

## Superstar 341

Chapter 341: Professor Yan's Opening Address!

The gala was about to begin.

The auditorium was extremely lively.

"Mengmeng." A girl called out to her.

"What?" Cao Mengmeng said with a giggle.

The girl blinked and asked, "Is your bro having a show today?"

Cao Mengmeng's eyes twinkled. "I don't think so?"

"Most surely not." Teacher Leng, who was leading them, smiled and said, "Today it's the Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala. The programs have long been rehearsed and fixed. There will be no other programs."

Another middle school boy said, "What a pity. I wanted to listen to Mengmeng's cousin compose another poem. The 'To The Oak' Mengmeng recited last time is really a classic amongst classic love poems. It's almost the same as the great poet, Teacher Chen Tianmo's 'Autumn Snow'. It was awesome."

Cao Mengmeng said proudly. "Of course. Who do you think my bro is!?"

"Aha? Your bro is Zhang Ye? The host from our Shanghai WebTV?" A Shanghainese female student said from the side.

Cao Mengmeng was extremely pleased. Pointing towards the front, "That's right. There, in the third row. That's my bro!"

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In the front.

A few people were preparing for their speeches. Today's opening speech was done by an official from the Education Bureau, before a Peking University professor delivered his.

"Where's the President?"

"The President isn't feeling well."

"Hmm? Then what about the closing speech today?"

"Let me make another phone call. The President should be able to come."

"Right, there's still more than an hour. There should be time."

Wu Zeqing and a few school leaders began talking.

There was an empty seat in the first row. Peking University's President was absent today as he suddenly did not feel well that morning and had gone to the hospital for an IV drip. After asking about the

situation, it did not seem to be anything serious, so he could still rush to get here in time. The gala was not as important as other galas. However, it was, after all, a national level gala. They had to show their respect and how highly they thought of it. It was customary for the President to deliver the closing or opening speech.

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The curtains were drawn!

The gala officially began!

Upon seeing this, the reporters began their video recordings. However, one could tell that the quality of their recordings from their positions would not be too good. The job of recording mainly rested on Peking University. There were four or five cameras either on tripods, or hanging in the air. It was very professional.

On stage, two hosts walked out one after another.

It was a man and woman duo. Zhang Ye did not know the man, but the woman looked familiar.

"Dear leaders, guests, teachers, and students, good evening!"

"Let me welcome everybody to this year's National Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala. Let us introduce our guests and school representatives."

Fifteen Middle School...

Shidafu Middle School...

Yucui Middle School...

Shanghai Primary School...

Jinshi 2 Middle School...

et cetera. There was a long list of names.

Zhang Ye leaned his head over and asked, "Is this female host a teacher from our department?"

Su Na smiled and said, "That's right. Yan Jin from the Chinese department. She teaches Chinese and is in the second office across from ours. You should have seen her before. The guy is a staff of Peking University's public relations. His name is Zhao Xuan. They are a couple, and have also been the model couple of our Peking University for years. Back then, they graduated from Peking University, and began working in Peking University." With a pause, Su Na said, "The school actually wanted you to be the host."

Zhang Ye shook his hands. "I have never hosted such a gala before."

Broadcasting hosts may all seem the same to others, but Zhang Ye, of course, knew that hosts were not that simple. There were many different kinds. For example, broadcasting announcers. These hosts basically read from a script, and there was little spontaneity involved. However, for a television host like Zhang Ye, there was a need to be more reactionary and spontaneous as there was more unpredictability

in variety programs. As for a host for a gala, the focus was on seriousness and stage control. This sort of gala host needed to have a strong ability to control the atmosphere. They had to be able to let the audience applaud, laugh, or remain silent when needed. There could not be any mistakes, nor could the host become the highlight of the show. If you made a very funny performance, causing the audience to keep laughing, then how would the next performance be able to proceed? This was definitely inappropriate, hence this kind of host needed to be a very good facilitator. It was all not easy.

Professor Zeng was clearly an unprofessional. "Aren't you a host who majored in this? This is hard for you?"

Zhang Ye said truthfully, "I might not do well as a gala's host. Firstly, I do not have experience, and secondly, I do a talk show, so people want to laugh once they see me. It would affect the control of the atmosphere. It wouldn't be nice if the atmosphere turns chaotic."

Su Na chuckled and said, "We didn't know about these, but if you were to do it, I believe you would definitely do very well. After all, you are a professional."

This was actually the truth. Even though Zhang Ye did not have experience being a gala's host, he still had the basic foundations as a professional. He would definitely be more professional than Yan Jin and Zhao Xuan on stage.

"But you were busy with your classes a while ago." Su Na said, "Every one of them was a public lecture, so you were too busy, so the school did not dare to trouble you, afraid it would affect your teaching. If not, the job of host would definitely have been yours. There are few in Peking University that are more eloquent than you."

Zhang Ye looked seriously at her and said, "Teacher Su, I'm mentioning this first. There's no problem if you flatter me for free, but can I not treat all of you to dinner tonight?"

The surrounding teachers, who heard this, all laughed.

Su Na also burst out into laughter, "No way! I've flattered you all day! You have to treat!"

"Everyone who hears it should get a piece of the pie." Professor Zeng also joined in the fun. "Count me in. I haven't eaten seafood in a long time."

A few Peking University teachers, who Zhang Ye did not know, also looked at him in a different light. He had just quarreled with Peking University's senior authority, Professor Yan this afternoon, but here he was all smiles? He was so humorous? This calmness was not something any typical person could have. If it was an important figure like Professor Yan, if he was not frustrated to death, he would be worried to death. However, Zhang Ye's attitude indicated that he did not seem to mind at all. Actually, they did not understand that Zhang Ye did not feel it after getting used to it. This fellow was already accustomed to offending people, and no longer treated it seriously.

On-stage.

The Education Bureau's leader finished his opening speech.

The female host, Yan Jin smiled and said, "Next, please welcome Peking University's Chinese department's Professor Yan to deliver his speech."

Yan Jiantao's figure had not been in the second row for some time. It was unknown when he went backstage. At this moment, he walked out and took over the microphone from the host.

People applauded.

Zhang Ye's eyes narrowed.

Su Na looked at him. "It will be Professor Yan speaking on behalf of Peking University first."

Yan Jiantao did not bring a script and clearly had done his homework in advance. He had already memorized the script. "Hello students. During today's opening address, I want to talk about the topic of 'University is Useless' that is expressed by society these days." He spoke in a stern manner, and sounded like he was giving a public lecture, and not a speech at a gala. "I do not know what motives people have to make such a nonsensical statement, extolling how university is useless. Peking University is a top learning institute in the country and I have been working in education for 43 years. As someone with experience, I can tell everyone..."

Many teachers began to nod as they listened.

But in comparison, almost all the students were lacking in attention. They were nearly falling asleep.

"The children present have yet to walk into society, nor have they contributed to society. You might not understand many things, nor is there a way for you to. University is actually a checkpoint that helps everyone step into society. This is actually a bridge that ensures that everyone becomes a part of society. Knowledge is power. Knowledge is life. The answers you seek can slowly be discovered during your time in university. You can slowly discover yourselves and understand and become aware of yourselves. In my point of view, this is something essential. It is an essential process that can help everyone establish the correct values and outlook on life..." Professor Yan blabbered on and on.

The students became even more tired.

"In present day society, we are the ones supporting it. We have tried all means to 'encourage education', and are full of good intention, but some people are tired of hearing it, and might even place barriers in front of their ears. However, as educators, we have constantly repeated again and again in order to 'encourage education'. Has everyone thought about the reason?" Yan Jiantao's general meaning was that, as pillars of support for present-day society, they had only the best intentions for the students. They wanted them to study hard and improve themselves daily. Children did not know anything, and did not possess correct values, so they had to listen to them. They did not need to think. Only after they finished their education would these children be able to thank these educators for the life they were given.

What stale talk!

However, Professor Yan had just changed the perspective slightly. He followed a logical line of thought to make sure everyone understand this point. He wanted to let the students think of how educators were painstakingly encouraging them to study, because as their seniors, they had 'applied what they had learned'. Hence, they were strong advocates. If it was really useless, why would they keep pestering them by repeating the same old?

Finally, Yan Jiantao said, "University isn't useless, only ignorance is useless! Peking University will always open its arms to children who have a thirst for knowledge! We will forever welcome you!"

He finished his speech.

There was a round of applause and considered quite enthusiastic.

After all, there were cameras, so the students gave face by applauding, but in fact, a large number of students had faces of disinterest.

Only the secondary school leaders and teachers, as well as Peking University's lecturers, held Professor Yan's speech in high esteem. They felt Professor Yan had done a good job in his speech.

"That was a good speech."

"It looks like Professor Yan had done quite a lot of preparation."

"That's right. Encouraging people to study from a different perspective. It's quite fresh."

"Professor Yan has the heart. I hope the students will really take it to heart."

"From this standards, we can see Professor Yan's skill. This way of encouraging people to study is filled with positivity. Zhang Ye can never learn this."

"That's right. Zhang Ye's literary skill is sarcasm. His poems and essays are indeed at a pinnacle, but when it comes to education, to persuade people to do good, he's far from it. It is incomparable to Professor Yan. What a joke for people to compare him to Professor Yan. They even analyzed to see who was better? Is there a need to analyze? Professor Yan's experience numbers in the decades. How can a rising star like Zhang Ye compete with Professor Yan?"

"Zhang Ye is lacking the requisite attainment."

Chapter 342: Zhang Ye's Closing Speech!

On the podium.

The first program of the gala unfolded.

It was a song and dance performance. The opening dance began with primary school students appearing in gorgeous attire. Following that, a bunch of middle and high school students slowly joined in the dance as the musical rhythm became more intense.

Professor Yan got off the stage and returned to his seat.

"Professor Yan."

"Nicely said."

"With experience comes wisdom."

Yan Jiantao waved his hand and smiled, and said some modest words.

The surrounding professors and colleagues continuously flattered him.

The others, meanwhile raised the old topic, and talked about how Zhang Ye's literature and education was incomparable to Yan Jiantao. Compared to Professor Yan, who walked a orthodox and traditional educational path, Zhang Ye's literary qualities were useless in this realm. Many Peking University teachers believed this was the gap from different levels, and also the difference in realms. Teacher Zhang's works were more popular than Professor Yan's works. He was popular too, but so what? In literature and education, it was not a competition for so-called popularity. It was not a competition of who stirred up more interest, but the meaning and significance behind it.

Could Zhang Ye do it?

He had not demonstrated skill in this before!

The Peking University teachers were mostly concentrated in the right side towards the front. Some of talk ended up reaching Zhang Ye's area. When the music from the stage stopped, Zhang Ye heard it.

I'm inferior to Yan Jiantao? Zhang Ye laughed without a word.

Su Na also heard it and whispered, "Teacher Zhang, don't take it to heart. They are just casually talking about it and joining in on the buzz. Don't take offense."

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. "It's alright."

The students in the auditorium were nearly falling asleep!

This is what an education standard was? This is what a literary standard was?

Zhang Ye was at a loss of words. He admitted that literature was not something that depended on popularity, but it was not something that does not take into account popularity, right? If people rejected watching or listening to it, then who was this literature for? What was the meaning behind literature? Narcissism? Everyone is drunk, while I'm the only one awake? Without any transmission ability, the so-called literature was not worth even a shit! Yan Jiantao's speech was indeed very orthodox. The reasoning behind it was good, but to say that he did a good job? Zhang Ye did not agree!

One program followed another.

One performance followed another.

Dances...

Choral performances...

Acrobatic performances...

Crosstalk...

Suddenly, just as the gala was ending, a secondary school student walked up the stage. He surprised everyone with a talk show performance. Everyone found it quite novel.

The students were very interested in new things.

"Talk Show?"

"Isn't this Teacher Zhang's creation?"

"It's not bad."

"Is it? It's a far cry from Zhang Ye's."

"Isn't that nonsense? Zhang Ye is the creator of such a program format. Furthermore, he is a professional host. There's no way to compete. This person is already doing quite a good job."

"Hai, listening to this makes me want to listen to Teacher Zhang do a Talk Show again. Isn't he a Peking University teacher now? Will he do a segment for us today?"

"No chance for that. Teacher Zhang isn't a primary or secondary school student."

A talk show program aroused the discussion amongst students of other provinces. Of course, there were a large number of people who had not heard of talk shows. There were even more people who did not know who Zhang Ye was. Hence, when they saw this program format, they thought it was a mono crosstalk. Only when the surrounding classmates explained to them did they learn that this was a talk show style performance. No wonder it felt different from mono crosstalk. There was no main theme, and the style was very different.

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In the front row.

A few people did not have the mind to listen to the talk show program onstage.

A Peking University staff member ran over and crouched down, to avoid the cameras or affect others. He hurriedly said, "The President can't make it!"

A Vice President was stunned. "What happened?"

Wu Zeqing also said, "Is the President still not feeling well?"

"Yes, we just found out about it on the phone. The President is still hospitalized. He was supposed to be discharged just now, but now, it doesn't seem to be the case." The staff said, "The hospital said the President has elevated blood pressure and needs to be put under supervision while on drip. So, he definitely won't be able to come. The President got them to pass the message to get someone else to stand in for the closing speech."

A Vice President, who had a white beard, said, "That is the only thing we can do now. President Wu, you are eloquent, why don't you do it?" With that, the staff said, "What about the closing speech's script?"

The person was stunned. "Script? Oh, there's no script."

An old professor said, "Didn't the office type out a script for the President?"

"No." The staff said, "It was written by the President himself. I was in a hurry and forgot to ask the President where the script is."

The old professor said, "Then hurry and get it!"

Wu Zeqing said, "There's no time. There are only three programs left!"

The staff wiped his sweat as he said, "It will take an hour to make a round trip to the hospital. The President seldom uses a computer and hand writes his things. There's no way of transferring it over. I'm not sure if the hospital has any fax machines either."

The old Vice President looked at his watch. "It looks like the faxing wouldn't make it in time either. President Wu?"

Wu Zeqing shook her head elegantly as she said, "The closing speech isn't just a simple word or two. It needs a topic and a summary statement. It also needs statements that fit the situation. It will need a lot of preparation time in advance to prepare the script. To speak without a script is unrealistic."

"Then, I'll do it?" The old Vice President gave it some thought and shook his head. "But I did not prepare a script either. I can't just use the speech I used in the past. With the internet so well-developed, it would definitely be exposed by others. People will say our Peking University is lacking in sincerity by doing it so haphazardly."

Another school leader said, "But someone has to stand in. The closing speech is more important than the opening speech. This gala has political significance. We can't just end it without it, or all of us will look bad. It would be bad for our reputation too." He was also worried. Regardless of anything, someone had to go up, if not this would be a political problem. He looked at the people behind him. "Who will stand in?"

Yan Jiantao looked and did not say a word.

A few old professors looked at each other, but no one answered.

At this critical juncture, no one spoke, nor were they able to talk. How were they to deliver a closing speech without any preparation? Of course, the speech could not be easily given. What if they misspoke? If the closing speech was unideal, then they would have to bear responsibility!

The old Vice President began naming people. "Old Yu, you do it!"

Professor Yu immediately said, "Old Vice-President, I did not prepare either. I can't just say some stuff in passing. It has to be something with substance. Who can do it without a script?"

It would not have been a problem for them to talk about academic material, as they had done it thousands of times and had already burned it deep within the recesses of their minds. However, for a closing speech for primary and secondary school students, they had never done it before. The things from the past could not be used. They needed at least an hour to write something.

Wu Zeqing said, "Old Yu, your writing is good. Can you write one now?"

Professor Yu smacked his lips. "I'll need at least half an hour."

The old Vice President said, "There are only a few minutes left. There's no time to write!"

Professor Yu said, "Then I can't do it. I don't dare to think so highly of myself. I really can't do it without a script."

No script?



Without a script?

This sentence made the old Vice President exclaim. He looked at Wu Zeqing and said, "President Wu, isn't there a host in the Chinese department you are in charge of? His name is Zhang Ye, right? I heard he never uses a script when hosting programs. When he lectured 'Dream of the Red Chamber' in his elective class, he never once prepared a script either, right?"

Wu Zeqing nodded. "Teacher Little Zhang has always been lecturing off script."

Another Vice President frowned and said, "Is that true? A new class with so much information in his head, he can actually say it without any script or teaching material?"

A lecturer said, "It's indeed the case. I heard Zhang Ye's class before. Other than bringing the documents to show others, he really did not use a script. He does not even look at the information projected on the screen. He can go on like a reel! Also he has a lot of impromptu works. I heard that all his poems were created on the spot. They were never written in advance. Back then at the Shanghai SARFT press conference, Zhang Ye had given a speech on site. It was named 'The Last Speech'. It was quite popular on the internet. I watched the video once and he did a really good job. It was easy to tell at a glance that it was done in an impromptu manner."

The old Vice President decided, "Then let Zhang Ye stand in. President Wu, what are your thoughts on this?"

Wu Zeqing thought for a moment and smiled. "If Little Zhang does it, there will definitely not be a problem. Alright, we'll get him." Hence she signal to a staff. "Go back to look for Little Zhang. Give him a heads up. Tell him to do the closing speech well. Then inform the hosts, and make sure that they know who to welcome later."

The person obeyed the order. "Alright!"

Yan Jiantao frowned. Let Zhang Ye do the closing speech? He was an unorthodox literary person who only knew derision and cursing. What could he say!?

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In the third row.

The Peking University staff crouched down and squeezed over. "Excuse me, excuse me." Very soon, he found Zhang Ye. "Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye asked in surprise, "You are looking for me?"

The staff hurriedly said, "The President is having an infusion at the hospital and is unable to deliver the closing speech. There's no script now, and no one to deliver it. President Wu and company got me to get you to help save the situation!"

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I won't do. I don't have a script too."

The man said, "But don't you always deliver impromptu performances? President Wu said only you will be able to save the situation. The program is almost ending. There's no time!"

Zhang Ye did not want to go, as there wasn't any benefit to doing something so problematic. "President Wu named me?"

"That's right. There are many Peking University teachers and professors here, but the only person who can do it off-script is you. Others don't have that ability." The person was afraid Zhang Ye would not agree, so he began to flatter him.

After some hesitation, Zhang Ye said helplessly. "Alright then. I'll give it a try. I don't dare to say it will be done well. Well, what should be said?"

The person said, "Anything will do. Hopefully something that can leave a deep impression. The leaders said the closing speech cannot be too weak. It's best if it was a conclusive and relevant speech that relates to a primary and secondary school's gala atmosphere."

"Got it." Zhang Ye said.

The person heaved a sigh of relief. "Then thank you very much. Sorry for troubling you."

At this moment, the penultimate program just begun. The staff left with his back bent. He then ran over to the side of the stage with his back bent to the hosts and whispered a few words to them. The male and female hosts nodded and gave Zhang Ye's direction a glance. They understood.

Chapter 343: A Different Closing Speech!

The performance was still going on.

Zhang Ye began to vex.

A male intern teacher exclaimed, "Closing statement?"

Professor Zeng asked Zhang Ye, "Can you do it?"

"I don't know what to say." Zhang Ye was quite helpless. He really did not want to do it, but Vice President Wu Zeqing had given the order, so he could not shirk from his responsibility.

Su Na said hurriedly, "If you can't do it, don't go. Without a script, how are you going to talk about it. There are so many cameras recording. If you don't do well, the responsibility is on you. Teacher Zhang you must think carefully."

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, "The few Presidents have already named me. I can't not do it."

Su Na said, "How many more programs are there?"

"There should be one more. I saw the rehearsal." A Chinese department male intern teacher said.

Professor Zeng suggested, "If you can't do it, go with Professor Yan's line of thought. The main thing is to teach the children. Since it is on a topic of primary and secondary school students, you can put them down or give them a berating. Teaching them would do too. It has to do with youths, and cannot be too general."

Youths?

Oh youths?

Zhang Ye's eyes suddenly lit up. Got it!

Su Na said helplessly, "Why are you laughing at such a time?"

"Hur Hur. I just got an idea of what to say. I'm going." Zhang Ye got up and bent his back as he walked out the third row. He walked to the side of the stage and waited patiently. If it was not mentioned, he would not have thought about it, but with it mentioned, Zhang Ye had a flash of inspiration. He thought of a speech and then looked at Yan Jiantao again. He felt this was most suitable here. Yan, you want to find trouble with me, right? Sure, today I'll teach you a lesson!

"Eh?"

"Is that Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"Why is he going there?"

"Is he going on stage? He also has a program? That's impossible!"

Yao Mi, Senior Zhou, and Senior Song were all stunned. They looked at Zhang Ye with a confused look. What was he standing there for? A few Peking University teachers also did not understand the situation when they saw this. They were all sitting in the back, so they did not hear what the leaders had been discussing in the first row.

A few minutes later.

The final song and dance program ended.

Everyone immediately gave a warm round of applause!

Following that, the two hosts, Yan Jin and Zhao Xuan stepped onto the stage.

Zhao Xuan chuckled and said, "This brings us to the conclusion of the program for today's National Primary and Secondary New Year Gala. Next, it will be the final segment of the gala."

Yan Jin followed up and said, "As the President of Peking University isn't feeling well, he is unable to be present. The closing speech will be taken over by Peking University's Chinese department lecturer and famous host, Teacher Zhang Ye. Now, please give a warm round of applause to invite Teacher Zhang Ye on stage to give the closing statement!"

Bba Bba Bba.

The applause was quite good!

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"Mengmeng! Mengmeng! It's your bro!" A boy shouted.

Cao Mengmeng also widened her eyes. "My bro is delivering the closing speech? That's great!"

Teacher Leng said worriedly, "It looks like Teacher Zhang was given the order last minute. He was not given any time to prepare. This closing speech won't be easy to deliver. If he doesn't do it well, it can lead to trouble!"

Cao Mengmeng tsked, "Impossible. Who is my bro? He will definitely do well! All the teachers in Peking University added up can't even match my bro's talent!"

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Yao Mi exclaimed, "Aiyah, so that's the reason!"

"The President can't come?" Senior Song frowned.

Senior Zhou felt a bead of sweat drip down his forehead, "Can Teacher Zhang do it? He did not prepare anything. He even got into a conflict with Professor Yan this afternoon. Many people are paying attention to this matter. Professor Yan had adequate preparations and his opening speech from before was pretty good. How can Teacher Zhang surpass Professor Yan in an unprepared state? If he doesn't do well, people will keep harping on this matter in the future, mentioning how he's inferior to Professor Yan. Honestly, what is there to compare between Teacher Zhang and Professor Yan? One is in the realm of poems and literature, while the other does education of literature. It doesn't match!"

Another Chinese department student said, "That's right, in the field of poetry, ten Professor Yans would not be Teacher Zhang's match, but in the literary insights in education, ten Teacher Zhangs might not be Professor Yan's match. Furthermore, Teacher Zhang Ye did not prepare a script!"

Yao Mi said worriedly, "Could he have received the President's script?"

Senior Song began to speak. "Definitely not. If there's the President's script, those Vice Presidents would have gone up to deliver the closing speech. Why would they need Teacher Zhang Ye to save the situation?"

"That's right. It's reasonable, but what can we do now?" Yao Mi said.

Senior Zhou was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry. "What can we do? All we can do it wait and see."

Senior Song blinked and said, "Don't look down on our Teacher Zhang. It's not like we do not know his literary talent."

Yao Mi said, "But this is a closing speech. Teacher Zhang has never done it before, and it has to be educational in nature. Teacher Zhang does not know this! His usual poems are all for cursing others or about emotions!"

Senior Song looked at her and said, "Teacher Zhang Ye might not really be bad at it, right? We may believe he isn't good at it only because we have never heard Teacher Zhang Ye give his thoughts on education publicly. It doesn't mean Teacher Zhang doesn't know. Well, let's see."

Yao Mi turned worried and clasped her hands in prayer, "Hocus Pocus, Uncle Zhang please do f\*\*king well!"

Li Ying burst out in laughter, "Little Mi, why does your prayer include a curse!?"

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"Professor Yan." An old lecturer chuckled.

Yan Jiantao also shook his head. This Zhang Ye was being too presumptuous.

Beside him, an old professor who had good relations with him, added, "I heard this Little Zhang is very articulate. I really don't believe what I've heard. Today, I want to see if he really has the ability."

"Why did they let Zhang Ye do it?"

"The closing statement is such an important thing, it should be left to anyone but him!"

"That's right. He lacks the qualifications. We have been in education for decades!"

"The school's leaders sure trust him. Let's see how he screws up!"

"With Professor Yan's highly educative speech at the beginning, what does he have to say? There's no way to end it. He will appear too weak. The closing statement usually has to be better than the opening speech!"

Many Peking University teachers began discussing!

Especially some older professors and old veterans in education. They all did not think highly of Zhang Ye.

A few Vice Presidents looked up at the stage in worry. They had only gotten Zhang Ye to save the situation as they were out of options.

Only Wu Zeqing looked calm as usual. She looked at Zhang Ye at the podium and nodded at him.

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Whatever the people off-stage said was useless.

Everyone's moods and expressions were different.

Zhang Ye walked to the stage and took over the microphone from Yan Jin. He smiled and then faced the thousands of students and teachers from the various provinces. "Hello everyone. Tonight's gala has come to an end. The performances were all very successful. I saw everyone's vitality and in my heart, that is what youths should be like!"

What he said was very banal.

Professor Yan and many teachers scoffed.

When the students heard this opening statement, they also turned sleepy. Previously, that Professor Yan's opening speech had ruined their mood, causing them to not enjoy the gala. Now that it was the closing speech, another guy came to talk? Even though Zhang Ye was a celebrity, they lacked the interest. Who didn't know the importance of studying diligently? They were long tired of hearing their seniors drone on about this. They no longer wanted to hear anymore of it!

"So meaningless!"

"Can we leave now?"

"That's right. It's time to leave, right?"

Many children spoke in murmurs, but were stopped by the teachers beside them. Only then did they fall silent and endured in silence.

Only the eyes of those reporters lit up. The cameramen, who wanted to switch off the cameras, did not need their colleagues to remind them. All of them became attentive!

Why?

There was no why!

It was because this person was called Zhang Ye! Wherever he was, there would always be news!

Sure enough, Zhang Ye's next sentence caused the atmosphere to change without warning. This was because Zhang Ye had said a closing statement no one would have thought of.

"Today, I will be representing the President to deliver the closing speech. I am very honored and the closing speech should be scripted and go accordance with routines and rules, but I won't be doing it today. Well, of course, even if I wanted to just read ad verbatim, I can't do it now without anything on hand." Noticing people laugh, Zhang Ye carried on. He sounded very casual in his speech. Not having a script had its benefits. "Furthermore at today's gala's opening, Professor Yan Jiantao's speech gave me a thought. Professor Yan said the society today is comprised of adults, and as youths, your duty is to study diligently. You should diligently follow the path that they think is right based on their experience, and eventually become them. Then, succeed them many years later! Youths should not have any doubts because they are people with experience. They know which paths are shortcuts and which paths are the important ones! You just need to do as they did!"

That was what was said. Professor Yan's general meaning was probably that. The final goal was just to 'encourage education' from a different perspective.

The old Vice President frowned. "What's Little Zhang doing?"

Yan Jiantao's face turned ashen. What do you mean by this?

Many people did not understand what Zhang Ye was saying. These words gave them a fright. After all, Zhang Ye had many notorious deeds in the past!

In the next moment, Zhang Ye let everyone know that the Zhang Ye, who caused trouble everywhere he went, had never f\*\*king changed. "I know there are many people who agree and admire Professor Yan's perspective, but as far as I'm concerned, I am totally against it!"

There was an uproar!

"Holy sh\*t!"

"Zhang Ye has fired his cannons again!"

"Is this because of the conflict with Professor Yan this afternoon?"

"I knew it! I knew never to let Zhang Ye give the speech! He has no fear with that mouth of his! If a microphone is given to him, he will dare to even scold the entire world!"

The Peking University teachers were all flustered. This was a gala that was political in nature! No one could save the situation if something went wrong!

However, many primary and secondary school students brightened up. This was really a different closing speech. They had never seen a closing speech reject the opening speech before!

The rumors were true!

This Zhang Ye was really different from others!

Chapter 344: "Ode to Young China" stuns the Four Seas!

The auditorium turned into chaos!

The way Zhang Ye delivered his punches, in such an unpredictable way, alarmed everyone!

An old professor from the Mathematics department shouted, "Little Zhang! Get down!"

Yan Jiantao also said, "What nonsense. He just wants to mess things up!"

Another old lecturer in his sixties also said, "Young people these days behave like there are no rules! How can you say something like that in a closing speech!?"

Wu Zeqing cut them off and said gently, "Listen to what Teacher Little Zhang has to say first. That was just the beginning. The closing speech's significance comes in the concluding sentences. It's still okay."

Then, Zhang Ye spoke again. "I see many people are giving me looks of puzzlement and shock. Maybe everyone feels what Professor Yan previously talked about is common knowledge, and is already fact, so why would I say I oppose it? Because in my heart, there is the existence of a Young China!"

Young China?

What Young China?

Everyone failed to understand him!

Zhang Ye was too ruthless. He used the famous Liang Qichao's "Ode to Young China" as his closing remark, or to put it precisely, a speech. This masterpiece had many years of history and was very old, but it was never behind the times. Using it now and today, "Ode to Young China" was still glorious in this present world!

The only problem was that this speech had its "dangers".

But so what? Zhang Ye smiled. He felt duty-bound to proceed without hesitation!

"Is a country old or young?"

Let us talk about young and old.

The old often reminisce about the past, while the young often anticipate the future.

Thinking of the past leads to sentimentalism; thinking of the future leads to hope.

Sentimentalism leads to conservativeness; Hope leads to progress.

Conservativeness leads to eternal oldness; progress leads to daily freshness.

Thinking of the past are people of derelict, only knowing the rules; Thinking of the future are people of inexperience, only they dare to break the rules."

After he finished speaking, everyone was stunned!

The words he said were not difficult to understand, but the words were not common vernacular either!

Su Na was a bit surprised. Many people found it amazing, not because of the meaning behind the words, but because they found it unbelievable that Zhang Ye could come up with something like that without a script!

No script?

You really f\*\*king came out with an impromptu speech!?

How could that be? You can come up with such things on the spot?

After they tried appreciating it, many people were infuriated!

For example, an "old person" like Yan Jiantao. The old professors surrounding him were already fuming with anger!

Who's f\*\*king conservative? Who's f\*\*king always reminiscing about the past? Who f\*\*king doesn't forge ahead without thinking? Zhang Ye, you are too much a grandson! You scold people even while giving a closing speech!?

Zhang Ye spoke with fervor and assurance.

"The old tend to worry, the young tend to enjoy pleasure.

The more worry, the more discouragement; the more pleasure, the more confidence.

The more discouragement, the more cowardice; the more confidence, the more heroism.

The more cowardice, the more carelessness; the more heroism, the more adventure.

The more carelessness, the more annihilation; the more adventure, the more creation.

The old people easily tire of things, while the young often find pleasure in things.

Tiredness results in people who think nothing is possible; Pleasure results in people who think everything is possible.

If the old are like the setting sun, the young a rising sun.

The old are like a lean ox, the young a tiger cub.

The old are like a monk, the young a heroic knight.

The old are like a dictionary, the young a play script.

The old are like opium, the young, brandy.

The old are like a falling meteorite, the young a coral island in the ocean.



The old are like a willow, the young the grass in spring.

The old man is a dead sea that retains, the young the source of the Yangtze River.

From this, we know that the aged and the young both have their own merits and uses."

With that, Zhang Ye summarized.

"If they cast away their prejudices and work together for the country, their services to the people shall be immense!"

Old people are cowards?

Old people hate the world?

Old people did not dare take risks?

Old people are like old oxen? They are like people taking in opium? They are like crashing celestial bodies?

There were many old professors and lecturers from Peking University present. The moment they heard this, they were all glaring with anger. No one liked hearing that!

Yan Jiantao was erupting with anger. The other elderly people were still fine, as they knew Zhang Ye's words were not directed at them, but these words were definitely scolding him, Yan Jiantao!

Su Na exclaimed in a daze, "Teacher Zhang is mad! Why is he scolding people?"

Professor Zeng excitedly slapped his thigh, "He isn't mad! He is also not scolding people!"

"But, but...there are words of contempt!" Su Na could not understand.

Professor Zeng chuckled and said, "If 'old people' like us can't even endure the words of contempt for the children, then we would truly be the type of people mentioned by Little Zhang! Nicely said, Little Zhang! This kid always broadens everyone's horizons every time he speaks!"

All the youths felt their blood boiling with excitement!

Zhang Ye ignored all the angry stares of those old professors.

"The cause of a geronto China of the present were the results of the Chinese old.

The responsibility of a young China of the future lies with the Chinese youth.

What can the old provide in ideas, not much time is left for them in this world, while our youths are the future that will create ties with the world.

Like a renter where a place of residence shifts tomorrow, I'll be moving into this place today.

The renter, does not show care for the windows, the corridors aren't swept, it is understandable, so what's strange about it!

As for the young, my future is vast, but my past, in retrospect, is far-reaching.

If China is enslaved, enduring the cruel torture of the whip, only the youth will bear it.

If we're to dominate, being a leader of Earth, the glory of this command, rests on our youths.

What has this got to do with those decrepit on death's door who have become neighbors with the deadly ghosts?

If they remain indifferent, still alright it would be.

If we remain indifferent, alright it would not be.

If the entire country's youth are filled with vigor, China would be a country of the future, having limitless possibilities.

If the entire country's youth are gentrified, China would return to becoming a country of the past, succumbing soon to its end!"

Up to here, there were more and more people looking at Zhang Ye with shock!

Wu Zeqing gave a faint smile.

The Old Vice President gasped!

Another Vice President was also stunned for a moment and did not say a word. He looked deeply at Wu Zeqing. Where did this Old Wu get such a person!?

A few elderly people were still reminiscing his words. The goal of Zhang Ye's lecture was not to scold them. Although his words were somewhat disrespectful, if one thought it through, there was no such meaning. Zhang Ye was guiding and educating the "Young" present!

Yan Jiantao could not accept it as he grit his teeth!

Cao Mengmeng looked around in puzzlement. "What is my bro saying? Why can't I understand a thing?"

Teacher Leng passionately clenched her fists. "Your brother...is now doing an important speech that will subvert the current understanding of education! Students! Everyone, listen up! You must listen carefully and not miss a single word, or you will regret this for life! If you do not understand, no worries. You will slowly understand in the future! You just need to remember one point. The talent of one Teacher Zhang Ye surpasses a billion people!"

Cao Mengmeng said happily, "Really?"

A language class representative sitting beside Cao Mengmeng understood the speech. "Mengmeng, your bro is really too good! He will be my idol from now on!"

Another Shanghai secondary school teacher also hung a look of disbelief from his face. "This is what's considered a truly great speech!" Following that, he looked at his students. "All of you listen to it carefully! Teacher Zhang Ye is risking condemnation, and is willing to sacrifice his own future...to teach you! You...must not betray Teacher Zhang Ye's well intentions!" Upon saying this, the teacher's hands began to tremble. He never expected Zhang Ye to do so much for the children. If he asked himself honestly, he would not have done so. He could not take such a risk to teach the children, nor did he have such literary talent!

Many students solemnly nodded their heads. "Teacher, we understand!" From their teacher's expression, they knew how important this was.

Yao Mi was already dumbfounded!

Senior Song gasped. "Teacher Zhang is..."

Senior Zhou also stood up in impulse. "Stop talking! All of you stop talking! Listen to what Teacher Zhang still has to say!"

Zhang Ye looked at the students in their seats. He was pleased. From the looks on their faces, he knew that his words had gotten to them. Those who could participate in the gala were not mediocre. They were all the straight A students or top students of their schools. This bit of textual difficulty would not stump them.

Very happy.

Zhang Ye was very satisfied.

Since you all understand, since you enjoy listening to it, then there's nothing I cannot say. So what if I offend others? As long as you take in what you hear, as long as you gain something for it, then even I were to offend ten thousand people, a hundred thousand people, or even a million people, I will also not blink an eye!

The world may criticize me, but I do so without regrets!

"Today's responsibility is not taken by others, but taken by young people." Zhang Ye breathed out and held onto the microphone while saying the famous words from 'Ode to Young China' that everyone knew.

"If the young people are wise, the country will be wise;

if the young people are rich, the country will be rich;

if the young people are strong, the country will be strong;

if the young people are independent, the country will be independent;

if the young people are free, the country will be free;

if the young people make progress, the country will make progress;

if the young people can get ahead of Europe, the country will get ahead of Europe;

if the young people are on top of the world, the country will be on top of the world!"

If the young people are strong, the country will be strong?

If the young people are wise, the country will be wise?

When he said this, there were already more and more middle school students and teachers standing up from their seats!

Zhang Ye looked at everyone.

"The nascent red light, shines the great light.

An underground streaming river, a swift surging sea.

Latent dragons leaping chasms, scaled claws flying.

Tiger cubs roaring in the valleys, shocking all beasts.

The eagle tests its wings, sucking up dust storms.

The exquisite first bloom, propitious and majestic.

The strike of the weapon, the beam shows its effects.

Standing in the world, shouldering the sky.

Backed by splendid history and culture.

A promising, far-reaching future!"

Upon saying this, Zhang Ye's voice suddenly rose, as he pointed with great aplomb at the skies.

"My beautiful young China that is as eternal as heaven!"

Then, Zhang Ye pointed to the ground forcefully.

"My magnificent Chinese youth who are as bountiful as the land!"

At this instant, all the young students that had come to participate in the gala, and even Peking University's students, all could not help but stand up!

Chapter 345: Face-smacking Zhang shows his powers yet again!

Zhang Ye finished his speech!

The whole auditorium was silent.

Ka la, shua la, only the sound of the seats rocked back one by one, as person after person stood up within a short 3 seconds. Almost everyone stood up and no one spoke a word. All they did was stare at Zhang Ye, who stood on stage, in shock. Thousands of students, thousands of gazes. A sea of black heads stood within the auditorium. The scene at this moment was very stunning!

What a good 'My beautiful young China that is as eternal as heaven'!

What a good 'My magnificent Chinese youth who are as bountiful as the land'!

What sort of speech was this!?

What sort of feelings were these!?

Some students still might not understand some of the vernacular language used earlier, but the last few paragraphs were fully understood by them. Their blood surged and Zhang Ye closing speech had acted like an igniter that lit up every student's hearts!

Young China!

This is our China!

When some of the students heard the last bit, they couldn't control themselves as their eyes turned red. It was excitement! It was touching! There was an impulse and their tears could no longer be held back and started streaming down!

I'm crying?

How can it be?

Why am I crying?

Some students reached for their eyes, not believing that they were tearing up. Since when had they not involuntarily felt sleepy whenever they listened to a teacher's speech. The words would always go in through one ear and out the other. Although they would act like they were listening, in fact nothing was even processed, but now, today, Zhang Ye's speech had managed to move them to tears. They did not know why, no one did, but many of them just couldn't control themselves!

A few secondary school teachers couldn't help but tear up too. Today, they understood why whenever they went into a tirade of enlightening them with reason and touching their hearts, the students would oppose them. It would not get through to most of them. The teachers had discussed this in private before and even took courses at Beijing Normal University, going as far as organizing discussions regarding this issue. In the end, they could only conclude that the biggest problem was the rebellious nature of youngsters, a psychological issue that was natural and not something they could change. They could only wait it out for the kids to grow up and get past the rebellious stages of life before they would be able to understand the reasonings behind their pleas, before they would be able to understand their teachers' hard work and care!

But today, all of these teachers knew they were wrong. They were wrong as hell!

It wasn't that the students did not want to listen!

They did not rebel because they had to listen to long explanations!

It wasn't the fault of the students, nor was it the issue of rebellious natures!

It was because the root of the problem was in the things that the educator talked about!

What they had tried to get across did not get into the minds of these children!

This fact was not accepted by many of them and it was very difficult to accept as well, but the truth was right before their eyes and they could say nothing about it!

Zhang Ye did it!

"Ode to Young China" had done it!

Seeing all those passionate and enthusiastic children, everything had an answer!

The youths had a rebellious nature?

No!

This was just an excuse they used!

The children's rebellious nature was really down to..... these educators, because none of them had the literary talents of Zhang Ye!

Many of them thought to themselves, if only they had 10% of Zhang Ye's level of teaching or 10% of his literary quality, their relationship with their students would definitely not be as it was now. The students would definitely listen to their class attentively!

But there could only be one Zhang Ye!

This sort of speech, this kind of essay, only a person like him could say something like that!

Many of these secondary school teachers felt a sense of powerlessness, because what could they do even if they knew?

None of them could emulate Zhang Ye!

No one could compare to Teacher Zhang Ye's literary talent!

.....

On stage.

Zhang Ye nodded, "My closing speech is as such. This is what I wanted to say and is all that I will say. Thank you everyone." Then he looked over to the two hosts.

Yan Jin did not walk over.

Her husband, Zhao Xuan, did not move either.

The couple could only stare at Zhang Ye in shock, dumbfounded by his speech.

Then when they reacted, the gala was already at an end. Yan Jin hesitated, but immediately gave a sign to Zhang Ye, making some motions and then pointing to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye understood that they wanted him to do the announcement, so he did not reject after hesitating for a short moment. He picked up the microphone and said, "Leaders, distinguished guests, students, and fellow teachers. Then let me announce, the 7th National Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala has successfully come to an end!"

Hua la!

The applause instantly thundered out!

"Teacher Zhang!" someone unknown shouted!

Then, the audience gradually started chanting together!

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

The chants became more and more in order!

Then it unified as one voice!

A few thousand students had actually managed to shout "Teacher Zhang" in unison. There was a mixture of boys and girls voices!

The scene was even more emotionally touching than earlier. If this was a concert, then it wouldn't be that strange. It was normal for everyone to shout out a singer's name, but this wasn't the case here. This was a gala event, an event that consisted of primary and secondary students in which Zhang Ye had done a last minute closing speech, yet he had received such a response from the children!

Many of the Peking University teachers looked at each other!

Cao Mengmeng was extremely pleased as she joined in the applause too!

Yao Mi raised her hands and shouted, "Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

Senior Zhou was also very excited at this moment. He followed along with the students in shouting out Zhang Ye's name!

The scene was chaotic. The students were too passionate. The situation was a little hard to handle now and even those teachers, who were trying to lead their classes out of the auditorium, found it difficult to do so. Some of them tried to lead the students away, but they refused to leave. They kept on chanting!

Regarding this speech, the children had different views about it than those teachers with an educational perspective. The children had their own perspectives too. How many years had it been, how many generations had passed, but the textbooks were always the same. Their teachers' teaching methods were also the same, just like how Yan Jiantao had put it in his speech earlier. Everyone was at the top looking down to them. All the teachers and adults used the same attitudes and educational methods on them, thinking that they did not know a thing, that they were still only children. The adults only wanted them to listen to their words and follow in their footsteps. Generation after generation of brainwashing, generation after generation of instilling, to let the children believe in all these things, slowly grinding down their spirits, slowly pulling them into the values that an adult should have and then finally becoming parents themselves and using the exact same methods to educate their own children!

But Teacher Zhang was not the same!

Zhang Ye did not look at them like children or people who didn't know a thing!

Zhang Ye had told them loudly today — That China belongs to the youths!

China belonged to them!

They were not weak!

They were the pillars of the country!

To the children, this was not a talk. It was a bellow. It was a kind of trust that let them want to stand up and raise their heads. To let them present their proudest side to everyone. That sort of passion was something they could not describe with words!

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye had already walked off the stage and was returning to his seat.

Su Na looked at him from afar and gave him a thumbs up high in the air to him!

Professor Zeng and a lot of the Chinese department teachers also nodded to Zhang Ye. Most of them did not teach literature, but were also from the Chinese department. At least their literary levels were considered to be high. In the past, some of these Chinese department teachers had already admitted that Zhang Ye's level was definitely higher than theirs, but even that had a limit. They probably felt that it was only higher than their own by a little, but when they heard Zhang Ye's speech today, they finally realized how childish their thoughts were. It was even laughable. To be able to give such a speech, his literary level was definitely on a different scale than theirs. It was the type that had no way to be compared at all!

The difference was too wide!

There was no way to even compare!

As for Professor Yan?

Zhang Ye and Yan Jiantao, who was better?

After Zhang Ye came back, the teachers and students who were there and knew about the conflict between the two of them all secretly looked towards Professor Yan. They were very clear that there was no need for comparison anymore!

Who was better?

Everyone knew the answer!

Who said that Zhang Ye didn't understand educational literature?

If he didn't know, then no one in this world knows!

It wasn't that Zhang Ye did not know about this field, but just that he did not show it!

This "Ode to Young China" prose had literally shocked countless numbers of people!

Speaking of its content, Yan Jiantao's earlier speech of encouragement was comparatively lousier. It was basically a pile of dog sh\*t!

One would fear having something for reference. Now that they looked back on it, Professor Yan's crappy speech was something that should not even have been presented!



In terms of education, literature, and even the interest and thought provoking nature to the students, Zhang Ye's speech had totally left Professor Yan's speech in the dust!

What's more, Zhang Ye's most fatal blow was his sarcastic scolding!

In most cases, in an educational speech, there was definitely no way to have words that scolded anyone, but to everyone's astonishment, Zhang Ye was indeed the country's most sarcastic literary person!

His style of scolding was already ingrained into his bones. He could place his scolding anywhere in them!

In the speech, there were countless parallelism usage of insulting words, which were directed at the 'old people', Yan Jiantao!

Vividly portraying Zhang Ye's sarcasm to its best, it could even be placed within an educational speech to scold people!

And it was even done so naturally. Scolding someone until they were rendered speechless, there had never been a case like this before!

Furthermore?

Yan Jiantao's script for the speech had been prepared many days in advance!

Zhang Ye had been summoned to save the situation at the very last minute. It was an impromptu speech and it was even in vernacular form!

The cadence of giving a speech was also not something that Yan Jiantao could compete with him on. From this, it could be said that Zhang Ye was on a completely different level to Yan Jiantao!

Oh?

Where's Old Yan?

Everyone, looked for him. Professor Yan, who had still been around a while earlier, had now disappeared. He must have quietly left after suffering from such a great loss of face!

In the afternoon, Professor Yan was still high and mighty, repressing down on others with his qualifications. Educating Zhang Ye, criticizing Zhang Ye, speaking to Zhang Ye like he didn't know anything, but right now, Zhang Ye's short speech had turned the tables around. He had scolded him and smacked his face!

Alas, Professor Yan's face had been thrown all the way to his grandmother's house this time!

Chapter 346: I didn't scold the Old!

After the gala ended.

Although it was a gala, it was only 6 PM when it ended.

"That was really enjoyable."

"Right, it was worth coming to this gala."

"It really wasn't for nothing coming all the way here to Beijing."

"Although the programs average and always the same old, every gala is about the same anyway. However, Teacher Zhang Ye's closing speech really stirred you up!"

"Just that closing speech alone made it worthwhile coming!"

"As expected for Teacher Zhang Ye to understand us. He's so much better than the other teachers!"

"When I return home, I'll definitely work harder. This speech might have changed my life!"

"Me too. I won't need my teachers and parents to force me to study anymore!"

Many of the students that came from the various provinces were greatly moved. They had gained a lot from this gala, or to put it another way, this closing speech of Zhang Ye. This sort of encouraging form of education, this classic speech of "Ode to Young China" was literally priceless. Anyone who listened to it live felt like they had received a windfall. Some of the secondary school teachers even made up their minds to analyze Zhang Ye's speech thoroughly when they returned, and reproduce it for the students who were unable to come to the gala!

The people not from Peking University all left.

A few Peking University leaders walked back slowly.

An elderly Vice President, who was even older than the President, said, "President Wu, I never had the chance to ask you. Why did you decide on inviting a host to join us?"

Wu Zeqing did not directly answer him. She smiled, "A host might not necessarily be a bad teacher."

Another Vice President looked at her, "Old Wu, that might not be guaranteed. Your Chinese department's Little Zhang has caused trouble once again. Who will clean up this mess? Let's think about it first?"

Wu Zeqing said indifferently, "But this closing speech doesn't have any problems, right?"

The elderly Vice President said, "From the child's point of view, there's no problem, but from other points of views, there are too many problems. It will be quite problematic. If need be, we might even need to consult the President. Well, it would be bad if this matter blows up. If society demands an answer from us, that would be very troublesome."

Wu Zeqing said, "I have already informed the filming crew and the official website staff not to upload the closing speech. Only the gala's content will be uploaded."

The elderly Vice President said, "That's just a form of self-deception. There were so many reporters present, and there were cameras from every television stations. It can't be covered up. It will all be up to Little Zhang's luck on whether or not he can get through this. This matter isn't serious, but neither is it trivial. The crux of the issue depends on the attitude of society. If he can't get through this, the punishment dealt to Little Zhang would definitely not be lenient. He would also find it very difficult to find another job in academia."

Another Vice President said, "It's such a pity."

The elder Vice President looked at Wu Zeqing, "By the way, Old Wu, Zhang Ye is now teaching 'Appreciation of the Classics' in your Chinese department? I think he is actually quite suitable for teaching history too. How about it? Why not get your Chinese department to first fire him, as a form of punishment, and then let Little Zhang come over to the History department to seek refuge?" The History department was under his charge.

Wu Zeqing looked back and said in a lukewarm fashion, "Are you trying to wreck my department?"

The elderly Vice President waved his hands with a smile. "No, I'm not. I'm just looking out for Little Zhang."

Wu Zeqing curved her soft lips. "Aren't you afraid Little Zhang will cause trouble in your History department?"

"Not at all. A person with talent always has a bit of temper or is somewhat anti-social. As the saying goes, a person not envied by others is mediocre." The elderly Vice President said.

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "What a coincidence. I think so, too."

The elderly Vice President threw up his hands, "Fine, pretend I never said a thing."

After Zhang Ye's closing speech, there were already more and more people who had their sights set on him. Even Vice Presidents from other departments wanted him for themselves!

They did not care about his temper!

They did not care about his character!

Zhang Ye's talent was the real deal!

After the elderly Vice President heard "Ode to Young China", he suddenly had a fond heart towards such a talent!

They had arrived at their office building, but the moment they entered, they saw more than a dozen people. Leading them was Yan Jiantao. He had left the auditorium early to come here. There were many elderly professors and lecturers behind him. Their stance was formidable and they looked unfriendly.

"Old President!"

"President Wu!"

"Zhang Ye is being too much, right?"

"This matter needs to be severely dealt with!"

"How can he scold people? Does he have any virtuous shred of respect for elders? We have dedicated our entire lives to teaching education! He just negated everything we have done with a single speech? We became those who lead people astray and are nosy? We have become old debauchee that take opium?"

The three Vice Presidents looked at each other. "Come on, let's talk inside."

.....

The other side.

Outside the Grand Auditorium.

After Su Na picked up a phone call, her expression changed. She hurriedly ran towards Zhang Ye, interrupting his chat with Professor Zeng.

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Su? What's seems to be the matter?"

"I just heard that Professor Yan and a bunch of other faculty professors have gone to complain to the Vice Presidents. They request for disciplinary action be dealt to you, removing you from the education system!"

"Is that all? I got it."

"What did you get? You can even laugh?"

"Then what can I do? Their mouths belong to them, I can't do anything about that."

"You should be rushing over there and at least be able to explain yourself."

"That's right. Alright, I'll go. Thanks Teacher Su. Professor Zeng, I'll be leaving first. I won't be able to treat you today, but maybe some other day."

"Go on ahead!"

"Why are you even talking about food? Go ahead!"

.....

Downstairs.

Zhang Ye looked up before striding inside. Zhang Ye was in no way surprised about the elderly professors mass complaints. He had anticipated it and was already mentally prepared. The moment he had gone on stage, Zhang Ye knew very clearly that including "Ode to Young China" in his closing speech had its dangers. This prose was heavily disputed even in his world. The prose had entered textbooks, but it was not in its entirety, only excerpts. The excerpts were only limited to the last two paragraphs said by Zhang Ye today. The textbook's "Ode to Young China" did not have any phrases that scolded "the old" as they were deleted, leaving only the last few paragraphs. This was enough to illustrate how serious the problem was disputed.

Come on.

I'll take on any move of yours!

At the worst, I'll just be dismissed. It's not like it'll the first time!

Zhang Ye was quite a carefree soul. Since he had completed his lectures on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', he did not mind too much, but honestly, this was not Zhang Ye's true thoughts. He still cared about some things. Despite having only worked for slightly more than ten days, his feelings towards Peking University and the students were like that among family members. He felt like a fish in water, and

especially liked the job as lecturer. He certainly would miss this job. If possible, he definitely wanted to carry on teaching at Peking University. Just leave like that? Zhang Ye would also feel indignant about it!

President Wu trusted him so much!

The students liked him so much!

Zhang Ye definitely wanted to fight back for he did not wish to leave. Furthermore, he had told his students that he would carry on teaching them "Appreciation of the Classics" next year!

"President Wu!"

"Is there any need for consideration?"

"Is he even in the right to scold us old people?"

Before entering, one could already hear Yan Jiantao and another professor's voice from outside!

Zhang Ye stepped forward and knocked on the door. Knock, knock.

"Come in." It was the elderly Vice President's voice.

Zhang Ye entered and pretended to be stunned. "There's so many people?"

President Wu waved her hand. "Come over here Little Zhang. You came just in time."

Yan Jiantao looked coldly at Zhang Ye. "Zhang Ye, what's the meaning behind your closing speech?"

Zhang Ye blinked his eyes and said, "What do you mean by meaning?"

"Don't act the fool!" An elderly professor from the Philosophy department said, "You are a person with parents and seniors. Can your conscience feel alright after you scolded 'old people' in such a way?"

Zhang Ye said with an alarmed look, "Ah? Who scolded old people? Tell me, I'll fight that person for all of you!"

A few elderly professors nearly fainted. They were thinking how great this darn kid was at acting. "You asked who scolded!? You were the one! Did you forget what you said?"

Zhang Ye said with an exaggerated gasp, "When did I? Heh! Is it a misunderstanding? It has to be a misunderstanding! So you were talking about my speech from just now? Hey, I didn't scold old people. Those words were just literary metaphors and analogies. The so-called 'old people' in my speech was referring to a mental age. It's a state of mind, an antiquated statement in general that does not refer to anyone in particular. It's not talking about old people. Aiyah, so this was the problem? All of you have misunderstood me! All of you as professors are famous in the world of academia, and pillars of support of Peking University. You are not 'old people'. In my eyes, you are all vibrant youths! 'Ode to Young China' is also referring to everyone!"

Yan Jiantao: "....."

The few old professors: "....."

A female secretary in the office could not help but let out a stifled laugh.

Zhang Ye carried on with his nonsense. "The few of you have been in education for decades. Your understanding in literature can't be bad. In literary and figurative writing, it is very common to use metaphors. For example, 'the sun smiled warmly'. How can the sun smile? If it really cracks a smile, then there would be an explosion! Our Universe might be destroyed! It's just an anthropomorphic metaphor! For me, I'm doing the exact opposite. When I used the words 'the old', it is a metaphor for 'antiquated', or else what should I say? Should I just use the word antiquated? That wouldn't sound good, and it would not have any poetic feel. It would be too direct and impetuous. Professor Yan is also in literature, so he must understand this, right? In literature, you need to have a bit of pretense. Use some anthropomorphism and quasi-physical metaphors to make it sound more awesome. I really did not mean any harm!"

Yan Jiantao said angrily, "You are speaking nonsense!"

Zhang Ye said innocently, "I did not. That's really what I meant. Could it be that you, Professor Yan thought yourself as 'the old'? That you are antiquated and aging?"

Yan Jiantao said angrily, "I'm still young!"

Zhang Ye pointed. "That's it! Isn't this how it should be? I also think of you as a young man, so how could I be scolding you!? This is all about someone who doesn't know literary metaphors trying to malign me due to ulterior motives!" Turning his head to face Wu Zeqing and company, he said, "Leaders, you must be fair to me!"

When the few elderly professors heard this, they were all rendered speechless!

This Zhang Ye was indeed eloquent! Even while defending himself, he did not forget to abuse others!

He even talked about metaphors?

Metaphors your sister!

Even primary school students would be able to tell that you were scolding old people!

Chapter 347: "How the Steel Was Tempered" excerpt!

At night.

Zhang Ye returned home.

The moment he walked in, Mom gave him a displeased look. "You even have the nerve to come back? Other people had a gala for primary and secondary school students which had nothing to do with you, but why must everything not lack you? Do you feel uncomfortable being too free? You don't feel good if you don't stir up some trouble everyday? Son, I'm really impressed by you. Your mother's heart isn't good. Stop giving me surprises all the time. We are in an aging society, and there are so many old people in society, but you sure were good. You scolded all of them in one breath. You even included your father and I!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Who did you hear that from?"

"Is there a need to hear? I saw it on the internet" Mom huffed and puffed.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "You sure are getting better at using your cellphone. You are moving well with the times."

Mom said, "Don't try changing the subject. Let your father scold you to see if you are deserving of it!"

Dad looked at his son and ignored his wife. "Is it alright on the school's side? Would it affect your career at Peking University?"

"I don't know. It's hard to say." Zhang Ye took off his coat. "I'm now resigned to fate. I leave it to do as it pleases, for I'm not in the wrong. I did what I had to do as a teacher. For the children, sacrificing myself leads to the benefit of everyone."

Mom stared at him. "You're still in the mood to jest!"

"Enough from you." Dad said to Mom, before saying to his son, "Little Ye, we know you are well aware of things. We don't understand your job, nor do we bother about it. We know you can handle it well."

Zhang Ye acknowledged. "Thanks Dad."

Mom was speechless. "The two of you are of the same heart!"

Dad said, "Stop nagging. Hurry up and prepare food for our son. Nagging all day won't solve anything, right? Hurry, I'm hungry too."

Mom snorted angrily before throwing her hands up and walking to the kitchen.

Once Mom left, Dad nudged his chin towards the kitchen and whispered, "Ignore her. She's suffering from menopause."

Zhang Ye laughed. Since dinner was not ready yet, it would take at least half an hour before he could eat. Hence, he returned to his room and closed the door. He switched on his computer and checked the effects of his speech.

The internet was also bustling.

"Aiyah, hey! Aiyah, hey!"

"Wife, come and take a look! Teacher Zhang is scolding people again again again again again again again again!"

"Husband, I'm coming! Teacher Zhang really scolded people again again again again again again again again?"

"A few days ago, he declared war on the entire literary world. Great, it's just been a few days and he has declared war again? This time it's on the older age groups?"

"Hahaha! What good news!"

"Face-smacking Zhang is back in action! Everyone, be careful!"

"Teacher Zhang's scolding increases in scale every time!"

"It's not scolding. Didn't you hear the original version of the closing speech? It's mainly to teach the children!"

"Right, how can you say he is scolding people? The 'old' mentioned was just a metaphor. It's just an analogy! This speech's intention is to educate, and not derisive!"

"That's right, although Teacher Zhang is notorious, and has quite a bit of 'stains' on record, this 'Ode to Young China' is really not scolding!"

"Did you hear the original speech?"

"I only saw the textual version."

"I suggest that everyone to listen to it. The power delivered through text is too weak. It lacks the punch. Zhang Ye's passion when he made the speech, especially those last few words, must be listened for it really f\*\*king makes your blood boil! That literary talent is really defying of the heavens! I heard this finale's closing speech was assigned to Teacher Zhang at the last minute, so that he could save the situation. He did not have any preparations beforehand, and expressed himself on the spot!"

"Impossible!"

"Are you sure?"

"F\*\*k! He could do it so well even while doing impromptu?"

"It's true. I heard about it too. When the Peking University's President couldn't come at the last minute due to some sickness, there was only about ten minutes left to inform everyone else. No one wanted to do it since there was no script. So they thought of Teacher Zhang Ye, a person who never uses a script during his programs or classes, to let him do the speech. They really found the right person. Teacher Zhang really does not need scripts. Such a large prose with obscure meanings, yet is so orderly, poetic and logical. It was even educative and highly impactful. Zhang Ye is Zhang Ye! Awesome!"

"That's right, that's so empowering!"

"My magnificent Chinese youth!"

"Today, I have once again witnessed the quality of Zhang Ye's speeches!"

"Teacher Zhang has always had such a level. I'm not surprised about this, but what I'm worrying now is about those sentences about old people. It might cause quite serious effects!"

The official gala's video posted by Peking University did not have Zhang Ye's closing speech, but the reporters present were not to be trifled with. The moment they returned, they uploaded the missing parts on their own television stations or official newspaper websites. Following that, it had gone viral once again over the internet!

Just after 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was over!

Alright, it was really one event succeeding another!

A bunch of people exclaimed over Zhang Ye's speech. A bunch of people supported Zhang Ye's speech, while another bunch of people appeared and started scolding Zhang Ye. They said things like how he



was full of nonsense and how he lacked respect for his elders. Anyways, regardless of what Zhang Ye did or say, it would cause quite a big commotion. This fellow was naturally born with a "Hatred Halo". Ever since he entered Peking University, he had never been lying low. He was the most controversial teacher in academia. No one disagreed on this point. Wherever Zhang Ye was, there would definitely be controversy. Those who liked him loved him to death, and right to their bones. As for those who disliked him, they hated him to the death, all the way, deep into their flesh!

On Weibo, discussion forums, or Tieba, there were constantly people questioning Zhang Ye, scolding his disrespect towards the elderly. Regardless of his intentions, saying such things was incorrect. There were even people asking him to scram from academia!

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These praises and scoldings were all seen by Zhang Ye. After being in the entertainment circle for some time, Zhang Ye no longer suffered from a pale face of anxiety towards all this. Regardless of the matter, he had already done and said it. There was no such thing as taking back the water that had been spilled, hence, Zhang Ye did not "repent" and instead began typing, posting the original text of "Ode to Young China" on his Weibo and Tieba. The textual version had been posted by others, but as many of the words were rather obscure, people did not have the ability to simplify or understand it too well. There were still many mistakes, so Zhang Ye typed out the official version of the text, so as to prevent the wrong version from leading people astray!

The moment he posted his speech on Weibo and Tieba, his fame hit the roof!

Weibo's forwarding kept rising and in a blink of an eye, it increased by a few hundred, and after another, it was at a thousand!

"Supporting Teacher Zhang!"

"Unconditional support for Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang is the conscience of the industry!"

"Who shouted to dismiss Zhang Ye? I'm the first to disagree!"

"Swearing to support Teacher Zhang Ye! Supporting 'Ode to Young China'!"

"If Teacher Zhang is fired because of this, I'll drop out of school! I'll never go to school in the future!"

"Count me in! If a teacher like Zhang Ye is removed from the educational world, then the educational world has no one else! Teacher Zhang Ye is the only good teacher in my heart!"

"Students! Everyone unite together!"

"Right! Teacher Zhang has been spurned by others because of us! If we don't step forward to speak for ourselves, then when do we speak!?"

"We cannot let Teacher Zhang leave!"

Seeing others denouncing Zhang Ye, a countless number of students rushed over, expressing their support. There were more and more people, such as Zhang Ye's Tieba fan club. As the number of people

posting increased sharply, just a refresh of the page would see dozens, if not a hundred new threads appear. In the end, there was nearly an "Exploding Flood". Zhang Ye's Tieba fan club could not be opened for a whole two minutes, as people from everywhere surged over to express their support! Nearly all the students and youths stood behind Zhang Ye! Although it was an aging society, the power of the youth was always the largest and most craziest in any society!

Replies reached 10,000...

Replies reached 50,000...

Weibo's forwarding hit 8000!

Weibo's Likes reached 28,000!

Zhang Ye once again stood on the precipice of the wave!

Seeing countless numbers of children vocally supporting him, Zhang Ye felt different from the past. In the past, be it him scolding people or deriding people, it was all done on impulse. It was mainly for him to vent, but now, Zhang Ye was really without blame or regret because this was not only venting for himself, but the speech was also for the millions of children. From 'Dream of the Red Chamber', Zhang Ye felt that as someone who came from a different world. He had some responsibilities to shoulder. He could not always do everything for himself, so he had used the astounding "Ode to Young China" from his world today, so as to give this world's "lethargic" youths a boost.

There was not much he could do, so that was pretty much the only thing he could do.

Thinking of the people of the past, and the greats that had sacrificed and dedicated their lives towards education from his world, Zhang Ye felt that the bit of trouble he got himself in was nothing. He had to persist on!

"Zhang Ye is too great at causing trouble."

"He must be regretting to death now."

"Regardless if he is right or wrong, Zhang Ye really does not know the ways of the world. For some meaningless things, he goes all around offending people, ending up having enemies everywhere. At some point, he will have reached his end. Can't he take things easy? In our country, people talk about not going too far."

"That's right. Look at him now. Just from this speech, his job at Peking University might even be lost."

On Weibo, there were some people, who sat on the fence, discussing this matter.

After many people saw this, they were also puzzled if Zhang Ye was feeling regret at this moment? Or was he furious? If he knew this would be the result, would he still have said that speech this afternoon?

"@ZhangYe."

"Is Teacher Zhang around?"

"Why hasn't Teacher Zhang spoken a word today?"

Many people were worried about Zhang Ye. They either @ him or private messaged him.

Zhang Ye saw this and closed his eyes to think. Then he immediately touched his keyboard, and typed out words that immediately tied up tongues and popped eyes, "Man's dearest possession is life. It is given to him but once, and he must live it so as to feel no torturing regrets for wasted years, never know the burning shame of a mean and petty past; so live that, dying, he might say: all my life, all my strength were given to the finest cause in all the world—the fight for the Liberation of Education!"

This was an excerpt from his world's "How the Steel Was Tempered", but had been slightly altered!

Zhang Ye used it to perfectly express his unwavering attitude!

Chapter 348: Going on People's Daily!

Feel no torturing regrets for wasted years?

Never know the burning shame of a mean and petty past?

This was not a poem, nor was it prose. It was like a common sentence, but when Zhang Ye posted it on Weibo, many people, who were poking fun at or laughing at Zhang Ye immediately stopped speaking, and became silent!

What sort of person could write something like that?

What sort of person would have such feelings?

The moment many people saw this new Weibo post from Zhang Ye, they suddenly felt great amounts of respect for Zhang Ye. They did not know what to say, nor did they have anything to say!

"Haha, well said!"

"Teacher Zhang's words are always so poetic!"

"This is his literary talent! It's completely peerless!"

"Why is every word from Teacher Zhang Ye's mouth so moving!?"

"That's right! There are certain truths that everyone knows, or that can be said, but when the same words are come from Teacher Zhang's mouth, and still has the same meaning when it comes out, but it feels completely different! Isn't he just saying 'I'm willing to devote my life to education', but why does it feel completely different when you hear it!? Just reading it gives me goose bumps! I have to save this passage! Too classic!"

"Already saved!"

"I have a folder of Zhang Ye's recordings on my computer. Haha, it's devoted to recording Teacher Zhang Ye's words. Every work of his is too great. Not only does it give you a rush, it is also thought provoking. I don't know literature, nor do I know any great philosophical ideas, but I think this may be the most sublime literature!"

"Forever supporting Teacher Zhang Ye! If you aren't convinced, fight me! My large saber is again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Big Saber Bro has come too!"

"Teacher Zhang has already declared war! Let us blow the trumpets for war!"

"Hahahaha, which eye of yours saw Teacher Zhang declaring war?"

"Isn't he fighting for the liberation of education!? Since he's fighting, if that's not a declaration of war, then what is!? Let's go brothers! Teacher Zhang has summoned us!"

Zhang Ye's fan club immediately felt their morale surging. Some people were still messing around with jokes. It was quite a relaxed atmosphere. Such an atmosphere could only be found in Zhang Ye's fan club. If it was any other celebrity's fans, they would be furious or worried if such a situation were to happen. They wouldn't have been in the mood to jest, but Zhang Ye's fans were different. These people had followed Zhang Ye from the beginning, and had gone through numerous storms! All of them were "battle-hardened", and no longer thought much of such "small matters". Everyone was accustomed to it! They felt that the matters of Teacher Zhang's swearing at others daily with them joining...was the norm. If Zhang Ye stopped for one day, it would make these fans unable to get used to it!

Flurry of discussion!

Arguments!

The excerpt, from "How the Steel Was Tempered", that was thrown out by Zhang Ye was also the most famous passage in the novel. It gave a boost to this matter!

Yan Jiantao also had Weibo. He stood forward to refute!

A few veterans of the education world and elderly professors, with more than a dozen people came forward to denounce him. They were probably egged on by Yan Jiantao!

Zhang Ye smiled and looked past it. He did not take it to heart. The only thing that he noticed was Wu Zeqing's Weibo account had given him a Like. Wu Zeqing was famous in the education world, and was well known by the people. She was not a celebrity, and most people did not even know what she looked like. Although she had a verified account, and it was just a Like, which got flooded away by others with no one paying attention to it, Zhang Ye's sharp eyes noticed it. President Wu's Like was not for the "Ode to Young China" Weibo post that he had posted earlier, but that passage from "How the Steel Was Tempered". Zhang Ye guessed the reason. The other post was a lot more sensitive towards the elderly, hence as Peking University's Vice President, Wu Zeqing could not express her views. Hence, she supported Zhang Ye by Liking another Weibo post. She did not say anything, but her stance was clear!

What should have been seen had been seen.

What should have been said had been said.

Alright, time to finish dinner and sleep. Tomorrow, there will probably be more denouncement!

After finishing dinner, Zhang Ye washed up. He did not listen on to Mom's nagging. He returned to his room and tucked himself into bed. Before 8, he was already fast asleep.

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The next day.

In the morning, Zhang Ye got up to go to work.

For this matter, he could not think of a way to resolve it. Although he had explained that he was not scolding old people, even this fellow would not believe his own excuses. Hai, if this was not properly dealt with, he might even be removed from the education system.

What should he do?

It really seems like he had to resign himself to fate!

When he reached the office, Zhang Ye greeted everyone, "Good morning."

"Good morning."

"Teacher Little Zhang, you've come?"

"Teacher Zhang, what you said on Weibo yesterday was really good!"

Many people also looked towards him, while others consoled him.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Zhang Ye saw an unrecognized number. "Hello?"

"Hello, this must be Teacher Zhang Ye, right?" It was a middle-aged man's voice. "I'm from Nanjing University. I know you are busy, so I'll cut to the chase."

Nanjing University?

What are you looking for me for?

Zhang Ye was stunned as he said, "Oh, please go ahead."

The middle-aged man said, "We are thinking of inviting you to teach at Nanjing University's Chinese department next semester. The course will be up to you to choose. You can continue teaching ancient classics electives or a main course. That can all be discussed. Then, we can see how the situation is, and if we need to change it, we will do so. Right, the Chinese department is also intending on opening up a new elective in the second half semester..." The person said a lot.

Zhang Ye was at a loss. He quickly avoided people and went to a window by the corridor outside the office. "Thank you, but I currently do not have such plans. I'm a Beijinger, so it's more convenient for me to teach here."

The middle-aged man said, "Now by plane, it's not far. You just need two to three hours to travel through the entire country. Why don't we do this? Every class, your air tickets will be reimbursed by us. As long as you come, anything can be discussed. We can do so in detail face to face."

Zhang Ye tactfully rejected. "We'll talk about it in the future. Thank you for your trust, but I'm not ready for such large steps yet."

After he hung up, another telephone call came in. It was a middle-aged woman. It was Beijing Normal University's Chinese department Dean. Her goal was the same. She was trying to invite Zhang Ye to their school to teach. The compensation was good, and everything could be negotiable.

What's going on?

Two famous schools want to invite me over?

Didn't they realize that this bro has a "criminal record"? The dispute of him scolding the elderly hasn't been resolved yet, right? If it was decided that Zhang Ye was to be disciplined, it might not just be as simple as leaving the Chinese department or Peking University, but rather it was highly likely that he would have to leave academia altogether. Even if they roped him in, he would not be allowed to teach either. Once the teacher qualification Peking University had applied for him out of exception had been canceled or suspended, then he would not be able to teach at all. It was the same as how the SARFT suspended his broadcasting host qualifications.

What's the situation?

Zhang Ye was a bit confused.

But when he returned to his office, Zhang Ye completely understood. He knew why Nanjing University and Beijing Normal University had invited him!

Su Na came to work!

Not only had she come, but she was holding a newspaper in her hands!

The moment Su Na arrived, she shouted, "Where's Teacher Zhang? Is Teacher Zhang not here yet? Aiyah, hey, take a look. Quick! This is a copy of today's People's Daily!"

Professor Zeng asked in surprise, "What about People's Daily?"

Su Na said, "You'll know once you see it! Third page!"

"What's the matter?" Zhang Ye happened to enter at that exact moment.

"Teacher Zhang, quick take a look. You were really impressive this time!" Su Na exclaimed.

With Su Na's shout, the other teachers from the Chinese department gathered around. "Let me take a look. What's this about?"

When they flipped to the third page and saw it, everyone exclaimed or turned silent from shock. "Little Zhang! Your 'Ode to Young China' made it onto People's Daily!"

Zhang Ye looked at it and was also stunned!

Holy sh\*t! He really was on it! This was the People's Daily!

The People's Daily was no stranger to the people. It was the country's largest newspaper. It was a mouthpiece of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. No commoner bought it, as it

was mostly political news. There was little to do with daily life and there was nothing much in it. It wasn't very readable, but everyone had to recognize the status of this newspaper in the country. It was the head of the pack. Every relevant institution or state-owned enterprise would subscribe to it!

This was a political newspaper!

The things written in it even indicated the inclinations of the political powers!

And at this moment, "Ode to Young China" had been published in People's Daily! This completely stunned everyone! Although the newspaper did not publish the full text of Zhang Ye's speech, and had only published the last few paragraphs, it was still a very fascinating thing!

Su Na laughed. "Teacher Zhang! You must really treat us now! You have to treat us today!"

Professor Zeng also said excitedly, "There aren't many teachers from our Peking University who have ever gotten onto People's Daily despite its years of history! They can be counted with one's hands! Little Zhang, you are really in the limelight this time!"

Zhang Ye did not even expect this himself. His heart thumped heavily. Zhang Ye was quite flattered by the affirmation given to him by the People's Daily.

At this moment, Yan Jiantao also arrived at work. "Why is it so noisy?"

Then he noticed the newspaper that everyone was passing around. When he took a glance, his expression changed to that of a frozen eggplant. He did not say a word. The moment he finished reading the article, he turned around and left.

Everyone knew that Professor Yan would no longer gather people to denounce Zhang Ye. The criticism and invective towards Zhang Ye by old comrades on the internet would probably be put to an end today! Why? There was no need to ask why! The People's Daily had already published "Ode to Young China"! This explained that the higher-ups had affirmed Zhang Ye's speech! This was People's Daily! This was a protective charm! Zhang Ye no longer needed to be afraid that people would accuse him of showing disrespect to the elderly! The publication in People's Daily was all Zhang Ye needed!

Chapter 349: Popularity Rises Again!

On the web.

At first, many people were still having a continuation of the topic from last night. There were more and more people joining in the ranks of those who supported "Ode to Young China". There were also more and more people joining the ranks of people who denounced Zhang Ye. It reached quite a fervent state. Then, suddenly, in an instant, the entire situation flipped!

"Ah Ah Ah!"

"My eyes!"

"Quick take a look at People's Daily!"

"What about People's Daily? Why should we look at it?"

"It's just a political newspaper. Which commoner would buy it!?"

"Let me take a look. My organization is subscribed to it...Holy sh\*t! My eyes are blind! What is this? The People's Daily has published an excerpt of 'Ode to Young China'!"

"Impossible!"

"F\*\*k! Is this real or not?"

"I have attached a picture. Please take a look for yourselves. Why would I lie to all of you!"

When a cellphone picture of today's edition of People's Daily's third page was uploaded, everyone was stunned!

"Breaking news!"

"That's too awesome!"

"Teacher Zhang has gotten onto People's Daily!"

"I knew it. How can 'Ode to Young China', something that can be immortalized, be condemned by people! This would definitely be passed down for centuries!"

Immediately, many people cried out in disbelief!

Elder Qian, Yao Jiancai, Zhao Guozhou, Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge, Hou Di, Wang Xiong, Dong Shanshan, Wang Xiaomei, etc. Zhang Ye's old friends and colleagues all forwarded it on Weibo.

Zhao Guozhou: "Congratulations."

Yao Jiancai: "Well done bro! Haha!"

Xiao Lu: "Teacher Zhang is so magnificent!"

Elder Qian: "As long as it is gold, it will glitter!"

Dong Shanshan: "Old classmate, I'm happy for you."

As for those people who had denounced Zhang Ye in outrage, they immediately became silent. A large number of people shut their mouths and silently went offline. There were still people who gave a few indignant curses, but their voices decreased till they completely disappeared! With People's Daily giving Zhang Ye's speech affirmation, it was meaningless for them to carry on denouncing it!

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Afternoon.

Zhang Ye treated everyone to lunch.

The dining hall was in Peking University's campus. It may have been called a dining hall, but it was actually a restaurant. Zhang Ye had reserved an area earlier. He did not know how many people would turn up, nor was he lacking in money, so he decided to reserve a room for twenty people. There were two tables, so it was surely enough.

"Teacher Zhang, congratulations."



"Thank you Teacher Xu."

"Little Zhang, I heard you were published by People's Daily?"

"Yeah, I didn't expect it either. Professor Li. Teacher Xu, you came at the right time. I was just about to invite you to lunch. I have already reserved some tables."

"Is it appropriate?"

"It's my treat. Everyone is going."

"Haha, alright then. I'll scrounge a meal from you then."

"It's almost the lunar new year winter vacation. We should gather for a meal too."

There were more and more people coming. Most of them were teachers from the Chinese department. Zhen Shuquan had also invited the Dean and the Dean's secretary, but Zhen Shuquan and Chang Kaige had both not arrived at work that day. They had gone to the hospital to visit the President. Another was out of town for a conference. They were not around, so there was no other way about it. As for Yan Jiantao and those elderly professors and lecturers that had good relationships with Yan Jiantao, Zhang Ye did not bother inviting them. He knew they were definitely feeling a grudge, and would not come, so Zhang Ye did not want to bring contempt on himself. Furthermore, he had won this time, and the people that should have been scolded had been scolded, and faces smacked. If he were to invite Yan Jiantao, it would make people think he was intoxicated by success. It would not look good on him.

Ring, ring, ring.

A telephone call came.

There was no one around him, so Zhang Ye picked it up. "Hello?"

"Hello, Zhang Ye." It was a woman's voice. "I'm from the People's Daily. As the manuscript was rushed, we added your speech at the last minute, so I only had the time to inform you now."

Zhang Ye hurried said, "It's no problem whatsoever. In fact, I'm very honored to be able to be on People's Daily. I want to thank all of you."

The woman smiled and said, "It was recommended by your President Wu. After examining it, we found it pretty good. Hence, we decided to add it at 3 in the morning."

"President Wu recommended it?" Zhang Ye was stunned.

The woman said curiously, "That's right. You didn't know? Well, it's nothing. I'm contacting you to know what method you would like for us to transfer the royalty fees to you. Do you want to do it by registered post, or through the bank?"

Zhang Ye said, "There's no need to. I'm already extremely honored. There's no need for money."

"Just give me your bank account number. These are the rules, so we need to go through the process. The royalties aren't that much either. It's only around 23 bucks." The woman said.

Zhang Ye could only say, "Alright, then I'll text you my bank account number."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye sent her a text message. Honestly, the royalty fees from People's Daily was ridiculously low. This wasn't the first time Zhang Ye had been published on a newspaper. For example, for the Beijing Times, although the royalty fees were not that much, it was at least in the hundreds every time. If there were a lot of words, it could even break a thousand. Zhang Ye had received quite a bit of royalties from those poems and proses, but this was the first time he had ever received a two-digit royalty fee.

But then again, ever since Zhang Ye debuted, he had appeared on nearly all the newspapers over the entire country, or in different provinces, but he had never appeared on the largest People's Daily. As this publication had a political leaning towards it and had no entertainment section, if it was just a common celebrity, like singers or actors, these important figures would have no chance to appear on such a newspaper. Zhang Yuanqi was the same too, but Zhang Ye had done it. To be able to go on People's Daily was already extremely lucky, so royalties? That was nothing of importance. Even if there wasn't a hundred million people who wanted to get on this newspaper, there were at least tens of millions. This was something you could not obtain with money. Ignoring the 23 bucks of royalties given to him, even if Zhang Ye had to pay a million, he would be willing to do so!

It represented fame!

It represented prestige!

This was a shimmering qualification!

Was Yan Jiantao awesome? Was he experienced? Was he reputable? But our old comrade Yan had never been on People's Daily! Or he wouldn't have gone back to his office after knowing about the news in the morning. He had not even stepped out of it since! This was because it represented something exceptional!

"Teacher Zhang, are we leaving?"

"Sure, Teacher Su. Let me make a call first."

"Alright, everyone will be waiting for you downstairs."

"Great. Go on down first. I'll be right there."

Su Na came looking for him, but Zhang Ye did not go with them. He made a phone call first. Ring Ring Ring. It connected. "Hello, President Wu. It's me, Little Zhang."

"Little Zhang." Wu Zeqing said.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I'll be treating everyone to lunch at noon. So far, it is mainly teachers from the Chinese department, would you mind showing your face?"

Wu Zeqing smiled lightly and said, "Go on ahead. I won't be joining in on the fun."

"Don't say that. You are the star. If you don't come, I won't be able to eat." Zhang Ye said, "I heard that my 'Ode to Young China' was recommended to People's Daily by you. For them to use my text was mostly because of your recommendation. I must thank you properly." If it were the other Vice Presidents of Peking University who had their training in education, they would lack this ability, but Wu

Zeqing was different. Zhang Ye knew she came with political training and was a political executive. Her network was naturally wider than other Peking University Vice Presidents.

Wu Zeqing's voice was always that soft and gentle. "If you say it in that way, I'll feel guilty. Hur Hur. You know better than anyone else what your speech represents. It's your literary talent that allowed you to be rewarded with such honors. It has little to do with me. I only took on the role of recommending it. That was all."

Zhang Ye said, "I've already reserved a place. We are just waiting for you. I'm just not sure if you are in your office, if not, I would have invited you in person."

"Don't go. I'm not in the office. Well, alright then. Go on ahead first. Once I'm finished here, I'll come over." Wu Zeqing agreed.

Zhang Ye said happily, "Alright. Then we will be waiting for you."

.....

Restaurant.

On a balcony on the third floor.

Next to Peking University was a lake, so the scenery was exceptionally good.

Just as everyone took their seats, the door opened. Wu Zeqing had arrived.

"President Wu."

"President Wu, you came."

"Hurry and take the main seat."

Finally, Wu Zeqing was invited to take the main seat. Zhang Ye was the star of the show today, so he was invited to sit beside President Wu. On the other side of Wu Zeqing sat Professor Zeng, who had the most established qualifications.

Zhang Ye gave a toast. "President Wu, I'll use tea on behalf of wine to toast you."

They were all Peking University teachers, so they were certainly not allowed to drink alcohol during office hours, so they all drank tea and other beverages instead.

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Today, you are the star. I'm not going to steal your thunder."

"You are my benefactor. If not for you inviting me to teach at Peking University, I would probably still be cooped up at home unable to find a job. It's all thanks to you." Zhang Ye said with some self-mockery.

Wu Zeqing clinked her cup with his and said gracefully. "With your literary talent, you don't have to worry no matter where you go. And even if you didn't come, it would be hard to say if our Chinese department would have received the number one ranking in the country. Now that your speech has gone on People's Daily, it is really me who should be thanking you for coming to join us." After she drank some tea, she looked at him nicely. "So how about it Little Zhang? Are you interested in joining Peking

University as a full time teacher next semester? Place your focus here, while you put a hold the entertainment industry."

Don't work in the entertainment industry?

Teach in Peking University without anything else?

Zhang Ye exclaimed. "About that..."

Professor Zeng also laughed and said, "That's right. You are quite suitable for the education system. Although you have never taught before, your achievements in education in just these few days are known by all!"

Su Na smiled and urged him. "The entertainment industry is too messy. The school is so nice. Didn't you post on Weibo yesterday, saying all your life and all your strength would be given to the finest cause in the world—the fight for the Liberation of Education. It was said so well!"

The other teachers also nodded their heads slightly. Zhang Ye's words had really hit their hearts as educators!

Ah?

Did I say that before?

Are those words of mine?

Zhang Ye coughed. "About that, I can balance it on two ends. I can both develop myself in the entertainment industry, but neither would I affect my teaching responsibilities." He quickly changed topics. "Here, this toast is on me. Thank you for taking care of me all this while!"

"Come here."

"Cheers."

"Here we go."

"Cheers."

Although this semester had come to an end, and after things were settled, Zhang Ye still needed to return to his hosting job. He naturally could not focus on education as his heart was not fully there. His goal was a lot higher than what others thought. His accumulation in Peking University over these past few days had been too smooth. He had obtained great popularity, as well as exposure. This was already enough for Zhang Ye. As for the next step, it was time for Zhang Ye to change his camping ground!

Chapter 350: Almost a C-list Celebrity!

Where should he go next?

What program should he do next?

If he produced a program, would the SARFT approve it?

At the table, Zhang Ye's mind began to wander as he quickly recovered. He did not want to think too much. It was almost the lunar new year. He decided to relax in Beijing and rest well. As for work, he decided to think about it after the lunar new year. Anyway, his popularity had increased once again. He was also not limited in his further development. He did not need to worry about not being able to find an opportunity to improve. For work, it had to be both tense but relaxed. If he was in the limelight over a prolonged time, that was not necessarily good. People might get irritated if he always appeared in the news, so he could take this opportunity to relax. Ever since he came back from Shanghai, he had not rested very well. He had been busy at Peking University, so it was time for him to give himself a break.

"Little Zhang, why aren't you eating?"

"Oh, I will. Dig in."

"The day after tomorrow is basically school holidays. Does anyone have plans?"

"I'm going to my hometown for the new year. I've already bought the tickets to fly out in three days."

"This year's lunar new year is rather early. I still need to invigilate the make up exams, so I won't be able to return home."

"My family of three is planning to go traveling. We have decided to go on a trip to the South. Teacher Little Zhang, you are familiar with Shanghai, right?. If you are in Shanghai, we'll look for you. You will treat us to some food, right?"

"Haha, food and accommodation will be provided. You are warmly welcomed."

"What you said is all that matters. Hur Hur. We might not even go."

Everyone ate and had a good time. Everyone was already considering the lunar new year break. As teachers, they had it better. The winter vacation was quite a long school holiday, so they could take a long break. Of course, as university teachers, they definitely were incomparable to primary and secondary school teachers. They were not given as much freedom. For example, some professors still had to take care of their graduate students and attend meetings. Some had to write journal papers or write academic reports, etc. They all had many things to do. Amongst them, Zhang Ye was probably the most free. He did not have any other obligations that he had to meet, and was completely relaxed.

Wu Zeqing was a woman of few words. She ate in an exquisite manner. She chewed her food slowly, and from inside out, could be described as a classic gentle beauty.

After Zhang Ye was done eating, his attention moved to President Wu's body. Today, she was wearing a long qipao. It was a white, with green flowers. There were also some red petals on it. It was very light and soft, and was great at showing off her figure. It was also very attention grabbing. Near the top of the qipao, she wore a white knitted jacket with a button. Her entire person looked very dignified. It was different from Dong Shanshan, who previously wore a qipao. Dong Shanshan wore it sexily, but when worn by Wu Zeqing, it looked mild and classic. She wore a pair of white high heels on her feet, making her exude a certain charm. The heels were not very high, and was only about 4 or 5 cm tall, but since Wu Zeqing's body was very good, with long legs and not a short stature, even without 8-9cm heels, she was also able to look very exceptional!

Beautiful!

Great figure!

Virtuous!

And had a high position!

She was perfect classic beauty that you couldn't find anywhere else!

Zhang Ye noticed that many of the males at the table were acting similarly to himself. They were occasionally glancing at President Wu. Even an old comrade like Professor Zeng was no exception. There was a glimmer of appreciation in Old Zeng's eyes. Wu Zeqing was a landmark of Peking University. Not only the people from Peking University knew, but even many people from other schools of higher learning in Beijing knew that Peking University had a Vice President whose beauty could topple cities!

President Wu mentioned that she still hadn't gotten married?

If he were to marry her, wouldn't he be laughing to death, even in his sleep!?

Zhang Ye began to daydream about it jealously. He did not know if he would be able to marry such a pretty woman. President Wu, you must hold out. Don't let others snatch you away. Eh, right. It's the lunar new year, and he had nothing to do. He had all the time to do other things. With a glint in his eyes, he suddenly remembered an item inside his game ring inventory — Red String of Fate. In Shanghai, the reason why he could progress with such leaps and bounds with his old classmate, Dong Shanshan, to the point of staying together was all because of the "Red String of Fate". He had experimented with this item before. Its function and effects were all rather obvious. The difference between the Red String of Fate and the Cupid Sachet was that the cupid luck was random. It was unpredictable, but the Red String of Fate allowed him to specify his target. It could tie that person's Marriage Affinity with himself!

He had drawn two of them back then.

After using one, he still had one remaining.

Time to use it. Zhang Ye was prepared on tying it around Wu Zeqing's leg to give it a try, but here lay the problem. How would he tie it? Wu Zeqing was sitting completely fine there, yet he would have to lower his head to tie the Red String of Fate to her? In addition to this, there were so many people watching? He wouldn't be able to tie it now. Furthermore, he would be slapped to death by President Wu. He had to find some way to hide his actions and make it look natural. Immediately, he thought of how he gained the chance to tie the Red String of Fate to Dong Shanshan last time. His old classmate had dropped something, and Zhang Ye had taken the opportunity to pick it up for her. Hence, he got the opportunity!

That's the only way!

Let's try it again!

Zhang Ye did not feel his heart ache. To get closer to Goddess Wu, he even sacrificed his cellphone. He pretended to pick up his cellphone to take a look at it. After tapping on it a few times, he placed it back down on the table quietly. It was rather close to Wu Zeqing. Following that, Zhang Ye raised his cup and clinked it with the rest.

"Here, let me toast everyone again."

"Cheers."

"Teacher Zhang, cheers."

When he pulled back his hand, Zhang Ye placed his cup down and intentionally nudged his phone off the tabletop. Bada. His cellphone fell to the ground, causing even the battery cover to pop off.

Su Na exclaimed, "Aiyah, your cellphone!"

Professor Zeng said, "Hurry and take a look. Is it broken?"

Wu Zeqing pulled her leg back and looked down, "Where did it drop?"

"Carry on eating. Don't worry." Zhang Ye pulled his chair back and squatted down. He pulled up the tablecloth and grabbed his cellphone. Then with another hand, he opened the game interface, and took out the only Red String of Fate from his inventory. He stretched out his hand, pretending to look for his battery and phone cover, but was actually secretly looping the Red String of Fate around Wu Zeqing's calf. President Wu thought the battery cover was by her feet, so she moved her feet, and with this motion, it caused Zhang Ye's wrist to touch President Wu's ankle. Her smooth, nude-colored stockings rubbed against Zhang Ye's skin, making his heart quiver uncontrollably.

"Oh, did I kick you?" Wu Zeqing said.

Zhang Ye took the opportunity to wrap the Red String of Fate around. "It doesn't matter. Don't worry about me."

Immediately, he quickly tied a knot with his finders. Once he pulled the Red String of Fate's other end, a dead knot immediately formed on Wu Zeqing's ankles. Wu Zeqing did not have any reaction since the Red String of Fate did not have any physical attributes, and could only be seen and touched by Zhang Ye.

After picking up his battery and back cover, Zhang Ye resurfaced to assemble it. It still looked fine at first, since it was not broken. There was only a small dent mark on the back of his phone, so it was fine.

No one paid any attention as they carried on eating.

Zhang Ye's hand grabbed on to the other end of the Red String of Fate. When he found an opportunity, he crossed his leg and quickly formed a knot on his own leg while the others were paying attention to other topics.

Zhang Ye felt his leg go numb!

Wu Zeqing also suddenly looked downwards strangely!

Red String of Fate in effect! Their Marriage Affinity had been temporarily linked together!

Last time, when he experimented with Dong Shanshan, the Red String of Fate had only lasted for a few hours. This time, with Wu Zeqing, Zhang Ye could not be sure how long it would last. It depended on his luck, and there might be some other random components to it too.

After lunch.

Wu Zeqing had something to tend to, so she left with her heels tapping.

Su Na watched with envy. "President Wu is really pretty today."

A Chinese department male teacher said, "That's right. Why do you think President Wu hasn't gotten married yet? Is it because her standards are too high? Ordinary people can't catch her eye?"

An intern teacher said, "Probably because no one dares to chase after President Wu. President Wu is way out of their league. Even an exceptional guy would be scared off."

Teacher Wu, who was almost about to be promoted to Associate Professor, interjected, "Don't talk about such things. It won't be good if she hears you." It was taboo to talk about the leadership behind their backs. Only the younger teachers dared to gossip secretly. Those who were older did not dare to do so. Everyone knew that Wu Zeqing was not an ordinary Peking University Vice President. To be precise, she was an official. She had been stationed here, and might be transferred back to the Education Bureau some day or to another ministry. She was completely different from them who had been cooped up in school for all their lives. She had her future planned out. Even many established Vice Presidents, who were much older than Wu Zeqing, did not dare to put on airs in front of her.

"Right, let's not talk about it."

"I need to go home. I have something planned this afternoon."

"I still need to finish up some work. It's about time to post the final grades."

After a short while, everyone went their own separate way. Some returned home, while others busied themselves with work.

Zhang Ye returned to the Chinese department office. He did not have anything to do that afternoon, but did not leave. He was waiting to see the effects of the Red String of Fate.

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

As he waited, he could only browse the internet.

Oh right, the celebrity rankings should have been updated. What was his current ranking?

Zhang Ye immediately opened the official website that ranked celebrities. He did not search for his name, but instead directly opened the D-list celebrity rankings. And looked from the top to bottom. And after just a few names, Zhang Ye found himself. He was already ranked amongst the top D-list celebrities!

Sixth place!

He had been pulled up to sixth place!

Just thinking of back when he went to Shanghai to produce a talk show, his ranking was barely the last amongst the D-list celebrities, but after a few episodes of the talk show, causing a controversy with the SARFT, followed by his lectures on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', and today's publication of "Ode to Young China" in People's Daily, all this popularity and exposure allowed him to go from last few of the D-list to the top few of the D-list celebrity list in less than two months. If he were to rise another 5 or 6



ranks, he would become a C-list celebrity! And there were still dozens of episode of his talk show that had not been aired yet. He believed that once "Zhang Ye's Talk Show" was fully released, he would definitely qualify to be promoted to a C-list celebrity!

What was the concept of a C-list?

It meant being considered a quite popular celebrity!

Zhang Ye felt that his expedition in Peking University was absolutely the best decision. If he had gone elsewhere or walked another path, it would not have increased his popularity by so much!

Zhang Ye glanced at the Reputation points in his game ring. It made him even more excited. There was so much that he couldn't look straight at it!

Reputation points: 39 million!

The total amount of Reputation points that he had earned before added together would probably be less than this!

However, Zhang Ye did not plan on using all his Reputation points. Since it was the lunar new year soon, and he wanted to take a break, there was nothing on hand for the time being. The items in his inventory were still enough for him, so he could not waste it wantonly. This was what fueled his fame. There was never enough no matter how much he saved. He planned on saving up more Reputation points, and using them when the opportunity arose. He wanted to be able to put the game ring to its maximum use, and not use it all now. When he encountered an emergency without any Reputation points, then he would be in big trouble!

He felt really good!

Zhang Ye enjoyed his cup of tea. As his popularity grew, his reputation also increased. He had taken another big step towards his goal!