

Superstar 51

Chapter 51: Comrade Little Zhang has been Cursed At Again!

The night sky was vast.

It was 11 P.M. at night.

After the meal, Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi held her chest with one hand as she leaned against the headboard to send email on her phone. Maybe she was working, as her face looked serious and sullen. She did not have any intention of speaking to Zhang Ye.

She would kill the donkey the moment it left the millstone!

You've forgotten about this bro after you are full?

Zhang Ye also knew that a distinguished person like her was busy, so he did not disturb her. He also wasn't emboldened enough to disturb her. Zhang Yuanqi was standing at the pinnacle of their country's entertainment industry, while Zhang Ye himself was just a small figure, who was a fledgling. He was not even considered a celebrity. He would, at most, be considered a public figure. The gap between them was heaven and earth. Zhang Ye knew this himself, so he was very respectful towards a senior.

Switching on the computer, he began doing his own thing. He first checked his Weibo and was suddenly dumbfounded. Why were there so many forwards for one of his Weibo messages? Upon checking, he realized what had happened. The "Flying Bird and Fish" message that originally only had about 2,000-3,000 forwards back then? It wasn't that much. But now, this poem's forwards on Weibo had suddenly become more than 8,000. It had tripled! After being surprised for a while, Zhang Ye treated it as nothing. Back in his world, "Flying Bird and Fish" itself had more than a hundred million clicks on the internet. How many people did not see it? Hence, this tiny explosive increase was reasonable. A good poem could never be buried. As for the reason? Zhang Ye's analysis was that it was due to many things. "Ghost Blows Out the Light", fairy tale stories and his other poems. The number of people who knew of him was slowly increasing. So people would begin checking his other works, which created an entire increase in popularity for all of his works!

"Good poem!"

"Only now do I know about this poem today!"

"Why are there so many forwards? Let me see it first."

"Classic. Who is this Zhang Ye?"

"You have just seen it? It's already a poem from last month. This poem even saved a person's life. It is especially legendary!"

Zhang Ye browsed through everyone's comments as he was lost in reverie. They were basically positive. As he was enjoying it, there was a sudden comment that appeared!

Meng Dongguo.

Verification: Beijing Writer's Association Deputy President. Poet. Author.

He was a distinguished person with more than 3 million fans!

Meng Dongguo had used his verified Weibo to openly question, “I do not know why such things can become so popular. Just because there’s a lot of people looking and commenting on it, that makes it a good poem? A legend? It saved a life? A poem’s worth is based on its literary value; it does not depend on other stories or situations to add to its worth. I cannot see any literary value in this poem. All I see is moaning and drool. This can also be considered a modern poem? This is also called literature? Also, the author’s ‘A Generation’, I would not comment on the poem’s words, but why do I find the topic so twisted? A slightly past 20-year-old child commenting on a generation? This should be a term used by us, right? You are not grown up yet, and still have a long road ahead. You do not have the ability to see through your generation, so don’t write such a poem to cause ridicule to yourself!”

Some people did not like that.

“It can’t be!? I think it’s very good!”

“So what about youths? Youths can’t write poems?”

“What a joke! Just one sentence of ‘you young people don’t know anything’ to negate all his worth? To think that you are the Deputy President of the Beijing Writer’s Association?”

However, there were even more that joined the ranks of the doubters.

A number of them were authors and poets of the Beijing Writer’s Association. They were all verified accounts.

Romance author Zheng Anbang commented, “Even Vice President Meng has commented? Actually, I was not able to continue watching this, starting from a long time ago. This poem may be very popular now, but no matter how many times I see it, I can’t figure out what is good about it!”

Children’s literature author Little Red Mushroom commented, “Zhang Ye’s poem isn’t bad, but it’s only average. It does not deserve all this attention!”

A famous poet in Beijing, whose pseudonym was Big Thunder, said, “What a mess! Complete bull****! What sort of poem is this? What are you trying to express with ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’? Do you think these are the old days? Even if you wanted to expression that period’s rebellion and helplessness, how old are you? Do you know what the old society was like? Were you composing poems with your fantasy? How can there be any literary skill!? He is, at best, a temporary demagogue! Those who are following you, what’s up with all of you? Do you even have any appreciation for art? I really wonder!”

Suddenly, five to six authors and poets began barraging Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye, who was in front of his computer, could not help but curse, “What the f***! Are you monkeys backup that were invited? Where did you all pop up from? Did I provoke all of you!?”

Zhang Yuanqi did not know what was happening as she came behind Zhang Ye. As she held her shoulders, her face was expressionless as she looked without blinking at his computer screen, “Who are they scolding?”

“Scolding me.” Zhang Ye said angrily.

Zhang Yuanqi's eyelids twitched, "Meng Dongguo? Beijing Writers' Association's Leader? This person has quite a bit of reputation in the industry, right? Then what about Little Red Mushroom? She was the one who wrote fairy tales, right? Big Thunder? I have seen his poems. He is not anything in the country, but he is still quite famous in Beijing." As the literature circle was encroaching into the entertainment industry, it was almost indivisible. As an S-list star in the industry, Zhang Yuanqi was quite aware of this. She was objective with their evaluations. Of course, only Zhang Yuanqi had the right to say this. If it was anyone else, no one would dare say who was not anything in the country. "Why are so many Beijing authors and poets scolding you? Are you very famous?"

Zhang Ye was still upset, "What do you mean, famous? I have only written a few poems. But who knows why they suddenly went crazy and started scolding me? My poems have problems? What an unfunny joke!"

Upon hearing this, Zhang Yuanqi stared at him, "You can compose poetry?"

"Of course. Have you heard of 'Flying Bird and Fish'?"

"...No."

"What about 'A Generation'?"

"....Never heard of it."

"Alright. Then, forget that I said anything!"

Zhang Yuanqi seemed a little interested. She said in a deadpan manner, "Go sit at the coffee table." There was only one chair in the house. With Zhang Ye standing up, Zhang Yuanqi sat down.

Zhang Ye no longer had the energy to care about this, "They are bullies!"

Zhang Yuanqi must have finished her work, as she began speaking to Zhang Ye, "Everything has a cause. Go look at the first person who questioned you, Meng Dongguo's, Weibo."

After checking, Zhang Ye was immediately enlightened. Meng Dongguo had published a few poems early in the month. But other than a few fans praising it, no one else had seen it. The forwarding count of a single poem from Zhang Ye was more than all his poems combined by ten times. "He saw that my results as a newcomer are better than his, so he wants to pull me down? What a grandson! What sort of people are they!?"

Zhang Yuanqi was only watching the scene unfold before her as she remained silent.

At this moment, the fans of Meng Dongguo and a few poets and authors had rushed to Zhang Ye's Weibo to curse at him. They did so indiscriminately!

"Demagogue!"

"To think you dare to publish such a beaten-up poem?"

"Everyone, don't read this person's poem. The industry's experts have given their evaluation. This is not called literature. There is no value to it!"

"It can't be? It's quite good!"

“Do you know, or do the experts know?”

“That’s right; the Vice President of the Beijing Writer’s Association has already said it’s bad!”

“I see. I thought it was such a good poem. You wasted my feelings!”

“That’s right; I even recited Zhang Ye’s poem to my children. I never expected it to not have any cultural value. Isn’t this harming others? Harming me is fine, but don’t mislead my children!”

“Zhang! Get lost from of the field of poetry!”

“Get lost! There is no need for you!”

“To think I liked Zhang Ye’s poems in the past. Hai, it’s so disappointing!”

A few of Zhang Ye’s original fans were steered by Meng Dongguo and a few authors and poets, as they began to complain!

However, there were people who insisted on supporting Zhang Ye. However, soon, they drowned in those people’s spit. They had no chance to talk!

Zhang Ye felt sourness in his heart. He was also very distressed. That was the popularity that he had worked hard to obtain. But just because of their few words, it was being scattered away. Even those who supported Zhang Ye’s poems were no longer that firm in their beliefs. After all, with so many professional Teachers and famous authors and poets collectively denying Zhang Ye’s worth, people would all have second thoughts as to whether his poem was really good.

Even his fans were scolding him. Zhang Ye’s fists clenched tightly.

Zhang Yuanqi said indifferently, “This is what the circle is like. You have to get used to others. If not...”

“Then what’s the ‘if not’?” Zhang Ye asked for advice.

Zhang Yuanqi said coldly, “...If not, make others get used to you.”

Zhang Ye thought for a while and, after digesting Zhang Yuanqi’s words, he was no longer angry. Seeing the cursing or disappointed fans, Zhang Ye posted a message on Weibo.

It was a response!

A response from one to all!

Zhang Yuanqi was by his side, reading. As she saw Zhang Ye type one word after another, her gaze changed for the first time. There was a brilliance in her eyes!

Zhang Ye had written this.

“See me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy.”

“Miss me, or not. There will affection lay, no immersion, nor dispersion.”

“Love me, or not. There will love remain, no more, nor less.”

“Follow me, or not. In your hand is mine, no discarding, nor departure.”

“Come to me, or give me your heart to dwell in.”

“Love with serenity. Rejoice in silence.”

This was an old poem. Why so? Because according to the poem’s age, it was actually quite old in Zhang Ye’s world. It was not very famous at all until the movie, “If You Are the One 2” was released. It then became famous. Even the drama, “Palace” had used it as lyrics for its ending song. Later on, someone said that this poem was composed by Tsangyang Gyatso. Actually it wasn’t. There was even a copyright lawsuit. The original author of the poem was Tashi Lam, Dodo? The original name of the poem was “The Silence of Vajra Guru Pema” and also “See Me or Not”.

Some people might question whether a love poem like this would be suitable in this situation.

It was precisely that many people were not sure. This poem was not a love poem at all. It had nothing to do with love. This poem’s inspiration came from his world’s Guru Rinpoche’s famous words, “I have never abandoned people who believed in me, or even those who did not believe in me. Although they will not see me, my children will forever be protected by my compassion.” This poem expressed the Guru’s neither clinging, nor abandoning love for his disciples. It had nothing to do with romantic love.

It was perfectly apt for Zhang Ye to use it as a response!

Maybe he was not as noble as the original authors, but it currently represented his feelings!

Regardless of people who like me staying or leaving me.

I will be right here, neither clinging, nor abandoning, neither sad, nor happy!

Chapter 52: Who Dares Say ‘Teacher Zhang Can’t Write Poems’?

After he posted on Weibo, the surging voices that came to curse at Zhang Ye seemed to stop!

See me or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy. What a free and easy poem! What a big-hearted attitude! Many people heaved in a mouthful of air upon seeing this! With the entire poem appearing, it gave a feeling that it was detached from all material things! It made the reader of the poem full of positive energy!

What was a good poem?

This may be what a good poem was!

Zhang Ye’s choice of this poem to hit back was undoubtedly very powerful!

With this, the other side weakened, whereas Zhang Ye’s neither clinging, nor abandoning fans felt their spirits enriched. They all began to shout!

SpringWindBlows: “Haha! Teacher Zhang Ye has fought back! Everyone, quickly have a look!”

WillowBowl: “Another new piece of work! Wow! This poem has a lot of feelings!”

Macho557: “None of Teacher Zhang Ye’s works can be faulted! Too awesome!”

There was a person who published a long evaluation, named LifeIsABallOfFire, “I never read modern poems. I have never liked things related to art, ever since I was young. However, Teacher Zhang Ye has

made me completely fall in love with literature and art, like poems. I do not know if those people cursing at Teacher Zhang Ye behind their keyboards or those so-called professional authors have any eyes! All of you are at least authoritative literature authors in Beijing. One of you is even some association's Vice President, so don't make us look down on you, alright? Even a layman like me can see how good Teacher Zhang Ye's poems are. Yet you despise it? Just because he is young? Is age a reason? Is this the method that you use to belittle the works of others? Then aren't you stooping too low!?"

"The previous poster said it well! Supporting Teacher Zhang!"

"Forever supporting Teacher Zhang Ye! Bull**** experts! Ignore them!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye's poems are popular. Look at the number of forwards. Look at the comments. Look at the search hits of every poem of Teacher Zhang's, as well as the clicks in any major discussion forum. The eyes of the masses are bright. The market has already made its judgment. I'm curious; why would some people be jealous of Teacher Zhang's results? Must they jump out and say some words to stomp on him? Using Teacher Zhang's words, why did you give up treatment?"

With Zhang Ye taking the lead, his fans also followed him to counterattack.

The Beijing poet, Big Thunder, also commented, "Do you know literature, or do we know literature? Just now, that love poem... Does anyone know what he is saying? Do you know? Don't pretend to know if you don't understand! Literature is literature! Art is art! They are not things used to fool others!"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan came out. Ever since the Weibo war of words, this hardcore fan of Zhang Ye would not hesitate to stand up whenever Zhang Ye faced troubles. He retorted, "Then can I ask Teacher Big Thunder above, 'what is art?' Do you not know? Well, is art something that depends on what you say? Then what are we commoners for? Then what's the point of us poetry lovers? Literary works are things only you can enjoy? What a joke! To be a poet at such a level? You aren't even a hundredth of Teacher Zhang Ye's level! A literary work is for the commoners to see it and for them to resonate with it. They would be moved; they would have feelings. That is why Teacher Zhang's poem is so popular. This is the literary judgment by us commoners!"

There were also capable people on Weibo.

For example, a person named HDUSOS09 said, "Let me first declare that I am neutral. I do not support either side. I've been reading all day and have seen Zhang Ye's poem. I may be lacking in knowledge, but let me correct Teacher Big Thunder's evaluation. I think it is quite biased. Love poem? I do not think it is a love poem. Although the poem's text has the word affection, and even the ending has the word love, that is just something literal. If you can properly understand this poem, you will discover that this is a poem that is full of compassion. How can a person write about romantic love with a compassionate heart? That's why my analysis is that Teacher Zhang Ye had written this poem to his fans. No, actually, it should be said that he wrote this poem to everyone in this world!"

"Please continue."

"A capable person has come; please continue your analysis."

"Waiting for the capable person to analyze this poem I couldn't understand!"

A lot of comments came in below. Many of them did not understand what Zhang Ye wanted to express, but nonetheless they felt that the poem was especially carefree!

HDUSOS09 continued, "It is my personal opinion, but I think that Teacher Zhang Ye wanted to express love to the common person. He knew his work would not be accepted by everyone. Whether they scold him or dislike him, he will not be affected. He only wants to use his works to move people, touch people, help people. Which is why whether they see or not see him, he is neither sad, nor happy. Whether they follow or unfollow him, he will not discard or depart from them. Being a normal person, Teacher Zhang Ye might not be able to reach this state. But as a poet, he needs to have such an attitude. Yeah, this is what I see. I might not be correct, but this poem is so memorable and worth rereading; every sentence feels like it can make people think and reflect upon on it for a long time!"

"Well said!"

"It's informative!"

"So that's what it means! Thank you for the expert dissection!"

HDUSOS09 replied, "It not really a dissection; the poem is really deep, so even I don't have the ability to analyze it. It is just my personal opinion. Nevertheless, the truth has been proven; who says Teacher Zhang Ye does not know how to write poems? Who says Teacher Zhang Ye's poems are not works of literature or art? Don't take others as fools! I am neither an author, nor poet, but I'm still considered a literary person. If i dare to say it today, just based on Teacher Zhang Ye's 'See Me or Not' poem, there should be a place for Teacher Zhang in the nation's literary circle! No one can deny the quality of his art!"

"I sincerely apologize. Listening to those dog s*** Beijing Writers' Association's Vice President and a few vocal authors, I thought they were correct. It made me post and criticize Teacher Zhang Ye. I'm so godd*mn stupid; why did I believe them at all! What professionals? In the future, I won't listen to any professional opinions! I will trust in my own judgement! Teacher Zhang's poems must be good poems! They moved me so many times!"

"I apologize, too. I was really confused just now!"

"Yeah. Who still f***ing dares to say Teacher Zhang Ye doesn't know how to write poems?"

Zhang Ye's fans who left came back again and made a scene. Zhang Ye proved his worth and, at the same time, responded back at those unscrupulous people!

But there were still scoldings.

"Bull****!"

"He only knows how to put on an act!"

"That's right! You said it so amazingly! It was too exaggerated!"

"How come I didn't see anything good about the poem? You guys are just bragging about Zhang Ye! How much did he pay you all? A dollar for a comment? You guys are so supportive with the bragging!"

"The professionals have stated their case and yet you all are unhappy?"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan could not longer stand it, “Comrades, when logic no longer works, what do we do?”

ZhangYeNumber1Fan seemed to have a good reputation and network on the internet. When he appeared, lots of trolls would respond to his callings. They had responded earlier, but were overwhelmed by the fans of those poets and authors. There were too many of them and the trolls were unable to do much. Now was the time to fight back!

“If logic doesn’t work, then there’s nothing to talk about anymore!”

“Let’s curse! Crash their Weibo!”

“When did our troll army ever need to use logic?”

“Hahaha. Logic was never our strong point!”

“All the discussion earlier... I did not understand one bit of it. Even the poem, I did not understand it. But so what! I just godd*mn support Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Let’s attack, bros!”

“Buy watches for all of them!”

“It’s time for us to attack our enemies again!”

“My large saber is again again again unable to endure the thirst!”

“Quickly gather the forces; there’s nothing better than fighting our foes together with Teacher Zhang!”

Zhang Ye’s troll army once again embarked on a bloody battle with their enemies. This group of people with nothing to do, who could find fault with anything, were bloodthirsty. Nothing could stop them. To them, this was the joy of living.

The opponents’ fans were awed by Zhang Ye’s “See Me or Not”. Some of them even quietly logged off. They knew that they were behaving vexatiously earlier. A person who could write such an awesome modern poem, how could he not know how to write poems? But many of them still supported the teachers of the literary circle. To them, Meng Dongguo and the others were the seniors, Big Thunder and the others were the real professionals on poems. Since they rejected Zhang Ye’s literary upbringing, then they must be right!

Two sides cursed each other, but there was no clear outcome.

Close to 12 midnight, most people had logged off. After both sides came to a standstill, Zhang Ye’s modified poems were scheduled for an appearance!

There was “The Song of the Stormy Petrel”.

There was “Flying Bird and Fish”.

There was also “A Generation”.

Everyone was more than happy with Zhang Ye’s modified poems. This was something started by Zhang Ye, because no other writer had ever modified their own works for arguing!

“Proposing to me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy...”

“Marry me, or not. There will your mom always stay, sometimes sorrow, sometimes joy...”

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ye’s “See Me or Not” Weibo message had been forwarded more than 2,000 times. There were more than 10,000 comments. Regardless of it being questioned, this poem had gone viral!

“Where’s Teacher Zhang?”

“Our standards are limited. Wishing for Teacher Zhang’s modifications!”

“Hahaha, that’s right. Every time Teacher Zhang modifies his own poems, he does it so well!”

Seeing this, Zhang Ye heeded their summons and came forward. Again, he displayed his self-mocking spirit and posted a new Weibo message.

“Fan me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy.”

“(Thread) Bumping me, or not. There will people stay, no coming, nor going.”

“Reply me, or not. There will the thread stay, no increase, nor decrease;”

“See me, or not. There my poem stays in your Weibo, no discarding, nor departure;”

“Come to my Weibo, or let me go to your Weibo. Forwarding with serenity. Comment that’s all!”

This was one of the modifications of “See Me or Not” in Zhang Ye’s world. Zhang Ye felt that this was most appropriate to obtain fans, so he sent it out.

When everyone saw this, they were in stitches!

“I’ve already fan-ed!”

“Must fan!”

“Teacher Zhang is too cute!”

“I love you, Teacher Zhang!”

“So well-written! Hilarious!”

“Teacher Zhang can always spare no effort to publicize himself in the best method! And he doesn’t even show a trace of that!”

“The critical thing is his magnanimity. Look at what sort of spirit Teacher Zhang has! He can make jokes and mingle with us. Look at all those Beijing literature bunch of so-called authors and poets. All of them are as if they are all so high and mighty!”

“That’s right!”

“As expected of Teacher Zhang to be cute!”

“Teacher Zhang is the greatest poet in my heart!”

Chapter 53: Obtaining the Heavenly Queen's Cellphone Number!

It was midnight.

Zhang Ye switched off his computer. He had forgotten about the Heavenly Queen in his home and had casually turned on the radio to listen to his broadcast, "Late-night Ghost Stories".

"Hello, everyone. I am Zhang Ye. Today's story....."

Zhang Yuanqi, who was sitting on the chair, heard it, "You are a radio host?"

Zhang Ye, suddenly remembering that there was someone around, turned his head, "Ah, yes. This is my program; I have another program called "Old and Young Story Club" that plays in the afternoon. You can listen to it when you have time..." He passionately introduced his program.

Zhang Yuanqi replied straightforwardly, "I'm not free to listen."

Zhang Ye replied, "Can you be more tactful?"

"I can't do it." Zhang Yuanqi replied stiffly.

Zhang Ye was already used to her indifference and smiled bitterly, "I know that you are the Heavenly Queen and you are busy with work. But on account of me letting you stay the night, cooking for you and washing your clothes, could you just say 'I will listen to it when I'm free'? I will feel better, even if I know that you didn't mean it."

Zhang Yuanqi still insisted, "I'm not free!"

Zhang Ye was no longer able to communicate with her. He turned down the volume of the radio, "Go get some sleep? The clothes will only be dry tomorrow morning. I will make do with the chair. I've had enough sleep in the afternoon anyway, so I'm not sleepy." Regardless of Zhang Yuanqi's temperament, Zhang Ye was still a gentleman.

Zhang Yuanqi nodded and went straight to bed.

Zhang Ye also went to the bedside to retrieve a pillow from it. He thought that it would at least make his time on the chair more comfortable.

But Zhang Yuanqi frowned and said, "The pillow stays."

Zhang Ye blinked "Why?"

"I'm used to having two pillows; one is too low." Zhang Yuanqi justifiably took the pillow from him and put it at the back of her head.

Zhang Ye, "..."

This is my home, Big Sister!

Couldn't you be more gracious? Couldn't you?

Zhang Ye hesitated for a long time, but couldn't bear to grab the pillow away from the woman. He could only bear with the hard chair, while listening to his program.

“Lower the volume!”

“.....Oh, okay.”

“There are mosquitoes in your home; switch on the lights and kill them.”

“Big Sis, could you give me a break?”

“The mosquitoes will keep me awake. Quick, it’s just at the edge of the bed!”

Zhang Ye thought to himself that he spent the whole day doing nothing but taking care of this Empress Dowager. The Cupid Sachet gave him five minutes of ambiguous feelings, but after that, all he had was suffering? If he got the item again in the Lottery, he would still have to consider whether to use it again! This time, he had met Zhang Yuanqi. What if he met someone worse the next time; how could he survive!?

Middle of the night.

The radio broadcast had ended and the house was quiet.

Zhang Ye was wide awake. There was a beautiful woman sleeping in his bed of a few months. In this proximity, it would be a wonder if he could sleep. He looked out the window at the moon. Tomorrow..... Strictly speaking, today was Mid-Autumn’s Day. The moon was really full. He glanced under the moonlight and realized that Zhang Yuanqi was also awake. Was she admiring the moon as well?

“Teacher Zhang?” Zhang Ye carefully said.

Zhang Yuanqi responded with her usual unfriendly tone, “What?”

“You are not asleep, too? It’s nothing... Just that it is Mid-Autumn’s Day; I would like to wish you a happy Mid-Autumn’s Day.” Zhang Ye pondered a little, “Thanks for today. You said something that enlightened me greatly; either I get used to people, or people get used to me. I can’t do the former; that’s not my temperament. I will work hard towards the.. latter.”

Although Zhang Ye had been complaining about Zhang Yuanqi’s personality, never had he once looked down on her. She was already at the top and was very experienced and knowledgeable. Just a few words from her today became valuable help to Zhang Ye. Besides, her personality was not even really a problem!

She was all smiles and endearing in front of others?

Once alone, she revealed her nature that was cold and distant?

Or to put it in another way, Zhang Yuanqi was a real professional. She could differentiate between work and personal life. When she was friendly and polite, it was for work, in order to gain more fans and work partners, as well as to let more people like her, so that she could have a smooth career. What is a professional? This is a professional! Zhang Ye did not know how to differentiate like this. His life and his job were one and the same. One-minded, stubborn; to put it nicely, it’s called personality. But to switch around the perspective, this sort of style may not suit Zhang Ye’s career!

Zhang Yuanqi didn’t look at him, “You don’t need to thank me; I just blurted it out.”

Zhang Ye replied seriously, "I still have to thank you anyway. You gave me the fighting spirit I needed. I want to slowly climb my way up. I will climb my way up to your position. Even if others scold or hate me, it will not matter. I will let people get used to me."

Zhang Yuanqi finally looked at him, "You want to be in the entertainment industry?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye coughed, "This has always been my ambition."

Zhang Yuanqi laughed coldly, "What is so good about where I am? Once you are famous, everyone knows you. Wherever you go, people's eyes are always on you. You will be observed under a microscope; there will be no privacy. Today was my long-awaited rest day, but it wasn't really my rest day. It's my day to break off all communications with the outside world. At my position, there's no longer such a thing as rest days. You want a break? I can't answer any calls, nor contact my manager. Otherwise, there will be a load of appointments that I need to attend. To relax for a day is wishful thinking. Do you know how long I have not been able to enjoy myself, being able to go drinking and viewing the moon? At least a year!"

Zhang Ye replied, "How can that be? No rest days?"

Zhang Yuanqi spoke with a sunken expression, "You should feel lucky; not many people know this side of me. Even my friends, my manager and my assistant... All of them only know the pleasant side of me. They think I am good-natured and easygoing. What's so easygoing about me? My temper has been bad since I was young. I only don't show it to outsiders. It's because I started off as a child star. As I became an artist when I was young, I cannot let down my fans. This kind of pressure is not something that you can understand now, but you will in the future. Now, there are only two places where I can be myself; one is my parents' house, the other.. is your house."

Zhang Ye was very flattered, "Please, don't worry; I will keep it a secret!"

"Sigh. Why did I share so much with you? I'm still a little drunk, so I'm talking a lot." Zhang Yuanqi rubbed her temple, perhaps still a little dizzy. "Also, here's one more piece of advice. Your image and height are not suitable for the entertainment industry. You won't become popular."

Zhang Ye said, "You are too damn direct!"

"It's only the truth." Zhang Yuanqi said, "The entertainment industry does not suit you."

Zhang Ye shook his head, "I know I am not suitable, but I want to give it a shot. The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light."

"This is a poem?"

"It's 'A Generation', which was written by me."

"Recite your other poems to me."

"Sure. Let's start with 'Flying Bird and Fish'. The furthest distance in the world is not....

...

At some point in time, Zhang Ye fell asleep. When he opened his eyes again, it was already morning. The bed was empty as well, with no signs of Zhang Yuanqi around.

Where's the Heavenly Queen?

Where's the Empress Dowager?

Zhang Ye shouted twice, "Teacher Zhang? Teacher Zhang?"

She was not in the bathroom either. At last, he found a note on the table. Written on it neatly was the handwriting of a woman: I've saved your phone number; the same goes for your unit number. I've forgotten yesterday's incident; I guess you have, too.

Phone number?

Unit number?

Why does it feel like a threat!

Zhang Ye took his phone and checked. As expected, ten minutes ago, there was a call to an unfamiliar number. Apparently, this was Zhang Yuanqi's contact number. She had used Zhang Ye's phone to call herself, so that she could find out his number. Zhang Ye was delighted, and so saved Zhang Yuanqi's number as well. This was the Heavenly Queen's contact information. Most people would only be able to contact her manager or her assistant; how would they ever be able to get ahold of the Heavenly Queen's personal contact information?

Eh?

Dialed ten minutes ago?

That meant the Empress Dowager hadn't gotten too far?

Zhang Ye drew aside the curtains and looked downstairs. Not to mention the coincidence, but he really saw the back of Zhang Yuanqi leaving. As he opened the windows, her high heels could be faintly heard. She had just walked out from the staircase landing.

"Ah!"

"That is....."

"I think it's Zhang Yuanqi?"

"It's her. It's really Big Sister Yuanqi!"

"Oh, my God! Who did I just see? Who did I just see?"

"Zhang Yuanqi is here! The Heavenly Queen is here! Everyone, come and see!"

The people were very familiar with Zhang Yuanqi. She appeared on TV shows, in movies and sang music. Her classic works were uncountable. She was one of those top S-list superstars; she was more famous than her works by a mile. Thus, even her shades and face mask could do little to hide her identity!

In the small district, there were many people going to work. Even during Mid-Autumn's Day, there were still people who put in work hours. There were also students who were out for morning practice. When they heard the commotion, everyone gathered around, causing quite a ruckus!

A female student went excitedly, "Could I have an autograph?"

Zhang Yuanqi asked smilingly. "Sure. What is your name?"

The female student was so excited that she almost couldn't speak, "Me? I'm called Wang Ying!"

"Okay. Wishing Wang Ying well in her studies and good health." Zhang Yuanqi wrote as she spoke.

The female student didn't expect that she would have gotten her autograph; furthermore, she had the blessings from the Heavenly Queen. She was so excited that she screamed and lost control of herself!

"I want it, too. I want it, too!"

"Could we get a photograph together?"

"Sister Yuanqi, I love you so much! Everyone in my family is your fan!"

Zhang Yuanqi unconditionally smiled with gentleness, "Thank you for your support and thank your family for their support, too. Okay, one by one. Everyone, don't rush. Haha."

"We aren't delaying you, are we?" a middle-aged person who wanted a photograph together said.

Zhang Yuanqi smiled. "You aren't delaying me. Even if it's a delay, it is fine. Satisfying my fans is the most important thing to me; this is my top priority."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said the middle-aged person, who was melted by the Heavenly Queen's smile.

After 20 minutes, Zhang Yuanqi finally could move off.

"It's great!"

"I've gotten a snapshot together!"

"Teacher Zhang is well-known for being approachable; it's true!"

"Correct, correct. In the entertainment industry, who doesn't know that Zhang Yuanqi is the one who puts on the least airs! She is especially good to people! And she also gets along very well with other stars! Otherwise, why would everyone, regardless of their ages, address her as 'Big Sister Zhang'? She has never lost her temper with anyone! She is especially gentle and kind! Ah, ah! Too beautiful! Sister Zhang is too beautiful! She's prettier than on TV!"

Seeing the Empress Dowager treating her fans in a friendly manner, listening to the fans' impression of Zhang Yuanqi, Zhang Ye became at a loss for words.

She was a different person in different situations?

This would require some skills!

If not, how could Zhang Yuanqi manage to get several top acting awards! Other people would not be able to pull this off!

Chapter 54: Mid-Autumn Festival's Poetry Meet!

Afternoon.

The weather wasn't too good. It was a bit misty.

Zhang Ye came to the unit and before he entered, his phone rang. It was his mother.

"Son."

"Oh, mom."

"Are you coming home for Mid-Autumn's Day?"

"I can't go back; I have to work overtime."

"Overtime on a holiday? You should be free at night then?"

"I should be free tonight. I will go back once I have knocked off."

"Don't come back to Cai Shi Kou; go directly to your grandmother's place. The relatives will all be there. They have heard that you have gained fame; your younger sisters (cousins) are all nagging to see you."

"Okay. Then, I will try to go early."

"Don't forget; my face will depend on you tonight!"

"What face? They are all relatives. Are you bragging about me again?"

"Anyhow, just buy more things and bring them over. Don't be too thrifty; buy the expensive ones. You are now a public figure; don't go throwing my face. Okay, I'm hanging up."

Du Du Du; the line was disengaged.

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly. His mom didn't have any other bad points. The only big feature was that she liked to brag. Yes, Zhang Ye admitted that he had inherited this from his mother. But he had never felt this was a bad point! Many examples in his world would validate this.

Is bragging wrong? No!

Do you know how Bill Gates became the richest person in the world?

Do you know how Li Na became the tennis world champion?

Do you know how Liu Xiang broke the world record in the hurdles event?

Not many people should know about this! What is the reason? Haha, the reason is they..... Alright, all of these events have nothing to do with each other. Let's change the topic!

Not many people had arrived at the office.

Zhang Ye didn't look around as he walked in. Suddenly, a voice appeared from behind.

It was Big Sis Zhou. She smiled. "Greet me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy."

Zhang Ye quickly smiled and turn back to look at her, "Big Sister Zhou, good morning. I'm sorry. The flowers on your desk were blocking you; I did not notice you were here."

Big Sis Zhou said proudly, "How was it, Little Zhang? I used your poem correctly?"

Zhang Ye embarrassedly said, "You saw Weibo last night?"

"Of course, I saw it. I followed your Weibo last night. I did not expect that after I followed it, the party had also started. It caused me to fall asleep after 12 last night. You didn't follow me, right? I even forwarded your new poem." As she spoke, she felt some injustice for him, "Ignore those people from the Writers' Association. If you don't know what art is and can't write poems, then no one in the world can write poems. Big Sis supports you. Don't take it to heart."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Thank you, Big Sis Zhou."

Outside, people began streaming in for their overtime.

"Eh, Teacher Little Zhang, you've come? Why did you get into a pinch with people yesterday?"

"Vice President Meng is the Leader of the Beijing Writers' Association. How did you offend him?"

"That's right. I saw it yesterday, too. Teacher Little Zhang, if I had any say, you shouldn't have posted your last poem. Those are the Writers' Association's Leaders and seniors. If you really offend them, how are you to enter the Writers' Association in the future? I think that it is best to leave some leeway. Hai, but those people are also too much. Why did they reprimand you for no reason? Even if your poems aren't comparable to them as seniors, how old are you? You are still young. They also can't say that your poems have no literary value. That's too damaging. I think your poem is still acceptable and isn't as bad as they say."

"Sis Liu, what did you say? You say Teacher Little Zhang's poem is acceptable? I think you have been misled by that group of people; Teacher Little Zhang has so much talent!"

Several sisters and aunties began an exchange of difference in opinions.

Until work starts at 9 A.M., the topic was hotly discussed amongst everyone.

Tian Bin also had an interest in the battle on Weibo last night. He interrupted to ask, "Sis Zhou, what sort of person is Vice-President Meng like? Those old timers are very experienced. Big Thunder and a few other poets, all of them are professionals. If they said so, then it must mean they criticized it according to their literary learnings. How can we judge, since we are not as knowledgeable as them? It's not that I am stepping on Teacher Zhang Ye. But like the old comrades of the Writers' Association said, there are many issues. After reading it, I also feel some doubts."

Big Sister Zhou looked at Tian Bin, "Then why don't you create a poem for me to listen to?"

Tian Bin replied, "I don't have such capabilities, but I still have some basic judgment skills." He turned around towards Jia Yan, "Teacher Little Jia, what do you think?"

Jia Yan gave some thought and said, "Teacher Zhang's poems definitely cannot compare with those seniors. As for whether it has any literary value, it's not my place to make an evaluation."

What they said was also heard by Zhang Ye.

When Zhang Ye used two poems to save a life on Wang Xiaomei's live broadcast, the office and even everyone in the Beijing Radio Station had completely acknowledged his talent and poem. They had all said that it was good, with no one denying it. But now, the Writers' Association with Meng Dongguo as the head had openly questioned and denied Zhang Ye's poems publicly. As such, his colleagues were now not unified in their beliefs. Some said they were good, while others said they were bad. Even more were uncertain and confused. Sometimes, the authoritative opinions of experts were very damaging and also affected many.

How was one to change the situation?

How was one to eliminate the public's doubts?

There was no other way. As long as Zhang Ye's qualifications were weaker than Meng Dongguo and company's, then he was not able to turn the tide. He would only be repressed by their words. Unless... Unless Zhang Ye used his absolute talent and strength to trample on Meng Dongguo and company at a specific place and time. Otherwise, the doubts by people would forever linger on. So what if he responded yesterday? So what if the poem was well-written yesterday? The Writers' Association said that it wasn't good! They said that he did not know art! They said that he did not know literature! Just them moving their lips was enough to make you be helpless! This was the deceptive power of authority and prerogative. Many commoners did not understand this, so they only believed what the experts said!

Today, there was no announcement of the listenership ratings, as there were a lot of things happening in the station.

Zhang Ye did not care what everyone said. He got up to get his recording done, "Xiaofang, help me reserve a recording studio. Quickly, or it will be too late."

"Alright." Assistant Xiaofang answered and immediately went to arrange it. However, she returned a few minutes later, "Teacher Zhang, the station has informed me that our Literature Channel's programs from noon to 2 P.M. have all been canceled. There's no need to record. Apparently, the News and Music Channels will also be broadcasting the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet!"

"Ah?"

"It's been cancelled?"

"Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet? This is the thing that the Leader has been busy with over the past few days?"

A few moments later, Zhao Guozhou entered, "Everyone, quiet down. Today's broadcast has some last-minute changes. Listen for a while. From 12 noon, the seventh Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet that was held in conjunction with the Beijing Writers' Association and our radio station will begin. Our Literature Channel will also join in for the live broadcast. This Poetry Meet will be different from the last one done by the Jinshi Radio Station. There will be a composing and voting segment. We have invited the Education Ministry's Leader and the Vice President of the Beijing Writers' Association and about a dozen of its members. The exact name list has not been confirmed, but there will definitely be quite a few people. As the association's Teachers' creations will be poems related to the Mid-Autumn Festival, the

listeners behind the radio can also compose and post them on our website's comment section. Later on, the listeners' votes will decide on the top three. So we have added some competitive elements to make the program more interesting."

Compose poetry?

Then Meng Dongguo and those people from the Writers' Association would also come?

Zhang Ye chuckled upon hearing this. "He who has one enemy will meet him everywhere." Yesterday, he had just been scolded by him on the internet. And today they would be meeting?

Would Big Thunder come?

Would Little Red Mushroom come?

In fact, Zhang Ye actually looked forward to seeing them in the station!

Zhao Guozhou exhorted, "So put down everything in your hands. Today, everything will have the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet as its focus. Everyone, go help out. The live broadcast venue will be in the auditorium. This is the first time that we are using such a large live broadcast venue. The equipment has not been fully tuned, so those I call out will follow me later and help out. Right. As it was not easy inviting a large audience, everyone should take an early lunch later. The cafeteria will hand out lunch early at 10.30 A.M. At noon, everyone will take their seats in the auditorium.

After calling out some names, Zhao Guozhou brought four young lads with him to the auditorium.

Big Sis Zhou suddenly said, "Teacher Little Zhang, will you be participating in the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet? Writing poetry is one of your strengths. They said that you don't understand literature? Then show it to them!"

Another Big Sis said, "Come on. Little Zhang did not make any early preparations and just got notified. Those Teachers must have been informed a long time ago. They would have foolproof preparations. How can Little Zhang compete with them? It's better that he not embarrass himself."

An auntie in charge of copyright said, "Little Zhou, don't let them give you bad ideas. Little Zhang's poems are good, but that's only to us. Those people from the Writers' Association are professionals. Some of them are poets and famous artists; how is he to compete with them?" In a layperson's heart, the work is not actually important. Reputation and prestige is what they first look at. Zhang Ye is just a newcomer and has never entered the Writers' Association, so people will subconsciously identify Zhang Ye's works as inferior.

There were all sorts of differing opinions.

Later, as there wasn't much time left, everyone went to the cafeteria for an early meal.

Zhang Ye was actually in a dilemma. For the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company would most likely be participating. Wasn't this the best time to turn the tide for himself? Wasn't this the best moment to prove himself? But how was he to participate in it? It could be seen from the format of the poetry contest. Although the listeners could participate by publishing their creations, that was just in text form. But the people from the Writers' Association would be reciting

their works live. Hence, the top three had already been decided by the station to be one of those from the Writers' Association. They had already given them a huge advantage!

Go mess things up?

Stab them in their backs?

Hence, even if Zhang Ye wanted to go on, he did not know if the radio station's management and the people from the Beijing Writers' Association would let him go on the show.

Forget it. We'll see how it goes. As for the poem regarding the Mid-Autumn Festival? Zhang Ye had not thought of it yet. It was not that his brain was void of works, but it was.. filled with too many!

He wasn't prepared?

Did he even need to prepare?

Mid-Autumn Festival poems? Not to brag, but Zhang Ye would probably not be able to finish reciting them, even if given a day and a night!

The Mid-Autumn Festival was not a modern day festival. It had a long history that dated back to ancient times, so there was a countless number of poems relating to the Mid-Autumn Festival. In this world, history did not have many changes. There were the same old dynasties and emperors, just like in Zhang Ye's memories. As such, history would not cause too many changes. The game ring probably could not change the historical background, or else society might no longer have such a social structure. It would affect everything.

However, many famous cultural works and famous historical figures did not exist!

Li Bai?

Du Fu?

Wang Wei?

None of them existed!

They were all replaced by others!

This world's ancient master poets were people Zhang Ye had never ever heard of. For example, there was Haoran, or Chen Yiqian, or Meng Fan. Zhang Ye had also never heard of any of the poetry of this world. Similarly, he was sure that they had never heard of the classic poems from his world!

Chapter 55: You Don't Meet Unless You Are Enemies!

Before noon.

Beijing Radio Station.

The auditorium at the top floor was filled with people. Many anchors and staff from the various channels had arrived. All segments had made way for today's Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet.

Zhang Ye had a stomach ache as he squatted on the toilet at the top floor. It might be due to having eaten too many instant noodles during the past few days. Even an Instant Noodle Hero would have times when he could not cope, for his stomach would also revolt. As he was squatting while doing his big business, he surfed the internet on his cellphone. He realized that the station's Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had been publicized greatly. Not only was the publicizing in full swing on the radio station's website, it was also advertised on large message boards and other portal websites. Today was a public holiday, so most people were resting at home as they spent the festival with their friends and relatives. Noon was when people were gathered together to have lunch and chat. As they would be idle, listening into the poetry meet was a good choice. It was a very wise choice for the radio station to choose this time slot for the poetry meet.

There was a lot of discussion on the internet, with numerous messages posted.

"Poetry Meet? Great!"

"I must listen to it!"

"Last year, the one that the Jinshi Radio Station organized was not bad. There were many good poems."

"Ha. This year will be even better. Didn't you see that so many Teachers are coming from the Writers' Association? I guess that there will be at least one classic Mid-Autumn poem."

There were also people who heard of yesterday's Weibo war of words, or people who knew about Zhang Ye.

"Eh? Meng Dongguo? A person who writes fairy tales like Little Red Mushroom is also going? The namelist also includes Big Thunder? Those poets who looked down on Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"Haha! There will be something to see!"

"Right. I remember that Zhang Ye works at Beijing Radio Station, right? Today's Literature Channel will also be broadcasting it? Teacher Zhang Ye will also be there too, right?"

"That's right. They will meet each other!"

"To think that they were scolding each other yesterday, but now they are meeting today. You really don't meet unless you are enemies!"

"Will Teacher Zhang go on stage to recite a poem? I'm slightly looking forward to it!"

"I don't know. His name isn't on the namelist. It's all people from the Writers' Association!"

There were supporters of Zhang Ye's poems, and naturally, there were even more who were fans of Meng Dongguo and the other Teachers. They were people who did not agree with Zhang Ye's prowess in literature!

"All of you are still not convinced? Still speaking against Zhang Ye?"

"Ignore those people. There's no way of getting through to them. It will only be troll bait!"

"Zhang Ye's name is definitely not on the namelist. Yesterday, the Teachers have already made it clear. This person is a demagogue. How is he able to write poems? At such an important event as this

important Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet, letting Zhang Ye go onstage would be a joke, since it's a live broadcast. His poems can deceive those who aren't knowledgeable. Those who are knowledgeable will just laugh silently at him, before letting others laugh their heads off."

"Hurhur. I don't think Zhang Ye will dare to go up, even if he was asked to!"

"That's right. Don't talk big when you don't have what it takes!"

"I'm actually hoping that Zhang Ye will go on up. Previously, there was no comparison to let others know his true self. But with so many Teachers present, it will let everyone know what a true poem is. That crappy poem of Zhang Ye's will reveal its true colors. Let the Teachers teach the junior!"

"Support!"

"What sort of crap is Zhang Ye!?"

"This person is just an empty vessel. I'm guessing that he will definitely not go onstage. Have you seen the words Zhang Ye uses to curse? Your sister! As a cultured person, as a poet, how can you curse at others in this way? He doesn't have the temperament of a cultured person at a glance. The Teachers are right in questioning him. He can't write poems!"

Basically, they were all people who questioned Zhang Ye. He did not carry on reading as he left the bathroom.

People who were invited were important figures. Seeing that the poetry meet was about to begin, the station's Leaders and the invited guests from the Writers' Association began walking in.

Zhang Ye happened to meet them at the door.

Deputy Station Head Jia smiled as he led them inside, "President Meng, this is our auditorium. I remember that you have come here the year before?"

Meng Dongguo was a forty- to fifty-year-old plump man. He had quite a lot of hair and was not suffering from balding. He nodded, "I did come once. That was for a meeting. I've not seen Station Head Jia for two years. You sure seem as energetic as ever, while I can't go on anymore. Look at all these wrinkles."

Deputy Station Head Jia seemed to have a good relationship with him, "Haha. Come on. I've already lost so much hair. I think you are the one as energetic as ever."

At this moment, a group of young ladies from the station piled forward the moment they saw them!

"Teacher Meng! You are Teacher Meng, right?" a 20-year-old girl asked excitedly. She had rushed forward, despite her work to guide the line outside. "I'm your fan. I especially like your poems. My mom frequently recited your poems to me when I was young. I really grew up listening to your works. Aiyah! I'm too excited, too excited. You, you... Can you give me an autograph?"

Deputy Station Head Jia waved his hand, "The meet is almost about to start."

However, Meng Dongguo said, "It's alright, old Bro. Giving an autograph doesn't take much time. Here, young lady."

The girl got the autograph as she wished, before leaving happily.

Seeing Meng Dongguo being so friendly, immediately, a few girls and youths came over to get his autograph.

There were a few people who ran to the back and ignored if the Leader was agreeable to it. They found their own idols and Teachers they liked, so that they could get their autograph.

"Auntie Little Red Mushroom! You, I, can I get your autograph? I grew up listening to your fairy tales. I really like you!" a youth said submissively.

Little Red Mushroom was a bit plump, but she was dressed very prettily. She said in a nice way, "Sure. Where do I sign?"

"Teacher Big Thunder!" Another person came forward, "Your poem has always been on my cellphone's home screen. Can I take a picture with you? Just one would do!"

Big Thunder was a big, stout man from the northeast. His accent was heavily northeastern. It was written in his personal information that he was from Beijing, but he might have grown up in the northeast. "That wouldn't be a problem! Here!"

Autographs, pictures together.

The Teachers from the Writers' Association received quite a lot of praises from onlookers. It was no wonder, as they were very famous in Beijing. Since the Beijing Radio Station was broadcasting in the regions around Beijing, it would also broadcast their works occasionally. Hence, the staff were no strangers to these Teachers. Some even idolized them.

Big Thunder? Meng Dongguo? Little Red Mushroom?

There were still about a dozen people behind them. Hearing the fans shout, it seemed that there was also the romance author, Zheng Anbang?

Weren't these people those who had scolded him yesterday? Hei, alright. All of them came?

Zhang Ye stared deeply at all of them as he remembered all their faces. Suddenly, someone shouted at him from behind.

"Teacher Zhang Ye. Aiyah, I've finally found you. I reserved a seat for you. Our Literature Channel's seats are in the middle of the back row. Let me bring you over." a youth who had just joined the Literature Channel said.

"Alright, let's go." Zhang Ye followed him into the auditorium.

Zhang Ye?

He is that Zhang Ye?

Upon hearing this, Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder, Little Red Mushroom and company all looked over.

Big Thunder was still confused over the situation. He did not have much of an impression of this name. Seeing Meng Dongguo and company's expression, Big Thunder finally remembered the name, as he asked, "Which Zhang Ye? The one who wrote the so-called modern poem?"

Little Red Mushroom said, "Should be."

Deputy Station Head Jia confirmed, "Yes, it's him. Why?"

Big Thunder said, "He works at the radio station? I just learned about that."

Zheng Anbang said to Deputy Station Head Jia, "It's nothing, Station Head Jia. We just happened to comment about him yesterday on the internet. He completely can't write poems, and things he writes cannot be considered literature. President Meng wanted to advise him as a senior, but he ended up unhappy about it. He was not modest at all, and even wrote a poem to retort. What would you call this matter? President Meng and us had good intentions, wanting to teach him, but he was ungrateful. He treated our kindness as dirt!"

Deputy Station Head Jia was enlightened as he laughed, "Zhang Ye is just a newcomer. He can be considered not bad when it comes to writing ghost stories, but as for composing poems... How can he compare to all of you? Hurhur."

Meng Dongguo shook his hands, "Let's not talk about him, old Bro. Let's go in?"

"Let's go. It's about to begin." Deputy Station Head Jia and a few smaller Leaders in the station led them in. They sat in the first row.

The surrounding people looked at each other.

"Did you see Zhang Ye's Weibo yesterday?"

"I saw it. I never expected them to meet today!"

"I think that something is going to happen. Who doesn't know what sort of temper Teacher Zhang Ye has? When has there ever not been something happening when he's around? Hopefully, they don't end up fighting."

"I doubt it. I don't think it will be as bad as fighting."

"Cultured people tend to scorn each other. People from the Writers' Association insisted that Zhang Ye doesn't know literature. And with Teacher Little Zhang's personality, it would be a wonder if he could endure it. What sort of person is Teacher Little Zhang? He is a person who would even curse at his colleagues. He is a person who doesn't give face to the station's Leader. Watch and see. I believe that today will not end peacefully."

In the radio station's other channels, Zhang Ye was currently quite famous. Everyone knew him, so once the situation was understood, they had a feeling that a storm was about to brew.

...

In the middle of the back row of the auditorium.

Zhang Ye sat at his seat. To his left was Wang Xiaomei, and to his right was Wu Datao. He had bad relations with Wu Datao, so they naturally did not speak. Wang Xiaomei was well-known to be quiet, and seldom exchanged words with Zhang Ye; hence, Zhang Ye only looked down at his cellphone.

And of course, the cellphone's reception wasn't good.

It might have been due to the good sound isolation of the auditorium, which also blocked out the reception.

Zhang Ye only managed to go on the internet after trying a few times. The judging interface of the radio station's Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet indicated that it had already begun. There were quite a lot of listeners and people from all walks of life publishing their works. Some wrote ancient poems, while some wrote phrases. Some were modern poems, and some were original song lyrics that were relevant to the Mid-Autumn Festival. There was no prize for this meet, but there was glory to it. If you could gain any spot in the top three, it would cause your fame to rise sharply in the industry. Hence, there were many people who participated.

However, the content was nothing flattering.

"The moon, my moon, you are so beautiful..."

"Mid-Autumn Festival, families eat mooncakes. Finishing one, eating another one."

Zhang Ye nearly cried tears seeing this. The voting process had already begun, but even the number one voted poem was average. The quality was not high.

Dong.

The doors to the auditorium closed.

The last signal bar on the cellphone disappeared. There was no way of going on the internet, so Zhang Ye kept his phone in his pocket. He was pondering how he could correct his reputation!

My poems aren't good?

My poems have no literary value?

This was not denying Zhang Ye, but denying the famous masters of his world. Zhang Ye felt amused for them. This was only happening in this world. If it was switched to Zhang Ye's world, would Meng Dongguo and company dare to question these poems? They would only be beaten to death if they did!

Chapter 56: One Poem After Another!

At 12 o'clock sharp.

The auditorium was directly broadcasted live.

The stage was decorated nicely and there were flowers and carpets. A handsome man and a beautiful man presided over the event as hosts. Well, unfortunately, only the staff and family members present at the radio station could witness this. The listeners in front of the radio could not appreciate this, as they could only hear their voices.

"Our listening friends, how are you?"

"I am your host, Zhang Huo. This is my partner, Sun Mengjie."

"People have reunions during the festive season of Mid-Autumn. Welcome to our listeners for today's News, Literature and Music Channels' live broadcast of the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet!"

The two hosts were the star hosts of the News Channel, and they were recognized as some of the best in the station. They were steady with their words and rarely made mistakes. Letting them be in charge of this huge event was because they were highly appreciated by the station. After saying a few words of introduction, the two hosts began to introduce today's guests.

"Let us welcome Beijing's Education Ministry's Deputy Director, Chen Kun!"

"Also Beijing Writers' Association's Vice-President, Teacher Meng Dongguo!"

"Famous poet, Big Thunder!"

"Famous children's fairy tale author, Little Red Mushroom..."

Every introduction was met with applause.

After the introduction, the host, Zhang Huo, said beamingly, "Before the poetry meet begins, let's invite a few Teachers from the Writers' Association to come onstage to recite a poem as an opening. We also wish that the listeners in front of the radio have a good and perfect family. May your dreams come true. And may you have the best of all reunions!"

The poem recitation for the opening was clearly prepared beforehand.

Meng Dongguo was first to go onstage, and then he lightly recited, "Many Mid-Autumns underwent, but together seldom spent. Compensating it today, mellow, as a momento."

With this sequence recited, everyone present knew what poem they were about to recite to tune up the festive mood. Of course, Zhang Ye himself was probably the only one present who had not heard of this poem.

Big Thunder went onstage, "Through the mirror, possessing two moons."

Zheng Anbang went onstage, "Wrapping silence with a wooden branch."

An old man from the Writers' Association that Zhang Ye did not recognize was the third person to follow up, "Fragrance from one tree lulls."

The last sentence was followed up by Meng Dongguo, ending the poem, "Brimming full of Fall."

Everyone enthusiastically applauded. Zhang Ye also applauded after hearing it. This poem was not bad, it was really not bad.

This poem was "Time for Well Wishes", written by this world's famous poet, Ma Ruihong. Because of some reason, this poem was made famous everywhere. It was always a highlight of the Mid-Autumn Festival. Only a person like Zhang Ye, who did not understand this world, did not know it. Not many others did not know of "Time for Well Wishes". Anyone of any age and gender, if pulled off the street, would be able to recite it. Yes, if an example was needed, it was the same feeling as "Hoeing millet in mid-day heat, sweat dripping to the earth beneath" in Zhang Ye's world.

Zhang Ye no longer had the intention to belittle all heroes of this world. This world was also filled with capable predecessors.

After the poem was done reciting, Beijing's Education Ministry's Deputy Director, Chen Kun, went to the podium to give his speech. Following that, Deputy Station Head Jia also went onstage to give his speech, wishing everyone a happy Mid-Autumn Festival on behalf of everyone working at the Beijing Radio Station.

After a while, the main highlight came.

The female host, Sun Mengjie, said with a brilliant smile, "Thank you for the speech of the Leader. Next will be the poetry contest segment. Let me introduce the rules. Regardless of whether it is for the poems by the Teachers from the Writers' Association present, or for the poems posted by listeners on our official website, anyone who likes poems can vote three times for the works you like. Today, we have invited a notary from the Chengdong district. We will find out who is voted into the top three. So please, cherish your every vote."

Zhang Huo smiled. "Then, who will be the first Teacher?"

There were more than a dozen people from the Writers' Association. After looking at each other, Meng Dongguo walked forward, "Hurhur. Since no one came forward, then let me be the first. I have a poem." Clenching the microphone, Meng Dongguo stabilized his mind and began speaking gently, "The poem's name: 'Thoughts of a Rainy Mid-Autumn Night'."

"Abundance of flower blossoms fall, the full moon laments the waning moon."

"Day by day the Spring resides, farewell the twilight bids."

"Thickness begets flourishing, sparseness begets Autumn farewell bidding."

"The supporting pillow hears the thunder, as the stormy rain recalls the night."

Big Thunder was the first to applaud, "Good poem!"

Another youth from the Writers' Association said, "President Meng is getting more superb!"

Zheng Anbang also nodded, "It is well-written. There are too many reunion Mid-Autumn Festival poems these days. This poem reverses the trend, writing about separation, defects and weeping. It may not give people the scene of a family reunion, so it is not suitable for the occasion, but this makes people reflect and treasure the beauty of their reunion even more. This is writing about the Mid-Autumn Festival from another angle. This part of "recalls the night" was so well-written. Hai, I don't even feel confident with my poem."

Little Red Mushroom gave a wide smile, "Old Zheng, don't compete with them. We are novel writers, so wouldn't we die of anger competing with them over poems?"

Zheng Anbang laughed, "Indeed."

The two hosts also flattered onstage. They also introduced them to the listeners since they could not see anything. "This is the Beijing Writers' Association's Vice President Teacher Meng Dongguo's new work. Wow, just hearing this makes me intoxicated."

Meng Dongguo laughed, "Not really. Hurhur. If the listeners find it good, remember to vote for me. I came here with some stress. If my voting numbers are too low, I won't have any face to go home, so I need to try to garner some votes."

Zhang Huo said, "President Meng is too modest."

"That's right." Sun Mengjie said, "I think this poem has the looks of a champion."

"This is just the first poem, isn't it?" Zhang Huo pretended to ask.

"Hurhur. Zhang Huo, why don't we make a bet? I'm guessing that this poem will be first." Firstly, Sun Mengjie was giving face to Meng Dongguo. Secondly, she also felt that this poem was very good.

Zhang Huo said, "Alright, so what if we bet? Then I.. will also bet that this poem will be first!"

Seeing the both of them joking around, the audience laughed. Actually, many people agreed. Meng Dongguo was a professional at this, so how can his poems be bad? With his skills placed there, and with Meng Dongguo's status placed there, he was the Writers' Association's Leader and was quite famous in Beijing. He was a veteran. Even if this poem was not flattered by them to the heavens, it was still of very high quality. It was pretty difficult for it not to get first.

Meng Dongguo went down.

The second person was Zheng Anbang. The moment he went onstage, he added onto Meng Dongguo's words, "President Meng said that he was stressed. Actually, my stress is greater. Just being after President Meng, isn't he trying to make a fool out of me? Forget it. I need to say it regardless. I'm not good at ancient poems, so let me help cheer the mood with a modern poem."

A minute later, he finished.

Everyone was stunned as they all gave a round of applause.

Meng Dongguo praised, "This Little Shen. He kept being modest, but he actually had such a good piece of work."

The other people from the Writers' Association did not expect that a romance novel author could compose such a good modern poem. It might not be better than Meng Dongguo's, but it definitely had what it took to compete for second or third place.

The third to go onstage was a young author. However, he did not recite a poem, but said a phrase, song lyrics. Although there was no companion music, the song lyrics were still vivid and refined. It was very creative.

The fourth person was Little Red Mushroom. The moment she went up, she first said, "Let me say something first. I don't have talent writing poems. I write fairy tales. Today I will tell a fable." She began narrating. The story was about personification, making the moon into a person. It was quite beautiful.

One worked followed another.

One person followed another.

Everyone that entered the Writers' Association was not simple. They all showed their abilities.

The last person to appear was Big Thunder. His poems were always known for their magnificence. It was similar to his character. Hence, the theme of the Mid-Autumn Festival had hindered his abilities slightly. He narrated a melody poem, but the effect was not as satisfactory as he had wished. It did not garner a lot of applause. However, as it had quite a lot of literary value, the melody poem managed to make people reflect a lot. Meng Dongguo and the other Teachers from the Writers' Association also gave him high praises after he came down.

"Big Thunder, it was a nice melody poem."

"Do not care about the applause. It's very good."

"Their applause is lacking because they can't understand it. They have not researched it deeply. If they listen to it several times, after some rumination, they will really find it memorable."

Big Thunder said indifferently, "I also think it's fine."

About an hour after the poetry meet started, it was almost 1 P.M.

The host, Zhang Huo, took over the microphone, "Thank you for the interesting works from the Teachers of the Writers' Association. It was indeed an eye-opener today. Every work really made me wish to not miss a single word. I'm guessing that the listeners in front of the radio must have enjoyed the feast for the ears. What are you hesitating for? Quickly vote for your favorite work. The voting deadline is at 2 P.M. sharp. Just now, the notary has told us that it takes five minutes to verify the votes. Hence, our poetry meet still has one hour and five minutes left. What will we do for the rest of the time? Let us announce the rankings from the voting website. Everyone can have a listen to the submissions by the netizens at the same time, too."

Female host, Sun Mengjie, held a tablet. There was no cellphone reception here, so most of the broadcast equipment was equipped with their own wireless signal. Hence, they could still use them.

"Ah, let's see. Ranked first is Teacher Meng Dongguo's work. Let me announce the top ten."

1st place: Meng Dongguo, 23,019 votes.

2nd place: Zheng Anbang, 12,553 votes.

3rd place: Dong Fei, 9,813 votes.

4th place: Little Red Mushroom, 9,681 votes.

And so on and so forth. The top ten were all people from the Writers' Association. Meng Dongguo was leading far ahead. Dong Fei was also a very famous modern poet in the Writers' Association. They all swept up the top spots. Even though Big Thunder's poem was not well-received amongst the station's staff, it had also obtained 10th place. Only at 11th place was there a netizen's work.

Chapter 57: Zhang Ye's Anger, "Shuidiao Getou"!

In the audience.

Wang Xiaomei was fiddling with her phone, "Can you access the internet?"

Zhang Ye didn't know if she was asking him, but replied anyway, "Ah, there is no signal."

“How will you post without the internet?” Wang Xiaomei glanced at him.

Zhang Ye blinked, “How did you know I would participate in the poetry contest?”

Wang Xiaomei replied matter-of-factly, “With your temper, you wouldn’t swallow your pride just like that. See you, or not, there will you stay, no sorrow, nor joy? I didn’t take that seriously.”

Zhang Ye was embarrassed. It was true; he was not that forgiving.

“Do you need me to ask around for whose phone has a signal? And borrow it for you?” Wang Xiaomei took the initiative.

Zhang Ye replied, “There’s no need for that. If I want to post, I will go outside to post. But I have yet to think of a poem. Teacher Xiaomei, what’s with you?”

“Why I am so enthusiastic?” Wang Xiaomei answered, “Because you are the representative of our Literature Channel. You already are our channel’s branded host. If they doubt you, it means they are denying our Literature Channel’s cultural standard. Besides, I don’t think that your poems are worse than theirs. I cannot feel no sorrow, nor joy. I am angry right now.”

...

Onstage.

The poetry event has progressed to the poetry recital and appreciation round.

After reading a few netizens’ poems, Zhang Huo spoke, “These few poems are pretty well-written. It looks like our netizens are also capable people. Haha. But Sun Mengjie and I are really just here to watch. We are not professionals, so would still hope that the teachers from the Writers’ Association would enlighten us a bit.”

The participants from the Writers’ Association passed around the responsibility for a while.

Finally, Meng Dongguo stood up, as expected. He was the one with the most influence within the group, “After listening to a few of the poems, I find them still to be okay.”

The female host said, “Still okay? I can understand President Meng’s thought on this; so that means they still have their problems?”

Meng Dongguo laughed “They are only amateurs, so to be able to write like this is not bad.”

“Can you explain to us the differences between their poems and a professional’s? We are still unclear; perhaps everyone here is unclear. The poems sounded pretty good.” Zhang Huo pretended to be a layman.

Meng Dongguo touched his beard and spoke honestly, “Those who don’t understand poetry may not be able to tell the difference. On the surface, it’s quite good. The writing and phrases are elegant. But there are too many ways to read into it. Like the work “Wind Breaking Through Clouds” by that netizen... A professional would know immediately that there are issues with it. The modern-style poetry he wrote? It’s actually not. Modern-style poetry must adhere to a certain tonal pattern, rhyme scheme and parallelism. With the five character poems as an example, it must start with a level tone. The second

part requires a deflected tone. Then the third part requires it to go back to the level tone. On the contrary, if the first part uses a deflected tone, then the second part requires a level tone, then in the third part, it has to be a deflected tone. He was not right with that.”

Zhang Huo was enlightened, “I see.”

Meng Dongguo said, “Hence, if they are amateurs or beginners, they are recommended to write modern poems. The requirements are simpler. Well, one of the modern poems that the hosts recited also had a small problem. The mood seemed a bit off, and the entire poem did not have a core literary belief. In our jargon, we would say that it’s lacking ‘spirit’. The words used are pretty, but literature eventually needs to abide by literature. It needs to move the hearts of the people. If a poem that is lacking in essence, energy and spirit, it cannot move the hearts of people, then it is empty at its core. It is just showy.”

“We’re gaining knowledge here.” Zhang Huo said.

Meng Dongguo seemed like he was hooked onto saying more. It was unsure if he did it consciously, but he suddenly mentioned, “Like recently on the internet, there have been several poems with a lot of views. Actually, in my opinion, there are some flaws in their conception. Of course, this could be a matter of ‘beauty is in the eyes of the beholder’, so there’s still room for discussion.”

Sun Mengjie added, “Vice President Meng, are you talking about ‘Flying Bird and Fish’? Or ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’?”

Meng Dongguo smiled. “I’ve mentioned it on Weibo. Those who have seen it will know. I have my reservations about these two poems.”

What?

Zhang Ye was mentioned?

Immediately, quite a number looked towards Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye’s seat had become the focus of attention, with many eyes on it.

Zhang Ye had not expected Meng Dongguo to question him openly like this at such an important event like the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet. What’s more, this was a live event and held at Zhang Ye’s own unit. Meng Dongguo was now publicly invalidating him and killing his chances with just a simple nod? Did I f***ing kill your father or your mother? Why are you trying to fix me? After your online “education”, you now came to my unit to “educate” me? Are you f***ing sick!?

“What sort of people are they!?”

“How can they say such things?”

“It wasn’t easy for Teacher Little Zhang, too. What are they trying to do?”

“This is a live broadcast program! Aren’t they trying to destroy him!? They are pushing it too far!”

Many of the Literature Channel’s employees could no longer bear to continue listening. Even those who did not know Zhang Ye well were feeling angry. Yes, even if Zhang Ye was not a professional poet, even if Zhang Ye’s poems were ordinary and not comparable to yours or have literary standards... But you still

can't bully your way around here like that! These people from the Writers' Association were really too much! This was their unit! This was their radio station!

...

At this moment.

The poetry meet's website blew up!

"Did you hear that?"

"Teacher Meng said 'Flying Bird and Fish' and 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel' were problematic?"

"That can't be? I think those two poems are very good!"

"Can the Vice President of the Writers' Association be wrong? So that Zhang Ye actually isn't anything. I was still wondering over all that clicks and forwards. So it was just crap!"

"Right, this person does not have any ability!"

"Zhang Ye's poem really has a problem?"

Many people who weren't already in the know of yesterday's incident on Weibo became informed of it now. Today, right now, was even Zhang Ye's "Old and Young Story Club" program's schedule. The event was broadcast live through the Literature Channel and many of Zhang Ye's listeners were tuned in. To be passed judgement upon by such an authoritative person like the Writers' Association's Vice President, it would be expected that from tomorrow onwards, Zhang Ye's segment listenership ratings would be dealt a big blow. A listenership ratings drop of more than half would even be possible. Perhaps those who really liked Zhang Ye or those who held their own views would not be affected, but how about the others? The citizens' views would be affected by herd mentality and belief in authoritative figures!

A newcomer host!

An industry's Writers' Association Vice President!

Whose literary level would everyone believe in? It was clear at a glance!

This move by Meng Dongguo was really vicious, with the objective to kill off Zhang Ye's chances!

Zhang Ye was bursting with anger. This was really forcing his hand!

Zhang Huo secretly glanced over to his partner, Sun Mengjie, blaming her for saying a little too much. He was actually biased towards Zhang Ye. It wasn't because of Zhang Ye's poems; he also believed that Zhang Ye, as a newcomer, could not be better than these teachers from the Writers' Association. But because Zhang Ye was his colleague and Meng Dongguo had publicly doubted him, Zhang Huo felt that this was uncalled for. After taking a look at the computer tablet, Zhang Huo continued, "Teacher Meng, the two poems you just mentioned... From my understanding, they were composed by our Literature Channel's Teacher Zhang Ye. Teacher Zhang Ye should be here at the venue, too. I've seen the comments left by our listeners and they all feel that 'Flying Bird and Fish' is really good. All of them don't seem to understand what's lacking in the poem."

Meng Dongguo smiled without a word, before he said, “Let’s have Big Thunder explain; he is a specialist in modern poems and also a well-known critic. He would explain better than me.”

On hearing that, Big Thunder stepped up, “Haha. Since President Meng called me out and the subject is on this, it’s now the poetry appreciation segment, so let me bring up an example to explain. Actually, President Meng had already said it once on Weibo last night and I fully agree with it. ‘Flying Bird and Fish’ has become very popular on the internet recently, but it is so because of the circumstances at that time. Because this poem has saved someone’s life before, it leads to it being hotly followed and discussed, furthering its popularity. This practically added a lot of value based on the circumstances. There aren’t much literary learnings within the poem; likewise for other works by Zhang Ye. Its depth in essence, energy and spirit are just imaginary and I cannot see what he wanted to express. So in the eyes of us professionals, the author is just an amateur hobbyist.”

“It’s like this?” Zhang Huo questioned.

Meng Dongguo chimed in, “Explaining this way would not be clear enough for everyone here. Since Zhang Ye is here today as well, why don’t we invite him onto the stage, so that he can compose a Mid-Autumn Festival poem. We will analyze the flaws in it for everyone, so that it will be clearer to understand.”

“This.....” Zhang Huo looked towards the station’s Leader.

Sun Mengjie could not make a call either. Although there was still a lot of time, but to let their colleague come up onto the stage to be treated as a negative example? To be slapped in the face by Meng Dongguo and company right in front of everyone? They couldn’t bear with the thought of it!

Big Thunder agreed, “Is this not the poetry appreciation segment? It’s for everyone to learn more about the traditions of poetry.”

They were both singing each other’s tunes. Zhang Ye’s reputation was decided before he could say anything — Zhang Ye was an amateur; they had wanted to show the differences between a professional and an amateur!

Deputy Station Head Jia looked at Zhang Huo, and pondered for a moment before he nodded slightly.

Zhang Huo then said, “Alright, then. But we need to know first if Teacher Zhang Ye has any new works. Because Teacher Zhang Ye was not informed beforehand of this poetry meet. This was impromptu, so.....” The Writers’ Association was informed much earlier to give them some time to make preparations. But Zhang Ye was not given this advantage. With Meng Dongguo and Big Thunder yelling for Zhang Ye to come onto the stage, Zhang Huo felt they had really overstepped their boundaries, not even allowing for a minute of preparation! They really wanted to pick on Zhang Ye’s flaws, to strike him a fatal blow! What feud is there between all of you? That it had to come to this, to step over our colleague? The critical issue was that even Deputy Station Head Jia had agreed to this impudent proposal?

Many eyes were focused on them!

Zhang Ye let out a furious laughter. You want me to go up? You want to slap my face? You guys are courting death!

Wang Xiaomei's eyes had already gone dark upon hearing what was said. She said to Zhang Ye, "Let them see, Teacher Little Zhang!" "Show them whether we hosts from the Literature Channel understand art and literature!" said a furious Wang Xiaomei!

In front, Big Sis Zhou turned back, "Teacher Little Zhang! Attack!"

Auntie Sun, who did not really acknowledge Zhang Ye's poems, could no longer bear with this. She shouted across two rows of seats, "Little Zhang! Go get them! This is pushing it too far!"

Tian Bin, putting on a damper, said, "Forget it; don't go!"

Wu Datao shook his head, "Little Zhang, listen to me and don't go. An amateur like you wants to put on a fake act in front of the professionals? Just say that you aren't prepared; otherwise, when they criticize and point out your flaws, not only will you be embarrassed, even our Literature Channel will be embarrassed!"

All around, colleagues from the channel softly advised, "Teacher Zhang, ignore them."

Some colleagues who wanted justice for Zhang Ye said, "If they are capable, let's see them challenge Teacher Zhang in ghost stories! If they are capable, let's see them challenge Teacher Zhang in fairy tales! Story writing is the true profession of Zhang Ye! Competing with poetry won't determine anything! You all have been in this for so many years! Isn't it a shameful for you to compete with a rookie? Eh?"

It was a little messy in the audience.

The auditorium's mood was slowly losing control!

But under the spotlight, Zhang Ye stood up without any resistance. He smiled coldly, looked towards Zhang Huo, and signaled a '1' determinedly. This was a signal everyone in the station knew. When hosting a radio live broadcast, '1' would be signaled to the assistants to convey readiness.

"Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang! Think carefully!"

"Aiyo! Don't go! Don't you see that they are purposely making it difficult for you?"

Zhang Ye didn't listen; he was already making his way out past the row of seats.

Zhang Huo understood, "Teacher Zhang has said that he is okay. Everyone, please give some applause."

Meng Dongguo was waiting for Zhang Ye to recite before he passed his judgment on Zhang Ye's flaws for everyone listening.

Zheng Anbang and Little Red Mushroom were also waiting for Zhang Ye to make a joke of himself. The others also knew that this time Zhang Ye would embarrass himself, but yet he willingly stepped up to be embarrassed!

In the applause that was either disturbing, helpless or gloating, Zhang Ye followed his determination up towards the stage. In the spotlight, and on the red carpet, this was his first time standing in front of so many people, unlike the sealed-up space of the recording studios. It was a meaningful face-to-face

experience with so many people. But Zhang Ye did not have stage fright. This psychological strength of his had always been very good. Instead, he seemed to enjoy this moment!

Since you have forced me out, I will respectfully obey!

My poems have no literary value?

I am biting off more than I can chew by displaying my incompetence in front of an expert?

I am an amateur while you are a professional?

Alright, then! Today, I'll let you bunch of Beijing Writers' Association people know who is the amateur and who is the professional!

Sun Mengjie tried to stall for time for Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, since you were unprepared, please don't rush. You can take your time to think it through."

"There's no need," Zhang Ye said.

Zhang Huo paused. There was no need to consider? Creating the work on the spot?

Big Thunder disdainfully looked on. On the fly composing? What's more, a poem that has a theme? Even for him, he would need at least half an hour to seek inspiration! If I can't do it, how could you?

Of course, Zhang Ye did not need any preparations, nor did he even feel a need for preparations. A poem had already appeared in his head!

When he knew about the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, Zhang Ye began thinking about which poem he should use. He had not decided on or even wanted to use this poem. Why? Because this poem was too classic! A classic that when someone mentions Mid-Autumn and poems, 9 out of 10 people would think of this! After this poem existed, there were no other poems for Mid-Autumn! It could be said that no other poems could measure up to the influence of this poem!

To compose for Mid-Autumn, this would be the top choice!

It deserves the spot!

Zhang Ye did not want to choose it; he had wanted to leave some leeway for them. But after seeing how Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and the others played dirty to force him, Zhang Ye no longer wanted to hold back!

Some of the audience were anxious.

Big Sis Zhou urgently asked, "Is Little Zhang going to be alright?"

Auntie Sun replied, "Even if he cannot, he mustn't lose his composure. That group of people have already s*** on our heads!"

Tian Bin purposely sighed, "Was that necessary? Isn't he asking for it? This Zhang Ye is really..! An amateur is an amateur!"

Despite all the talk, Zhang Ye touched the microphone and took in a light breath, “When will the moon be clear and bright? With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky. In the heavens on this night, I wonder what season it would be?”

Everyone was stunned when he said those lines!

He wasn’t using the modern poems that he was good at? And he chose a melody poem? Zhang Ye could also write melody poems?

And why was this melody poem.. able to make people have goose bumps? This...

Zhang Ye closed his eyes as he looked up at the ceiling. He was completely in a recitation mood, “I’d like to ride the wind to return home. Yet, I fear the crystal and jade mansions are much too high and cold for me. Dancing with my moonlit shadow, it does not seem like the human world. The moon rounds the red mansion, stoops to silk-padded doors, shines upon the sleepless. Bearing no grudge, why does the moon tend to be full when people are apart? People experience sorrow, joy, separation and reunion. The moon may be dim or bright, round or crescent shaped. This imperfection has been going on since the beginning of time.” After pausing for two seconds, Zhang Ye opened his eyes. With his gaze soft, he slowly read the last sentence, “May we all be blessed with longevity; though thousands of miles apart, we are still able to share.. the beauty of the moon together.”

Chapter 58: The Masterpiece that Shocked the Entire Hall!

May we all be blessed with longevity?

Though thousands of miles apart, we are still able to share the beauty of the moon together?

Zhang Ye had already finished reciting his poem, but the sound lingered on. Everyone present seemed to have their goosebumps explode. They were momentarily silent! The entire auditorium was echoing with the sound from the microphone!

With the poem unleashed, it shocked the entire auditorium!

Meng Dongguo was already stunned when he heard half of it!

Big Thunder, Zheng Anbang, Little Red Mushroom and the other Writers’ Association’s Teachers were dumbfounded!

Even without mentioning them, one could tell just by observing the atmosphere in the auditorium. Everyone in the audience had turned silent. Even the host, Zhang Huo, was at a loss for words while holding onto the microphone. The female host, Sung Mengjie, was even worse. She stared straight ahead and did not even realize that her hand had lost its grip on the microphone. Only when it issued a heavy thud on the red-carpeted floor of the podium did she come around. Following this, the souls of the people returned to their empty bodies, as if they had just crawled down from the moon in Zhang Ye’s poem!

Wow!

Shouts immediately exploded!

“Good poem!”

“What the f***!”

“Heavens! What did I just hear!”

“The pen of God! The pen of God!”

“Too awesome! This poem is enough to explode!”

Some people could not help but stand up and applaud loudly!

Director Zhao Guozhou and Wang Xiaomei were stunned!

Big Sis Zhou exclaimed, “What a good melody poem! Teacher Little Zhang really created it on the spot? Oh, my God! Oh, my Buddha! Oh, my Guanyin Bodhisattva! Oh, my Jesus! Oh, my Heavens!” She believed in quite a few religions, as there were all sorts of variations. “That ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’ was made on the spot. ‘Flying Bird and Fish’ and ‘A Generation’ were also improvised on the spot. ‘See Me or Not’ was also written there and then. This is also written at the last minute? How could this be possible!? What sort of brain does Teacher Little Zhang have!?”

Wow!

It was unknown who gave the first applause! Thunderous applause!

This was not an analogous description! It was really like thunder! The entire auditorium’s ceiling seemed to have been blown away! Other than applause, nothing else could be heard!

What was good about this melody poem? Many laymen might not be able to tell what was good about it, but they knew that it was definitely good.

Only Meng Dongguo, Zheng Anbang and company knew what realm this melody poem had reached. This was written too well. It revolved around the thoughts and imagination that opened up due to the Mid-Autumn’s moon. It embodied the joys and sorrows of the world into a philosophical pursuit of the meaning of life and the universe!

When will the moon be clear and bright? With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky.

In the heavens on this night, I wonder what season it would be?

Almost every word was classic. Each word had a charm to it. Some of the words even needed to be repeated several times to gain an understanding of the profound meaning behind it! For example, the sentence, “ride the wind to return home”? Why was the word “return” used? A few people from the Writers’ Association did not understand the first time that they heard it. Only as they heard to the end did they slowly understand. The word “return” was the finishing touch. It expressed how the original author, Zhang Ye, was in fact not treating himself as a mortal of this world. He treated himself as an immortal that had detached from the world; hence, he needed to “return” to the immortal palace, and not “go” to the immortal palace. It sounded insolent, but this melody poem’s essence, energy and spirit had suddenly broke the confines of this world, and had raised the bar by more than one grade! Coupled with the ending sentence, the dozen or so Teachers and authors from the Writers’ Association were too shocked for words!

Zhang Ye?

Who was he?

What sort of person is he!?

Other than Meng Dongguo and Little Red Mushroom understanding Zhang Ye a bit more, the other Teachers from the Writers' Association did not know this person. They had never even heard of him; hence, they were so shocked. How could a person that could write such a melody poem be some nobody? How could he be a rookie that they had never heard of? Furthermore, these people had prepared for the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet for several days, while this person was called out onto the stage! He did not even have time to prepare! Just this alone! No one present felt that they could do it themselves! What's more, he produced such a shockingly great melody poem!

When did the realm of poetry have such an awesome person!?

Two minutes. The applause lasted for two minutes before it ended!

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

Finally, loud cries began to shout out in unison. Many people were calling out Zhang Ye's name, cheering him on and encouraging him. They were backing him!

Why?

It was because Meng Dongguo was too much of a bully!

He had publicly invalidated Zhang Ye? And even said that he was an amateur? And even called him out to get him onstage for a showdown? And even wanted to find his faults, so as to show everyone how to write a poem? Don't forget that this was Beijing Radio Station. It was Zhang Ye's unit. Everyone was a bit angry that their colleague had been bullied! Hence, seeing Zhang Ye coming up with such a magical and godlike poem in an impressive fashion, everyone seemed like they were on stimulants as they cheered him on. Although they were cheering on Zhang Ye's name on the surface, they were in fact trampling on Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company!

Deputy Station Head Jia's face turned black. He stood up to clap his hands. This was a live broadcast. What were they doing!?

Seeing the station's Leader's attitude, everyone stopped shouting and began to sit down one after another. They were all waiting to see the commotion that was to follow!

The host, Zhang Huo, managed to come around and speak. As he drew in his breath, he asked, "Teacher Zhang Ye, what is the name of this melody poem? Can you tell us?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "It's called 'Shuidiao Getou'."

Sun Mengjie said, "I already do not know how to evaluate it. I'm a layperson and do not understand melody poems much. However, with me dropping the microphone without realizing it, you should know how much I love this poem. Really, I love this poem to death. Its words are beautiful to an extreme!"

Zhang Ye was a person who did not fear stirring up chaos in the world. He immediately said, "It's alright. You are a layperson, but there are many experts on-site. They are professional Teachers from the Writers' Association." Turning his head, he looked towards Meng Dongguo and Big Thunder. Both of them had already returned to their seats when Zhang Ye recited his poem; however, Zhang Ye was able to find them with a glance. "Teacher Meng, Teacher Big Thunder... Previously, the both of you said my works have no literary value. Previously, you have also said I might not be good at writing poems. Yes, I admit I'm a beginner and an amateur. I shall modestly ask you Teachers for advice to please help me improve my level. Can you advise me on this poem?"

Zhang Huo nearly burst out laughing.

Sun Mengjie was also at a loss as to whether to laugh or to cry.

Upon hearing this, Big Thunder nearly vomited a mouthful of blood. He nearly cursed his mother. Your granduncle! I advise you, my ass!

Find a problem? Find faults? I haven't even fully understood the melody poem's complete meaning! Where can I find fault with it!? Although he was unrelenting and was angry, most of this anger came from being embarrassed. To be fair, Big Thunder had no choice but to admit that Zhang Ye's poem was flawlessly perfect. Not even them, probably no one could pick a fault with it. Zhang Ye had trampled on them!

Meng Dongguo was even more direct. He stood beside a youth from the Writers' Association and whispered with his head down. It was as if he was discussing the poem and had pretended not to hear Zhang Ye's words.

Everyone who had called him out no longer made a noise!

Against such a dazzling poem, they had no means of making a noise!

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye also felt it was meaningless. There was no need to say anything more. He had already expressed himself using his work. Furthermore, it was a live broadcast, with many listeners listening into it. It was not good for him to say so much, as it was easy to make a mistake with too many words. It would make himself seem agitated. Although anyone could tell that those words were Zhang Ye's way of fighting back, what he said was without fault. He had admitted to being an amateur and had asked for advice as a newcomer. No one could speak ill of that. Hence, he passed the microphone back to the host and prepared to go offstage.

Zhang Huo was actually quite warm-hearted, "Teacher Zhang, although we are in the second poetry appreciation segment, it is still part of the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. Your poem will definitely be voted upon by netizens. Do you want to canvass for votes for yourself?"

Zhang Ye turned around and smiled. "It's alright. There's no need."

No need to canvass for votes? Meng Dongguo and company had all canvassed for votes, but you don't need to?

Zhang Huo did not understand what Zhang Ye's attitude was and could only respect his idea.

Meng Dongguo, who was below the stage, squinted his eyes slightly upon hearing this. He was not canvassing for votes? It was alright, even if he canvassed for votes. He believed that he was guaranteed to receive first place.

There were two reasons. Firstly, he also felt that his poem was very good. He did not believe that his "Thoughts of a Rainy Mid-Autumn Night" was in any way inferior to Zhang Ye's "Shuidao Getou". He felt that it was one of the best Mid-Autumn works that he had created in recent years. Secondly, he had the advantage of time. Meng Dongguo was the first person to recite his poem at the Poetry Meet. It began at 12 noon and ended at 2 P.M. There were two hours, so the longer the program went after your poem was presented, the more people there were to vote for you. There was no dispute. This was also the reason why Meng Dongguo had arranged to be the first to present a poem. As the Beijing Writers' Association's Vice President, and a leader of the capital's poetry industry, he could not even show his face if he got second place for this sort of competition. He and the radio station had at least done their best to make sure that he would be the champion. If not, Meng Dongguo would probably not have participated in it, as it would affect his prestige.

But what about Zhang Ye?

Now, it was already 1.30 P.M. That was to say, Zhang Ye had barely half an hour left!

Even if the netizens and listeners liked his poem and voted for him, how many votes could they cast? It definitely could not exceed the votes for Meng Dongguo. Hence, he believed the championship title was likely in the bag!

Other people also shared his thoughts.

For example, Big Thunder and Little Red Mushroom had the same thoughts. Although they knew that Zhang Ye's melody poem was well-written, it had no chance of becoming the champion. It was also quite impossible for him to enter the top three. How many votes could one garner in 20+ minutes? The other people already had more than ten thousand votes. It was already not bad if Zhang Ye could get into the top ten! When the results were out, people would not care about the procedure or that there wasn't enough voting time. They only looked at the final outcome. When the top three was dominated by people from the Writers' Association and Zhang Ye was ranked beyond third place, then it was a way for the Writers' Association team that Meng Dongguo led to save their face!

Ah, alright!

Your melody poem this time had a lot of literary value to it!

We acknowledge that your melody poem was indeed very good!

But so what? Aren't you still ranked behind us? In the end, everyone will still see that you are inferior to us professional Teachers from a professional body like the Writers' Association!

Scholars tended to be more stubborn. There may have been some small conflicts at the beginning, but as the situation worsened, neither side would agree to back down. Anyway, they were going to go forceful on Zhang Ye! This was probably the clash between their orthodox background as Teachers of

the Writers' Association and Zhang Ye, a half-past-six unorthodox "amateur" that wrote supernatural stories, fairy tales and poems! They would not give up until they beat the other party into submission!

Chapter 59: A Shocking Vote Count!

In the audience.

Under the attention of everyone, Zhang Ye went back to his seat.

The atmosphere of the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet was pushed to its peak by "Shuidiao Getou". Everyone was getting more and more excited about the final results of the voting. Right now, the top ten spots are all held by people from the Writers' Association. Even the next ten spots were scattered with people from there. It was an almost unanimous victory for them. But the breakout of Zhang Ye had put the whole contest into suspense and uncertainty!

"Teacher Zhang, you were great!"

"Good job! You didn't embarrass the Literature Channel!"

"Those Writers' Association guys don't dare to speak up anymore? That's what they get for showing off! They are all humbled now!"

"Haha. Teacher Little Zhang, give me an autograph later; I want it as a memento."

The members of the Literature Channel were seated in the same area. When Zhang Ye came back to his seat, everyone gave him a thumbs up. Even Tian Bin, Jia Yan and Wu Datao did not dare to make snide remarks. The poem had them in awe, too!

Zhao Guozhou, who was originally seated the furthest away, changed his seat with several subordinates and said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, you have impressed everyone yet again!"

Zhang Ye replied, "Thank you for your acknowledgement, Leader."

Zhao Guozhou queried, "Why did you not canvass for votes?"

"That would be unnecessary, right?" Zhang Ye had felt it wasn't necessary, "Everyone is not stupid; they all have their own artistic appreciations and if they thought my poem was good, then they will vote for me. If they felt the other poems were good, they will vote for them. There's not much meaning to canvassing for votes. It's not a contest, but an exchange of literary learning. It's better to keep it simple." He had said so logically, but self-righteously.

Wang Xiaomei said, "You seem rather relaxed."

Zhao Guozhou asked everyone from the Literature Channel, "What ranking does everyone think Little Zhang will get? Teacher Xiaomei, what's your opinion?"

"In my opinion, from just the quality and literary qualities, Teacher Little Zhang would definitely get first. But that's just my own opinion. We don't know if the audience has been convinced by it. Vice-President Meng Dongguo's poem was good, too. Perhaps some will find it to be better. It's all possible." Looking at her watch, she said, "Besides, there's only about 20 minutes left."

"20 minutes?"

"Ah, yes! The voting will be ending soon!"

"Aiyo, then there's no hope; how can we catch up to them!?"

Everyone felt a little pity; such an amazing poem appeared, but it could not achieve a good result due to the lack of time!

From behind, the Literature Channel's Big Sis Zhou came back alone. So as to not block the people behind her, she bent over as she squeezed all the way over. "Excuse me. Liu'er, Zhou'er, let me get past." In the blink of an eye, she was beside Zhang Ye, "Eh. Leader, you are here, too?"

Zhao Guozhou tersely acknowledged, "What did you do?"

"I pretended to go to the bathroom." Big Sis Zhou held her cellphone, "Actually, I was checking the voting results for Little Zhang. There's no internet reception in the auditorium and I can only see it outside."

Auntie Sun asked with concern, "So how was it? How was it?"

The other people from the Literature Channel also tilted their heads over, wishing to know.

Big Sis Zhou pointed to her cellphone. There was no more internet connection, but the web page that she had opened before could still be seen. "Little Zhang's 'Shuidiao Getou' has already caused quite a sensation. Three minutes ago, the website staff had uploaded his poem after he finished reciting it. 'Shuidiao Getou' already has more than 900 votes. Look at their comments. The comments left by the netizens are practically going nuts. It's almost explosive!"

The cellphone's screen showed densely packed messages.

"God!"

"This melody poem is invincible!"

"Can it not be so powerful?"

"Who is Zhang Ye? Why have I never heard of this Teacher?"

"Did I hear wrongly? Previously, I thought Meng Dongguo and someone from the Writers' Association were going to criticize Zhang Ye's poems? Using him as a negative example? With the melody poem out, why did no one criticize it?"

"I'm laughing. I'm really laughing!"

"The Writers' Association is so hilarious! Their faces are swollen from being smacked!"

"Haha. I have always supported Teacher Zhang Ye. Today, I want to see who dares to say that Teacher Zhang Ye doesn't know how to write poems! From today onwards, I want to see who still dares to say that Teacher Zhang Ye's works have no literary value!"

"To be going against the Teachers from the Writers' Association, I can only now express my heartfelt condolences!"

"If a person who can compose a melody poem like "Shuidiao Getou" does not know poetry, then the whole f***ing world doesn't know poetry. Are the people from the Writers' Association stupid? And a Vice-President at that? I want to ask you now: are you the ones who do not know literature or is it Teacher Zhang Ye who doesn't know?"

"Quickly vote!"

"Right, cut the crap. Voting is of utmost urgency. Time is running out!"

"Troll army, gather! Although we won't be able to catch up and we are too far behind, when have we ever been afraid of anyone? We fear no one! Even if an individual is weak, we will contribute that tiny amount of energy to Teacher Zhang Ye! Not for anything else, just because of the spirit of Teacher Zhang Ye's courage to fight with anyone! We must not fail him!"

"I'm here!"

"Troll army signing in!"

"Vote has been cast!"

"My large saber is again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

Zhang Ye's fans came to support him. There were many others who first got to know about him through the poetry meet, who were touched by "Shuidiao Getou". They all sent in their support!

...

"Just 900 votes?" Zhao Guozhou frowned.

Big Sis Zhou said, "That happened in an instant. Isn't that already a lot?"

"Sis Zhou, what is Little Zhang's ranking now?" Wang Xiaomei inquired.

"Before I went offline, there were 925 votes, so he was ranked at 41." Big Sis Zhou spoke for Zhang Ye, "It may seem low, but that was just in a few minutes. If it increases at that speed, then it would definitely be higher than those people from the Writers' Association. Little Zhang is too formidable!"

41? Zhang Ye was not very satisfied.

Aunt Sun sighed, "Hai, there's no way of catching up. There's no need to think further. The others have accumulated their votes for two hours, while we only had a bit more than 20 minutes. The difference is too large. Besides, the people from the Writers' Association have fans that number in the hundreds of thousands. How many fans does our Teacher Little Zhang have? His popularity definitely can't compete with them."

Big Sis Zhou curled her mouth, "But there is still hope. Many listeners had just heard it and might not have the opportunity to vote yet. There will be more. I believe that Little Zhang will be able to fight for the top ten! No, maybe even the top six is possible!" Holding her cellphone, she said, "Look at this. Other than first-placed Meng Dongguo, who is leading far ahead with 37,000 votes, the ones after him have considerably fewer votes. Sixth place only has 11,000 votes. I think Teacher Little Zhang definitely

has the chance of overtaking this! Even if it was any worse, tenth place had 8,500 votes. Even if he didn't enter top six, there is still chance to enter top ten. I don't think there is a problem!"

An editor from the Literature Channel said, "Entering the top ten would be enough. At least we can break the monopoly of the members from the Writers' Association. It will also gain some glory for our channel."

"That's right!"

"May the Heavens bless you!"

Everyone also began to accept the harsh reality.

Big Sis Zhou suggested, "I think we should take turns 'going to the bathroom'. Let's go five at a time to help vote for Teacher Little Zhang. The higher Little Zhang's placing is, the more glory our channel will receive! I have already voted for Little Zhang once just now!" This old sister sure was warm-hearted.

Zhang Ye sweated profusely, "There's no need to; there's no need. Thank you, everyone, but there's really no need!"

What was this poem?

This was Su Shi's poem!

This was the famous "Shuidiao Getou"!

Did he need to rely on his colleagues' ten or so votes to help pull up his vote count by pretending to go to the bathroom? That would be too drastic a drop in this work's value. This would be too much. If this was seen by people from his world, they would all be laughing their heads off! Anyway, Zhang Ye would not do something this embarrassing! If people did not appreciate this melody poem, "Shuidiao Getou", then Zhang Ye was also helpless. He was also helpless if the vote count did not increase.

Forget it.

Let's resign ourselves to fate.

Whatever Zhang Ye could do, he had done. He had also worked hard. Now, to see if Su Shi's masterpiece was able to reverse the situation and whether it was able to help Zhang Ye trample on the bunch of people from the Writers' Association and establish his fame. All that he could do was wait. Everything was in the hands of the people to judge!

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

Time flew. Even if Zhang Ye was looking forward to it and more time was given to him and the listeners, the watch would not stop. Soon, it was already 2 o'clock!

"Alright, now the voting has ceased." Zhang Huo announced, "We are waiting for the notaries to consolidate the final scores. While they are reviewing it, let us recount the classic poems from before."

With the recording played, Meng Dongguo, Zheng Anbang and Big Thunder's poems were replayed once again.

Soon, a man and a woman from the Chengdong District's Notary Office came over with a book. "It's done."

The female host, Sun Mengjie, smiled. "The comrades from the Notary Office have done the statistics, and I'm dying to know what the results are. I need to first take a look."

She immediately took a peek at the results.

Zhang Huo was also very curious. He also looked at the rankings in the notary's hand.

This look did not matter, but Zhang Huo and Sun Mengjie were completely stunned!

Upon seeing the two hosts' expressions, there was a commotion from offstage. They did not know what had happened, and were even more curious!

"What's the matter?"

"Are the results too exaggerated?"

"Could it be that Vice-President Meng's votes are leading by too much?"

The female notary held the microphone, "September 8th, from 12:00 to 14:00, Chengdong District notaries Li Hai and Zheng Meihong as supervisors have declared the votes to be fair for this Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet. I will begin to announce the top ten!"

Zhang Ye listened attentively.

Zhao Guozhou, Wang Xiaomei and company stared straight ahead!

Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company were more relaxed. They felt there was no suspense.

"Tenth place, Little Red Mushroom. 'Auntie Moon'. Vote count: 9,300!" the female notary read.

Upon hearing this, Big Thunder congratulated with a smile, "Congratulations. This is a poetry meet, yet a fairy tale writer like you can get into the top ten. This sure shows Teacher Little Red Mushroom's skill."

Little Red Mushroom said, "Come on. Don't flatter me."

The notary carried on, "Ninth place, Big Thunder, 'Untitled'. Vote count: 9,800!"

Little Red Mushroom smiled. "See? You are even better than me. Who said your melody poem was too niche? See, the listeners still recognize it."

Big Thunder waved his hand modestly, "Actually, I was not pleased with this melody poem of mine. It doesn't have my character or mood. A poor response from everyone is also normal."

...

"Fourth place, Zhou Anyi, 'Onlooking the Moon'. Vote count: 16,001!"

At this point, the fourth to tenth places had been read out. All of them were people from the Writers' Association. Not a single netizen's poem entered the top ten!

"It's time for third place!"

"I'm so nervous. Who will it be?"

"Why haven't we heard Zhang Ye's name?"

"That's right; could it be that he took third place?"

"It can't be that high. He only had twenty minutes of voting time, so it won't happen."

As everyone was discussing, the female notary announced third place, "Third place, Zheng Anbang, modern poem, 'Feelings of Mid-Autumn'. Vote count...19,822!"

What?

Zheng Anbang was third?

Big Sis Zhou urgently said, "What about Little Zhang!? Why isn't there Little Zhang!?"

Tian Bin said, "There's no need to ask. He definitely did not enter the top ten."

"It's a conspiracy! There definitely is a conspiracy!" Big Sis Zhou said angrily, "Little Zhang did not even enter the top ten? Who would believe it! It's such a good melody poem!"

"Hai, it was all for naught in the end."

"That's right; there was too little time, or else this result might be unthinkable!"

The people from the Literature Channel were all feeling a sense of regret. Some sighed, while some refused to accept the outcome!

However, when the female notary announced second place, everyone was silenced. It was as if everyone was muted suddenly. There was complete silence!

"Second place, Meng Dongguo, 'Thoughts of a Rainy Mid-Autumn Night'. Vote count...40,058!"

Second?

Meng Dongguo was second?

There was an uproar offstage!

Meng Dongguo was also shocked. How could it be possible!?

Big Thunder and Zheng Anbang looked each other in the eye as a bad premonition hit them!

Everyone suddenly had a staggering thought. Meng Dongguo wasn't first? Then who was first? Who would be the champion for this Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet?

The female notary paused for a while before looking and said loudly, "Voted first for this Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, Zhang Ye! 'Shuidiao Getou'! Vote count..." Upon reading up to here, the female notary's voice also had a tinge of surprise. Actually, she and her colleague had already seen the votes and

placings; however, now upon looking at it again, the female notary felt that it was unbelievable. "The vote count for 'Shuidiao Getou' is...158,600!"

150,000?

150,000 votes??

What the f*** to your fifth granny!

Upon hearing this, the audience was completely shocked!

Chapter 60: Using Mo Yan's Prize Acceptance Speech!

"It's gone mad! Everyone has gone mad!"

"How many votes did she say!? Did I hear wrongly?"

"Is that true? Isn't this result just shooting out of the universe?"

"How can there be so many!? It isn't scientific! Really too unscientific!"

"150,000? The dozen or so works from the Writers' Association combined have fewer than Zhang Ye's votes alone?"

"And it's really true! One against ten! Complete victory!"

"All the Teachers from the Writers' Association combined lost out to him? Holy ****!"

Too many people could not believe their ears. It was too unbelievable!

More than 150,000 votes? What did this mean? This meant that it was going against the Heavens! Others may not understand this, but how could they, as people from the radio station, not understand? This was because the poetry meet was special and it had an upper limit to the amount of attention it could garner. Every year's Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was not broadcast on television; it was just broadcast live through the radio. The year before last's Hebei province's Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had an old man from the Hebei Writers' Association for its champion. He won weakly with about 23,000 votes. And last year, the champion of the Jinshi Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was an operatic actor from the Jinshi literary circles. As he had used the moon as his topic and performed an operatic piece, he won with an undisputable 37,000 votes!

20,000+!

30,000+!

Even considering all the previous years, the number of votes the champion garnered had never exceeded 50,000 votes!

However, this year, what had happened in the Beijing Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet? Alright, Beijing had more people, so it had greater influence than provinces like Jinshi or Beihe. The Beijing Radio Station's frequencies provided a greater coverage area than even provinces like Tianjin and Hebei could broadcast to, but it should not have been so ridiculous!

150,000?

Are you all f***ing pumping stimulants!?

And what was most shocking was that “Shuidiao Getou” had only about 20 minutes of voting time! It was not even half an hour! 150,000+ votes! This far exceeded everyone’s imagination and beliefs. Hence, no one had thought of this possibility! This was because it was too unreal! But the fact was that Zhang Ye had done it! “Shuidiao Getou” had done it! Zhang Ye had used a melody poem that he came up with on the spot to create such a Heaven-defying miracle!

No one questioned the authenticity of the votes. Everyone knew this was not a statistical error, as the two notaries were present. They were monitoring the entire process!

Big Thunder remained silent!

Little Red Mushroom and Zheng Anbang turned sullen!

Meng Dongguo choked to the point of not being able to say a word. He moved his lips, but no words could come out from them!

Zhang Ye, this person who Meng Dongguo and the Writers’ Association looked down upon and said did not know literature! He had used a single “Shuidiao Getou” to smack them all in the face! And it was the type of smacking that slapped them repeatedly! Their faces were really swollen! Meng Dongguo had only obtained 40,000 votes! The ten thousands spot of Zhang Ye’s vote numbers were more than his by 10,000 votes! Zhang Ye’s single vote count exceeded their combined vote count by a lot more! Wasn’t this a smack in the face? Describing it as hanging them on a tree while smacking them wasn’t too much! It was even too light a description!

Zhang Ye was an amateur?

All of you are the professionals?

Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company’s ravings were still echoing in their ears. Just thinking of those words, those members from the Writers’ Association who had come with them felt their faces turn green. They had disgraced themselves along with Meng Dongguo! They were completely ashamed! They had been pulled into this for no reason!

“Who is the real amateur?”

It was as if they could see the evening news’ headlines for tonight!

Speaking of this, up until now, Big Thunder still did not understand how “Shuidiao Getou” managed to garner so many votes. He admitted that this melody poem was extremely well-written, but it shouldn’t be so exaggerated. The commoners also liked it that much? 150,000 votes? About half of those tuning into the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had voted for “Shuidiao Getou”?

Zhang Huo was very relieved, and was most gratified. He was very happy to see this scene. It was time for someone to kill these so-called expert Teachers’ momentum and their unrelenting words. Just because of these expert Teachers’ baseless rhetoric and unrelenting words, how much public controversy had they caused in society over the past few years? Maybe, as Zhang Huo was in the news-reporting business, his philosophy was that as public figures, one had to respect the facts and be proper with their words. If they spoke blindly, then they could mislead the public, causing great harm!

Just because of a few words from them, how much criticism did Zhang Ye endure? They nearly ruined an excellent and great poet! If Zhang Ye did not have a good psyche, he would not have been able to create this work today. Zhang Huo firmly believed that if “Shuidiao Getou” was killed in its infancy, then it would have been a great loss to the cultural world! The entire People’s Republic would suffer!

Thankfully, Zhang Ye had not been disappointed, and was not put down by those words. In fact, he became braver, despite the setbacks. And for this, Zhang Huo gave Zhang Ye a huge thumbs up in his heart!

Great!

He had really made the Beijing Radio Station proud!

Zhang Huo raised his microphone, “Let us congratulate Teacher Zhang Ye in becoming the champion with an overwhelming number of votes for ‘Shuidiao Getou’! It is well-deserved!”

A round of applause exploded!

The female host, Sun Mengjie, said, “Next, let’s invite the top three placed Teachers onstage for them to say a few words to our listeners.”

Big Sis Zhou laughed, “Little Zhang, quickly go!”

“They are calling for you. Hurry, hurry!” Aunt Sun urged.

Another colleague slapped him on his shoulder, feeling excited for him, “You sure are awesome! I thought you wouldn’t be able to enter the top ten! In the end, you obtained first place!”

Zhao Guozhou was also laughing, “Hurry up and go, Little Zhang. Say a few words. You deserve this honor.”

Zhang Ye could only squeeze out and walk towards the stage from the back of the auditorium.

When he reached the stage, he saw that Meng Dongguo, who was sitting in the first row, was shaking his hand at the host. He had no intention of going up!

Zheng Anbang, who had obtained third place, decided not to go up and embarrass himself once he saw that Vice-President Meng had no intentions of going up. What glory was there with third place? In his opinion, it was shameful and humiliating! Zheng Anbang also shook his hand, indicating to the host that he was not going up onto the stage.

Zhang Huo also ignored Meng Dongguo and company as he smiled. “Then let’s invite this meet’s champion, who is also my colleague, Teacher Zhang Ye, to say a few words.”

What should he say?

This fellow, Zhang Ye, was a person who bore grudges. He glanced at Meng Dongguo and company. Although he knew that at this moment, they were full of wounds and scars, he still made it his obligation to add another stab, “Actually there’s nothing much to say. I’ll just thank everyone for your support. I am a half-past-six poet and am indeed an amateur. I do not know if my poems have any literary value or

if it is art. I have also not considered these while composing this poem. As long as everyone likes it, and everyone acknowledges me, I think it is enough!"

What was adding fuel to the fire?

This was what adding fuel to the fire was!

What was rubbing salt in one's wound?

This was f***ing rubbing salt into one's wound!

Below, Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company's faces were flashing red and white. They had never expected this newcomer with surname of Zhang to still be mentioning this thing! He refused to let this go!

Zhang Huo was clearly unsatisfied, "Teacher Zhang, please say a few more words."

"Yes. From the messages from our listeners, they want to hear you talk about things regarding literature, such as producing works, or for example, the value of literature." Sun Mengjie added.

Really say his thoughts?

Zhang Ye could not help but have a headache.

He could speak very well and was a broadcast major. All he relied on was his mouth. Since it was his profession, how could he not be able to speak? But this fellow was, most of the time, saying things ad verbatim. It was the same with how he learned in university. If not, he could tease and scold others, which was also what he was good at. But if he had to say something decent, such as speaking seriously about literature, he would be grasping at straws. There was no other way. He did not have the ability.

What should he do?

And it had to have literary value?

Eh. Zhang Ye had a flash of brilliance. I got it!

Zhang Ye pondered over it and decided to use the Nobel prize winner from his world, Mo Yan's*, words in his acceptance speech. He nearly recited it ad verbatim, "Alright, then. Then I will seriously repeat myself. I want to thank my family and friends. Their wisdom and friendship shines through my work."

Mo Yan's original words were as such.

These words might not mean much to others, but it had a deep meaning for Zhang Ye.

Then he carried on Mo Yan's acceptance speech, "Just now, we talked about the value of literature. My personal understanding of it is actually very simple. In comparison to science, literature indeed has no practical use. Yet the greatest function of literature is perhaps its lack of function." With a nod, "Thank you, everyone. I've finished speaking."

Upon hearing this, Meng Dongguo was dumbfounded.

Big Thunder and Little Red Mushroom also gave a surprise look at each other!

Zhang Huo's eyes lit up and sighed, "Teacher Zhang Ye keeps saying that he doesn't know art and is an amateur, but his final words have perfectly revealed what sort of literary quality Teacher Zhang has. This is the most thought-provoking acceptance speech that I have heard in the past few years. Let us once again give a round of applause of Teacher Zhang!"

As people applauded, they were deep in thought.

Some people did not understand it, but others could understand a tiny bit!

The greatest function of literature is perhaps its lack of function? Those dozen or so Teachers from the Writers' Association stared at Zhang Ye, who was walking off the stage. This was the first time that they garnered interest in him, a broadcast host who had written "Shuidiao Getou". An "amateur" poet who had managed to completely destroy predecessor authors, them! A just over 20-year-old young man who could say such an acceptance speech! The things that Zhang Ye had managed to display were things that they could not ignore!

In the middle of the back seat rows.

The moment Zhang Ye returned, everyone began to speak!

"Congratulations, Teacher Zhang!" an editor said.

"You have made our Literature Channel famous!" Aunt Sun was gratified.

"I already said Teacher Little Zhang was formidable. Look at Little Zhang's words; they are so philosophical. Uh, although I didn't understand the meaning behind it." Big Sis Zhou laughed.

Wang Xiaomei, who had her eyes closed, opened her eyes and said, "Teacher Little Zhang's mention of function might be referring to the creative powers in actual life. How it can have considerable influence and effect on this materialistic society. For example, science can build skyscrapers and dams, but literature is unable to have such an effect. However, the biggest function of literature is its lack of function. This meaning of this sentence is that because literature is unable to cause a materialistic effect on other things like other culture, giving the greatest satisfaction from the item, it is not confined to this physical world, but it can have endless sublimation at the spiritual level. It has a pioneering effect on man's soul. This, then, is its best function. At least, this is how I understand it."

"Deep."

"So that's how it is."

"If not for Teacher Xiaomei's analysis, I would have never understood it."

Actually, Zhang Ye disagreed with Wang Xiaomei's understanding. The explanation of how literature may appear useless, but actually had a use to it, was completely opposite of what he felt. It was because it was useless that made literature great. This was what he wanted to express, and probably what Mo Yan wanted to express, as well. However, Zhang Ye did not refute this or give an explanation. If you got it, you got it. If you understood a different meaning, then so be it. There was no need to distinguish. It was up to one's interpretation. If literature was also one equals one, two equals two, A equals A, B equals B, and did not have multiple interpretations, then literature would not be called literature.

Zhao Guozhou clearly was very interested in that sentence, “Little Zhang, your melody poem was well-written, and your acceptance speech was also very well-said. Not only did you exceed others in poetry, you have even exceeded others in the understanding of literature! Rest assured, no one will ever dare to say that you do not know anything about art!”

Aunt Sun sighed, “Little Zhang sure is formidable. He can write supernatural novels, fairy tales, modern poems and ancient poems. See, even a simple acceptance speech is enough to shock everyone. Hai, is there anything that you do not know how to do?”

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, “All of you are flattering me. I just said those words without thought. It’s not that serious.”

The acceptance speech was well-said?

That was definite!

Who was Mo Yan? The people from this world may not know, as in this world, no one from the People’s Republic had won the Nobel Prize in Literature. However, Mo Yan was famous in his world. He was a person who really stood at the pinnacle of literature. For a person at the peak, he was a real master, so how could what he said be bad!?

A simple acceptance speech had once again made him well-known!

Anyway, Zhang Ye had really stolen the show today!

*Mo Yan was the recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature for 2012. His real name is Guan Moye, better known by his pen name, Mo Yan, which means “don’t talk.” The phrase mentioned in this novel was said not according to script, as he had previously declared that he had forgotten the written version (as sent to the Nobel Foundation for publication and subtitling) in his hotel room. His given speech differs, therefore, in parts to the published speech.