

## My Master 100

### Chapter 100: The Seven Stars Produce the Literature of the World\_1

"Junior Brother Feng, I think what you've said is wrong," Chao Zi said in his deep and resonant voice. "Poems and verses are all part of the literary path. Separately categorizing them is not wise! It's like those weaklings in the Sword Dao discussing whether to practice the sword or cultivate their qi. True experts look at the whole picture; poetry, verses, and songs are all one."

Feng Lianxin, who had just finished lecturing Chao Zi and was feeling quite proud, did not expect to be counter-lectured by someone from Seven Star Peak, and moreover, with words that were somewhat irrefutable.

How could this be? Feng Lianxin knew he couldn't lose face in front of He Xiaofu, nor could he allow Seven Star Peak to get the spot, so he simply scoffed, "Junior Brother Chao, what you're saying isn't wrong. But if a person can't even walk and already wants to run or fly, that's definitely out of the question. Only fools would do that. Poetry, verses, and songs are indeed one, but if you haven't grasped poetry, how can you chase after verses or pursue songs?"

Having regained his confidence, Feng Lianxin, with a light flick of his folding fan, continued, "Junior Brother Chao, your idea isn't bad, but you truly do not understand the literary path. The words you just spoke are like castles in the air. I could even say you're dreaming. We're all from the same sect; I won't laugh at you for what you've said, but if you spout such nonsense outside, others who are unaware might think the Hundred Peaks Sect has no one of talent, all but fools."

After delivering his lecture, Feng Lianxin couldn't help but glance toward He Xiaofu again.

As the team leader, He Xiaofu secretly thought to herself that this Feng Lianxin was really not bad, moving with grace and charm. Without even starting the assessment, he used a few sentences to change the complexion of Seven Star Peak's candidate, probably even draining his courage to undergo the assessment. It wouldn't be bad to side with this scholar.

Chao Zi, who was not skilled in the Confucian literary path to begin with, was lectured and reprimanded mercilessly, turning his face as purple as a pig's liver. If it weren't for his insufficient cultivation base, he would have started a fight by now! He was pushed to take the assessment; they could have just said he wasn't good enough! Why the need for such sarcastic mockery?

"Old Chao, don't bother arguing with him, just follow my instructions!" Cao Zhen quickly sent a secret message, "Just say, 'You're weak! Today, I'll let you understand what it means for poetry and verses to be of one family.'"

Upon hearing Cao Zhen's words, Chao Zi felt that his old friend, ever since his victory at Starshine Peak and visit to Hidden Dragon Observatory, had become quite arrogant! Did he think himself proficient in all areas just because achieving Great Perfection on the Ten Phenomena Dao Platform was difficult? But that didn't mean he was adept at the literary path!

"Hurry up and say it!" Cao Zhen urged again, "If you embarrass yourself, I'll give you ten thousand taels of Spirit Stones."

"Feng Lianxin, you weakling! Today, I will show you what it means for poetry and verses to be of one family!" Hearing about ten thousand taels of Spirit Stones, Chao Zi could no longer care about anything else—his only prayer was for the other to insult him quickly so he could receive the ten thousand taels of Spirit Stones.

Feng Lianxin, who had been looking relaxed and self-satisfied, did not expect to be suddenly berated, and his face immediately turned sour as he said, "Chao..."

"I climb atop the eastern hill to gaze upon the vast sea, the waters so vast and still..." Cao Zhen quickly picked a verse from his own family's work "Gazing Upon the Sea" and relayed it to Chao Zi.

Chao Zi didn't understand the verse but simply repeated the words transmitted by Cao Zhen.

Feng Lianxin, who was initially enraged, changed his expression the moment Chao Zi recited the first line of "Gazing Upon the Sea." The individuals standing behind him might not be versed in the literary path, yet they could still discern the quality of a poem!

Atop Seven Star Peak, a man built like a tower, recited the majestic verse in his deep and echoing voice, causing the hairs to stand on end for those with a bit of literary talent.

He Xiaofu, who already adored poetry, was entranced by Chao Zi's recitation, locking her gaze on this tower-like man. She had never heard such a marvelous verse; the heroism and bold spirit spilled from every word.

Feng Lianxin felt an urge to kneel; he didn't even have time to feel the embarrassment of being slapped in the face for his earlier posturing. All he could think about was the impulse to bow down before the other.

This... such a poem, I have never heard before! If I could comprehend such poetry and combine it with my own "Poetry Dao" cultivation technique, wouldn't my cultivation base leap forward by leaps and bounds?

Chao Zi completely lacked understanding in poetry. After reciting the verse with Cao Zhen in one breath, his heart was very anxious and uneasy.

Especially upon seeing the collective silence of the others, his heart grew increasingly insecure, suspecting that he had botched the whole attempt.

"How... how is it?" Chao Zi asked with a tinge of nervousness.

Upon hearing this inquiry, Feng Lianxin felt a different sentiment altogether. The low-spoken "how is it" was filled with indifference! After reciting such a grand and imposing poem, the words he uttered were so calm.

What kind of confidence was this? What kind of contempt was this?

"Old Cao, is it okay? They're not responding!" Chao Zi urgently queried Cao Zhen through a private transmission, "Do you know any other poems? Should we change to another one?"

Cao Zhen hadn't expected that after Chao Zi finished reciting, there would be absolutely no response. That shouldn't be the case! This was Cao Mengde's "Viewing the Ocean"! It's the top poem of our Old Cao family's ancestral works!

Forget it! It's better to recite a lyric poem instead! Cao Zhen quickly whispered through a secret transmission, "Tell them that you are not particularly strong in poetry, but your lyrics are still acceptable."

Chao Zi felt like he had boarded a ship of thieves, and now it was impossible to disembark. He could only bite the bullet and shamelessly say, "Poetry and literature are not my strongest points..."

In Feng Lianxin's mind, there was a burst of cold laughter. Continue boasting! Not adept in poetry? If this poem means you're not adept, then isn't my poetry nothing more than a child's rhyme? Why should I even pursue the path of "Poetry Dao"? I might as well cultivate the path of foolishness and stupidity!

"Anger flares up and fills the crown, leaning on the railing as the torrential rain stops. Lifting my gaze, I let out a long howl towards the heavens, my ambition fierce and resolute. Thirty years of fame, dust and earth, across eight thousand miles of clouds and moon. Don't take it lightly, the whiteness of a young man's hair, a sorrowful lament for nothing..."

Even someone as uncultured as Chao Zi, in this moment, could feel an ineffable sense of heroic sadness through the poem "The Red River".

In He Xiaofu's eyes, at this moment, there was only admiration left. She felt the greatest gain from leading the assessment team was not the ability to exchange placements for Spirit Stones, but rather, it was finding the very person she had been seeking for many years.

Perhaps this person's cultivation base was insufficient, but that was because he had taken the wrong path in his cultivation journey! His comprehension of the literary arts was likely unparalleled within the entire Hundred Peaks Sect! If he switched to cultivating the literary arts, his future prospects would be boundless!

Feng Lianxin's mind echoed again and again with "The Red River", far surpassing those love-sick and springtime lamenting lyrics he usually studied. This was real poetry! A hero's heart, inexhaustible, a hero's sentiment, indescribable!

"The Red River" reverberated long in Feng Lianxin's mind, like the evening drums and morning bells, a sound to awaken the world...