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', so they got me to look for you. They also know that you and the station's management are as unmixable as oil and water, so they got me to discuss the price with you. It is a market economy after all, so they wish to use money to talk."

Zhang Ye was about to speak, "Leader, I..."

Zhao Guozhou laughed, "Listen to me first. I already know, even without you telling me. They do not understand you, but I believe I know this kid that is you. If you were willing to swallow insult and humiliation for money to sell 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' back to us, then you wouldn't be called Zhang Ye. You would also not have said that 'Dead Water' in front of so many people.

They clearly think too simply of you. So I have no intentions of persuading you to sell the rights. I only called to ask about your situation. Seeing your publication promotions doing so well, I'm also well-assured. After all, you were brought in by me. I deserve to be faulted for not being able to protect you."

"Director Zhao, what are you saying?" Zhang Ye was not willing to hear this, "How can you blame yourself. Every injustice has its perpetrator, and every debt has its debtor. I know this clearly." After pausing for a while, he said, "Actually I already told Little Li from logistics that I would sell the rights to anyone but the Beijing Radio Station. But.. if you were to say it, you can take the rights away. I won't want a single cent. Once the last book is released on the market, you can carry on broadcasting it on the Literature Channel!"

Zhao Guozhou remained silent for a while. Zhang Ye's words had touched him. Speaking truthfully, Zhao Guozhou had only brought Zhang Ye in. He did not help much. But even so, Zhang Ye was still a loyal person and remembered their old friendship. Back when Zhang Ye said to Zhao Guozhou that he would show his gratitude by repaying him, these were clearly not just empty words. He would really do it!

But Zhao Guozhou was not willing to accept it!

He was not a person without a sense of propriety!

"Little Zhang, just those words alone are sufficient. Alright, I didn't make a mistake in my judgment with you." Zhao Guozhou assured him, "You can sell the audio rights to anyone but us. I have already received the news that if we were to obtain the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', it would end up with Jia Yan broadcasting it. The 10+ episodes that you had recorded would be deleted, and Jia Yan would be re-recording it. The station is using all its resources to raise him up."

"I got it. Thank you, Director Zhao." Zhang Ye suddenly recalled, "By the way, what happened to Tian Bin? I heard that he was removed from his segment?"

"Why are you suddenly concerned about Little Tian?"

"I'm just casually asking."

"Little Tian has already resigned. He left the day before yesterday. He should be at home, waiting to get a job. I heard that his situation isn't very good. No radio station wants him, as he lacks experience and results. Hai, actually with the two of you fighting so much, and causing all the suffering between each other all this time, in the end, it benefited another person."

"Can you give me Tian Bin's number? I did not store his number."

"What are you looking for him for? Forget it, I won't ask. I'll send it to you in a moment."

Chapter 89: Helping an Old Colleague!

Afternoon.

Close to noon.

Zhang Ye looked at the number that Zhao Guozhou had sent over. He called Tian Bin using the number listed. When the other side picked up, he immediately said, "Teacher Tian, it's me."

But it was a woman who answered back, "You? Who?"

Zhang Ye mumbled and recognized her voice, "Sis, it's me, Zhang Ye."

"Which Zhang Ye?" Tian Bin's wife asked knowingly. She added, "Old Tian is not around!"

Just when she was about to hang up, Tian Bin's voice rang out, "What are you doing? Give the phone to me."

Tian Bin definitely had Zhang Ye's phone number stored. Presumably, his wife had seen Zhang Ye's name when he called and answered it. Tian Bin's wife was heard in the background, nagging, "Why did you answer? That Zhang Ye fella must have called to make fun of you. How long have you two been fighting, and you still wanna answer? Yes, both of you have left your jobs already, but you were forced out. As for Zhang Ye, he might have looked like he was forced by the circumstances, but you know that he resigned on his own terms. He left the station with pride. Look at the success of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'; it's even going to be published soon. Tsk! What else could he be planning by calling you now! He definitely wants to step on you while you are down! Why are you even answering!"

"I want you to give me that!" Tian Bin turned furious.

"I'll give, I'll give, I'll give! I won't bother about you anymore!" Tian Bin's wife was frustrated as well.

Their conversation had been clearly heard by Zhang Ye and it made him a little intolerable. He knew that this call of his was made at the wrong time. He could tell that Tian Bin had not had it easy for the past few days. He had lost his job and still couldn't find a new one yet. As the saying goes, in peaceful times, everything is fine. And it was the same the other way round; a poor couple, a lifetime of misery. The two of them must have had countless arguments in recent days.

"Hello." Tian Bin answered. His voice was a little cold, "What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye hesitated a little, but went ahead, "Teacher Tian, thanks for the other day."

Tian Bin played the fool, "Which matter from what day?"

"The publisher's number." Zhang Ye reminded him.

Tian Bin frowned, "That Xiaofang, I repeatedly instructed her not to say that it was me. Forget it. You don't need to thank me; it was not a big matter."

"Have you had dinner?"

"Not yet."

"Come out and join me then?"

"That's not necessary. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

"Don't be like this. Old Tian, come out and have dinner. We have been fighting for so long. I stole your show, you stole my show. We also argued and left our posts at about the same time. Isn't this some sort of fate? Just accept my invitation. Let's decide on that place called something-something pavilion near the unit, where we had the celebratory lunch the other time. I will be there in 30 minutes. Bring your wife along. See you there!

"No need for that!"

"I have something to tell you; we need to talk over dinner!"

After saying that, Zhang Ye hung up without explaining further. He packed up, combed his hair and then left for the place by subway.

After reaching the vicinity of the restaurant, he didn't know whether Tian Bin would show up. He had arrived slightly early and went to a copier shop. He used the public computers and signed into his email account. After downloading the copyright contract that he had received when he was still at the unit, he changed a few of the names and let the staff print it out for him. He asked for a pen and signed off on the contract before placing it into his briefcase. He then left for the restaurant, greeted a waiter and asked for a room to wait for Tian Bin's arrival.

After about 10 minutes.

Tian Bin and his wife had arrived late. The waiter had led them to Zhang Ye's reserved room.

When Zhang Ye saw Tian Bin, he was stunned. It was as if he didn't know him anymore, because the changes were too much. In the past, he was much more handsome. But now he looked a little dirty, with hair stubble on his face. It was obvious that he had not shaved in a few days. Even though his hair was washed, it was still rather messy and not groomed. His fallen spirit was apparent without him saying anything. It was written all over his forehead. Tian Bin's wife still looked quite refreshed. She still dressed like her usual pretty self.

"Would you like to order?" the waiter asked.

"You have not ordered? Then, I will order." Tian Bin's wife did not stand on ceremony. The moment that she sat down, she began ordering everything that was expensive on the menu, "Sharks' Fin Soup, Dongpo Pork, Abalone for three....."

Tian Bin stared at her, "What are you doing?"

Tian Bin's wife said "It's his treat, anyway."

"I didn't say it was my treat, Sister." Zhang Ye hastily said.

Tian Bin's wife eyes looked like they were popping out, "If you weren't treating, why did you ask us out? Why are you picking on us! Your book will be published soon! If a single volume of the book sells below 500,000 units, I will twist my head off for you. You are so rich now and yet you want to save on this meal?"

Zhang Ye wiped his sweat, "Big sister, my money has not been transferred over yet. The publisher hasn't paid me yet."

"Still, it should be your treat." Tian Bin's wife said to the waiter, "Did you write down what I ordered just now? Listen, continue to take the order. Steamed sea bass, a roast duck... I want it to be freshly roasted, and the most expensive type. Don't cut back on the quality. Okay, that's all for now."

Zhang Ye added on, "Serve us some Wuliangye as well!"

"Okay." The waiter proceeded to prepare the order.

Maybe because it was past lunchtime and there weren't many guests. The food was served quickly.

"Here, Old Tian, Sister. Eat, eat." Zhang Ye said politely.

Tian Bin did not move his chopsticks. The wine had been brought over, so he twisted it open and poured a full cup for himself. He then passed it to Zhang Ye, "Pour some for yourself."

"Sure, let's have a drink together." Zhang Ye poured some for himself.

Tian Bin's wife kept glancing at them, "This should be a good wine; I will have some, too."

"What are you drinking for?" Tian Bin was unhappy.

Tian Bin's wife had been speaking with sarcasm since the moment she had entered the restaurant, "Only you can drink and I cannot? I'm not in a good mood; can't I have a glass?"

"Drink, drink, drink. Who cares about you?" Tian Bin then took a mouthful.

They had nothing to talk about. They were foes to begin with, so the atmosphere was rather awkward. Besides eating, they were drinking. No one tried to say anything more.

Finally, it was alcohol that worked its magic.

Tian Bin suddenly said something. He looked at Zhang Ye and laughed, "What do you think about our feud? What were we fighting for? Look at it now. You have left, and I have also left. In the end, it was that Jia Yan who took our places. Don't you think that we were stupid?"

Zhang Ye replied, "Yes, we were really dumb."

Tian Bin might have had a little too much, and he began to talk much more, too, "Forget it; let's not talk about the past. If there's anything that I did wrong in the past, let this big brother apologize to you. Come, cheers."

Zhang Ye stopped him, "Stop right there; we have to be clear here. It should be me apologizing. I am younger and more hot headed, and I did not think before I spoke....."

Tian Bin interrupted him, "Let's shut up and drink!"

Zhang Ye heartily said, "Good; let's drink!"

Zhang Ye did not hold his alcohol well; he was the type who collapsed after a glass. After a few mouthfuls, he did not dare to raise his glass anymore. Instead, he talked about a more serious topic, "Old Tian, how's the job search?"

Tian Bin sighed, "There's been nothing yet. The radio stations are currently not understaffed. In fact, there are over-staffing issues; they are firing rather than hiring. There aren't many positions. I'm not like you; even though I have several years' of experience, I still have no results to show for them. Hur, I can only stay home; I'm even prepared to switch careers."

Tian Bin's wife shouted, "Don't talk rubbish. What do you mean by switching careers!?"

"If I don't make a switch, what can I do? There're no positions available!" Tian Bin said worriedly, "I love my radio broadcast job, but it doesn't f**king love me back!"

Tian Bin's wife relented, "There will be chances; try again."

"How many times have I tried already? I've even asked the outer provinces and there're no suitable positions for me. In truth, it's just because they don't want me, because I'm not good enough!" Tian Bin mourned.

"You have so much experience; I don't believe that no one wants you." Tian Bin's wife said.

Zhang Ye pondered for a bit and took his bag out. From it, he pulled out several documents and placed it squarely on the table. He pushed it over to Tian Bin, "Old Tian, take a look at this."

"What is that?"

"Take a look first."

Tian Bin read it while his wife glanced at it from his side. And soon, their faces were in shock, "This is.. the contract for the audio rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "Yes."

"What's the meaning of this?" Tian Bin was confused.

Zhang Ye explained "The contract is a general one. The terms are nothing too special. A radio station would use this kind of contract for copyright purchasing. I actually took it from another station and had it changed. The title is 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. At the bottom is my signature to release the copyright. I've had everything filled out already, except for the beneficiary. From here, take this contract with you when you go for your interviews. Bring the story with you and it will be you choosing your employer, not the other way around. Old Tian, I am handing the radio broadcast of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' to you. It is like my child, so please don't mistreat it."

Tian Bin was stunned, "But you....."

Tian Bin's wife said with her mouth agape, "Can this work out? With this copyright, everyone will be snatching for Old Tian?"

"Why is that not possible!" Tian Bin said agitatedly, "Do you know how many radio stations are fighting for the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? They are all fighting their heads off for it!"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes. Just today, there were 8-9 stations who called me, but I did not sell it."

"Why didn't you sell it?" Tian Bin asked.

Zhang Ye fiddled with his hands and spoke honestly, "Actually, I don't know why either. Maybe I just want to help out an old colleague. After fighting for so long, I do not wish the worst for you. Old Tian, you have to do well. We still have to continue our rivalry in the future. Don't fall here without a fight. Haha, otherwise who can I cuss at next time?"

Tian Bin's eyes were a little red; he knew how important the contract was. He grasped the pieces of paper in his hands and went silent. He did not say any dismissive, nor gratuitous, words, but he looked deeply at Zhang Ye and nodded, "Do not worry; I will not fall like this!"

Tian Bin's wife excitedly cried out, "Little Zhang, you... Tell me how we can ever repay you. You have helped Old Tian out big time. Aiyo, and to think this Sister treated you in that manner just now. Please don't hold it against a little woman like me."

Zhang Ye did not mind, "Sister, your words just now, I have already encountered them on my first day at work when you spoke down on me with Old Tian here. Hur Hur, if you don't talk down on me, I will not feel comfortable!"

Tian Bin's wife was red with embarrassment, "When did I talk down on you?"

"You did." Tian Bin replied and then had a laugh himself.

"Alright, then Sister will atone for it with a drink!" Tian Bin's wife mood had also turned for the better.

No discord, no concord. Some relationships in this world were just so marvelous!

Chapter 90: The Chance for an Interview at the Television Station Has Come!

1st October.

Today was National Day.

Early in the morning, Zhang Ye was in the bathroom, brushing his teeth.

Mom called and her tone was filled with blame and criticism, "Have you found a job? Not yet? I already told you not to quit. Take a look, take a look!"

Zhang Ye simply rinsed his mouth and wiped his mouth as he laughed, "Mom, even if I don't have a job now, I will also not starve to death. Don't you know? My 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' and a few fairy tales are about to be published. Today happens to be the day it goes on sale, so you don't have to worry about me. When the publishing firm transfers me the money, I'll give you some."

Mom was overjoyed, "It's published already? How much did you make?"

Zhang Ye feigned ignorance, "Not much, not much. Have you eaten?"

"I asked you how much, so stop trying to interrupt!" Mom said fiercely.

Zhang Ye could only say, "About six million. After it reaches me, it's probably around five million. Quite a lot of it is taxed."

"What? Six million? Aiyah! Hey!" Mom was shocked, "Did you rob a bank? So much? Aren't most people earning only a few tens of thousands when they publish a book? Our neighbor Uncle Zhang's child is also an author. His best book only received 80,000. Why is yours so much more?"

Zhang Ye began bragging, "How can that be the same. What kind of book is my 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? It's completely on a different level when compared to theirs. Also, I have my fairy tales. All of them are classics. I even think I lost out. If not for them giving me the money quickly, and that they only wanted the simplified Chinese rights, I wouldn't have sold for this pittance. Mom, help me tell Dad. Don't let him be worried for me. I'm doing fine. After quitting my job at the radio station, I actually have more freedom. If I want to publish, I can publish. I don't have to be limited by my job's regulations. Besides, I can guarantee you that there will be even better units waiting for me in the future."

"Then are you going to your granny's house today?"

"Go with Dad; I won't be joining for now."

"Alright then. I know you are busy. Then do well."

Just as the phone was about to be hung up, he even heard her Mom say to his Dad, "Good lad, our son is impressive. Six million! He earned six million from publishing!"

Only then did the call hang up. Tian Bin's number came calling.

"Hello, Zhang Ye." Tian Bin's voice sounded excited.

"Old Tian, it's me. What's the matter?" Zhang Ye walked out of the bathroom.

Tian Bin said, "I've been hired. Yesterday, I submitted my resume and came for an interview today. In the end, after just five minutes of interviewing, they informed me that I would start work tomorrow."

"Hey, that's good. Which radio station?" Zhang Ye asked.

Tian Bin laughed, "It's the Central Radio Station, the biggest radio institution in the country!"

Zhang Ye was also happy for him, "Alright, then I'll congratulate you first."

Tian Bin paused for a while, "Actually, it was all thanks to your copyright power of attorney. When I gave it to them during the interview, they were all speechless. Then a Leader made a phone call and came back, telling me to report to work tomorrow. It looks like the Central Radio Station also highly values your segment. Zhang Ye, thank you!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "I won't be able to get used to you being so polite, so there's no need to thank me. It's not a big deal; it's as simple as lifting a finger."

"If we have the chance, let's have a meal." Tian Bin said.

“Alright, then we can have it when there’s time.” Zhang Ye hung up.

After the two phone calls, Zhang Ye appeared happy. He had reported the good news to his mother and had congratulated Tian Bin; however, he was still feeling worried. Now with the publishing matter settled, this step had ended early, but his next step returned to that dead end once again, which was the way to get into a television station.

If he was really banned and couldn’t enter one, Zhang Ye would have to redevelop his plans. Where should he go? Filming movies? Singing? But the timing was not right. He still did not have the qualifications or ability to make people ignore his looks. If he were to encroach into the music and film industry straight away, probably no one would care about him. So what if the works he produced were great? The time was not ripe.

Let’s give an example.

Was “Miss Dong” a good song?

Back when the original songwriter released his album, almost no one heard it, nor did anyone know about it. Later, when it was sang by Zuo Li on the singing contest stage of Singing Boy did it become popular. It even went viral throughout the entire country. What was the reason? Although the lyrics were slightly changed, it was essentially the same song. There was no difference. Maybe his singing ability was slightly better than the original songwriter, but why did it only become popular when it was sung by Zuo Li and not him? It was not a problem with the song. The song was just a song, and it was also a good song. It was due to a fortuitous turn of events and also because of Zuo Li’s story about his girlfriend. And a lot more of it had to do with looks and conditional factors. At least that was how Zhang Ye saw it. This was something he could do nothing about, for Zhang Ye knew that he was in a similar situation.

Without the opportunity, he could not do something at the wrong time!

He could only go to the television station. No matter how much thought he gave, that was the only place suitable for his next step to develop further. He needed a springboard, and he needed it a lot!

No!

Still can’t give up on this!

Zhang Ye decided to submit a few more resumes to give it a try. People did not want him the past few days, but it did not mean they it would not work now. He had already published ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ and the promotional work done by the publisher firm was done very well. This had also added Reputation and popularity to Zhang Ye. The effects of “Dead Water” had also decreased after a few days, so the television and radio stations could not ban him for life. There was a period, and once that period expired, Zhang Ye would naturally be able to appear.

One resume!

Three resumes!

Five resumes!

Zhang Ye began submitting resumes once again. There were only those few television stations that had a hosting position, so naturally he still submitted to them again.

However, the response poured cold water on Zhang Ye again!

The few television stations still responded very quickly. It was just like two days ago. The answer was still no!

Zhang Ye felt that his head hurt and also felt dispirited. Your sister, how long must I have to wait? If this drags on, this bro will really drop off from being a E-list celebrity!

Just as he was thinking, the third phone call of the day came.

Zhang Ye was shocked, for the number was from the famous Program Producer who had previously invited him and had also job-hopped to the Beijing Television Station, Teacher Hu Fei!

"Hello, Teacher Hu." Zhang Ye was not very sure why he had called.

Hu Fei's tone was not very pleasant, "Teacher Zhang, I heard you have been submitting your resume to a few television stations the past few days? Applying to be a host for them?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "Yes, I was thinking of trying my luck."

Hu Fei said, "Didn't I already invite you? And you had previously agreed, so why are you submitting resumes to other television stations?"

Zhang Ye was stunned, "Ah? Teacher Hu, isn't the Beijing Television Station banning me? After all, I said that poem at the award presentation ceremony, and since the Beijing Radio Station and the Beijing Television Station are one, I knew what I should do. So I didn't have the nerve to bother you and make things hard on you."

Hu Fei was enlightened, "So you applied to other television stations, but did not submit your resume to the Beijing Television Station? You man, you. Hur Hur. What should I say to you. Well, this matter is also my fault. I didn't contact you immediately, making your thoughts wander. Teacher Little Zhang, you might not understand me as a person. I, Hu Fei, have been working in the television system for so many years, and I have never gone back on my word. Since I have already promised you, and did say I cannot guarantee that I could do it, but I would definitely do my very best to get your matter settled!"

Zhang Ye was said in disbelief, "Teacher Hu, so you are saying... Your side still wants me?"

"I don't care what the station thinks. I definitely want you. I fancied your artistic attainment and your literary foundation. Amongst the younger generation, your standard is peerless. Maybe there are people your age or even younger than you who are more famous than you and have greater accomplishments than you, but I dare to say that no one can compare to your literary standard! If I don't want a person like you, who else do I want?" Hu Fei affirmed.

Zhang Ye was excited, "Teacher Hu, then..."

"Come to the Beijing Television Station this afternoon for the interview. I have already arranged it for you." Hu Fei hesitated for a while, "But I still have to tell you this. I may acknowledge you, but the matter of the host and guest selection is decided by the higher-ups. My opinion can only have a certain

degree of influence. After all, the situation you caused was not tiny. It still hasn't calmed down yet. I believe you know this very well, too, so I cannot guarantee you that the interview will be successful. For this interview, there will also be a Leader from higher up. In short, do well; I will fully support you!"

"Thank you, Teacher Hu!" Zhang Ye said emotionally.

"You don't have to thank me. The situation hasn't been fixed. It won't be too late thanking me when you succeed. Also, I need to say that this opportunity was not given to you by me. You earned it yourself. You have used your literary foundation to conquer me, and conquered many people. This is something you deserve!" Actually, before Zhang Ye won the Silver Microphone Award, Hu Fei only appreciated Zhang Ye, hoping that he could come help him. However, after Zhang Ye's "Dead Water" at the award presentation ceremony, Hu Fei was first speechless, then angry, and then finally... He appreciated Zhang Ye even more. That "Dead Water" had completely conquered Hu Fei. Hu Fei felt that Zhang Ye was the talent he needed the most at that moment. No one else would work!

The call ended.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath, feeling things have changed!

The Beijing Television Station was interviewing him! He still had a chance of entering a television station!

This news was no doubt what made Zhang Ye the most happy today. It was more exciting than the news of publishing "Ghost Blows Out the Light". Publication was just temporary, and the popularity was just temporary. To really become famous, to continue on increasing his popularity, he had to go on television!

However, there was a major drawback about going on television, which was that it was easy to suffer destruction to both people and family!

Look at the excellent programs and talk shows on television. Those who go up on stage would mention how many people had died in their family. Today was a grandfather's death, tomorrow would be her father's death. Later on, his aunt would have cancer, and the day after their family's dog would suffer from prostatitis!

One was worse than the other!

Hence, from a certain angle, going on television was very dangerous. If you didn't have destruction happening to both people and family, you would be embarrassed going up!