

## Superstar 881

### Chapter 881: From talking to singing!

Weibo was blowing up!

"What a fun watch!"

"It's so good that I'm crying!"

"Zhang Ye is amazing!"

"Quick, go and watch Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's crosstalk!"

"Recommending Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala! It's really good!"

"Don't watch Liaoning TV anymore, just go and tune into Beijing TV! Zhang Ye's crosstalk is really awesome!"

"He's criticizing the problems in our society. Zhang Ye has done it beautifully!"

"He even did it without scolding anyone the entire time! Yet it's such a fun to watch!"

"Zhang Ye is still Zhang Ye!"

"Anticipating whatever's coming next! It's only midway through the routine right now. I heard that Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala gave additional time to Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's routine at the last rehearsal, so we should be able to enjoy today's crosstalk to the utmost!"

"This is what a real crosstalk routine is!"

"Right, just look at how Teacher Zhang fully utilizes irony to such a great effect. Whereas that bunch of so-called mainstream crosstalk comedians only know how to shout catchphrases when they get on the Spring Festival Gala! Who says that humor and art cannot mix? Just go and have a look at Zhang Ye's crosstalk routine! That should be a good lesson for you people!"

The public praise of Zhang Ye's crosstalk was bursting through the roof!

Suddenly, more and more people were attracted after reading the online comments.

"I'll go take a look!"

"Beijing TV, right?"

"I'm here, is it really that good?"

"I never liked Zhang Ye's crosstalk that only knew how to scold others. So there's no scolding today? I'll go have a watch then."

...

At the venue.

Chang Xiaoliang and several of the assistant directors were also getting very excited. They looked at each other and could see the gleams in each other's eyes. They did not expect that Zhang Xiao and Yao Jiancai would be so on the mark today!

Yao Jiancai asked, "Then what happened next?"

Zhang Ye replied, "What else could have happened?"

"Eh?"

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "After we returned, that chief was detained and interrogated!"

Yao Jiancai was amused. "Heh, a person like that should have been detained and interrogated much earlier!"

"Later, people from our section brought some things along and visited him."

"Why would you guys visit him?"

Zhang Ye answered, "To send our condolences to an official under detention and interrogation of course."

The audience: "Pfft!"

"Aiyo, Teacher Zhang, can you not be so funny?"

"Send condolences to an official under detention and interrogation? Hahaha!"

Yao Jiancai remarked, "He's already been disciplined, why would you still want to send your condolences?!"

Zhang Ye added, "In the end, I had some bad luck too and was implicated for sending a gift, so I got fired."

"You deserved it."

"After I lost my job, I felt very depressed. Beijing is such a big place, so where could I call home? I suddenly thought of buying my own home."

Yao Jiancai exclaimed, "But the property prices in Beijing are incredibly expensive!"

"Yeah, so when I heard that a real estate expert was organizing a large seminar that covered how to time the market to get the best deal, I told myself that I had to go. I paid the registration fee and a bunch of us sat there listening. The expert droned on and on from 6 AM until 8 PM, analyzing the price trends."

Yao Jiancai nodded. "That sounds like an expert."

"At the end, he came to a conclusion on the best time to buy a property."

Yao Jiancai was really eager to know. "When?"

Zhang Ye answered, "—Two years ago!"

Yao Jiancai blurted out, "Ah? Would I need you to tell me if the answer was two years ago?!"

The audience were cramping up with laughter!

"Hahahaha!"

"Two years ago?"

"Hahahahaha!"

Yao Jiancai asked, "Did he even have to speak for so many hours if it was just that?"

Zhang Ye said angrily, "Exactly!"

Yao Jiancai declared, "What kind of expert is that!"

The audience felt rejuvenated listening to this. Recently, there had been many people who called themselves experts but only spouted nonsense and gave talks on just about anything. This satire by Zhang Ye was clearly aimed at this group of people!

...

At Zhang Ye's parents' house.

His grandma was watching the TV happily and said, "Look at my grandson, he's wonderful!"

His grandpa commented, "Well said! I've been scammed before by one those 'expert seminars' as well!"

The eldest sister exclaimed, "Our brother is really good!"

Zhang Ye's third aunt said to his mother enviously, "Sis, Little Ye will definitely become more and more famous from now on!"

With her son not around now, his mother shook her head this time instead. "When he was jobless, I kept nagging him to find a job and hoped that he would be able to get ahead in life. But now, I don't wish for him to get any more famous than he already is. It's not good if he has to work so much and not be around at home. Hai, if he could just stay home and spend this new year without needing to run around outside, I would thank the gods."

His second uncle said, "Little Ye is doing great things, that's why he's so busy. There are always future new years to celebrate at home, right?"

His first uncle said, "That's right, this is the time when the child is still striking it out on his own, so we must try to understand him better."

...

The netizens were tired from laughing.

"Hahahaha!"

"How awesome!"

"Yeah, he's so goddamn good at this!"

"It feels like Zhang Ye is leading the crosstalk world by a lot of years!"

"Yup, he's on a totally different level!"

However, at this time, there were some crosstalk comedians who couldn't bear listening to the comments any longer. They stepped forward and spoke up.

One of Tang Dazhang's disciples said angrily: "When did Zhang Ye get so many skills to support him? How much did he spend in all?"

A junior brother of Tang Dazhang said: "What did you hear that was so good? This crosstalk is titled 'Everything is Great,' but what about the content? From the beginning, it has been about negative things like not having a smooth career. This totally doesn't match with the title!"

There were also some industry peers and netizens who disliked Zhang Ye stepping out.

"That's right!"

"Everything is great in what way?"

"Sounds more like everything is terrible to me!"

Zhang Ye's fans retorted: "It's fine as long as it's funny to listen to. Why do you people care what the crosstalk title is? So what if it's called 'Everything is Great'?"

However, when quite a number of viewers saw this, they also started to wonder about it.

That's right.

Why was it called "Everything is Great"?

Couldn't find a job?

Getting fired?

Couldn't buy a house?

Yet everything is great?

...

Onstage.

Yao Jiancai asked, "So after that, you became a host and got involved in crosstalk?"

Zhang Ye replied, "That was much later."

"Oh, so you did odd jobs in between?"

"The last job I had before hosting and crosstalk, was singing."

Yao Jiancai said in astonishment, "Whoa, you can even sing?"

Zhang Ye looked at him. "What's with that? Do you doubt me?"

Yao Jiancai said, "No, it's not that. But having known you for all these years, I've never seen you sing before, isn't that so?"

The audience were staring wide-eyed at this claim.

"What's that mean?"

"Zhang Ye is going to sing?"

"Aiyo, I must definitely listen to this!"

"Does Zhang Ye know how?"

Zhang Ye said smugly, "You just haven't seen me do so yet. My singing really isn't something I'd lie about."

Yao Jiancai said with curiosity, "So what songs do you usually sing?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I like songs about family ties, like Zhang Xia's 'Coming Home.'"

"Aiyo, that's a really famous song. It's a classic!"

"Yeah."

"You can sing that?"

Zhang Ye suggested, "Why don't I sing a simple line or two then?"

The audience suddenly kicked up a row.

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Haha!"

Applause rang out through the venue!

Zhang Ye called for silence, motioning his hands down, and said, "But I will need some cooperation from all of you here. I want everyone to close their eyes when listening to me sing. Only if you close your eyes can you sense how well I can sing it and how similar it sounds to the original."

Yao Jiancai said in surprise, "Ah? You can even imitate Zhang Xia's voice?"

Zhang Ye vowed, "Indeed. When you guys hear it, you will definitely be astonished and sigh—" His expression changed into one of enchantment. "—Ah, how wonderful, it sounds exactly the same. Zhang Xia lives again!"

Yao Jiancai quickly stopped him. "She's not dead! Not dead at all!"

The audience, caught unaware by this unexpected bit and initially unable to react, broke out into laughter!

"Hahahaha!"

"Zhang Ye is so mean!"

"Pfft!"

"Aiyo, I'm dying of laughter!"

Zhang Ye nervously wiped away his sweat. "Ah?"

Yao Jiancai corrected, "She's still alive and well!"

Zhang Ye replied, "Oh, is that so?"

Yao Jiancai rolled his eyes. "Of course, the two of you even worked on a show together last year!"

The audience was laughing uncontrollably. "Hahahaha!"

When Zhang Xia—watching the TV at home with her family—heard this, she nearly spat out her drink!

Zhang Xia's son didn't know what to do. "That Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Xia couldn't stop laughing. "Making fun of me? I'll get even with him later!"

"Coming Home" was a song from this world.

Zhang Ye cleared his throat. "Alright, I'll sing a few lines from it."

"Go on and sing then, everyone's waiting."

Zhang Ye raised his hand and signaled. "Cue the music!"

One second.

Two seconds.

Nothing happened.

Zhang Ye put his hand down and said, "Well, never mind then."

The audience: "Pfft!"

Yao Jiancai sighed, "Hai, why did you ask for it in the first place!"

Zhang Ye built up his emotions for a while before opening his mouth and singing, "Ah...it's the New Year, our children are coming home. Dong dong dong, the sound of knocking on the door....Dong dong dong, the sound of knocking on the door....Dong dong dong, the sound of knocking on the door....Dong dong dong, the sound knocking on the door....Dong dong dong, the sound of—"

Yao Jiancai got impatient and slapped Zhang Ye's back and shouted, "Hurry up and open the door!"

One of the audience members was smacking their thigh and laughing hard.

"Hahahahaha!"

This song wasn't supposed to be sung that way. The "dong dong dong" was part of the original lyrics but only had a small part in the song, but this was then repeated by Zhang Ye four times over!

Yao Jiancai nearly fainted. "Her daughter is home and has been knocking on the door for a long time! You should be opening the door!"

Zhang Ye blinked and said, "I can't open the door. Can't you see that I'm singing right now?"

Yao Jiancai replied, "Hai! Is this called singing?"

Zhang Ye's singing voice could generally be described as average. He did not go off-pitch but his vocalization, breathing techniques, and such were all rather off, so he could at most be called an amateur at singing. Since the audience did not have much expectation for him and were only listening for fun, and Zhang Ye was able to subtly incorporate several funny gags into this singing segment of his crosstalk routine, the live audience and those watching at home were all tickled funny by it. There was no time for them to catch a breather, as quip after quip kept coming at them. The rhythm was perfect!

There were jokes.

There was criticism of societal issues.

There was the traditional speed recital.

And there's even singing now?

This crosstalk routine might look messy with parts and pieces of content from all over the place, but it was strung together and presented very well in the form of a series of events taking place after Zhang Ye's graduation from university. Except for the crosstalk title "Everything is Great" that had perplexed everyone. No one understood why he had titled it as such.

Chapter 882: This is what a real crosstalk is!

The netizens' comments:

"Hahaha!"

"Zhang Ye sang so poorly!"

"He's only good enough not to go off-pitch!"

"But it's still very funny!"

"Another song please!"

"Right, please sing another song!"

"It's so rare to hear Zhang Ye sing!"

The crosstalk routine on Central TV's Spring Festival Gala was too difficult to stomach as many of those fans of crosstalk and language routines could not get excited about it. You could even say that they were deeply disappointed by it, and while they had also seen the other Spring Festival Galas' crosstalk routines, they were still dissatisfied and felt the other routines were pretty boring. However, this particular crosstalk routine by Zhang Ye had in fact fired everyone up again. They could feel a shiver go down their spines after listening to it!

Coupled with the festive atmosphere, everyone was feeling good!

...

At home.

His third sister asked with surprise, "Our brother knows how to sing too?"

His second sister was lying on the sofa, laughing so hard she couldn't sit up. "Aiyo...hahaha, our brother...how funny!"

His mother laughed. "How can he know how to sing? All he does is hum a few tunes at home."

His father said, "It's enough if he can sing a couple lines. It's not like he's a professional singer anyway, so he doesn't need to sing well."

...

At the venue of Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala, the show was still broadcasting!

Yao Jiancai remarked, "No wonder you went to do crosstalk after that. With your talent, you were still thinking about becoming a singer?"

Zhang Ye was having none of that. "Hey, what's wrong with my singing?"

Yao Jiancai asked, "What else can you sing?"

Zhang Ye boasted, "As long as it's a song about family ties, I can sing it!"

Yao Jiancai belittled, "Oh, save it. The children came home from far away for the new year but you didn't even open the door. What family ties are you talking about!"

The audience laughed.

"Hahaha!"

"Old Yao's holding the conversation really well!"

"He's truly deserving of being his longtime crosstalk partner. Their understanding of each other is so good!"

"It's so funny I could die! The classic 'Coming Home' has been totally ruined by the two of you just like that!"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Then why don't I sing another for everyone!"

Yao Jiancai asked, "Which song?"

Zhang Ye thought about it for a while before replying, "How about Grandma Song Hui's 'Old Times'?" He turned to the audience and said, "As you did before, please close your eyes and listen. Close your eyes and feel it—ah, Song Hui lives ag—"

Yao Jiancai hurriedly stopped him. "She's not dead! This one isn't dead either!"

The audience were tearing up from laughing!

"Hahahaha!"

"Aiyo, goddammit, hahaha!"

"Do his remarks have to be so caustic!"

Zhang Ye stared with his eyes wide. "Ah? Not dead yet?"

Yao Jiancai said nervously, "Geez, you've cursed two people in such a short span of time!"

The audience laughed, "Hahahahaha!"

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "Alright then, I'll just start singing."

Yao Jiancai said, "Wait, wait. I'm gonna stop you there. If I remember correctly, 'Old Times' isn't a song about family ties."

Zhang Ye looked at him like he was an idiot. "What do you mean it's not?"

"Is it?"

"This is a song for a grandpa."

Yao Jiancai said dumbfounded, "Grandpa? Where did you get that from!"

"Well, listen carefully." Zhang Ye sang, "Like the river flows, the ages go..."

Yao Jiancai nodded. "Yes, those are the lyrics of that song."

Zhang Ye continued singing, "Time flies, and I think of you, Grandpa (yéyé)..." Then he said, "See, 'I think of you, yéyé.' She's thinking of her grandpa (yéyé)! So isn't this song about family?"

Yao Jiancai nearly fainted. He said, "What do you mean 'I think of you, yéyé'? She sings 'I think of you every night' (yèyè)! The dark of night's night!"

"Pfft, hahaha!"

"I think of you, yéyé?"

"Why don't you sing about thinking of your grandma instead!"

"Aiyo, I really take my hat off to Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye said embarrassed, "Is that so? Then I must have remembered it wrong. Let me try another. This song by Hong Hua is called 'Time.' Everyone, please close your eyes and listen. Hong Hua—"

Yao Jiancai immediately said, "That singer is still alive too!"

Zhang Ye glanced at him. "I know."

Yao Jiancai replied, "I was afraid you'd kill off another one."

The audience laughed, "Hahahahaha!"

Zhang Ye signaled with his hand. "Music...." He waited for a while. "Never mind!"

Yao Jiancai commented, "You just want to say that, don't you?"

Zhang Ye stated, "Before I start singing, I have to say something first. I especially dislike Hong Hua and will definitely criticize him the next time I see him. This song was written for his grandma, but he actually cursed at people in the song!"

Yao Jiancai was stunned. "Curse at people? When did he curse at anyone?"

The audience was also stunned.

"Just listen." Zhang Ye sang loudly, "I suddenly think of childhood. The cane of your! Grand! Ma!" He enunciated the words "your grandma" very strongly!

Yao Jiancai was speechless.

Zhang Ye immediately said, "See, he cursed! What did he mean by your grandma! It's normal for one to use canes when they get old, why did he have to curse!"

The audience chortled.

"Hahahahaha!"

"Aiyo, I can't take it anymore!"

"Teacher Zhang, stop it, please stop it already! Hahahaha!"

Yao Jiancai said in a speechless manner, "Eh, I think it's only you who could hear it that way and say that it's cursing!"

Executive Director Chang Xiaoliang was tickled pink!

Hu Fei, Dafei, Hou Ge, Xiao Lu, and the others Zhang Ye worked with when he was at Beijing Television all laughed until their sides hurt!

Zhang Ye was puzzled. "What's the matter?"

Yao Jiancai waved his hands. "Nothing, but I think it's better for you to sing something else instead! Please don't ruin other people's classics anymore!"

Zhang Ye said, "Go ahead and request something. I'll sing whatever you ask for!"

Yao Jiancai asked, "You've been singing about children, grandpas, and grandmas, but do you have anything that is sung to parents?"

Zhang Ye said at once, "But of course! Then let me sing a song about parents! This is an original composition!"

Yao Jiancai laughed. "Then I doubt it will be any good."

An original composition?

The audience's emotions had been stirred up to the highest point. They were wondering at this moment what kind of a gag Zhang Ye could still pull off. A ruckus gradually started!

"Show us what you got!"

"Hahahaha!"

"Let's see how he's going to screw up this next song!"

"Aiyo, he's really good at making jokes!"

"My mind is blown after listening to Zhang Ye sing! Ahaha!"

The viewers in front of their televisions were also laughing happily as they waited to see what gags Zhang Ye would pull out next!

Standing in front of the microphone, Zhang Ye took a deep breath.

One second...

Two seconds...

Three seconds...

Zhang Ye held the microphone as he started singing in his not-so-perfect acapella voice, "To my dear Mom and Dad."

When the audience heard that, they began to heckle!

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Haha, oh!"

Everyone started answering him.

Zhang Ye sang, "How are you two?"

"Fine!"

"Fine!"

"Fine!"

Everyone was joining in to answer him!

The audience was laughing, feeling like they had finally managed to take advantage of Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye sang, "Have you been busy working?"

"Busy!"

"Busy!"

"Busy!"

Zhang Ye sang, "Are you healthy?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

All of a sudden, a clear guitar melody filled the entire venue.

The audience was startled and suddenly fell silent, not knowing what was going on.

Yao Jiancai also became solemn.

Zhang Ye held the microphone and slowly closed his eyes, quietly singing.

"I'm in Beijing, it's pretty good.

"Mom and Dad, don't you worry for me.

"Though I'm bad at expressin' things.

"In truth, I'm...missing home."

At this moment, Zhang Ye's voice sounded from the stage as a recorded narration played.

In reality, I'm not doing so good in Beijing.

I don't have many friends.

And very few people like me.

A lot of the audience members were shocked. This melody and narration caught them by surprise, making them unable to react. Some of them had unwittingly started to tear up.

At home.

His first aunt said in a startled manner, "This..."

His grandma's tears were also building up.

His father and mother both stared at the television dumbfounded, unable to move.

Zhang Ye opened his eyes and stared right into the camera that was broadcasting the scene live. He kept singing.

"Does my dad go to work every day?

"Please don't go if they aren't too strict.

"With a lifetime of revolution work,

"He deserves a good rest too."

His father's lips were trembling.

Zhang Ye continued singing.

"I bought a new coat for you, Mom.

"Don't be afraid to put it on.

"Your son used to be real headstrong.

"But now he's wise."

Zhang Ye smiled. "And all grown up."

When his mother heard this, she could only watch her son on television as she started crying uncontrollably. "Little Ye has always been like this, taking on everything by himself! No matter what trouble he gets into, he will keep a smile on his face! He doesn't want to tell us and make us worried! Always assuring us that he is fine! No matter what we ask him, he'll assure us that everything is fine!"

His second aunt also wiped her tears away and said, "That kid has always been this way since childhood."

From the television, the narration sounded again.

Dad, Mom, I'm truly fine.

I'm...pretty good.

Look, I got on the Spring Festival Gala, haha. I didn't disgrace you two, right?

Many eyes turned wet at the venue.

Several of those who had come to Beijing to work and hadn't seen their parents for several years broke down in tears.

Chang Xiaoliang's eyes turned red.

Xiao Lu was crying.

Hou Ge and Dafei were also crying.

Only this group of old colleagues knew that Zhang Ye hadn't had it easy for the past few years! And how much he had suffered!

Zhang Ye sang.

"Mom and Dad, please take good care of yourselves.

"Don't make your son worry about you.

"This Spring Festival, I'm sure to come home.

"OK.

"That's all for now."

Narration:

Mom, Dad.

Everything is great for me.

As long as you're both safe and sound, everything is great for me, really.

The guitar was still playing softly.

Zhang Ye continued to sing even louder now.

"Kindest regards.

"Always and forever.

"Kindest regards.

"Always and forever."

Many people were crying!

No one had expected Zhang Ye's crosstalk, which was filled with so many gags and jokes, to have such a twist at the end. It was a shot straight to the heart!

So this was "Everything is Great"!

Everyone finally understood the meaning of this crosstalk title!

The song finished.

The melody ended.

Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai bowed deeply.

Yao Jiancai could see that Zhang Ye was also looking rather emotional, so he lightly patted Zhang Ye on the back.

Suddenly, many of those in the live audience stood up!

Whether it was Central TV or any of the provincial stations, as long as it was a Spring Festival Gala live broadcast, the audience was not allowed to stand in such large groups as it would affect the camera shots and create confusion. This instruction had been given to the audience in the admission notice and also reiterated to them clearly.

But everyone still rose from their seats!

Ten people!

A hundred people!

Two hundred people!

Every one of them was clapping for Zhang Ye!

Some were even crying as they clapped with all their might!

It was wonderful!

Well said, well sung, wonderful!

This is a real crosstalk!

This is what you bloody call a crosstalk!!!

Chapter 883: A textbook crosstalk routine!

There was a continuous wave of applause and cheers!

At the venue of Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala, the audience was extremely pumped up!

"How can there be such a great crosstalk routine!"

"So crosstalk can even be done in this way!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

There were already people in the audience starting to shout Zhang Ye's name!

Many of them could no longer control their emotions as a sense of admiration erupted!

There was even a staff member from the production team who secretly took out their phone to call home.

"...Mom."

"Ah, son? Aren't you busy at the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Mhm."

"Hurry up and get back to work then. Why are you calling me at this time?"

"I-I've missed you guys."

"Hur hur, we miss you too. It's fine at home. Your dad and I are doing fine. We understand that you're busy with work. Besides, it's not like this is the first time you couldn't make it home for the new year, right? It's alright."

"I'll book a ticket home tomorrow!"

His mother was stunned. "Ah? What did you say?"

He wiped away his tears and said firmly, "Don't worry. This new year...I will definitely spend it at home with you guys!"

"That's great! That's really great! I'll let your dad know! I'll let your dad know!" His mother choked on her words and also started crying!

A Spring Festival Gala's live broadcast usually had a seamless continuation between performances without needing the performers to fully exit the stage. They simply cut to the cameras showing the hosts taking over or moved directly to the next performance. Yet at this moment, the production team was unable to do so. As the applause was too overpowering and everyone was standing up and even cheering, if they cut straight to the next shot, the lively atmosphere would suddenly become too quiet. That would be too sudden a change in pace and mood, so they had no choice but to wait until the right time!

They had never encountered such a situation before!

This was something that had never happened at any of the other Spring Festival Galas!

However, the Beijing Television Spring Festival Gala production team did not have any complaints. This was because they knew that the audience was not purposely trying to disrupt the broadcast, but rather their behavior stemmed from the fact that the crosstalk routine was so marvelous!

Applause!

Applause resounded!

On the other stage that was already set up, a magician could only force a smile. His magic show was lined up for the next performance, but at this moment, he felt extremely helpless.

Your sister! Why did I end up going after him?

With the emotions of the audience now, how can I still perform? Who would still care to watch a magic act?

...

On Weibo, there was an explosion of comments!

The netizens came online in a mad dash!

"Fuck! Fuck!"

"Quick, watch Beijing TV!"

"It's too awesome! It's just too awesome!"

"Zhang Ye is super charismatic! I love him to death!"

"That was really fucking awesome!"

"I cried!"

"I cried too, how numbing!"

"Even this old bro here has shed a few tears! That song really hit me in the feels!"

"I'm...suddenly missing my mother a lot!"

"At the start, I was laughing until I had stomach cramps. When it ended, tears were streaming down my face. Letting us laugh before making us cry, this is the first time I've heard a crosstalk like that! This is truly the first time that something like this has happened!"

"That song came on without any warning. At the beginning, Zhang Ye kept relating about his wondrous job seeking experiences. He shared how difficult it was to find a job in Beijing, and when he found one, he talked about how stressful work was. Then he touched on Beijing's expensive housing prices and how the so-called 'experts' could not be believed. He also shared how jobs were unstable along with other topics. Everything that he mentioned wasn't great, and when everyone thought that his singing would be a joke like everything else before, he suddenly hit us with a song like that! That 'I'm in Beijing, it's pretty good' really made me tear up! How much bitterness and tough experiences were contained with the phrase 'it's pretty good'? Who could know!"

"This is what you call resonance with your audience! God damn! I really love Zhang Ye!"

"This song composed by Zhang Ye was basically a song about himself! He wasn't performing but just singing it for his parents! He wants to tell them that everything is great!"

"Teacher Zhang has sung what we all wish to say!"

"How touching!"

"Who still dares to claim that Teacher Zhang does not know how to do a gala crosstalk?"

"Who? Step forward!"

"The other provincial stations' Spring Festival Galas now pale in comparison!"

"Yeah, which other gala crosstalk can be compared to Zhang Ye's 'Everything is Great'? They're way off! They can't even be mentioned in the same breath!"

"I've been working away from home in a first-tier city for over a decade now. Through the years, I've gone through all kinds of suffering and done all sorts of jobs, but I've never once wept. However, today, Zhang Ye's crosstalk has made me cry! Thank you, Zhang Ye. No matter what others think of you, no matter how many people hate and dislike you, you're still the one who excels and stands out in the arts! Your position in the entertainment circle can never be replaced by anyone! This is the first time I've come across a celebrity like you. You're amazing! Truly! You're amazing!"

"Teacher Zhang, there are people who like you!"

"You still have us!"

"Right, there's still us!"

"Rain or shine, we're by your side!"

"Rain or shine, we're by your side!"

"Rain or shine, we're by your side!"

Some of Zhang Ye's fans were even crying as they typed out those words!

There were positive cheers online!

Praise was going around!

Perhaps not even praise was enough to describe all that was going on!

...

At present, the crosstalk world was silent.

As Zhang Ye's old rival, the crosstalk world had been at war with Zhang Ye for a very long time now. They'd gotten into far too many conflicts and had practically not won a single one of them. But even so, even though they were slightly prepared for this outcome, they could not have expected that Zhang Ye would beat them so convincingly this time!

There were no faults with the crosstalk routine this time!

Crude?

He did not even use one-liners like "I am your father" or "your wife is my wife"!

Vulgar?

The entire crosstalk had satirically pointed out many uncivilized behaviors in society!

Tasteless?

That last twist of a song was something that the crosstalk world had never done or attempted as well as Zhang Ye had!

This was a textbook crosstalk routine!

When several younger crosstalk comedians who had always disliked Zhang Ye heard that song, they did not say anything more as they felt that they had lost. That foundation displayed in the speed recital, that talent exhibited through all those exciting bits, and that final song that made the entire audience cry. Other than Zhang Ye, there seemingly wasn't another who could do it as well as he did! Even though they insulted him from the sidelines, they couldn't help but admit that this person was...far too formidable!

Tang Dazhang, who was at home with his wife, said to her, "Change the channel."

His wife carefully ran her eyes over him and said, "OK."

On this night, after this crosstalk, the crosstalk world turned especially quiet.

...

Similarly quiet were the staff of Central TV's Spring Festival Gala.

An assistant director said while watching Beijing Television, "This..."

Xu Yipeng's expression had changed too!

And those who had previously scolded Zhang Ye on Weibo and questioned the mismatch between the content and title of the crosstalk were speechless. They did not know what else they could say anymore!

How could this be?

How did Zhang Ye manage to create such a crosstalk routine?!

Those who were itching to throw insults back at Zhang Ye's crosstalk were all silenced!

Even the executive director of Central TV's Spring Festival Gala and the Central TV executives were lost in thought. They were forced to admit that Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's "Everything is Great" was truly a once-in-a-lifetime routine! They couldn't help but think of how if they had invited Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai to appear on Central TV's Spring Festival Gala, then they probably wouldn't have invited so much ridicule had this crosstalk performance gotten broadcast on their Central TV's Spring Festival Gala stage instead.

But that was just a passing thought.

With Central TV and Zhang Ye's current relationship, that was clearly impossible!

...

Beijing Television.

After leaving the stage, Zhang Ye saw Chang Xiaoliang waiting for him with the assistant directors of the production team quite a distance away. They were probably waiting for him on purpose.

"Director Chang." Zhang Ye smiled as he greeted him.

Chang Xiaoliang said rather excitedly, "I kept wondering to myself just then about how it would turn out!"

Yao Jiancai laughed. "Surely it's not that suspenseful. Little Zhang and I are both professionals and would only ask to change the content if we were sure of it."

Chang Xiaoliang shook his head and said, "It's not that. What I was wondering about was what if I had not approved of adding this song segment and stuck to the previous plan, how different it would have turned out. It should still be good, but it would definitely not be as shocking as now! Both of you are amazing! Legendary! Truly legendary!"

The assistant director in charge of the narration also said in a convinced manner, "With tonight's performance, the two of you will surely take the highest spot in the crosstalk world now!"

Zhang Ye quickly waved it off. "Please don't say that."

Yao Jiancai agreed, "Right, we don't deserve that."

Chang Xiaoliang asked, "A lot of people are asking: What's the song's title?"

Zhang Ye replied, "Hur hur, it's called 'A Letter to Home.'"[1.]

This was an old song by Li Chunbo, a master of ballads from his previous world.

"Inviting you and Teacher Yao to our Spring Festival Gala this time," Chang Xiaoliang said with a sigh, "Could be the most correct decision that we've made in all these years! Thank you! You both have worked hard!"

Zhang Ye waved it off and smiled. "Come on, it's not that exaggerated, Director Chang. You only invited us because you saw something in us. Since I promised to appear on the Gala, then I'd definitely do my best to put on the greatest show. This is how I've always done things. As long as I've promised, I'll do it to the best of my abilities!"

Yao Jiancai also smiled and said, "In our line of work, putting on a show is more important than anything, so it's really nothing at all."

Chang Xiaoliang replied, "Alright, I need to get back to work. Why don't you two rest backstage. Oh right, go online and have a look too, haha."

That assistant director also said happily, "It's total chaos online!"

...

Backstage.

In the waiting room.

Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai had just come back. When they took out their cell phones and went online to have a look, they were shocked. They did not expect everyone to be so supportive as well as crazy and passionate over their crosstalk!

"Ahhh!"

"I'm not gonna watch the other channels anymore!"

"The crosstalk and skit routines on the other provincial channels aren't even worth watching! They're too boring!"

"I'll just stick to watching Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala!"

"I've never heard a better crosstalk than that in my life!"

"Zhang Ye, I have decided that I will be your brain-dead fan for life from now on!"

"Teacher Yao, you're so cool!"

"I recorded that song earlier. I just listened to it again and started crying again!"

"Thank you, Zhang Ye. I've decided that no matter what happens this Spring Festival, even if the sky should fall, I'll definitely rush home to have a reunion dinner with my parents!"

Yao Jiancai was very happy and satisfied. "The audience are recognizing our work."

Zhang Ye breathed a sigh of relief, finally able to calm his mind. "That's good. This is the first time I've done a crosstalk like that. I wasn't too sure how it would turn out."

"You weren't sure? Oh, come on!" Yao Jiancai laughed and said, "To change half the agreed content of the crosstalk an hour before the live broadcast, adding in jokes, creating a melody and song, then, without any rehearsal or time to do a quick run-through of our lines, you still had the courage to go on stage for the live broadcast! I must take my hat off to that courage of yours! In the entire crosstalk world, the entire literary circle, and entertainment industry, who else besides you would dare to do something like that? If you can find me another person like that, I will kneel to you! This was a truly frightening experience for me today!"

Zhang Ye flattered, "Didn't I make it through the routine because of you, Teacher Yao? Without you as my partner, if I were to work with anyone else on this? I wouldn't have dared to take such a risk either!"

Yao Jiancai laughed. "I like what you're saying!"

Zhang Ye said, "You mean you're taking me seriously?"

"Ah? You mean you're not?" Yao Jiancai saw red.

Chapter 884: Sweeping aside all the other provincial stations' Spring Festival Galas!

Zhejiang Television.

The two veteran crosstalk comedians the station had spent a fortune to invite were currently performing onstage.

The comic: "What do you think happened at the end?"

The straight man: "What happened?"

The comic: "He picked up that bun and ate it!"

The straight man: "Eh, didn't he find that dirty?"

One of the two comedians was on the same level as Tang Dazhang, while the other one who wasn't much older than them was from Master Xu's generation. In the crosstalk, they were considered to have a rather high status.

The two of them were performing at their best. Their foreheads were dripping with sweat!

The pressure of the Spring Festival Gala's live broadcast was keeping everyone in the production team busy at the venue. A lot of them did not know what had happened and were clueless of the events that took place in the outside world. Suddenly, a staff member of the production team noticed a problem. They had their own specialized platform for data analytics and real-time monitoring of the live broadcast.

That person said in surprise, "Eh! Something's wrong!"

One of the directors close by looked over. "What's the matter, Little Zhou?"

That person said in a stunned manner, "Why did the traffic of our Spring Festival Gala suddenly drop by 23%? Th-that...can't be possible!"

Suddenly, a lot of people gathered around him.

"What?"

"That's not possible!"

"But the language act is going on right now!"

"Right, the traffic should be rising instead!"

"Where's the data? Show me!"

"How can that be? It really dropped that much?"

"Ah?"

The executive director of Zhejiang Television's Spring Festival Gala was also alarmed by this. They were very concerned about these datasets as it reflected the real-time performance of their Spring Festival Gala show. This would determine which part of the show had problems or other issues. It was with this data that they could determine the causes and make the necessary adjustments. It dropped by more than 20% in just a short time? That was clearly abnormal and very frightening. "What happened? What's going on right now?"

Hunan Television.

Traffic about their Spring Festival Gala's had also suddenly plummeted!

5%!

10%!

It finally dropped by a total of 19%!

There was also a substantial reduction in the number of comments. This drop was enough to terrify anyone! Even the dedicated discussion area that they set up for Mango TV's Spring Festival Gala on their official Weibo account felt like it was suddenly empty!

"What's the matter?"

"Damn, what the fuck happened?"

"No one likes to watch this show?"

"That can't be! Fan Wenli is singing right now! It's Fan Wenli that we're talking about here!"

"Where are they?"

"Fuck! Where did everyone go to? Who can answer me?"

The production team was stunned!

Actually, a lot of the other provincial stations had suddenly realized this alarming situation. Their first instinct was that something huge must have happened at another provincial station's Spring Festival Gala!

Sure enough, that suspicion was quickly verified!

Something had happened at Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala!

"Everyone...has tuned into Beijing TV!"

"What are they watching over there?"

"The crosstalk routine."

"But our station is also showing a crosstalk routine! Why would they need to switch over to Beijing TV?"

"It's Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's crosstalk routine on that channel!"

These staffers of the Spring Festival Gala production teams were very busy with their own event, so of course they didn't have the time to check out Beijing Television's crosstalk routine. Since they did not know anything about it, they found it impossible and incomprehensible! Why was this happening? Why? Did the audience go mad? Why did it seem like almost everyone had tuned into Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala! Why would the crosstalk routine be so popular just because it was performed by Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai!

Liaoning Television was shocked!

Hunan Television was stunned!

Dragon Television was at a loss for words!

Just because of Zhang Ye, just because of a crosstalk, how was it possible for that to pull down all the provincial stations' Spring Festival Gala traffic by nearly 20% at once?

How did he do it?

There was no logic!

Similar doubts were surfacing online.

But that was quickly overturned by many groups!

"Just watch it before saying anything!"

"Listen to it first before commenting!"

"Don't compare the other Spring Festival Galas' lousy crosstalks to 'Everything is Great'!"

"In the past, I've always trash-talked Zhang Ye. I did not like performances like that 'Three Vulgarities' crosstalk where he just kept scolding others without meaning. But after incidentally listening to 'Everything is Great,' I've decided to support Zhang Ye for once. I don't care how you people talk about him in the future, but for today, I won't allow anyone to criticize Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye is so godly today!"

"This must be the pinnacle of crosstalk routines!"

Countless netizens were strongly supporting it!

The entire Internet was filled with Zhang Ye's and Yao Jiancai's names, with Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala, and discussions about "Everything is Great"!

It was very popular!

Zhang Ye's crosstalk was broadcast just a short while ago but word had already reached people around the country!

The industry was shocked!

Countless industry insiders were left with their mouths agape!

Could a crosstalk routine really get this popular?! They truly hadn't seen anything like this before!

...

Beijing Television.

Backstage, in the waiting room.

Hou Ge, Dafei, and the others pushed open the door and entered. "Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye was furtively having a smoke, but when he saw people coming in, he quickly tried to hide it. When he realized that it was his old colleagues at Beijing Television, he gave them a smile before picking up his cigarette to smoke again. "Why are all of you here? Are you all finished with your work already? Quick, have a seat."

Dafei said, "Don't bother, we still have to get back to our posts."

Xiao Lu giggled and said, "We're just here to tell you something. Teacher Zhang, you're fantastic!"

Hou Ge said, "That last song, I actually cried listening to it!"

Yao Jiancai laughed and interjected, "I contributed to that too."

Xiao Lu quickly said, "Yes, yes, yes! Teacher Yao did especially well in supporting the crosstalk!"

"If it weren't for Teacher Yao holding up his part of the exchange, Teacher Zhang wouldn't have done so well!" Hou Di said sincerely, "We've known Teacher Zhang for several years now, so we know that when he talks, his mind jumps all over the place. Especially when it comes to crosstalk. He always changes the topic all of a sudden. Most people wouldn't be able to react in time and would just let the conversation die off. Only Teacher Yao can work so seamlessly with Teacher Zhang. You two really are the ultimate pairing!"

Yao Jiancai laughed, "Haha!"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "That's true, Old Yao and I are seasoned partners."

After chatting for a while, Xiao Lu suddenly thought of something.

Xiao Lu facepalmed and said, "Look at my memory, I nearly forgot! Brother Hu wanted me to come over to ask if that last song's name was called 'A Letter to Home.' And if the lyrics and melody were all composed by you. Will there be any issues with the copyright?"

Zhang Ye asked, "What's the matter?"

Xiao Lu replied, "A lot of people on the Internet are asking to listen to it again. They're flooding our official website and have left thousands of comments requesting it, so the station would like to extract the song from the recording and upload it online."

Zhang Ye understood and said, "I'm fine with that, just post it online."

Xiao Lu declared, "Alrighty then, I'll go and inform Brother Hu!"

Since it was just by the by, Beijing Television did not think much about it and neither did Zhang Ye. If the audience wanted to listen to it, then just upload the song to the Internet!

However, Beijing Television and Zhang Ye could never have expected that this decision of theirs would actually create a huge wave! Just after sweeping aside all the other provincial stations' Spring Festival Galas, they were on their way to making the music industry break out in a cold sweat!

Chapter 885: Getting on the Top Chinese Music Chart!

Beijing Television had very high efficiency!

While the Spring Festival Gala was still broadcasting, "A Letter to Home" was posted onto the official website without any edits. Subsequently, someone from a music hosting site likely contacted Beijing Television to seek cooperation. Soon after that, "A Letter to Home" appeared on many of the major music hosting sites. Some music hosting sites even placed advertisements on their front page: "The concluding song of Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala crosstalk 'Everything is Great' lands on HeeHee Music's platform. Would you like to listen? Please give me your strongest support!"

The netizens were pleasantly surprised!

"Go and look!"

"Holy shit, it's been released!"

"It's Zhang Ye's song!"

"The title is 'A Letter to Home'? I can finally listen to it again!"

"It's true, I can listen to it!"

"It's so good!"

"Dammit, I'm crying again!"

"I feel like crying whenever I listen to it! How can there be such a deeply touching song like this?!"

"This song is really well written!"

"Keep pushing it up!"

"I love this song!"

"Pleading for Zhang Ye to release a single of it! A studio version!"

"No, it'll feel different if it's recorded in the studio! It's the live version that's the best! These real emotions are just what I want to listen to! What a good song to listen to!"

The netizens flooded over like crazy!

...

Shanghai.

At an upscale hotel.

A Korean singer, Park Jaehee, and his mainland China team were holding a meeting in a hotel room to discuss the upcoming concert and promotions for the new songs.

"This is Jaehee's first year in China, so we must make it a successful year!"

"The new song is great to listen to. The Chinese audience will definitely approve of it!"

"Yea, Jaehee is picking up Mandarin very quickly and the song's quality is very good too!"

"What position did it get on this month's Top Chinese Music Chart?"

"Let me check.

"Oh! We're 10th! We're in the top 10!"

"This is great!"

"It's worth a celebration!"

Everyone was rather excited as they felt pretty satisfied with the result!

The Top Chinese Music Chart was an aggregated chart of the entire domestic music industry. In this era where physical media distribution was more or less phased out, digital distribution over the Internet was about the only way to go and was the standard model to follow. The Top Chinese Music Chart was the largest and most authoritative chart with no other coming close!

Zhang Yuanqi's new song would vie for a spot on this chart!

Fan Wenli's new song would vie for a spot on this chart!

Even an established singer like Chen Guang would also vie for a spot on this chart!

This was a kind of publicity, honor, and affirmation for them. Every singer took this chart's listing very seriously. It was a stage for them to fight it out in. An unknown amount of blood had already been shed!

Zhang Yuanqi's new song that was #1 last month had dropped to #2 this month.

A new single released by Fan Wenli did not do as well and only placed 13th. If she was a newcomer, that would no doubt be a surprising result. But with Fan Wenli's status in the music industry, this result was really somewhat lacking and not good enough.

Meanwhile, Chen Guang was still as good as ever. Four of the songs from his new album had made it onto the top 20. One of them was placed third while the remaining songs placed ninth, 11th, and 19th respectively!

The competition was very intense!

However, on the second to none, most authoritative music chart of the domestic music industry, an uninvited guest suddenly appeared. In seemingly the blink of an eye, a song that wasn't known by anyone had suddenly appeared on the chart!

#100!

#53!

#21!

#10!

In the bat of an eye, it had squeezed past Park Jaehee's new song!

Park Jaehee's team was just celebrating happily for getting into the top 10 when their joyful expressions suddenly crumbled a few seconds later!

"What is this?"

"What's going on?"

"Is there a problem with the stats?"

"'A Letter to Home'? What sort of song is this?"

"Why is it right at tenth place?"

"The singer is Zhang Ye? Who is that? Is there such a person in the music industry?"

Everyone was dumbfounded. The...the ranking was rising too quickly!

And it still didn't end as the song's rank kept rising!

#9!

It beat Chen Guang's song!

Then it went to #8, then #7, then #6, looking invincible as it made its way up!

Park Jaehee asked in shock, "Who is this person?"

His manager said anxiously, "I don't know that person! There's no singer named Zhang Ye in the mainland! There's only a host called Zhang Ye!"

One of the team's staff exclaimed, "Why is this song so popular?"

Someone cursed, "Fuck, this song is on fucking drugs!"

A slightly older person in the team was more composed. "To perform so well, it must be excellent in its own way. Since it has taken over our spot, we can't really do anything about it. Let's just have a listen and see if we can learn from it."

Park Jaehee nodded earnestly and said, "Yes. I haven't been in the mainland for long and don't understand the domestic music scene very well yet, so I would like to learn from it."

The song was played.

Park Jaehee perked up his ears, wanting to learn why the song was so popular and hoping it would help him in his development in mainland China in the future. As the saying goes: Only the capable can be teachers.

"To my dear Mom and Dad."

"Oh...oh..."

"How are you two?"

"Fine!"

"Fine!"

"Have you been busy working?"

"Busy!"

"Are you healthy?"

"Yes!"

"Hahaha!"

A chaotic mixture of noise and chatter!

Dogshit singing!

And there were even screams that sounded out of nowhere!

The team members were dumbfounded!

Park Jaehee was also stunned!

This...this is the singing style of China's outstanding pop songs? This is what China's current most popular pop music sounded like? Hearing all that noise in his ears, Park Jaehee suddenly burst into tears! The music here was way too unpredictable! Am I supposed to stay in such a country in the future to fulfill my dreams of being a musician?

Mom!

I wanna go home!

...

Not only Park Jaehee, even many of the other music companies and singers were startled!

A rookie Hong Kong singer stared at the Top Chinese Music Chart with his mouth agape. "What the fuck! Where did this bastard pop out from?"

A female singer who was also paying close attention to the Top Chinese Music Chart nearly fainted. "'A Letter to Home'? Who sang this song? Why does it sound like he's slaughtering a pig?! A lousy song like that can even get on the fucking chart? I'm not well-educated, so please don't try to fool me!"

The music industry was shocked!

The singing world was stunned!

Many of the singers who had listened to this song were all crying out loudly in their minds: "From where did this lousy song emerge?!"

...

However, the netizens of mainland China were laughing madly!

"Hahahaha!"

"I'm dying of laughter! Zhang Ye's song has gotten onto the Top Chinese Music Chart!"

"Aiyo, what the heck! He's #5 now!"

"Awesome! This is so awesome!"

"A lot of people in the music industry still don't know what's going on! Hahahaha!"

"That's because they didn't watch Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala! If they don't know about the buildup from the crosstalk routine and don't understand Zhang Ye as a person, then they obviously wouldn't feel anything just by listening to this song!"

"How amusing, Teacher Zhang has even barged into the Top Chinese Music Chart!"

"When those people who don't know the story behind it hear Zhang Ye's ragged singing, their jaws are definitely going to drop! Hahahaha!"

"Zhang Ye has added yet another profession to his resume—singer! And it's even as a popular singer who has placed at the top of the Top Chinese Music Chart!"

"I'm feeling an inexplicable sense of joy!"

"Teacher Zhang has gone on to disturb the music industry again!"

"The music industry is probably in a state of shock right now!"

"Hahahahaha!"

All of a sudden, Zhang Xia appeared online.

Zhang Xia gave a Like to "A Letter to Home" on Weibo and gave it high praise. "This is a ballad. Normally, a ballad is light and calm without too many ups and downs in pitch. But the emotions in this song kept surging forward like a torrential tide, especially when those narrative lines were spoken. It actually managed to present an image of all the emotions behind the song for me. Without a doubt, this is the

most touching song that I've heard in recent years! But to touch on something off-topic, Little Zhang, about you ridiculing me in your crosstalk routine, I will remember it clearly and have a chat with you someday, hur hur."

"Whoa, Grandma Zhang!"

"Your evaluation is too high!"

"This is the evaluation of a professional!"

"Awesome!"

"That was really well said!"

"Grandma Zhang has also been touched by the song?"

Suddenly, Chen Guang also appeared!

Chen Guang posted on Weibo: "@ZhangYe, you've gotten onto the Top Chinese Music Chart! You even pushed my song down the rankings! So tell me, how should this be settled?"

Fan Wenli who had just ended her performance on Hunan Television's Spring Festival Gala also posted on Weibo: "Director Zhang sang so poorly. You'll know that he's an amateur just from hearing him sing. From the sound of it, you'd know that he can't sing at all. The handling of his pitch, the way he articulates and the variations of his tone were all very amateurish! Yet this song actually made me cry just from listening to it! Even now, I don't know why it can do that!"

The netizens agreed.

"Yeah!"

"I cried too!"

"It was so obvious that it was sung badly, yet...yet why was it so good to listen to?"

A few minutes later.

No one could have expected that the Heavenly Queen would actually answer this question!

In the music industry, Zhang Yuanqi had debuted much earlier than Fan Wenli and Chen Guang. She explained: "A lot of friends in the music industry must still be confused, right? Take a look at the crosstalk routine 'Everything is Great' on Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala and you'll understand what is going on. I've watched the crosstalk routine. This is the first time I've witnessed someone daring to sing like that on the stage of a live broadcast for a provincial station's Spring Festival Gala. After listening to it, I was astonished and pondered for a long time. I found that the message conveyed by the music might be much simpler than what everyone is thinking. It's just pure and sincere emotion. It doesn't matter how the singing is, whether it has any technique and whether it is out of tune or if the voice cracks. Because of the sincerity and emotions in the singing, all the other factors have become unimportant. Zhang Ye's 'A Letter to Home' is exactly that kind of a song! You may say that Zhang Ye sang it very amateurishly, and may say that his vocalization is poor, out of tune, he doesn't know how to vary his pitch or use breathing techniques, and doesn't have all the foundations that a singer should possess,

but you definitely cannot deny that he sang this song...very well! His emotions helped him disregard all the technicalities of singing by ripping away everyone's masks and defenses, singing straight to the heart!"

"How awesome!"

"Even the Heavenly Queen has listened to it?"

"Wow! The Heavenly Queen is praising it too!"

"The Heavenly Queen even listened to the crosstalk?"

"That's right. This song is deeply touching!"

Following that, a few more musicians gave their evaluations.

A famous lyricist and composer: "The lyrics of 'A Letter to Home' might seem straightforward and sound just like a normal letter without any technical details. But that is where it truly is of the highest caliber!"

A rookie singer: "We already know of Teacher Zhang's talent in writing lyrics and composing music just from 'Wishing We Last Forever' and 'Woman Flower,' but today, 'A Letter to Home' has renewed my understanding of Teacher Zhang. The emotions I felt in this song were indescribable!"

A-list movie star, Ning Lan: "This is the best song I've heard this year! Strongly recommending this song. Those who have not listened to it should listen to it! But it's best if you can watch the crosstalk routine all the way through!"

Member of a popular domestic female group, Xiaodong: "After listening to it, I kept crying and suddenly had the thought of covering this song. But thinking about it, with Teacher Zhang's version on Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala, I doubt that it will be possible to surpass the original version, which is deeply emotional. The more professional the singer is, the harder it will be for them to express this song well!"

"A Letter to Home" had become very popular!

A song sung haphazardly by a crosstalk comedian had actually stormed into the Top Chinese Music Chart and reached such a high position. When many musicians and singers in the music industry learned about the truth, they didn't know how to react!

What the hell is this?

Surely it can't be done this way, right?

Chapter 886: A Letter to Home causes a massacre!

"Push it up!"

"Let's push 'A Letter to Home' up the chart!"

"It's already #4!"

"Right above it now is the best performing song in Chen Guang's new album!"

"Charge! Let's shatter Old Chen!"

"I'm here! Go to hell!"

"Let's destroy Teacher Chen Guang!"

"Comrades, countrymen, charge!"

"Get Zhang Ye to the top three!"

"Right, get Zhang Ye to the top three! Hahahaha!"

A group of netizens who only wanted to watch the world burn seemed even more excited than the person directly involved. They roared as they either left positive comments for "A Letter to Home," gave it plays, or helped forward it to increase its popularity. Finally, with all of the noisy commotion caused by the troll army, the song truly and miraculously "shattered" Chen Guang!

#3!

Third place on the Top Chinese Music Chart: "A Letter to Home"!

The trolls went wild with joy!

"Wow!"

"Hahahaha!"

"It's a success! It's done!"

"This is so cool!"

"Pfft, can you guys not be such trolls!"

"Aiyo, let me laugh a little longer!"

Initially, this group of people teared up because of the song and some of them even cried listening to it. But in the blink of an eye, when they saw an exciting opportunity for fun? When they realized they could stir up some trouble? These trolls seemingly changed into different people as their attitudes turned faster than the pages of a book! Every one of them jokingly called for a massacre on the charts with a domineering air!

"Let's destroy Sister Zhang next!"

"That's right! I don't care who she is!"

"Our target is the #1 spot!"

"Our target should be the #1 spot for the month!"

"No, let's push 'A Letter to Home' up onto the annual chart!"

"Only the annual chart? What sort of low-level goal is that! We'll push this song up into the Worldwide Music Chart! Push it up onto the American Billboard Chart! Let the Americans feel the passion and warmth of China's ballad!"

"Right, let's bring it to America!"

"Gooooo!"

"We're headed for America!"

"Push that son of a gun up!"

When a lot of people saw this, they nearly fainted on the spot. "Fuck, can you all please stop showing off? Headed for goddamn America? Why don't you push it out of the galaxy instead! Or push it beyond the Milky Way?!"

The trolls replied: "What a good suggestion!"

The onlookers had no response

It was a festive atmosphere on the Internet that felt just like the New Year. Eh, but it was really the New Year anyway.

Beijing Television.

In a waiting room.

Yao Jiancai was highly entertained. "With that lousy voice of yours, you can still get onto the Top Chinese Music Chart on the day the song was released? Damn, it's already #3! You're already going into the music industry so soon after crossing over into the documentary industry as a director?!"

Zhang Ye did not like hearing that. "Hey, what do you mean by my 'lousy voice'?"

"Hahaha, what you're doing is just making trouble for their industry," Yao Jiancai remarked.

Zhang Ye boasted, "This is called talent, understand?"

Yao Jiancai seethed, "Who are you trying to bullshit?"

"Just look at Grandma Zhang Xia's comment, Sister Zhang's comment, Ning Lan's highest recommendation. They're all relevant and on the money!" Zhang Ye pointed out the comments on Weibo.

Yao Jiancai said, "Keep spouting your nonsense!"

When he sang "A Letter to Home" earlier, Zhang Ye was in all seriousness. But after he left the stage, this fellow was back to his usual cheeky self.

Since they were just idling about, the two of them started browsing through Weibo to kill their boredom.

Yao Jiancai was suddenly amused by something. "Heh, someone is scolding you!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "There are always people scolding me."

Yao Jiancai laughed. "But this time, their scolding is ingenious! Quick, take a look at it! Your song has brought you trouble again!"

Initially, Zhang Ye was not bothered about it, but after he leaned over to have a look, he was at a total loss for words!

Not only Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai, everyone else felt that way as this was not your usual online comment, but a news report. It was an interview comment, and it was even an interview that was broadcast live!

...

It was the first day of the Lunar New Year.

The World Team Table Tennis Championships that was progressing overseas had ended. In the finals of the men's team event, the Chinese team lost 2-3 to the South Korean team. With an extremely advantageous lead of 2-0, they eventually lost the match after surrendering three consecutive sets at the end. The final player to compete was the world #2, Han Li. He was not in the best shape and lost the crucial match point. This loss was extremely painful to China as they had won the men's team event in the world championships for ten straight years. It was the first time in all those years that the trophy had changed hands!

The commentator and host for Central TV in this competition was none other than Yu Yingyi!

When the men's team championship was lost, many table tennis fans were furious!

"Were they even playing table tennis?!"

"Damn, there's something suspicious about that referee!"

"They played so terribly today!"

"I'm not watching this anymore! Making us feel like shit during the new year!"

"If I would've known this was going to be the result, I wouldn't have watched the table tennis match at all. I'd rather have watched the Spring Festival Gala instead!"

"This competition met with some problems back then and was dragged on for so long until today's finals. But in the end, they showed us such a result? I don't even get it!"

A lot of these people were in a bad mood due to the results.

However, during the post-match interview, a scene played out in front of them that no one could have expected.

When the reporter interviewed the men's team player, Han Li, to ask him about the main reason for losing his match, Han Li's reply amused everyone!

Han Li said with outrage, "I've always had the habit of listening to music to relieve myself of any pressure before a match starts."

That reporter was stunned. "Listening to music?" What did that have to do with losing a match? The reporter couldn't understand.

Han Li replied angrily, "I found a song that was at the top of the Top Chinese Music Chart, something called 'A Letter to Home'? I was in rather good shape initially, but after listening to this 'noise,' I got really unsettled! What I want to know is, what's up with the Top Chinese Music Chart these days? Is this still the most authoritative music chart in the country? Any song could just randomly appear on it?" He then stopped answering any more questions from the reporters and turned away, leaving together with his teammates and coach! On the screen, his teammate even patted him on his shoulder to console him.

As this was a live interview, it was broadcast to everyone watching!

Once this interview was broadcast, many of the trolls on Weibo were laughing madly!

"Aiyo, what the heck!"

"Isn't this excuse too fucking far-fetched?"

"You can blame others even though you lost the match yourself?"

"Hahahaha!"

"Teacher Zhang has been scolded by someone again!"

"Look at what you people have done by pushing 'A Letter to Home' up onto the music chart. Just see for yourselves what happened! You have caused trouble for someone! And made our country lose the match!"

"What has that got to do with us!"

"Aren't you blaming the toilet when you can't shit!"

Because this was an international tournament and due to it being a live broadcast, Han Li's words caused a big sensation. Who wouldn't know about it when it had been broadcast on television?

Immediately, doubting voices came flooding in!

"This idiot!"

"This Han Li is always finding excuses! He did it previously as well!"

"I'm so tickled from hearing that! What sort of crappy excuse is that!"

"A loss is a loss, why would you blame Zhang Ye for your loss?"

Faced with great pressure from the public opinions, the national table tennis team had no choice except to issue a response.

Very quickly, the national table tennis team's head coach, Liu Yifeng, gave an interview.

The female reporter asked, "Regarding Han Li's post-match comments, what is your view on that?"

Liu Yifeng replied calmly, "As far as I know, Han Li indeed has the habit of listening to music to relax before a match. As our athletes all have their own ways of relieving stress, there is nothing wrong with that. The players are still young and speak bluntly, so it's understandable since everyone is in a bad mood after losing the match."

The female reporter probed, "Then do you mean that the reason for the national team losing is directly linked to 'A Letter to Home'?"

Liu Yifeng said, "Han Li is a young person and is easily affected by external factors. Based on my understanding of him, when something that he dislikes suddenly appears like a certain song or whatever else, it definitely affects him. As for the other athletes, it's also impossible for them not to get distracted as none of us are sages."

The female reporter found it both funny and annoying. "Then do you mean that the reason for the loss is because of Zhang Ye?"

After the tournament, Liu Yifeng learned of the origin of that song and who its singer was. He said, "I did not say that."

But the female reporter thought to herself that it was clearly implied so.

Liu Yifeng explained, "There are a lot of factors contributing to the loss of a match. Besides the external factors, we would reflect on ourselves as well."

So the external factors were still the main reason!

It was still "A Letter to Home" that caused your loss in the tournament?

Coincidentally, the changing room door behind was opened at this moment. Another member of the table tennis national team was just entering, saying to his teammate next to him as he walked in, "That 'A Letter to Home' is really infuriating! What a troublesome mess it has caused! Otherwise, we would have won this match easily!" He did not know the head coach was currently giving a live interview on television. After he saw them, he was startled and quickly left the room again, closing the door behind him.

But what he said had been clearly broadcast to the public!

The criticism immediately swarmed in!

"What's the meaning of that!"

"I thought only Han Li alone was immature, but it seems like the entire national team is blaming Zhang Ye now?"

"Isn't this too far-fetched?!"

"Although many people are scolding Zhang Ye online, you guys should at least find a more reasonable excuse, right? What is this? Isn't this making something out of nothing at all?!"

"It was you who listened to the song willingly! No one forced you to listen to it!"

"The table tennis player is young and not sensible? But why is the head coach also being not sensible?!"

"Yeah, Han Li always has this bad habit of pushing away responsibility. When he lost the match, shouldn't you as a head coach criticize him instead of helping to make excuses? Helping the national team push away the responsibility? What sort of person are you! And to that player called Li, we all heard what you said as well!"

"Teacher Zhang has been shot again even though he did nothing wrong!"

"This bunch of table tennis players are such jokes!"

After that, Han Li did not say another word.

Liu Yifeng also did not give any explanations as he had probably already communicated it to the reporters in the changing room. In the end, the rest of the players on the team did not accept any further interviews either.

...

The phone rang.

It was from Yu Yingyi.

Zhang Ye was just scolding "fuck their grandpas" as he answered the call.

Yu Yingyi said: "Zhang'er."

"Yes, it's me," Zhang Ye said.

Yu Yingyi blinked. "What is going on? You saw the live broadcast?"

Zhang Ye snorted. "How could I have not seen it? They're even blaming me for not singing well? They lost their match just because they listened to my song? Then when Zhang Yuanqi, Chen Guang, and Fan Wenli sang well, why didn't they go and listen to their songs every day and become the world champions! What the hell are they bullshitting about me?!"

Yu Yingyi said, "I'm overseas right now and I'm still at the tournament's arena. I've just finished my work and will return to Beijing tomorrow. Let me tell you something, this Han Li has always behaved like this. When he lost the match last year, he claimed that the table tennis paddle was no good. At the beginning of last year when he lost to a Japanese player, he said that the air in the competition arena was not good."

Zhang Ye was so angry that he was amused. "Then tell me who have I offended? Why am I always getting the blame? Alright, let's not talk about Han Li's faults for now. Why are his other teammates also behaving this way? And even their head coach is behaving this way? It doesn't make any sense at all! I really can't let the matter rest just like this!"

Yao Jiancai was entertained by this as he sat there beside him.

His young buddy sure was getting unluckier by the day! Just singing a song could even cause such a "massacre," making a world #2 table tennis player unable to play properly anymore!

Thinking about it, there was no one else who could do something like this!

Chapter 887: Zhang Ye, why don't you take over the skit!

The incident blew up!

A lot of people did not even bother watching the Spring Festival Gala anymore and rushed over to observe the commotion!

"'A Letter to Home' sits comfortably at #3 on the Top Chinese Music Chart!"

"Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's new crosstalk routine unanimously receives rave reviews!"

"Men's team match at the World Team Table Tennis Championships ends in defeat!"

"The reason for Han Li's loss?"

"Head Coach Liu Yifeng supportive of Han Li!"

"Teammates' complaints of 'A Letter to Home' broadcast live: 'Terrible to listen to! Loss was a result of the song'!"

The online news was published one after another!

Han Li was considered a very popular celebrity athlete. Although the attention and fame that a table tennis player received definitely could not be comparable to celebrities in the entertainment industry, if a celebrity athlete were successful in their career, their popularity would be quite high as well. In Zhang Ye's previous world it was the same, with examples like Yao Ming, Liu Xiang, Li Na, and several others.

At this moment, Han Li's Weibo account was getting mentioned countless times.

The national team's head coach, Liu Yifeng, was also targeted by them. Even the national table tennis team's official Weibo was flooded by the netizens!

"Do you people know how to give an interview?"

"Come on, be a gentleman and don't be shameful!"

"I'm feel embarrassed for you all. You've disgraced yourselves completely this time!"

"You guys still have the cheek to scold Zhang Ye after losing to the South Korean team? I'm really fucking angered by all of you! Do you people think you have the right to scold Zhang Ye?! Do you know who Teacher Zhang is? He's the leader of the Professional Korean Insulters! He has been fighting against the Koreans ever since he debuted! And he even fought with a Korean celebrity before! Zhang Ye always stood at the front lines during the scolding battles against them. On this same day a year ago, Zhang Ye even got locked up at the police station after he beat up Lee Anson, but countless people rushed to the police station to try to get Zhang Ye released! Do you know what that situation was like? Have you people witnessed something like that before? He has always been at the front lines scolding the Koreans! And has never lost before! Unlike you guys who blame it on Zhang Ye's song after losing the match! What sort of logic is that!"

"I really take my hat off to you all. How can anyone criticize a song that is so touching?"

"Go and watch 'Everything is Great'! You'll understand after watching it!"

However, those Weibo accounts remained silent.

Liu Yifeng, Han Li, and the rest of the national team players did not make any explanations or bother with them.

...

Today was destined to be a night unlike any other night!

The intense competition among all the provincial stations' Spring Festival Galas, Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's new crosstalk routine that shocked the entire country, "A Letter to Home" that stormed into the Top Chinese Music Chart, the loss suffered by the men's team in the table tennis championship, Han Li's new excuse for losing his match, the silent agreement by the national table tennis team to support that excuse, the criticism from the netizens, etc. This first night of the Spring Festival was incredibly active! However, perhaps finding the commotion to not be big enough, another serious incident took place at Beijing Television!

Backstage.

Somewhere near the conference room, a group of people fell into disarray!

"Quick, call an ambulance!"

"Aiyo, what's happening?"

"Dial 120!"

"Teacher Qu Haiying has fainted!"

"Don't touch him! He might be having a heart attack! Don't move him for no reason!"

"Quick, get the heads here!"

"This is bad! This is going to be real bad!"

"Teacher Qu! Teacher Qu! Please wake up!"

A moment later, Chang Xiaoliang led his team over in a hurry. "Why is this happening? Old Qu? Old Qu? Has anyone called for an ambulance? Why is the ambulance not here yet?!"

Several of the Beijing Television heads also rushed over!

A female staff member nearly cried from the anxiety. "There are not enough ambulances on call since it's the first day of the new year. A lot of the medical personnel have already gone on vacation."

Chang Xiaoliang decided, "Stop waiting! Get someone to drive and send Teacher Qu to the hospital! Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

Hu Fei said loudly, "Check Old Qu's pockets to see if there is any medicine for his heart disease! Give it to him first if there is!"

"Right, right, right, the medicine!" Someone frantically searched for the medicine.

After sending him away, Chang Xiaoliang's heart felt very heavy as he said, "It's too stressful."

A deputy station head sighed, "Because of the Spring Festival Gala, everyone has been working tirelessly for too long!"

"Teacher Qu has had heart problems all along!" Qu Haiying's partner for an upcoming act said, "What are we going to do about the performance now? It's going to start in an hour's time!"

A station head looked at Chang Xiaoliang and asked, "Old Chang, is it possible to find a replacement?"

Chang Xiaoliang immediately said, "Old Qu's skit revolves around him. The skit was completely created based on himself. It's impossible to replace him with someone else!"

A female assistant director stamped her feet worriedly. "It's also too late for a replacement now!"

One of the production team staff suggested, "How about replacing it with a backup act?"

"Where are we going to find a backup act? Those performances that were not going to be used were all eliminated!"

"Besides, there aren't any skits among those preselected acts!"

"Even if there was, it would be too late to get them here and start preparing!"

"What should we do then?"

"Our viewership rating was just soaring!"

"That's right. This is a live broadcast and we can't allow it to be short a performance!"

"We really have the chance to come out on top of the provincial stations' Spring Festival Galas this year. This is something that Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala has never achieved before! This is the result that Zhang Ye and Teacher Yao Jiancai have fought to give us! If the finale language act is gone and we end the Spring Festival Gala early, then that would be such a pity. Most importantly, the showlist has already been confirmed, so there's no way we can end the gala early. Otherwise, what do we do for the acts that come after? Are we just going to broadcast commercials for at least ten minutes during the vacated slot?"

"Why don't we use a singing act to replace it?"

"A singing act can only last for two or three minutes, we have to find at least three, four of those acts then! How are we going to find them? Where can we find them? This isn't the way to handle it either!"

The production team was plunged into chaos and everybody tried to get a word in!

At this moment, Xiao Lu who was in the crowd suddenly made a casual suggestion. "Why not create another skit as a replacement?"

Spontaneously create a skit?

Spontaneously create the props?

Going straight onto a live broadcast without any rehearsals?

What the hell are you talking about! Who can do something like that?

A lot of them couldn't be bothered with her suggestion.

But when Chang Xiaoliang heard that, his eyes suddenly lit up—because he thought of someone!

...

In a waiting room at the end of the corridor.

Yao Jiancai asked, "What's going on outside?" Why does it sound so chaotic? Did something happen?"

But Zhang Ye ignored him and kept scolding people as he browsed through Weibo.

"That's enough, bro." Yao Jiancai was overjoyed. "You've been scolding for the past ten minutes, take a break."

Zhang Ye said, "I won't find it tiring even if I have to scold them for three straight days and nights. That bunch of bast—"

The door was pushed open by someone outside. More than a dozen people came into the room in an instant. Among them were a station head, Chang Xiaoliang, Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, Dafei, and many of the directors and staff of the production team. The moment this group of people entered the room, they heard Zhang Ye—famous host, famous director, associate professor at Beijing University and Media College—cursing and swearing like a sailor. His words were really, really nasty and most people would not be able to swear like him!

Chang Xiaoliang: "..."

Hu Fei: "..."

The station head: "..."

Forget it. They just pretended they didn't hear him.

They did not even discuss it and unanimously took the decision to ignore it.

Zhang Ye was shocked too and stopped his cursing. "Aiyo, Director Chang? Brother Hu? Deputy Station Head Song? What is going on here?"

Chang Xiaoliang got straight to the point. "Teacher Qu Haiying had a sudden heart attack and was sent to the hospital."

Yao Jiancai was stunned to hear that. "How is he?"

Zhang Ye had heard Qu Haiying's name before and knew that he was a pretty good skit actor.

Hu Fei immediately said, "We just called to check on him. He just arrived at the hospital and has regained consciousness. He should already be out of danger, but he definitely won't be able to make it for his act later."

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief and immediately said, "Thank goodness he's fine."

Chang Xiaoliang looked at Zhang Ye and said, "But there's no one to perform the finale skit of Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala!"

Zhang Ye was also anxious for them and exclaimed, "Then what should we do? Hurry up and think of a solution."

"Director Zhang." An assistant director for Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala gazed at him and said, "Didn't you say earlier that you came up with a skit?"

Hearing that, Zhang Ye was surprised. "What are you talking about?"

That person repeated, "A skit."

Zhang Ye pointed at his own nose and asked, "Me?"

That person said, "Yes."

Zhang Ye stared with his eyes wide and asked, "Did I say something like that?"

Chang Xiaoliang nodded. "Yes, you did."

Bullshit!

I'm a goddamn crosstalk comedian, why would I create a skit? Do you think I'm crazy?!

However, when Zhang Ye was about to say something, that assistant director made him swallow his words. That person said, "You were the one who said so. During the previous rehearsal, when you and Dong Shanshan were late, you mentioned that it was because the both of you were discussing a skit! Director Chang even remarked that if there were a chance, he would want to work with you on that skit next year! And you agreed as well!"

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded. Fuck, he seemed to have indistinctly...really said those words before!

Chang Xiaoliang immediately decided, "We don't have to wait for next year to work together anymore. Let's do it this year, right now, today. Teacher Zhang, all of us can only rely on you now! For the finale skit...why don't you take over?!"

Me, take over?

A skit?

Zhang Ye nearly vomited blood!

Dammit! Big bro, can you stop fooling around, please?! I'm a crosstalk comedian, why would I be performing a skit! I did say so previously, but that was only because Dong Shanshan and I were running late. I was simply making things up so that I could have a reason! Afterwards, I didn't even remember that I had said it! So why are you all taking it so seriously now? Even asking me to perform a skit? Do you guys really think that I can do everything?!

Chapter 888: Zhang Ye takes over for the skit!

In the waiting room.

A group of people were staring straight at Zhang Ye.

Chang Xiaoliang said in a serious tone, "Teacher Little Zhang, we can only rely on you now!"

Zhang Ye was nearly vomiting blood at this. "Director Chang, I really cannot do it!"

"Little Zhang!" Hu Fei chipped in, "We all know how capable you are!"

Zhang Ye smiled wryly and said, "If you want me to do a crosstalk, I won't hesitate to agree. Old Yao and I will march up onstage to do another crosstalk for you guys. But it's a skit we're talking about, I've never done one before! I really can't pull it off. Why don't you ask someone else instead? See if there's anyone else who has prepared a skit."

Hu Fei said, "If you can't do it, then nobody can!"

Zhang Ye kept waving his hands around. "You're thinking too highly of me, please don't say that!"

After Yao Jiancai heard everything, he helped Zhang Ye by stating, "We crosstalk comedians and skit actors may look like we're both in the line of comedy, appearing to tickle the audience with our language acts. But realistically, we are two very different occupations and are clearly different things!"

The deputy station head hurriedly said, "But the issue now is that there is no one else!"

Zhang Ye added, "There's not much time left either." He looked at his watch. "There's just a little over an hour left now!"

One of the staff on the Spring Festival Gala production team immediately said, "Didn't you completely make up 'Everything is Great' at the last minute with just an hour to go before the routine? There was even music added and a rearrangement of the bits too!"

Zhang Ye: "...But I haven't properly thought out the skit yet and it's still only a general concept for now. It doesn't even have a script!"

Yet another female staffer quickly responded, "When you did Zhang Ye's Talk Show, you attempted a live broadcast without the aid of a script. Then, while you were still at Beijing TV's Arts Channel, your Analysis of the Three Kingdoms show did not require a script either, isn't that so? When have you ever prepared a script in advance? Haven't you always just gone out and done your thing? Who in the industry has not heard of those deeds of yours before? Most of us in this room are your former coworkers and have worked with you before, so you can ask around and see if any of us have seen you getting on stage with a script."

Hou Ge: "That's right!"

Dafei: "Yep, yep!"

Zhang Ye: "...But we don't even have the props prepared!"

Chang Xiaoliang immediately said, "As long as they are simple props, just tell us how you want it and it will be done. The entire Beijing TV Spring Festival Gala production team is yours to command!"

Zhang Ye: "...But Dong Shanshan still has to host the gala, I won't have enough people to do the skit!"

The deputy station head promptly decided there and then, "We have a backup host who can immediately take over her duties. I just need to make a call and Dong Shanshan will be here to help you with the finale skit!"

Zhang Ye was going crazy!

Your sister!

Why do you guys have something to rebuke me with no matter what I say!

You even have an answer for every issue that I've raised?

Chang Xiaoliang said earnestly, "Teacher Little Zhang, our Beijing TV Spring Festival Gala is, for the first time, in the running to win the Spring Festival Gala viewership ratings and also the closest we are to getting first. Right in front of us is that result, yet something like this has cropped up at the eleventh hour. Do you think we can just take it lying down like that? I can't!"

An assistant director said, "I can't either!"

Hu Fei said, "I can't accept it!"

Another female director sighed, "Yeah. This is too hard to stomach!"

Xiao Lu said, "We're just a step away! Teacher Zhang!"

Hou Di said hopefully, "Teacher Zhang!"

Dafei said loudly, "Teacher Zhang, please do it for us!"

A female assistant director said, "Yeah, Teacher Zhang, we're all depending on you now!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang! Please do it!"

"You can do it!"

The group of people stood there and repeated his name!

Zhang Ye's ears were aching from this constant chanting of his name. He forced a smile. "You guys are totally bullying me with your numbers." Then he looked at Yao Jiancai.

Yao Jiancai didn't whether to laugh or cry as he shrugged and indicated that he couldn't do anything about it either.

The waiting room door opened again and another group of people came in!

"Director Chang, how are we going to proceed?"

"The station head was just pressuring us!"

"Yeah, how should the props be prepared?"

"There isn't much time left, Director Chang. The entire production team has been plunged into chaos!"

However, Chang Xiaoliang did not say anything and just kept blinking as he looked at Zhang Ye, waiting for him to give his answer.

Zhang Ye was unsure of what to do at this moment. He was a born and bred Beijinger who grew up watching the channels on Beijing Television. He had worked here, fought here, and also gotten into trouble here. But even after all that, Beijing Television still held a special place in his heart. Seeing such a huge problem take place at their Spring Festival Gala, he did not feel good about it. As a result, he was at odds with himself as to what he should do!

"Director Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang, there's no time anymore!"

The production team was getting more and more flustered.

Zhang Ye suddenly heaved a sigh of resignation and looked at them. "Is there really no one else?"

One of the female assistant directors was nearly crying from worry. "There's really no one else!"

Zhang Ye hesitated for a moment before saying, "But I've never performed a skit before, so even I can't guarantee how it'll turn out. Are you guys sure that you want me to take over even if the results are not guaranteed?"

Chang Xiaoliang joyfully declared, "Whatever will be will be!"

That deputy station head added, "As long as you can make it in time for the live broadcast and save the showlist, any performance is fine!"

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders at Yao Jiancai and then looked at everyone. "Alright then, I'll agree to it!"

"That's great!" Xiao Lu screamed.

Dafei cheered and exclaimed, "Teacher Zhang is awesome!"

Hu Fei regained his confidence with that. "With you stepping up, there won't be a problem for sure!"

Speaking of Zhang Ye's character, everyone had to worry about it. This fellow was too hot-headed and would often go around stirring up trouble or scolding people. Everyone would choose to avoid him as he was a well-known hooligan of the entertainment circle! But when it came to Zhang Ye's reputation and capabilities in the artistic field, he was known to be more than dependable. Everyone could rest assured as long as he was handling it! Even though Zhang Ye had never made or performed in a skit before, when everyone learned he was going to step in, they unconsciously sighed with relief!

Chang Xiaoliang grabbed Zhang Ye's hands and said sincerely, "Thank you so much!"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I'm just blindly going in to turn things around, so don't thank me first. You may thank me after everything is done and the routine is performed on time."

Chang Xiaoliang asked, "What do you need now?"

"I need a little time to give some thought to the script," Zhang Ye replied.

"Alright!"

"Oh yes, I have to discuss things with Shanshan as well."

"No problem!"

...

The Spring Festival Gala was still going on!

Every provincial station's Spring Festival Gala show was still fighting it out for the viewership ratings!

The industry watched every single move, wanting to know which provincial station's Spring Festival Gala would become the ultimate winner. Last year, it was Hunan Television's Spring Festival Gala that achieved the highest overall viewership rating, and the year before that, Liaoning Television won it, while another year before that, it was Dragon Television that led the way!

Who would it be this year?

Could it be Beijing Television?

Some industry insiders started to discuss this topic.

"I initially felt that it would be Liaoning TV's Spring Festival Gala."

"Yeah, they kicked it off with great momentum!"

"But I'm not too sure now. Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala had Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai help them turn the tide! That seasoned duo's crosstalk was incredibly enjoyable to listen to!"

"A crosstalk routine has saved the entire station's gala!"

"But we still have to watch on until the other shows are done. Nothing is confirmed as of yet."

"If Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala wins, then it would truly be a miraculous night tonight!"

"But no matter how it turns out, Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai will definitely experience a popularity growth after tonight with their crosstalk routine! After all, this is a provincial station's Spring Festival Gala broadcast on their satellite channel with so many sets of eyes watching! That incident with the table tennis national team from earlier should not affect Zhang Ye much either!"

"After being held down for so many years, Beijing TV is finally set for a breakthrough!"

"They've totally made the right move by inviting Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai to perform on their show! Using the popularity of this year's Spring Festival Gala, Beijing TV should be able to increase their overall ratings for this coming year. Why do the provincial stations place so much importance on their Spring Festival Gala shows even if it means pulling out all stops? Because it's a plan for the long term! It's a key step in a television station's development!"

But it was at this moment that several startling news headlines appeared!

Entertainment Report: "Major crisis at Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala!"

Online Tracer: "Qu Haiying rushed to Fuwai Hospital after collapsing from heart attack!"

Beijing Daily News Online Edition: "Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala finale act left hanging! Soon to be a major live broadcast incident!"

What happened to Qu Haiying was too major to cover up, especially since it happened in conjunction with the critical juncture of the Spring Festival Gala live broadcast!

Instantly, everyone was stunned!

"Heavens!"

"How could that happen!"

"How is Teacher Qu now? How is he?"

"I heard that he's already out of danger!"

"I'm glad to hear that! I'm really glad to hear that! But then what's going to happen to Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala now?"

"Beijing TV has met with big trouble again! This is a live broadcast for the Spring Festival Gala. If there isn't an act to fill the gap, wouldn't it cause a huge problem? Nothing like this has ever happened before!"

"How unlucky!"

"Yeah, I thought Beijing TV would do well this year!"

"Fuck, this is bad!"

"Something big has happened at Beijing TV again!"

"They're done for! They certainly won't be getting number one! They've messed it up right at the final stretch!"

"They won't be fighting to be the viewership rating champion anymore, I guess? That's secondary. They'll need to deal this glaring issue first. There's about an hour left until Qu Haiying's act is supposed to come on, right? How are they going to fill this gap?"

"The advantage that Zhang Ye and Teacher Yao Jiancai have fought so hard to gain has gone down the drain!"

The netizens were in full gossip mode!

Many of those netizens discussing Han Li and the table tennis national team turned their focus to this when they heard the news! There was only an hour to go before the scheduled skit would go live. With the skit actor suffering a heart attack, everyone was extremely worried for Beijing Television, which had suffered a tumultuous setback!

...

There was a heated discussion within the industry!

"Are you serious?"

"Aiyo, they're done for this time!"

"Yeah, even though they had help from Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's crosstalk, there's no way for Beijing TV to get back on their feet this time. Viewership rating? I think the more important question is whether they can finish the show!"

"Let's see who gets chosen to replace the act!"

"There's no one else? I think they did not prepare any backup acts in their lineup!"

"It doesn't matter who gets chosen to stand in for the act, just look at the time!"

"Right, the problem is that there isn't any time left!"

"If this amounts to a broadcasting issue, the punishment for Beijing TV would definitely be quite heavy!"

"Let's wait and see how Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala will handle this!"

Chapter 889: The three greenhorns finalize their act!

Liaoning Television.

Someone from the production team suddenly shouted, "Hey, come and see this! A big issue has cropped up at Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala!"

"What happened?" asked a director from Liaoning Television's Spring Festival Gala as he rushed over.

That person said, "Teacher Qu Haiying's skit won't be happening anymore!"

"Huh?"

"What happened?"

...

Dragon Television.

The executive director stayed silent for a while before saying, "There's no need to consider Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala in the running anymore."

"Ah?"

"What?"

"Aren't they leading strongly at the moment?"

Some people still did not know about the situation.

The executive director threw the cell phone showing the news headlines on it to one of his deputies.

"They're in deep trouble!"

...

Zhejiang Television.

"Director Xu, is the news true?"

"It's true. I just called a friend of mine at Beijing TV to confirm."

"Then they're gonna be in trouble!"

"Right. At this time, where could they find someone to take over the showlist?"

"Perfect, our closest rival is no more!"

...

The outside world was in heated discussions!

But in a waiting room at Beijing Television, it was exceptionally quiet. This place should have been the focus of events, but at this point of time, even a pin drop could be heard loudly and clearly.

Creak!

The sound of a door opening broke the silence!

Dong Shanshan walked in with a face of consternation. "What's the situation?"

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile to her. "Close the door first, close it!"

"I have very weak mental fortitude. Please don't scare me like that, Zhang'er!" Dong Shanshan closed the door as she spoke in an incredulous tone, "The two of us are going to perform a skit? We're going to stand in for Teacher Qu's finale skit act? Old classmate, please don't joke with me this way. Even if we were classmates, should you really be scamming me like that?"

Yao Jiancai said, "Little Zhang was forced into it too. The deputy station head and executive director, along with over 20 others, all came begging Zhang Ye for his help!"

Dong Shanshan nearly fainted from that. "But you still can't promise them something like that!"

Zhang Ye threw up his hands and said, "I don't have any choice. They wanted me to do it no matter what!"

Dong Shanshan dragged a chair over and sat down in front of Zhang Ye. "But it's not like you don't know what the two of us do. We're formally broadcasting graduates, so how could we have performed any skits before! I wonder why they suddenly decided to find you as the replacement? And they even dragged me in as well!"

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "Didn't we use that excuse that time we were late? We said that we were discussing a skit."

Dong Shanshan: "..."

She looked at Yao Jiancai. "Teacher Yao, you must say something about this! What are they trying to do?"

Yao Jiancai laughed. "Since it's already been decided, then the two of you will have to do it no matter what!"

Zhang Ye suddenly turned his head to him and said, "What do you mean the two of us? Shouldn't it be the three of us?"

Hearing that, Yao Jiancai nearly suffered a heart attack. "What? You're even dragging me in?"

Zhang Ye said, "Of course. How can we perform a skit with only two people?"

Yao Jiancai fainted. He had been enjoying the commotion, but turned anxious right at the next second. "Damn, why did you promise them something like that! Quickly tell them that you can't do it and ask to change it to someone else! I've never acted in a skit before either!"

Hearing that, Dong Shanshan could only laugh at their predicament. "This is great. A variety show host, a television drama actor and crosstalk comedian, and a host-cum-math professor-cum-director. Even with the three of us put together, we're amateurs no matter how you look at it. We don't even have a script for the skit, yet we're slated to go onstage for the Spring Festival Gala's finale act. What's more, the time..." She looked at her watch and exclaimed, "There's only 58 minutes left!"

Zhang Ye nodded. "It is what it is."

Dong Shanshan could only look helplessly at this old classmate of hers. "Zhang'er, I know that you've always had a lot of balls, but I never could have expected you to be this ballsy! With the three of us, do you really think that we can do it?"

Zhang Ye replied, "Even if we can't, we must!"

Yao Jiancai sighed, "Hai!"

Zhang Ye composed himself before stating, "Shanshan, let me ask you this seriously. Are you capable of handling the skit?"

Dong Shanshan hesitated for a moment and answered, "I don't know."

"Old Yao?" Zhang Ye asked.

Yao Jiancai answered bitterly, "My main profession is acting. If you insist that I go on, it's not like I can't do it, but I can't promise that it'll be good. The main problem is that I've never acted in a skit before!"

Dong Shanshan latched on to his words and said, "It's the same for me. I can do it if I'm forced to go onstage, but as for how it would turn out...only a ghost would know!"

Zhang Ye abruptly said, "As long as you two are willing to go onstage, that's good enough!"

Dong Shanshan said in a speechless manner, "Can your standards get any lower than this?"

Yao Jiancai questioned, "And where's the script? Where's the script for the skit?"

The three of them immediately went silent.

How worrisome!

The three of them were all more worried than the other!

Especially Zhang Ye, who was the most stressed!

But suddenly, after thinking for a while, Zhang Ye smacked his thigh with great force and said with irritation, "I won't believe that we can't do it! Why can't we handle this? Based on what reasons are we not going to make it?" He turned to Dong Shanshan and said, "Shanshan, you were our most outstanding student back then, taking part in activities and competitions organized by the school and always doing well in them! Whenever the name of Dong Shanshan was mentioned in the past, even students from other faculties would likely have heard of you! Which of the broadcasting major teachers did not give you their highest approval? Isn't it only a skit?! I don't believe you won't be able to handle it!"

Dong Shanshan let out a small sigh. "A hero does not mention his glorious past, but anyway, alright, I'll...give it a try, I guess!"

Zhang Ye looked at Yao Jiancai. "Old Yao, you're the one with the most experience among us. How many years have you been acting? You were already fighting it out in the industry before I was even born. The number of roles you have portrayed should number at least close to a hundred. For example, other than the father-in-law roles you have played, there's also the father-in-law role and the other father-in-law role....OK, I guess you haven't taken on too many types of roles."

Yao Jiancai: "..."

Zhang Ye said, "But your acting skill is absolutely not a problem!"

Yao Jiancai glanced at him. "But of course."

Zhang Ye said, "If I hand you a script right now, I don't believe that you won't be able to memorize it within the hour!"

"The skit's lines?" Yao Jiancai said confidently, "It'll be quite short. I won't even need an hour to remember everything!"

Dong Shanshan added, "If it's just lines, I won't have a problem with it. I dare say that I can handle something as basic as that."

Yao Jiancai looked at Zhang Ye. "You're asking about us, but what about yourself?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Are you talking about the performance or the lines? If it's about the performance, I have also acted in movies before." In fact, he had even "eaten" a lot of the Acting Skills Experience Books, so he remarked, "As for the lines, Old Yao, when have you ever seen me use a script whenever I host a show?"

Yao Jiancai: "...I nearly forgot how crazy you are when it comes to that!"

Zhang Ye clapped his hands hard. "So if that's the case, do we still have any problems?!"

Yao Jiancai was also getting pumped up. "Hell, let's do it!"

"Let's go for it. We have to do it whether we're ready or not!" Dong Shanshan also understood what was at stake.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Right, the three of us are gonna show everyone this time that even if we're amateurs, we can still create a classic skit! Let the three of us show them what we've got!"

Yao Jiancai smacked his lips together and said, "A classic skit? If we can get something out in time for the live broadcast, that would be good enough!"

"That won't do. I'll either not do anything at all or do it to my best!" Zhang Ye declared.

Dong Shanshan looked at him. "But what about the script?"

Zhang Ye replied, "I'm still thinking about it."

As they had too little time to prepare, their conditions for the skit were greatly limited!

#1: The script had to be simple and the lines must not be overly complicated!

#2: They couldn't depend on too many props. Everything had to be kept simple!

#3: There would be three skit performers. Two men and a woman.

#4: The skit must be enjoyable to watch!

Combining all those conditions, they would be highly restricted to the type of skit they could perform!

In Zhang Ye's mind right now were all of his previous world's Central TV Spring Festival Gala skits since its first broadcast. Although there were many bad skits there, there definitely would also be some classic performances over the years, which had been picked out. Those classics were so good that they contained numerous jokes and great humor!

Which one should he use?

That one? No, that would require them to have Scottish kilts as a prop and there wasn't enough time to get them!

How about that one? It wouldn't do either, the props were too big and there wasn't enough time for it either!

Or should he choose that one? Not that either! The other two people's lines were too complicated. Dong Shanshan and Yao Jiancai were not like Zhang Ye. Within an hour, they would only be able to memorize enough lines for a normal skit, but anything more than that would not be possible for them. Besides, they didn't really have an hour left anymore, and they still had to allocate part of the time to get in a dry run!

But then there really weren't many skits they could use!

Almost to the point of none!

Sweat beads were forming on Zhang Ye's forehead. There wasn't much time left anymore. If he had been informed earlier, if only he had a few more days, he could have prepared a lot of skits to be performed, yet now...

He took out his cell phone to check the time.

Instead, he saw the notifications from Weibo, which he accidentally tapped, launching the Weibo app.

The first thing he saw was criticism.

"Boycott Zhang Ye!"

"What sort of lousy lyrics are those, it was terrible to listen to!"

"For a song to cause our national team to lose their match, I'm totally bewildered!"

"Zhang Ye is the scourge itself!"

"I think that our national table tennis team was right to complain. If it weren't for that bunch of Zhang Ye fans helping push that song up the charts, our men's team would not have lost the championship!"

"Supporting the table tennis team!"

"You guys have worked hard!"

"I heard that an issue has cropped up at Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala. Haha, they deserve it!"

"You people even dared to invite an entertainment industry hooligan like Zhang Ye to perform a crosstalk on your gala? See, this is the retribution you get! This time, Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala has received more than they can handle! We don't even know if that incident will be resolved yet!"

Reading up until here, Zhang Ye suddenly had an idea!

Hey!

I got it!

Wouldn't that Central TV Spring Festival Gala skit from that year be a good choice?

Remembering that, Zhang Ye suddenly got excited and banged the table. He immediately picked up a pen and grabbed paper to start writing the script for the skit. "Old Yao, Shanshan, I've thought of one already! Come over and see!"

Yao Jiancai was stunned. "So quickly?"

"What's the skit about?" Dong Shanshan rushed over.

Zhang Ye wrote it down as he spoke. This script was not written for himself since he did not have any use for it, but he had write out the lines for Yao Jiancai and Dong Shanshan to memorize.

One minute!

Two minutes!

Zhang Ye related the entire skit to them in double time!

After hearing it, Yao Jiancai was truly shocked and astonished. "This...was written by you just now?"

"That's right! It was a flash of brilliance!" Zhang Ye said, ecstatic. "Hahahaha!"

Dong Shanshan suddenly stretched out her hand and hit Zhang Ye's head.

Zhang Ye was taken aback. "What are you trying to do?"

Dong Shanshan said, "I wanted to see if you'd show your true colors."

Zhang Ye was amused. "What, do you think I'm a monster or something?"

"Even if you're not a monster, you're not far off from one!" Yao Jiancai said incredulously. "That was too damn fast!"

Zhang Ye laughed. "Let's stick to the problem at hand. Do you two think it'll work?"

Yao Jiancai chuckled. "If this doesn't work, what would?"

Dong Shanshan snapped her fingers. "This'll do!"

Zhang Ye said, "OK! It's settled then!"

The three greenhorns instantly clicked!

Chapter 890: The skit makes its appearance!

Once the script was settled, Zhang Ye shouted out the door. Everyone was called in!

Over a dozen people from the Spring Festival Gala production team crowded in, waiting for Zhang Ye's instructions. The station head and executive director of Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala, Chang Xiaoliang, had already given instructions to anyone without active jobs in the production team to fully obey Zhang Ye's commands and for every department in Beijing Television to give their fullest support to him. If necessary, they did not even need to seek Chang Xiaoliang or the heads' permission and just do their best to help Zhang Ye, Dong Shanshan, and Yao Jiancai in making the skit the best it could be to turn things around!

Zhang Ye quickly asked, "Who is in charge of props?"

"Teacher Zhang, go ahead and say what you need!" Someone stepped forward.

Zhang Ye said, "I need a set of office equipment that includes a desk, some shelves, and a sofa!"

That person noted it down as he listened. "No problem!"

"And these other things which I've written down as well." Zhang Ye handed a piece of paper to him.

That person took it and scanned through it, then asked in a slightly stunned manner, "This is...?"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Don't ask, just follow what I've written. The props are very important, so you must arrange them properly!"

That person replied at once, "OK, I'll definitely get it done!"

"How about the costumes?" Zhang Ye asked again.

"Here!" A man and a woman stepped forward.

Zhang Ye said, "I need these kind of costumes and this as well." He gave a list of the costume requirements to them and after handing down some other instructions, he said, "Thanks for all the help, everyone!"

After receiving their instructions, they frantically went to do their duties. Everyone had rushed in and immediately back out of the waiting room as time was running low and everybody was anxious!

The door closed.

The room was quiet again. No one disturbed them.

Zhang Ye, Yao Jiancai, and Dong Shanshan gathered together and started to go through the script as they raced against time. "Old Yao, you don't have too many lines, but I have to mention some of the technicalities to you first. For example, here, your tone cannot be too harsh and it has to be a little more casual. And over here, your expression must agree with the lines. Let me demonstrate to you. Yes, that's about it....Shanshan, you have the most lines of the three of us. Whether this skit will be successful or not will mainly depend on you. For example, here, here, and here, you must take note and keep your emotions in check. You can't speed through your lines. There are also some lines that shouldn't be delivered too slowly either....And a skit is different from acting, so when we stand on the stage, we must always face the audience. We cannot have our backs or sides face the cameras....Come, let's go through our lines!"

The three of them began to discuss and polish the script over and over again!

Suddenly, a call came in.

But Zhang Ye instantly rejected the call!

Dong Shanshan said, "Turn off your cell phone."

"I forgot to just now." Zhang Ye was just about to turn off his cell phone when it rang again.

So Zhang Ye answered the call and immediately asked: "Who is this? I have some urgent matters to attend to. If there's a problem, please call me back later...."

However, a weak, middle-aged man's voice sounded from the other end: "I'm Qu Haiying."

Zhang Ye was stunned. "Aiyo, Teacher Qu?"

Yao Jiancai and Dong Shanshan were also slightly taken aback as they looked over.

"Aren't you at the hospital now? Why are you still calling me?!" Zhang Ye said worriedly.

Qu Haiying said: "I really couldn't hold up at my end any longer, Teacher Little Zhang. I've heard everything from the production team. I'm so sorry for giving you trouble at such a time."

Zhang Ye quickly said: "It's no trouble, it's no trouble at all!"

Qu Haiying remained silent for a moment, then suddenly spoke: "For the finale skit act...I'm counting on you!"

When Zhang Ye heard that, he suddenly felt even more pressured and said in a serious tone: "Teacher Qu, just take care of yourself. I'll handle things here, so you can rest easy!"

Qu Haiying said: "Thank you!"

After hanging up, Zhang Ye gave a wry smile and said, "Our performance this time has to succeed no matter what. Teacher Qu just called and said that he would be entrusting the skit to us!"

Yao Jiancai said, "Let's give it our best shot then!"

Dong Shanshan said helplessly, "This time, it seems like the stakes are really high!"

Zhang Ye said firmly, "Our difficult task will begin soon. We have to take this on no matter what!"

...

It was 40 minutes until their turn on the stage!

The staff of Beijing Television were in turmoil!

"Time is running out!"

"How's the progress?"

"I heard that they're already readying the props!"

"Aiyo, is there still time for that?"

"How about the script for the skit?"

"I don't know. No one saw any script and Director Chang probably did not see it either!"

"I think they are rehearsing at the moment, so no one dares disturb them!"

"Why are you even talking about the script? It would already be good enough if they can avert the present situation. How can you expect Zhang Ye to produce a good script for the skit with just an hour to go? If they can manage to go onstage and perform the skit, that's already more than enough!"

"We don't even know whether they can make it in time!"

"We can only depend on Teacher Zhang now!"

"Yeah, whether we can tide over this crisis will all depend on Teacher Zhang Ye!"

Although Chang Xiaoliang was at the venue directing the live broadcast, his mind was not focused there.

Hu Fei was anxiously pacing in circles!

Hou Ge, Dafei, and the others were praying silently!

The production team was also feeling extremely tense but there weren't much they could help with, except for readying the props and costumes to the best of Zhang Ye's requirements. This was the only thing they could do right now!

...

Another performance had finished broadcasting!

Counting down to the last 30 minutes!

At home.

His grandma asked, "When is Little Ye coming home?"

His first aunt said, "He should be back soon, I think?"

"Maybe not." His father was watching Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala and said, "Didn't Mengmeng just say that something has happened over at the TV station?"

His third sister said cheekily, "But that has nothing to do with Bro at all. He has already completed his job there, no, I mean, he has excelled in his performance there today!"

His eldest sister nodded, "Our bro was so awesome today!"

...

Counting down to the last 20 minutes!

The Internet continued having heated discussions!

"The other provincial stations' Spring Festival Galas have already started breaking out their finales!"

"Yeah, this performance on Zhejiang TV is honestly good! The station's popularity has risen again!"

"That's because Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala is no longer competing with them anymore!"

"Hai, it's so unfortunate."

"I'm still watching Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala and I feel that it's pretty good."

"What's good about it? Qu Haiying can't make an appearance and the finale skit is gone too. Actually, what I was most looking forward to on Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala were Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai's crosstalk routine and Qu Haiying's skit. I was elated after watching 'Everything is Great' and felt very satisfied by that, but somehow the finale skit act got canceled? Then what is there left to look forward to?! It's time to change the channel!"

"I'll change the channel too."

"Yes, there's indeed nothing left to look forward to!"

"I'll still watch Beijing TV, I want to see how they are going to turn things around!"

"Yeah, I also wonder who they'll get to stand in for this skit!"

"Who can there be? There's no one who can do it!"

"Teacher Qu's skits are very unique and his style is incredibly distinct. They are always great fun to watch, so who can replace Teacher Qu's spot?! No one has the popularity and ability to do so!"

...

Counting down to the last 10 minutes!

The industry insiders' attention was wholly focused on Beijing Television.

"Is it going to start soon?"

"So how are they going to resolve it? Can it really be resolved?"

"I don't know, there's no news about it!"

"I think it's hopeless. If a live broadcast problem occurs, they're bound to be punished!"

"All their efforts for Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala has come to naught this year!"

Central TV employees had also tuned into Beijing Television.

Especially the production team of Central TV's Spring Festival Gala who hated Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala to the bone. During the rehearsal of Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala, Zhang Ye and Yao Jiancai had mocked the crosstalk routine of Central TV's Spring Festival Gala, even naming their routine "I Want to Get on the Spring Festival Gala"! At that time, it had caused a lot of fans to cast doubt on Central TV's Spring Festival Gala. They sincerely believed that the reason why so many people insulted and cursed Central TV's Spring Festival Gala this year was because of Zhang Ye's crosstalk routine on Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala opening the floodgates. Now that something had happened at Beijing Television, many of them were gloating at this unfortunate accident.

"Retribution!"

"It should be enough trouble for them this time!"

"Let's see how they'll handle this!"

"No one can help Beijing TV now!"

Chen Ye was also watching Beijing Television.

Jiang Naixiong, Jiang Yuan, and Xu Yipeng were watching as well.

The director of Central TV Department 14, Yan Tianfei, was also extremely concerned about the situation there and wanted to call to Zhang Ye to ask for an update on the situation. But unfortunately, Zhang Ye's cell phone was off.

Countdown to the last 5 minutes!

As it got closer to the given time, a lot of people were surprised that more and more people were changing their channel to Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala instead. Even many of Liaoning Television's and Mango TV's faithful audience tuned into Beijing Television. There was no reason other than purely wanting to witness the mess and commotion of Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala!

At this moment, everyone had turned their full attention to Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala!

Everyone was wondering what would happen next!

Would the live broadcast be cut?

Would the gala end early?

Or would the hosts apologize?

Counting down to the final minute!

The last performance before the finale skit had just ended!

Countless people from every province and district in the entire country all had their eyes on Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala!

"It's almost time!"

"It's starting!"

"Will they cut off the live broadcast feed?"

"It's finally time!"

"Eh?"

"Strange, why isn't Dong Shanshan doing the introductions on the language act stage?"

"I don't know, she hasn't been there since a while ago!"

"Why did they replace her with another host in the middle of the live broadcast?"

"Who knows what happened! Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala is really experiencing a wave of trouble!"

"Stop talking already and just watch!"

"I'm just waiting for the hosts to make the announcement!"

...

Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala.

Live on the scene of the language act stage.

The audience was also getting worried. The issue was so large that even the live audience knew about it. They were just like the home audience all around the country who were watching their televisions, staring unblinkingly at the male host and the new replacement female host onstage!

However, to everyone's surprise, not only did the two hosts of Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala not look panicked, they were even beaming!

The male host smiled and said, "I was nerve-wracked just from watching the acrobatics act just now!"

The female host laughed and said, "How is that considered nerve-wracking?"

"Oh?" The male host looked at her.

The female host gestured to the side and said, "The performance that is truly nerve-wracking is right at the end. There, those people who just left the stage a bit ago are back again for some reason!"

The male host also looked over all smiles. "Is that so?"

The female host said, "Please enjoy the skit: 'Playing It Up'!"

Are back again?

Left the stage a bit ago?

Everyone blinked, not understanding what was going on. What did they mean?

The curtains were drawn!

The cameras cut to the stage!

The stage, arranged into an office setting, was unveiled in front of the audience!

Also onstage was a person. When the audience saw this person, they nearly jumped out of their seats in shock. The people watching Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala on their televisions were also shocked. so much so that their jaws nearly dropped. In this moment, no one could believe what their eyes were seeing!

"What?"

"This..."

"Holy shit!"

"A-Are my eyes deceiving me?"

"How could it be him? Why is it him?"

"This is..."

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"W-What is he doing there?"

"Heavens!"

"It's actually goddamn Zhang Ye!"

"Oh my god!"

Each and every one of the audience members was dumbfounded!