

Superstar 551

Chapter 551: The country's sixth world-class mathematician!

Peking University.

On campus.

"Eh!"

"Is that?"

"Yes, it looks like Zhang Ye!"

"It's him! Snap! Quickly go over!"

Zhang Ye was surrounded by four or five media reporters in the allée beside the artificial lake. They were originally here for the Sino-Japanese University Exchange due to be held in the afternoon and had coincidentally bumped into Zhang Ye, the most discussed person of the moment. Naturally, they wouldn't miss the chance to interview him and had him surrounded almost immediately.

One of the female reporters quickly switched on her recording pen and pushed it towards Zhang Ye's face. "Teacher Zhang, we have just gotten news that not only will you be teaching your Chinese elective classes this semester, but you will also be teaching in the Math Department as well? You've even been promoted to the position of Associate Professor in the Math Department? Is that true?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "I think so."

The female reporter smiled dryly. "Think so? Are you sure?"

"It should be." Zhang Ye continued being vague with his answers.

"Well, then congratulations in advance," the female reporter said.

Beside her, a male reporter from Youth Daily asked, "Teacher Zhang, no, I should call you Professor Zhang instead. If I have not remember wrongly, you're only 24 years old this year. Having preliminarily proven Dale's Conjecture recently and brought glory to our nation, and becoming the country's youngest professor as of today, I wonder if you have any thoughts about all of these? In the welcoming ceremony to be held later, will you be giving a speech?"

Zhang Ye did not joke around this time as he was considered to be an associate professor after all. He was even on campus. And different situations called for different responses. "I just want to show my gratitude. This glory is not mine alone, it's because of everyone's support for me. As for the ceremony later, I might be giving a speech, yes."

Another middle-aged reporter immediately asked, "What would it be about?"

"About math." Zhang Ye continued answering them for a few more questions after that before he excused himself.

Several other reporters were still chasing him, continuing to throw several questions out at him as he left. But Zhang Ye still had other matters to attend to at the Math Department since he had just been

appointed as a teacher of the department. He wanted to familiarize himself a little. On top of that, the validation team for the proof to Dale's Conjecture had also arrived and it included Xin Ya and several other mathematicians from around the world. Zhang Ye could not just totally ignore this matter since he was the one who had proven the conjecture. Furthermore, he had instructions from Dean Pan Yang to represent the Math Department in the afternoon's welcoming ceremony by giving a speech, so he had to do some preparations.

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Around 9 PM.

In the teachers' office of the Math Department.

When he arrived, Zhang Ye immediately noticed some familiar faces.

Wu Zeqing's childhood friend, Xin Ya, who was chatting with a foreigner, immediately turned around and smiled at Zhang Ye. "Yo, isn't this Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye waved to her from where he was. "Hey, Professor Xin."

Xin Ya smirked and said, "I heard you've been doing well recently."

"Hai, how could I be doing well. I've been so busy lately that I don't even have time to go help out with the verification process of the proof to Dale's Conjecture," Zhang Ye said, knowing that Xin Ya still bore a grudge against him for making them look bad at Summer Palace. But since they were already a little familiar with each other by now, he managed to speak as though nothing had happened. He even showed some concern by saying, "I heard that you've all been working hard, day and night, without rest for almost a week? Don't forget to rest. If it's too much, you all should just put it aside for the moment. It's more important to watch your health."

Xin Ya said, "Thanks, Teacher Zhang, for your concern then. The verification of the proof is already in the midway stage, so when will you be able to come over to help us with it? With your help, we will surely be able to increase our pace exponentially. That way, everyone can finish up earlier and go home for well-deserved rests too."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Soon, soon. I will go over sometime."

Xin Ya stared at him, knowing that this person had no intention of contributing to the effort in the verification process.

Dean Pan Yang walked in at this moment, laughing out loud and saying, "Professor Xin, don't be too hard on Teacher Little Zhang. I can vouch that he is really going to be busy now that he has to teach both Chinese and Math. His new novel will be on sale soon too, not to mention he still has his own hosting job to work on."

Zhang Ye nodded, agreeing. "Yes, yes."

Xin Ya rolled her eyes at this. Actually, she had already given up on the idea of him helping them out. A glorious task like this, if it were any other person, they would have already rushed in to oversee the verification process. As it was a rigorous process to validate the proving methods, if anyone picked on some issues here or there, or found a logical error in the formulas, then the whole proof would be

invalidated. But Zhang Ye was just so assured and took it in stride, letting others handle all of this. He did not even bother to call them and ask about the progress.

Zhang Ye's love rival, Peking University Math Department's young mathematician Han Henian, also did not look too happy. He stood there but did not bother with Zhang Ye's presence. He felt that this person was such a scammer. Having caused such a big commotion, he washed his hands of the matter totally and left it to them to work tirelessly on the verification. Han Henian had already not gone home in four or five days, spending all his time at the Institute working and ending up with those dark circles under his eyes. Even though this was for the sake of their country's glory, with their work as the mathematicians involved in the verification process also being credited, they still could not stand the sight of the author of the proof leisurely releasing novels or being mentioned all over the news on Weibo. It was like they were eunuchs, more anxious than the emperor himself. (The person involved is calm and collected, but observers are very worried.)

Having exchanged a few words over here.

A few more people standing further away had taken notice of Zhang Ye by now. They stopped their conversations and looked over. Two foreigners who probably knew Xin Ya were part of this group of people, while there were also other foreigners who were not presently here. They could have been arranged to wait at a different location or had not arrived yet. Most of those who were here were mainly teachers from the School of Mathematical Sciences. There were teachers from the Math Department, professors from the Probability and Statistics Department and also teachers from the Science and Engineering Department. They were all very curious about Zhang Ye. Everyone was watching him with different looks.

Some looked kindly at him.

Some looked with admiration at him.

Some of them lightly nodded at him.

Dean Pan Yang clapped his hands to get everyone's attention and then put his hand on Zhang Ye's shoulder. "Let me introduce everyone, well, actually, he needs no introduction. This is Associate Professor Zhang Ye. Everyone should be quite familiar with him. Starting today, he will be a part of the team in our School of Mathematical Sciences at Peking University!"

Before Dean Pan had finished, the sound of applause already started.

Bba bba bba. The clapping and laughter of the teachers from the faculty sounded out, welcoming Zhang Ye.

"This is Director Yan." Dean Pan introduced Zhang Ye.

The middle-aged man put his hand forward, "Professor Zhang, welcome."

Zhang Ye shook his hand and said, "Thank you, Director Yan."

"This is Professor Lu." Dean Pan introduced yet another person who was the next closest to them.

Professor Lu had small eyes and they looked squinty as he smiled, "Teacher Zhang, I've been looking forward to your arrival. With you joining us, the quality of our School of Mathematical Sciences will have been further reinforced!"

"You're overly praising me. It should be my honor instead," Zhang Ye said.

Dean Pan moved on, "This is Han Henian, Teacher Han."

Zhang Ye took a look at his love rival and said cheerfully, "I already know Teacher Han."

Dean Pan said, "Oh yes, you two met at Summer Palace."

Han Henian forced himself to say, "Welcome."

After a full round of introductions and Zhang Ye greeting them, two young math teachers even took out a book each to ask Zhang Ye for his autograph. It wasn't known whether they liked Zhang Ye's achievements in the literature or his work in mathematics. But since they wanted it, Zhang Ye couldn't possibly reject them. This moment of asking for autographs had momentarily tickled quite a number of people's funny bone. Everyone was teasing the two and the atmosphere in the teacher's office was very good and relaxing.

Soon after, Dean Pan said to Zhang Ye, "Come, let's go for a short walk."

Zhang Ye acknowledged him and followed Dean Pan outside, walking as they talked, "Dean Pan, why don't you look for someone else to do the speech later? I don't have anything to say and have not thought of anything to say."

Dean Pan said, "You're a famous broadcast host who dabbles in Chinese literature. How can that be a problem for you?"

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "I just don't know what to say."

Dean Pan reassured him, "Just say anything. You can even share your experience of being successful. There will be quite a lot of people at the ceremony since this is the Sino-Japanese University Exchange and Cooperation. The general population is also paying attention to this, so you representing the highest standards of Peking University School of Mathematical Sciences is the most suitable choice." Having explained his choice, he took out a script for him and said, "If you really don't have anything to say, then you can use this to read according to this. It's fine. I got someone to prepare this."

"Oh, I'm not that good. My educational standards are just so-so." Zhang Ye took the script for the speech and lowered himself in light of the dean's praise. "I've only been a teacher for a few months now."

Behind them, Xin Ya suddenly appeared, looking for them.

Dean Pan spoke unreservedly about him even in Xin Ya's presence. He squinted, smiled, and said, "Only the capable can be teachers. In recent times, there are only five mathematicians who are Chinese and can be labeled as world-class without controversy. And you! Are the sixth!"

Zhang Ye said, "That can't be? Dale's Conjecture is still currently undergoing validation."

What did he mean by that?

With that and he's already considered a world-class mathematician?

Xin Ya walked up beside them and said, "Even if any problems occur in the validation of the proof to Dale's Conjecture, your title as a world-class mathematician is assured. Two days ago, the World Mathematics Association released the list of the latest top class mathematicians. Your name was included on it. This means that all the Mathematics Associations of the world have already given you their affirmation. If there are any future breakthroughs in mathematical conjectures or research, the World Mathematics Association might invite you to take part in its discussions. There's a total of 204 world-class mathematicians on it. Even Dean Pan and I are not on it."

It seemed like Dean Pan and Xin Ya had a good relationship as well, probably communicating often themselves. "Professor Xin still has hopes to make it onto the list. I heard that research for the new study that you're working on has already started?"

Xin Ya shook her head. "There are some key areas that we're stuck on, so it's still quite far away."

Dean Pan said, "If there's anything that I can help with, just let me know. The research labs over at Peking University should be much better equipped than what you have."

Xin Ya smiled and said, "I've been waiting to hear that, but rather than the equipment..." she glanced at Zhang Ye. "...maybe I will need to borrow Teacher Zhang from you instead when the time arises."

"I can't make a decision about that." Dean Pan laughed.

Xin Ya looked to Zhang Ye for a response. "Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye immediately replied vaguely, "We'll see, we'll see."

Xin Ya was however, in no rush to get him to promise anything. She knew that it would take some time, so she said, "In any case, I've already told you. When we're finally done with the verification process for Dale's Conjecture, we'll look for you again. Don't avoid me then, hur hur. You can't avoid me anyway, you know. I have a guaranteed way to find you."

That's true, Old Wu's your childhood friend. Even if I could avoid you, do you think I could avoid Old Wu?

Zhang Ye could only helplessly cough, He said, "We'll discuss this when the time comes."

Chapter 552: A small conflict!

After a while.

Xin Ya received a call and spoke in English for a short while. Then, together with Dean Pan and Zhang Ye, they proceeded back to the office to receive about a dozen foreign guests.

A middle-aged Caucasian man looked at Zhang Ye and said, "Zhang?"

Xin Ya then introduced them in English, "This is Professor Zhang Ye."

The Caucasian man replied very passionately, "Zhang, I'm finally able to meet you in person!"

"Hello," Zhang Ye said not knowing who he was but shook his hands anyway.

At the other side, a man who looked like he was in his forties, and was probably English, walked up to them. He did not say anything except to ask directly about a question he had regarding Dale's Conjecture. It seemed like he was unsure about a formula used in the proof.

Xin Ya and Dean Pan both introduced Zhang Ye to him.

"This is Oxford's Doctor Firth."

"This is Cambridge's Professor Baker."

This is Professor Kato from Tokyo University."

"This is..."

Zhang Ye went through another round of introductions again, occasionally answering a few questions about Dale's Conjecture. Of the group, he had met two of them before during the International Math Olympiad that was held at Summer Palace. As for the others, this was his first meeting them. They were obviously very interested in Zhang Ye and asked him a lot of questions. Professor Baker even directly invited Zhang Ye to join him at Cambridge University. Dean Pan and the others from Peking University Math Department looked slightly irked by this, but of course Zhang Ye did not agree. Professor Baker was of course disappointed, but still told Zhang Ye that he was welcome to visit at any time and to stay in contact. This was probably because he was extremely interested in Zhang Ye's solution to Dale's Conjecture and hoped to work with him in the future.

Only the Japanese Professor Kato seemed to be asking questions not related to the mathematical conjecture.

Kato spoke in English, "Where did you graduate from?"

Zhang Ye looked at him and answered, "Media College."

Kato looked at him and probed further, "Who was the teacher who taught you mathematics?"

Zhang Ye answered, "There were many. The one from kindergarten, primary school, secondary school, university, which one are you interested in?"

Kato continued, not believing him, "Was Dale's Conjecture really proved by you on the spot at the International Math Olympiad?"

Zhang Ye laughingly replied, "If it wasn't proved by me, then was it proved by you?"

Dean Pan frowned, thinking what the heck was Kato trying to imply?

Xin Ya looked over and commented, "It seems like Professor Kato really has a lot of questions to ask."

Kato smiled and explained, "I was just curious and did not mean anything else. Most mathematical conjecture proofs are a long-term process of research and trial and error. It is also usually made by the effort of countless teams of mathematicians or even generations of people who worked hard together to make strides towards proving them. The solving of Dale's Conjecture was too sudden." Other than him, a few other Japanese mathematicians were still doubtful of how a young man only 24 years of age could have independently proven a global mathematical conjecture. They felt that if the person who

proved it was an American or an English person, then they would definitely accept and believe it. However, since this person was Chinese, it made them even more doubtful. Even if the truth was already placed before them, they would still not be able to accept that the Chinese had such a high standard.

Zhang Ye gave an unfriendly glance to Kato.

The teachers of Peking University Math Department did not like what they had heard.

Xin Ya said to Zhang Ye, "Professor Kato has raised many questions and doubts about your proof during the verification process. Although all of his doubts were disproved, Professor Kato's diligence is worthy of learning." She spoke as though she was praising him, but there was actually a lot of sarcasm in it. In these days of the verification process, a few Japanese, Korean, and American mathematicians had been creating a lot of unnecessary workload for them by nitpicking on many details, saying that there were some issues here or logical errors there. In the end, when everyone checked it, they found no errors at all. A lot of time was wasted in this way and slowed down their work drastically, leaving Xin Ya and many of the participating Chinese mathematicians with a lot of opinions of them.

When Han Henian saw what was going on, he tried to calm the situation, "The welcome ceremony will start soon. Why don't we all move to the hall since this place is quite packed with so many of us here." Although Kato had already arrived in China much earlier to take part in the verification process of the proof to Dale's Conjecture, he was here today as a member of Tokyo University for the exchange. He was also a member of the Japanese delegates that came to China for a political visit. He was the leading man today and Han Henian did not want the situation to become too awkward. He thought of the bigger picture since there was also a political agenda involved in the visit.

"Let's go."

"Yes, let's head over to the hall."

"It's about to begin."

Kato did not make any further comments and looked at Zhang Ye along with a few other Japanese mathematicians before they followed along with the rest. They went downstairs, Dean Pan leading them there.

Xin Ya whispered to Zhang Ye, "Don't be bothered by him."

Behind them, a Peking University teacher also heard them and said, "If Teacher Zhang was Chinese-American, these Japanese would never have doubted him. They're seriously looking down on us!"

Xin Ya said, "Let's leave it."

"You two go on first," Zhang Ye said. "I need to find a quiet place to memorize my script."

Xin Ya nodded and said, "Alright, see you in a while then. Remember to go to the front seats in the auditorium. You have a reserved seat there."

Zhang Ye did not feel aggrieved by the situation. Even back in his previous world, he never had any expectations of the Japanese to begin with.

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Downstairs.

Zhang Ye was wearing his sunglasses and looking for a quiet place to sit down. It was already spring, the weather turning warmer and the greenery sprouting again, beautifying the entire scenery of the lake.

His cellphone rang.

It was his mother. "Son."

Zhang Ye replied, "Mom, what's the matter?"

"What are you doing now?" his mother asked.

Zhang Ye lifted up the speech in his hands and said, "I'm reading a script since they're making me give a speech later."

His mother sounded very excited, "My colleagues read the news online just now and told me that you have been appointed associate professor? Is that true?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, it's true. I was thinking of telling you when I got home later."

His mother said, "Oh wow, my son is really so capable!"

Zhang Ye boasted, "Of course. Don't you know who my mother is?"

His mother laughed. "I like what you said. You have really made your father and me proud again. We even have a professor in our Zhang family now."

"It's only an associate post, but when Dale's Conjecture has been verified, who knows? My full professorship might come very soon as well. You may not know, but your son is really popular right now. A university in England even invited me to join them, but I rejected them." Zhang Ye was the type to only mention the positives and not the negatives. He continued, "Alright Mom, I can't talk now, I need to finish memorizing my speech. Those amateurs might be fine with just going on stage and giving a simple speech, but I'm a professional host, so I can't do it so simply. That would be such a loss of face. Talk to you when I'm home."

"Alright, go busy yourself then. We'll talk later." His mother ended the call.

Zhang Ye held his cellphone and lowered his head, seriously reading through the script Dean Pan had handed to him earlier. He was not sloppy in the task given him and also wished to do his best. Zhang Ye had always set very high standards for himself and diligently performed to the best that he could manage as long as it was within his control. Even for a simple task like going on stage to give a speech, he found no disadvantage in reading the script a few times over.

Chapter 553 A big conflict!.

Some distance away.

There were some students noisily playing basketball. As there was no basketball court where they were at, the few Peking University freshmen were just casually passing the ball around. A girl's voice could also be heard laughing cheerfully as they played.

"Pass it to me."

"Haha."

"Watch out for the lake, don't throw it over there."

The birds were chirping and students were enjoying themselves, playing around.

This kind of a setting made Zhang Ye feel very relaxed. He did not use the memory search capsule for this as he managed to memorize most of the script after reading it a few times. The script basically did not carry any substantive information and was just a simple report of results to showcase the Chinese mathematics world's strengths while also touching on the Japanese university delegation's arrival and cooperation. It also talked of what they could work on together in the field of mathematics. There weren't too many words and it was easy to memorize too.

Suddenly, behind him, something happened.

"Hey!"

"The ball is getting away!"

"Watch out, there's a car!"

A few people shouted, not too loudly!

Then, the sound of a vehicle braking could be heard. Even though it was not too screeching, the sound still came from out of the nowhere and shocked Zhang Ye. He turned around to where the sounds had come from and saw three tourist buses stopped in the middle of the road. A basketball slowly rolled across the road in front of the bus ahead before bouncing several times down the staircase and ending up in the garden where a willow tree stood.

A female student of Peking University quickly went over to pick it up.

The other male student said, "Oh, sorry, I'm sorry!"

Meanwhile another university freshman looked at the bus driver apologetically and said, "We're sorry, the ball slipped out of my hands. It's my fault."

Around them, some students who were just passing by also stopped in their tracks and looked over to them before quickly turning back to carry on to where they were heading.

But at this moment, a window on the left side of the second bus opened up and a young person, probably a student, put his head out and said, "%^&*{@."

He obviously did not speak Chinese, saying what sounded like Japanese.

Another student on the bus looked out and appeared to utter a few words as well.

The Peking University freshman looked up. "Japanese?"

Inside the bus, the Japanese students all looked at him. “%^&*(@.”

The second and third buses were also full with Japanese students. All of them suddenly seemed to be exchanging words in Japanese, not only pointing at the person who was playing with the basketball earlier but also the surrounding Peking University students and even teachers, seemingly talking about them. Seeing how these Japanese students looked at them without much respect, they knew for sure that whatever they were talking about right now was definitely not good.

Suddenly, a year 3 female senior who was with her boyfriend at the garden area stared hard at them and stood up, shouting, “Those people are saying that students from Peking University have such low standards!”

When a year 2 male student heard this, he swore and said, “Damn! Did they really say that?”

The female senior said, “Of course! I majored in Japanese! They’re all students from Tokyo University!”

We have low standards?

We, students of Peking University, had low standards?

With this, all of the Peking University students who were present at the scene could not take it any longer!

“How can they say such things!”

“Who are you all referring to as having low standards!”

“Isn’t this just a simple matter of the basketball causing a small delay! Those students have already apologized, so what does that have to do with standards? Even stereotyping all of us at Peking University?”

The surrounding Peking University personnel were now blocking the 3 buses.

The female freshman who went to pick the ball up was furious now. You could have insulted just me, but how dare you insult all of us at Peking University? That’s unacceptable! “Is this the delegation from the Japanese university? Why does our school bother holding a welcome party for people like them? What kind of standards do they have! To talk in such a manner! How dare they insult us when they’re in our Peking University’s campus? Saying that we have low standards? What about yourselves! Look at the standards you have by saying such things about us!”

There was a translator who had come along with the Tokyo University entourage and also students who knew how to speak Chinese in the group. They translated to their fellow schoolmates in the buses and some Peking University students probably went too far with their words as well, thus leaving the Tokyo University group unhappy with what was said as well. A war of words began!

The two sides were arguing noisily!

The first bus ahead impatiently honked its horn continuously. Di, di, di, di, di, di, di! In this bus, there weren’t too many young people on it. Most of the passengers onboard were people in their thirties or forties, quite obviously the important heads of this Japanese university delegation. For example, a principal, a head of department, a member of the Japanese education world, or a Japanese journalist.

Finally, the doors on the first bus opened and a middle-aged man got off. He had a dark expression as he waved his hands like he was swatting flies and said hostilely, "Get out of the way! What are you all doing!?"

"Teacher Bai?"

"Teacher Bai!"

Many Peking University students knew him as Teacher Bai Yi, a teacher of the Japanese Department in Peking University. He specialized in the study of Japanese culture and was assigned as one of the persons-in-charge of the receiving party for the Japanese university delegation. He was also one of the people who spearheaded this project for the cooperation and exchange between the Chinese and Japanese universities. As Bai Yi's wife was Japanese and also a well-known teacher in Tokyo University, Bai Yi had enjoyed good relations with Tokyo University. In the language of the Chinese people, this meant that he was the son-in-law of Tokyo University. The rare exchange and cooperation between Peking University and Tokyo University could only have been possible with him as the matchmaker.

Bai Yi shouted, "Get back, all of you! Do you all even know what situation this is! What day is it today? Such an important exchange and cooperation event is being held! Why are you all causing trouble over here!"

A Peking University freshman stubbornly said, "It was they who started to insult us first!"

Bai Yi stared at him. "Which faculty are you from? Which class?"

When the freshman heard this, he turned timid and stopped talking!

Seeing that many of them no longer said much, Bai Yi pointed at the girl holding the basketball. "If you are playing basketball, go to the basketball courts. Why were you playing over here for! The ball nearly got under the bus! What if the bus overturned because of that? Are you going to be responsible? Go back, all of you! This is ridiculous!"

Another two people got out of the first bus. A man and a woman who had journalist tags hanging from around their necks came forward, and without a word, started snapping pictures of the Peking University students who were blocking the front of the bus. They even exchanged a few whispers in Japanese, talking about something similar sounding to what those Japanese students had said before about standards!

Bai Yi was taken aback when he saw this. He looked at the Peking University students with a cold stare but was more worried about what had just happened. He quickly went to the two and spoke in Chinese, "Reporter Honda, I think it was unnecessary to take those pictures, right?"

The reporter named Honda also replied in fluent Chinese, probably because they were the kind of reporters who were foreign correspondents. He said, "We were just taking some photos in case we needed them. Don't worry about it."

Bai Yi was indeed getting a little worried. "You mustn't use that. This was just a one-off case, our Peking University students still have very high standards of behavior."

The two reporters merely acknowledged him but continued taking photos.

A year 2 student got angry and raged at them, "What the f**k are you taking our pictures for!"

Bai Yi was getting even more annoyed than him. "You'd better shut up!"

"Teacher Bai!" said that Peking University student pointing his fingers at the Japanese. "Those people keep saying that we have low standards and continue to insult us, so why can't we say a few words ourselves?"

"Right!"

"Why!"

"They are even photographing us! What is the meaning of that!"

More and more people had gathered as many other Peking University students, who had received news of what was happening here, made their way over. Peking University's personnel were very united. Without even finding out what the situation was about, they followed along with the others who were here before them to surround the buses!

Bai Yi angrily said, "You all threw the basketball into the path of the bus first! Does this even make any sense now?!"

A female Peking University student cleared her throat and said, "What makes you think that was on purpose? It was just an accidental slip of hand and we also came forward to apologize immediately. We even apologized more than once! So why did they have to insult us? Not only that, they even insulted Peking University? They've basically insulted everyone from here! If they just insulted me alone, I could bear it! But they shouldn't have insulted our whole school!"

People from Peking University were very proud of their alma mater and this was a very difficult thing to explain in words!

Those Peking University students who had just arrived on the scene finally understood the situation when they heard that. One by one, they became agitated and started trading insults as well!

"These bunch of Japanese!"

"Coming to our school and insulting us?"

"I would rather welcome a fart than welcome them! Let them go back to where they came from!"

"Coming to Peking University to insult Peking University? Just who are the ones with the low standards here!"

"Get lost! Go back to your country! It's not like we begged you to come anyway!"

With the history of hatred between the two countries, many people already did not harbor any good feelings in the first place for the Japanese. Furthermore, these were all youths who were hot-blooded, and angry youths in their twenties who were forced to take part in some welcoming ceremony for the Japanese guests. When these guests arrived, they still showed disrespect for their school and insulted them, so naturally tempers flared and many of these those who were there informed their friends to come over to the scene!

“Hello? Wang’er, come quickly!”

“The foreigners are looking for trouble in our territory!”

“Come over quickly! Something’s happened over here! At the garden on the west side of the artificial lake!”

Phone call after phone call. Soon the lakeside was surrounded by over a thousand students. As this area was not far from the student dormitories, everyone made their way here very quickly and a crowd had formed!

Finally, a middle-aged Japanese person stepped out of the first bus. He looked to be the person-in-charge of the delegation and had an expression of displeasure. He looked at Bai Yi and obviously had a lot of questions for him, but who could have expected such a situation to have happened.

Bai Yi was about to explode from his anger as well. He had pushed hard for the exchange program to happen this time. But something so unhappy had occurred even before the exchange could officially kick off. Although this wasn’t likely to affect the cooperation and exchange of both sides, it had still stained all the effort they had put in so far. Bai Yi explained to the Japanese side quickly and offered them his apologies, “It is our negligence that this is happening and have caused you, our guests, to be frightened unnecessarily. I will handle this promptly!”

The middle-aged Japanese man nodded before getting back onto the bus unhappily.

Chapter 554 Troublemaker Zhang Ye!

The conflict was gradually getting bigger and bigger.

The number of people who were blockading the road kept increasing!

Yao Mi, Li Li, and Li Ying, along with a few other classmates who were supposed to be headed to the hall to get seats, had also been called over by their friends. When they understood the situation here, what else could they say but to also start their scolding those people!

“So numbing!” Li Ying said.

Li Li said angrily, “They came to our house and bullied our family?”

Yao Mi pointed at the buses and said, “You are the ones with truly low standards! Your whole family is low quality!”

The straight-A student, Senior Song from Zhang Ye’s elective course last semester, was here as well. She did not scold anyone but there was a dark expression on her face. She said, “In the past, it has always been a crossing of swords on a diplomatic level. No matter how ruffian or shameless they are, at most there would be an argument over the internet. Now that we’re holding a ceremony to welcome them, these people are still the same and even scolded and looked down on us on such an occasion. What is the meaning of that? They even walked right up to our doorstep to scold us?”

The class troublemaker, Senior Zhou, led the protests, “Get out! Peking University does not welcome you all!”

“Right!”

“Get out!”

“Get the hell out of here!”

Everyone protested loudly!

The Japanese students in the second and third buses did not show any signs of weakness either. Although they had less people, they also had their pride. When they were faced with this situation, they scolded the protesters back in Japanese!

Bai Yi anxiously said, “Get back, all of you! Get back now!”

At the beginning when there were less people, Bai Yi could hold back the students with just his voice. But when the number of people protesting increased, Bai Yi could no longer do much. No one bothered with him anymore. He had lost his position when he did not stand up for the Peking University students after they had been insulted by the Japanese students. He even apologized to the Japanese delegates? Putting our status beneath theirs? Are you a teacher of Peking University or Tokyo University! And so, the Peking University students had their trust in Bai Yi plummet!

The three buses were blocked by the people and could not move.

Zhang Ye, sitting cross-legged at the long bench in the garden, was observing all of the goings-on but did not go forward to do anything. Since the Peking University students did not suffer any loss and were already surrounding the Japanese, if he were to go forward now, should he be calming the situation down or joining in the scolding as well? Both were not viable options, so he might as well just stay where he was.

In this conflict, it was difficult to assign blame to either side. The Peking University students should have been more careful and not caused the incident of the basketball slipping from their hands. But after having apologized for their wrong, the Japanese students should also have not insulted them. Both sides had their fair share of the fault, together with Bai Yi not effectively doing his duty as a Peking University teacher. And the most obvious problem was the existence of nationalistic differences—all of these were the contributing factors that inspired this conflict!

There were over a thousand students by now, so the teachers and heads of the school were naturally alarmed as well. As a large portion of the teachers were in meetings or had already proceeded to the hall, most of them arrived late!

The first one to turn up was a leader of Peking University who shouted out from a far distance away upon reaching the lake, “Make way!”

A big group of teachers following behind also rushed over angrily, with Professor Yan from the Chinese Department being one of them. Looking at their expressions, it could be seen that the situation here was giving them all a headache. Before all this, the chancellor’s office had specially instructed each faculty’s teachers to perform their duties diligently. They were to ensure that everything would go smoothly during this Sino-Japanese University Exchange program, but who knew that such a big incident had already occurred when the guest had just arrived!

Su Na had keen eyes and spotted someone familiar. "Teacher Zhang?"

Professor Yan also saw Zhang Ye and got even angrier. "Zhang Ye, the students are making such a mess here! Why are you still not doing anything and just sitting around over here!"

Zhang Ye replied in a serious tone, "I was waiting for a chance to make my move."

Professor Zeng, "....."

Professor Yan, "....."

Waiting for a chance my ass! He definitely did not intend on getting involved. Since no one got hurt and there was no fighting, with the Peking University students scolding so passionately and happily, he wanted them to enjoy themselves a little longer. A chance to scold the Japanese in a face-to-face encounter was so rare. Yes, that was what Zhang Ye thought to himself, but as a teacher of the people, he definitely could not say that out loud.

Su Na, who understood Zhang Ye better than any of their colleagues, also thought to herself that with Zhang Ye's temperament, you all are still expecting him to go stop the protest? Hur, you won't even know which side he will stand on!

A Peking University teacher said, "Stand back! Everyone, quiet!"

Yao Mi was still scolding with her hands out, pointing to the bus window, "You! You shorty! What are you looking at! That's right, I'm scolding you! This is infuriating! How dare you spit at me!"

Professor Yan halted the protest by saying, "Who dares to continue shouting!"

With that intervention by him, many of the protesters immediately quieted down. As there were a lot of Peking University teachers present now and many of them were even the main subject teachers of these students, most of them did not dare go further than what they did already.

The school's head teachers said, "What is this nonsense! This is absolute nonsense!"

Su Na also pulled a student back, "Zhao Mian, stop it!"

Professor Zeng looked over to his own students and signaled for them to stop it.

Gradually, the Peking University students all calmed down but many of them were still staring at the people on board the buses.

Sensing the situation under control, Bai Yi walked over to the teachers in a rage. "This bunch of students! Do they even know the graveness of the situation? Find the protest leaders! Those guilty will be severely punished!"

The teachers who had just arrived also understood the situation. One middle-aged woman who taught sociology and felt sorry for her students said, "It's just a small misunderstanding. I don't think there's a need to mete out severe punishment for this. We should just criticize them and let them learn from this instead."

However, Professor Yan disagreed, "The effects of today's behavior are grave. We need to teach them a lesson and give them an ideological education, so punishment is definitely necessary!"

Another teacher said, "Indeed, this is not acceptable!"

A deputy director from the Office of School Leadership said, "If we hadn't stopped this in time, it would have gone out of hand for sure!"

The Sino-Japanese cooperation at this time was prioritized as very important by Peking University. The Japanese Prime Minister was also making a visit to China and heavily emphasized the new developments between the two countries in the media. With such heavyweight backing behind this matter, what they were most afraid of was precisely anti-Japanese sentiments like that. The news of students blockading a bus full of Japanese students greatly highlighted such sentiments and was taken very seriously. At a sensitive time like this, this could even be implicated as a diplomatic issue and become a complicated matter.

As a result, a Peking University leader immediately looked for the Japanese delegation's person-in-charge on the first bus to explain the situation, resolving the matter privately. A few other Peking University staff members also communicated with the Japanese reporters to persuade them to not report on this matter.

With the incident over.

The rest was only rehabilitation work.

After Bai Yi sought the approval of the school's head teachers, he was ready to mete out the punishment to those involved. But it was impossible to do so on so many people. There were thousands of them, so he decided to only find those leaders of the protest or those who had scolded most fiercely to set an example for punishment!

"You!" Bai Yi looked around and picked out a freshman out of the crowd, "Were you the one who threw the ball onto the road?"

The freshman was frightened by this singling out. As he was from a poor family in a small county of the city, him making it to Peking University had already been a difficult task. When he heard that he would be punished, his face turned pale.

Bai Yi looked at him and said, "It was you, wasn't it? I remember that it was you!"

The freshman was about to falter.

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, "It wasn't him."

Bai Yi looked over. "Eh?"

"I was seating at the garden all this time and I saw everything very clearly," Zhang Ye said frankly.

Bai Yi frowned. "I remember that it was him. He was wearing a baseball cap."

Zhang Ye shook his head. "The one who was playing basketball was indeed wearing a baseball cap, but it's a blue cap."

“Really? Uh.” As there were too many people there, students of similar ages, all with a nose and two eyes, so it was normal that they couldn’t differentiate the students apart too easily. It would be more of a shock if someone could really remember what or who they saw in that crowd.

Not far away.

No matter how Yao Mi looked at him, she still found Bai Yi irritating. She whispered in a low voice, “He can’t even remember a face, how lousy. This Bai Yi only knows how to make things difficult for Peking University students. So what if he has a Japanese wife. Does that make him truly Japanese? He’s just working for them!”

But Li Li voiced some doubts, “That can’t be.”

The elder brother of the twins, Li Ying, said, “Why?”

Li Li explained, “When Dongzi called us just now, she mentioned that it was Chen Dahai from her class who caused the basketball incident Isn’t that person Chen Dahai?”

Yao Mi was stunned. “Do you mean...”

Li Li nodded. “Yes.”

Yao Mi slapped one of her legs. “So even Uncle Zhang remembered it incorrectly!”

“Ah?” Li Li nearly fainted when he heard that. “Don’t you get it? Teacher was here since the beginning. How could he have gotten it wrong?”

Yao Mi still couldn’t react well. “What do you mean?”

Li Ying thought it through and then took a deep breath before explaining, “Mimi, do you remember that when Teacher Zhang spoke about Dream of the Red Chamber, he did so without the help of a script? He just closed his eyes and could describe the chapter and passage of Dream of the Red Chamber without getting it wrong, right down to the punctuation. With a memory like that, do you think that Teacher Zhang would get it wrong when the person is standing right in front of him?”

Hearing that, Yao Mi finally understood what he meant. She said loudly, “You’re saying that...”

“Shh.” Li Li quickly covered her mouth. “My grandaunt! Don’t say it so loudly!”

Yao Mi immediately nodded and looked at Zhang Ye with stars shining in her eyes.

When the freshman heard Zhang Ye defending him, he was also stunned. Not me? How could it not be me? It was me! I was the one who accidentally threw the basketball out! Why is Teacher Zhang Ye...thinking up to there, the freshman suddenly understood. He stared at Zhang Ye and thought that he saw him surreptitiously winking him. At this moment, his heart was warmed and his eyes turned red!

Teacher Zhang was lying!

He knew very well that it was him! But blatantly said that it wasn’t!

A teacher was actually lying so that he could defend him!

Other than being moved, the freshman did not know how to react or feel!

Chapter 555 Shielding the helpless!

At the scene.

A few teachers went around “catching” those involved, while Professor Yan questioned them.

Having let the baseball-capped student escape, Bai Yi couldn’t just let the issue slide like this. Because a big incident like this had happened, he had to find a few of those who were accountable to set an example to the others. He scanned the crowd looking for people while the Peking University students all sought to hide themselves from him, some of them feeling guilty. Bai Yi looked hard for a while and found one as he pointed at a male student in the crowd not far away from him. “You, you scolded and insulted the most fiercely just now, spouting curse words and all! That is unacceptable!”

The student looked down on the ground.

“What’s your name!? Which faculty are you from?” Bai Yi interrogated coldly.

When he knew Bai Yi was going to use him to set an example, probably with a heavy punishment, the 3rd year senior, who was cursing so much earlier that sparks flew, became so nervous that his back was drenched in sweat. “I...I...” he said, panicking.

Bai Yi questioned him, “What’s your name?”

Then, Zhang Ye blinked and said from afar again, “Teacher Bai, are you looking for the person who was standing at the side window of the third bus, scolding someone?”

How does this concern you again? Bai Yi frowned. “This is he.”

Zhang Ye waved his hands and said very assuredly, “It’s not him. He looks like that guy but it’s not him. They are both wearing white tops, but that person was wearing jeans instead. I remember it clearly and he has already run off to the side of the lake.”

Jeans?

Seriously? I remembered wrongly?

Bai Yi was almost speechless. “Teacher Zhang, you seem to have pretty good memory!”

Zhang Ye laughed. “It’s not bad. We broadcast hosts usually handle scripts quite often and even have to do unscripted hosting sometimes. So we get to train our memories very often as a result. Believe me, Teacher Bai, when it comes to memory, it’s not that I want to boast, but I don’t think there are many here better than me.”

If it were anyone else who said it, their colleagues might just brush it off as boasting, but because it was Zhang Ye who said it, everyone believed him. Not mentioning other examples, when Zhang Ye was giving his lectures on Dream of the Red Chamber or when he did his “Talk Show” in a live broadcast, he had not used any script at all. So what did he depend on? Clearly, he depended on his superb memory. The teachers of Peking University were all used to reading from a textbook or notes when they taught their classes. Without the need for them to go off script, their memories were clearly not as good as a professional host like Zhang Ye. This was something they too would admit to.

Bai Yi was also a little unsure about it, and when Zhang Ye assured him that he got it wrong, he also started doubting his own memory and couldn't argue about it.

Over a dozen of the Peking University teachers looked at Zhang Ye.

Those Peking University students also looked over at the same time. Even if the teachers could not recognize the students, they themselves were classmates or dormmates, so how could they not recognize each other? Would they forget? By now, they all realized that Teacher Zhang Ye was actually protecting them. Then, many of them started to disperse, especially those who had scolded very fiercely just now, knowing that it was smarter to just leave the scene!

"Let's go quickly."

"We have to leave now!"

"I'm making a move first!"

"Wait for me!"

With so many people leaving, the teachers couldn't possibly hold them back one by one.

Professor Yan looked at one female student. "She's should be one of them, right?"

An old professor beside him muttered, "I think so, I think I saw her scolding just now."

Bai Yi also saw the girl and had quite a deep impression of her from earlier. He grasp the 3rd year student by her arm and said, "Don't you try to leave! Stay here! You were the one who spat at the bus just now! Don't you know that there are Japanese university delegates on the bus? Ah? Are you trying to revolt!"

The 3rd year female student looked stunned and put on an innocent front saying, "It wasn't me." In actual fact, she knew clearly that she was the one who led a few others to spit at the bus.

Bai Yi did not waver this time, "That was you! Come with me!"

The girl was getting nervous. "Teacher Bai, don't pull me!"

"May I interrupt?" Zhang Ye waved at them. "Well, the one who spat at the bus wasn't her."

What?

Again!?

Finally, Bai Yi could not longer stand it and he stared at Zhang Ye angrily. "Not this one again? Teacher Zhang, are you creating trouble on purpose here?"

Zhang Ye did not look too friendly either. "Teacher Bai, why are you accusing me of making trouble when it is you who has a bad memory?"

Bai Yi said, "I saw her myself, clearly!"

Professor Yan also said flatly, "I saw it too, it was her!"

The girl immediately looked to Zhang Ye, her eyes signaling for help!

Zhang Ye's tone was very firm. "But I saw it clearly myself too. It wasn't her. The girl who spat was shorter than her. Her eyes are not this big either," Zhang Ye said as he appeared to be recollecting what he saw. "I think I saw her just now too, but she went ahead with the crowd and left already. It was just a short moment ago." As he said that, he randomly pointed in a general direction.

Bai Yi clenched his teeth and said, "Then look for that person and bring her here!"

Zhang Ye shrugged. "Oh, there are so many people around, where do you expect me to start looking? You should know that I'm a new teacher here and have only been at Peking University for a few months. I'm not that familiar with the students here and might not be able to recognize them again. If you bring me the photos of all the students, I might be able to give it a try, but you know, a person usually looks different when photographed, so that would not work either."

"Don't bother looking. This time we definitely did not identify her wrongly!" Professor Yan said without even looking at Zhang Ye. He added, "A few of us teachers can vouch that we saw her spitting at the buses, clear as day. Bring her to the office!"

The girl was almost in tears by now.

Zhang Ye's eyes narrowed. "I'll say this again. It was not this student. If the student committed a mistake, then they deserve to be punished. But if it was because of your failing memories that you can't identify the right person and just want to get a scapegoat to answer to the superiors, then that is surely unfair to the students!"

A staff member from the Office of School Leadership said, "It was obviously her. I saw it too. What do you mean by saying that we're just catching her to use her as a scapegoat? Teacher Zhang, you can't talk like that!"

Su Na stepped forward to speak for Zhang Ye, "There were so many people at the time and so many girls had ponytails too. It's not uncommon even if you all identified her wrongly. If you can't conclusively prove that it was this student who spat, then you shouldn't take her away and directly deal punishment to her."

Professor Yan said, "I did not remember wrongly! Little Su, stop giving me trouble!"

Su Na was also not happy at this. "Professor Yan, what did you mean by that? Did I offend you?" What you say was correct but what others say would be considered creating trouble? Does that make sense!?

Bai Yi, who was annoyed by now, said, "So many of us teachers saw her spitting at the bus. How can you say we got it wrong? Why is it not Zhang Ye who got it wrong instead! Are his words conclusive evidence?"

Zhang Ye said, "Because I have a better memory than all of you."

Professor Yan said, "Stop it, let's just bring her away!"

Just when the Peking University students had finished with their arguments, the Peking University teachers were now arguing as well!

Zhang Ye held on firmly to the 3rd year female student, standing beside her, saying, "Based on what? If I say it's not her, then it's not her. Are you all doubting my judgement?"

Bai Yi was starting to get stirred up by Zhang Ye. He said, "Your memory is good? And you can even remember everything!?"

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, "I dare not say so, but that's almost right."

A female teacher tried to resolve the matter by saying, "Let's drop it. The heads of the school didn't ask for punishments to be given out anyway. The semester has just started and the students don't have it easy either. We teachers should stop fighting over this matter too." What this female teacher said had some truth in it as well. The cause of the incident was not some big issue in the first place but because of both sides not handling the matter well from the start. The Japanese were also a big part of the problem, thus leading to the incident, so the Peking University students couldn't be fully blamed either. Besides, the Japanese delegation did not touch on this matter, so why are we firmly trying to assign blame and mete out punishment? There was no need to do that and not worth doing so either. If our teachers were to fight among ourselves as well, then wouldn't the Japanese delegation make a joke out of us if they saw it?

But somehow Bai Yi had other thoughts and he kept insisting on punishing the students as though he wanted to see them get expelled from the university so that he could answer to the Japanese. He did not bother about what the female teacher said and just stared at Zhang Ye. "Alright, you say that your memory is good? Did you read Morning Post today?"

"Of course I did." Zhang Ye had read it at home, so he did not deny it.

Bai Yi nodded and said, "So then, tell me, what news was on the third page of this morning's paper?!"

Oh, so that's what he wants to ask? Zhang Ye laughed as he reached for his left pinky with his right hand, like he was tinkering with something.

"Can't answer?" Bai Yi said coldly. "And you dare to claim that you have a good memory? There are always times when people misidentify or misremember things, but here you are, claiming that you have a better memory than all of the teachers here. You even want to declare that only the things you say are valid? Sure then, why don't you show us some proof? We won't believe it just based on your word alone!" A lot of people could see by now that Zhang Ye was probably defending the students.

The 3rd year female student's heart skipped a bit. This time, it was over!

She and a few of her classmates were standing off to the side, feeling anxious, not knowing what to do.

When Bai Yi saw that Zhang Ye was standing there with his eyes closed, he scoffed at him and went up to the 3rd year female student to take her away. Professor Yan and two other teachers went forward to help him.

But at this moment, Zhang Ye slowly opened his eyes and said, "In the whole of last year, newspapers in the People's Republic of China presented two forking trends in readership. On one hand, with the positive effects of the country's cultural development policies, the central-level newspapers' sales figures and print runs had a growth increase. On the other, with the acceptance of digital readership, especially news media for the mobile market opening up, this has led markets of provincial-level newspapers to be impacted and experience a fall in index figures. At the same time, the overall market

share for digital news media has gained a higher proportion of increase, with a rapid growth of other new digital content services.”

Everyone was stunned!

Professor Yan, “.....”

Bai Yi, “....”

Su Na, “.....”

Yao Mi, “.....”

Professor Zeng, “.....”

3rd year female student, “.....”

Everyone who had heard it were stunned at that moment!

What is this? What was this? Morning newspaper? The third page of the morning newspaper??

A student exclaimed, “What the f**k! Teacher Zhang really remembered it!?”

Yao Mi stared and said, “How can that be possible? Most people just browse through the papers, don’t they? And, somehow, you could even goddamn remember something like that?!”

Chapter 556 Teacher Zhang Ye is quite the interesting person!

This really left quite a number of them shocked!

A teacher who was beside Bai Yi was dumbfounded, but managed to open his briefcase to take out a crumpled newspaper of this morning’s Morning Post and quickly flipped to the third page of it!

He couldn’t possibly have remembered it all!

I won’t believe this!

Suddenly, many of the teachers surrounded him, including Bai Yi and a few others who doubted that Zhang Ye had really remembered it all!

When Bai Yi suggested to Zhang Ye to recite the passage from the third page of the Morning Post, he was just saying it in jest. Even he did not know what was on it and he only said it to prove his point that no matter how good Zhang Ye’s memory was as a host, there would still be times when he couldn’t possibly remember everything. But who knew that such a situation would happen, as Zhang Ye recited the passage in whole, word for word? Bai Yi completely had no response to this!

Zhang Ye continued speaking very quickly, without a pause, as though he were a newscaster reporting the news in the studio, “...The total print run as compared to the year before was essentially flat. Nationwide newspaper print run totaled 48.24 billion, essentially a flat increment compared to last year. Among these, central-level newspaper print runs were at 8.8 billion. Local papers numbered 40.16 billion print runs. The total breakdown for the provinces are as follows: Guangdong, 4,360,210,000; Zhejiang, 3,462,800,000; Shandong, 3,163,150,000; Jiangsu, 2,857,380,000; Shanxi, 2,194,270,000;

Henan, 2,142,260,000; Hubei, 1,982,020,000; Sichuan, 1,699,200,000; Hebei, 1,642,440,000; Liaoning, 1,632,320,000.”

When Zhang Ye finished reading the first passage, everyone was shocked. Then, when he went on to give the statistics accurately, “shocking” was no longer a valid description for what they were feeling now! They immediately verified it with the newspapers in their hand!

4,360,210,000 print runs?

It was correct!

3,462,800,000 print runs?

It was correct too!

You can even remember such random statistical numbers?

One of the teachers drew in a deep breath and said, “He’s got it all correct! Not a single word was wrong!”

Su Na also cursed in her heart. Even though she knew that Zhang Ye had a good ability at going off-script, she did not expect him to be this good! Was it photographic memory?

There were actually still a lot more passages in the report, but seeing everyone’s reactions, Zhang Ye did not go on any further and just said to Bai Yi, “Teacher Bai, is that good enough for you?”

Bai Yi choked a bit and did not say anything.

Zhang Ye laughed. “I suppose my memory’s quite good, right?”

When everyone heard this, they could only think to themselves that this was more than good, this was heaven-defying!

The teachers, who were about to take the 3rd year female student away, could only look at each other, unable to say nothing. What else was there left to say anyway! Even if they knew that Zhang Ye was trying to shield the student suspects, they could no longer say anything. Zhang Ye had proven himself to have an amazing memory. Having read the newspaper just once in the morning, he could recite it word for word to them. But what could they do? They probably couldn’t even repeat the headlines after having just read the newspaper. None of them here could do anything close or similar to what Zhang Ye had just done! With him affirming that it wasn’t that girl who spat at the buses, who else could say anything? Who else could stand up to show Zhang Ye that they had a better memory than him?

And so, the matter was dropped.

Zhang Ye turned to the 3rd year female student and gave her a pat on the shoulder. “It’s all good now, you may go back.”

The girl was incredibly moved and could only muster up the words, “Thank you, Teacher Zhang! Thank you, Teacher Zhang!”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “It wasn’t you who spat at the buses anyway, I was just saying what should be said. Don’t thank me, go back to your dorm and get some rest.”

The girl nodded furiously and left soon after. She was initially still wondering if Teacher Zhang had really made a mistake and did not recognize her, but those doubts were all cleared by now. For a person who could regurgitate what he read just once in the morning newspaper, which was even random statistics and numbers, how could he possibly have made a mistake in recognizing the perpetrators? Teacher Zhang Ye must have known that she was the one who spat and he definitely did not get it wrong, but he still lied to protect her. This...

The situation with the Japanese delegation also seemed to have been resolved. Through the bus windows, a head of the school could be seen talking with a member of the Japanese group. Both of them had smiles on their faces and showed no signs of tension. The matter was probably dealt with and settled amicably as the head of the school waved, as if signaling to those at the front of the buses to give way so that the buses could continue to where they were headed. The crowd scattered. The buses started their engines again with the head of the school and a few of Peking University's teachers still in it and headed for the hall.

Bai Yi could only look on at the crowd of dispersing students as he did not manage to get even one of them for punishment. He felt a little aggrieved by this and started feeling some hatred towards Zhang Ye as well. He knew Zhang Ye was giving him trouble on purpose!

Because the welcome ceremony was about to begin, the teachers quickly made their way to the hall.

Professor Zeng came up to him. "Little Zhang, let's go."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Sure."

"Did you do that to protect the students?" Professor Zeng asked him in a quiet voice.

Zhang Ye answered him in a consistent manner, "No, why would I help them? They did not do anything at all."

Professor Zeng nodded and pursued no further.

Su Na came up from behind and secretly gave Zhang Ye a thumbs up. "Good job! Your memory is too godly!"

"Hai, it's so-so," said Zhang Ye, who knew clearly that it wasn't his memory but the effect of the Memory Search Capsule that he had bought from the game ring's Merchant Shop immediately after being challenged by Bai Yi. The duration of the capsule was 5 minutes, but could be canceled by Zhang Ye at anytime. It wasn't necessary for him to use the whole 5 minutes if it was just a small fragment of memory like the report in the newspaper that he needed to search for. All it took was a few seconds. It was a piece of cake for him.

.....

Throughout the campus.

Rumors of Zhang Ye began spreading.

"How crazy! Teacher Zhang's memory is so good that it's out of this world!"

"That's secondary. I suppose we all understand the same thing? Teacher Zhang was protecting us!"

"I know that. The senior who spat at the bus did it while I was standing beside her, so it was definitely her. And the freshman who was pointed out by Teacher Bai as the cause of the incident, he was definitely the person who let the basketball slip out of his own hands. Yet Teacher Zhang kept insisting that it wasn't them. Honestly speaking, this is the first time I've met a teacher like that!"

"Yeah, when I heard Teacher Zhang Ye say that it was not them, I nearly choked up. Damn it, Teacher Zhang, you're really too loyal!"

"That's what a good teacher ought to be!"

"This incident was so maddening! Luckily for us, Zhang Ye was on our side!"

"As the old saying goes, 'adversity shows who the true friends are.' I can finally understand that now. We are all clear about those who treat us well and those who are hypocrites!"

"Shh, be less loud when you all discuss about this matter in the future. We cannot betray Teacher Zhang's loyalty to us and spill the beans this way. Be careful of what you say. The walls have ears!"

"Yes, yes, yes, tell that to the others as well, we need everyone to keep this a secret!"

"Don't worry about it then!"

"You think we need you to tell us that?"

"That's for sure! Even if they have a knife to my neck, I will not say anything!"

"I will acknowledge Teacher Zhang Ye from now! He's really an interesting guy!"

Chapter 557 Changing the script?

In the afternoon.

At Peking University's Centennial Hall.

"It's about to begin."

"Let's hurry up, everyone."

"The delegation has already arrived."

"Don't squeeze, line up properly."

A security team was stationed at the door.

The students were lining up in front of the main entrance for admission while teachers and staff of Peking University were entering the hall from the side.

After Zhang Ye entered the hall along with the others, he separated from Professor Zeng, Su Na, and the rest of the Chinese Department teachers as he had a seat reserved at the front row. Since he was slated to give a speech later, he needed to be close to the stage. He was also put at the front so that he could entertain the foreign guest mathematicians who were the elites of their respective countries' math worlds. There were even two world-class mathematicians among them who had come from afar because of Zhang Ye's recent proof to Dale's Conjecture. It was already quite unfitting that Zhang Ye did

not take part in the verification process, so if he did not entertain them today, it would be quite the outrage and would not bode well for their country's hospitality to guests.

In the middle of the first row.

Zhang Ye saw a person calling for him.

Xin Ya waved her hands and said, "Over here."

"We'll be sitting on the first row?" Zhang Ye asked.

Dean Pan, who had left a seat beside him empty for Zhang Ye, said, "Sit over here. It's all been arranged already. The Japanese delegation will be seated upstairs."

Zhang Ye nodded and sat down firmly in his seat.

Han Henian, sitting three seats away from him, asked, "What happened earlier outside? Why did the students block the bus from moving on such an important occasion?"

Zhang Ye said, "It was just a minor misunderstanding, not a big matter."

Han Henian said, "If that's not a big matter, then nothing else is."

Dean Pan said, "It should have already been resolved."

Although they had been in the hall entertaining the foreign mathematicians, they still knew quite clearly about what had happened outside earlier. There was probably someone who informed them about it.

It seemed that even a French mathematician knew about it, as he asked Zhang Ye about the matter. "I heard that Professor Zhang has a photographic memory?"

A foreign translator translated his words into Chinese, which sounded very stiff to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye laughed and waved it off. "That's not true. I'm not that capable."

Behind them, four rows away, a female teacher from the Fine Arts Department, who was present at the scene of the incident, asked curiously, "Teacher Zhang, how were you able to memorize that newspaper report?"

Zhang Ye turned around to the female teacher and said, "Because that news report had mostly numbers in it."

The Fine Arts department female teacher asked, now even more curious, "Wouldn't it be more difficult if there were more numbers in it?"

Xin Ya spoke on behalf of Zhang Ye, explaining, "Hur hur, we are engaged in the field of mathematical work, so of course we are more sensitive to numbers."

"Oh, so that's why," said the fine arts teacher. "You math people are really great!"

A young teacher of the Math Department laughed. "Teacher Kong, I don't think that has anything to do with whether or not we're engaged in math work. The main reason is still down the Teacher Zhang himself. I checked the article online just now and read through it once, but if you ask me to repeat those

numbers again, I would need two hours to memorize them and might still get it wrong.” They knew of the incident that happened outside as well, and were discussing it before Zhang Ye had arrived.

Several teachers started chatting.

Zhang Ye also occasionally joined in, but still focused more on speaking in English to the foreign mathematicians.

The crowd in the hall gradually increased, the noisy chatter of people getting louder. It was so loud that one might not even be able to hear the person beside them.

At this moment, a Peking University staff member came looking for Zhang Ye.

“Teacher Zhang.”

“You’re looking for me?”

“Can you come over for a while? There’s something we need to tell you.”

“OK.”

Zhang Ye followed the youth, and noticed that Professor Yan and another Peking University teacher had been called over as well. The four of them went together to a quiet spot in the backstage. Although Professor Yan and Zhang Ye were both Chinese Department teachers, because of their enmity, they did not talk much even when they met.

Professor Yan asked, “What’s the matter?”

The young staff member immediately responded, “The heads of the school have instructed you to ensure that the content for your speeches later are appropriate for the occasion. They want the speeches to emphasize the friendship between China and Japanese. Because the blockade of the buses earlier caused quite a negative effect, with the Japanese delegation’s leaders and persons-in-charge voicing displeasure over it, you may all add some criticism of the nationalistic behavior of the students involved in the incident or similar incidents affecting the relationship of our two countries into your speeches, if it is appropriate. But do not talk about or bring up any details of today’s incident.”

Professor Yan and the other teacher both understood the intent behind this. The Japanese Prime Minister was currently in China for a diplomatic visit with the focus on such issues being discussed. Yet on this same day, during the Sino-Japanese University Exchange, an unhappy incident had taken place. This was quite an embarrassment, or perhaps to put it into perspective, could potentially be a dangerous incident since it was a sensitive issue. Being the top institution in China, Peking University definitely did not want this to send the wrong signal, and as such, wanted to express their attitude towards such sensitivities by criticizing such anti-Japanese behavior or similar incidents. They wanted to remind everyone to stay rational and objective when it came to such things and to promote the friendship between the Chinese and Japanese. As for the reason to not mention the incident from today, it was understandable since there were so many reporters present. It was better that they not bring it up to avoid any potential misunderstandings.

The other teacher said, “Is there still time to change the speech?”

The staff member said, "There's no need for major changes, just a few words or sentences to emphasize these points will do. You may decide for yourselves what's appropriate. I won't interfere since I am just passing along the school's heads' message to you."

That teacher nodded. "I'll think about it."

However, Zhang Ye wasn't too happy about it. "I won't be changing anything. I am just giving a speech about mathematics and all that doesn't have anything to do with me." After he said that, he turned around to leave.

The staff said, "Teacher Zhang, it's best that you touch a bit on it. Just add a few words during your conclusion, like after your speech on academics, praise the Japanese mathematics world a little and express that you are looking forward to working with the Japanese universities for the long term. That will be good enough."

But Zhang Ye did not hold back and just said, "I'm not looking forward to it though."

Look forward to working with them? That Japanese mathematician was already snubbing me from the moment we met and kept doubting me about many things, not wanting to believe that Dale's Conjecture had been proven by a Chinese person. With that attitude, how would you expect me to want to work with them? And you think I'd look forward to it? Look forward, your sister!

The staff: "....." F**k, you being too direct!

Professor Yan glanced despisingly at him and went off elsewhere to make changes to his script.

The other teacher who was also lined up to give a speech was tickled funny by Zhang Ye. "Teacher Zhang, I will go back first. Why don't you just randomly add a line or two. After all, this is a political task." He seemed to be alright with the arrangements and was willing to say whatever the heads wanted him to.

Today's Sino-Japanese University Exchange was a rare event in the history books. It was also one of the more recent cooperations between the two top institutions from both countries and carried a significant meaning. If anything were to go wrong, heads would roll. With so many Japanese reporters turning up, it could be said that many in Japan were paying attention to this event as well. An important event on an important day like this, the speeches would definitely need to be comprehensively and diligently given. It was different to those speeches given at a school's opening ceremony or a graduation ceremony. If anything goes wrong, so be it? If it said with negligence, so be it? That's absolutely not tolerated! Of these sorts of politically motivated speeches, other than stuttering, no other mistakes could be allowed! If anything went wrong, it would have a great effect!

This was the reason why the heads of the school had such strict requirement for the speeches. It was so that any necessary intents could be added into the scripts!

"Teacher Zhang, come on," the staff member said to him.

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, "We'll see how it goes. It's too late to change the script."

The staff member was getting impatient with him and said, "You're a teacher of the Chinese Department. Just adding a few more words shouldn't be difficult for you, right? Anyway, this is a request

by the heads of the school. I've already passed the message to you." Everything that needed to be said was already said and his task was complete. As he still had other things to do, he went on ahead to busy himself with work.

Zhang Ye gave him a look before going back into the hall.

I already couldn't be bothered to give a speech about academics, now you even want to add this and that? Get lost!

Chapter 558 Public outcry!

In the hall.

When he got back to his seat, Zhang Ye passed the script of the speech back to Dean Pan and told him, "You should look for someone else to give the speech. I won't be able to do it."

Dean Pan wondered, "What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye said, "The heads requested we add something to it."

When he heard the minimal amount of explanation, Dean Pan immediately understood. "It's too late to make a change now; that won't be possible. You need to do it. Teacher Little Zhang, this is a crucial moment. Why don't we do it this way instead? I will get someone to write on your behalf if you don't wish to write it yourself. We'll get them to add in what the heads of the school have requested and you will only need to read from the script." Dean Pan personally did not like doing this as well, because to him, all he was interested about was the subject itself, not the politically motivated messages that either gave praise to you, him, them, or anyone. It took away from the sincerity of the speech when that happened. But being involved in education, as a member of Peking University, he could not help but give in. Working in this corrupt world, he could only try his best to find a balance and move along.

After ten minutes of persuasion, Zhang Ye still refused to commit. As Dean Pan had made an exception in promoting him to the position of associate professor, Zhang Ye felt that he should be giving him face by do something in return for the dean. But in his heart, Zhang Ye really did not have a good impression of these Japanese people. If he wasn't convinced to do something, then it would be very difficult for others to force him to do it.

Dean Pan said, "That's it then. Don't argue anymore. It's about to begin."

Zhang Ye helplessly said, "Dean Pan."

Dean Pan pointed at the foreigners and laughed. "Those foreign mathematicians are all looking forward to your report and speech. They're really looking forward to it."

On stage, the host was about ready. In the hall, 80% of the seats were already filled. Those who needed to be here were all here, except for the Japanese university delegation.

"Where are they?"

"Why aren't they here yet?"

"It's already afternoon now. Isn't it time to start?"

“Didn’t the delegation team already arrive an hour ago? They should have already got here, but why are we still not seeing them? Where did they go off to?”

“I don’t know.”

“I’m so hungry right now. I can’t wait for this ceremony to be over so that I can get some food.”

“Yeah, I’ve already been here an hour now. I didn’t even eat breakfast.”

The students were all looking quite listless, like they were lacking energy. When they saw the host coming onto the stage, they even stayed quiet for a long time. However, when the main guests had still not arrived after a long time, the large hall began filling with noise from the talking and conversations. Even the teachers from Peking University could no longer sit still, constantly looking up at the empty seats upstairs, some wondering, some frowning, with none knowing better than others as to what was going on.

Ten minutes...

Half an hour...

The host, possibly having received some updates, spoke to everyone through the microphone, “Everyone, please calm down and be quiet. The delegation will be here very soon.”

The media staff, who had arrived earlier and set up all their equipment, were even yawning by now.

The group of foreign mathematicians did not look too happy.

The French mathematician looked down at his watch.

The English mathematician lightly shook his head.

While the Japanese mathematician was not present. Probably because he had gone to join up with the delegation.

Dean Pan and several of the teachers from the Math Department apologized to the foreign mathematicians, asking them to wait a little longer. There was no need to explain too much to the Peking University students and teachers, as this was an event hosted by Peking University themselves. However, these foreign mathematicians were guests, honored guests. Making their honored guests wait for over two hours was really inexcusable, so they offered their apologies.

Su Na was very frustrated. “How could those Japanese be so tardy? They’re not only making us wait, they’re even letting all the overseas guests wait for them as well?”

Another young teacher from the Chinese Department said, “How arrogant!”

Chang Kaige looked at them and said, “Alright now, talk a little less.”

Professor Yan also frowned. “There’re quite a lot of media personnel present. Watch your attitudes, Little Su, Little Wang. Don’t speak nonsense. The delegation must be getting ready.”

Su Na and a few other younger teachers did not seem to think the same. Getting ready? What were they getting ready for? It has already been two hours since they entered the campus grounds! Even if they

took a nap and woke up to put on makeup, wash their faces, or take a bath and blow dry their hair, there was more than enough time. Were they intending to just let over a thousand people sit here and wait around for them? They did not even offer an explanation or give a reason? Su Na and the others felt that the Japanese delegation were doing this on purpose due to the incident earlier when their buses had been blocked by the students of Peking University. They were looking down on them on purpose!

Suddenly, a German mathematician said something in German with an unpleasant tone before standing up and leaving the hall.

The translator explained, "Professor Werner says that he still has something urgent to attend to in the afternoon and has to leave first."

Meanwhile, Xin Ya was already embarrassed by all that was happening. Although she wasn't part of Peking University, as a member of the Chinese mathematics world and also the host, making her guests wait for so long did not make her look good at all. Together with Dean Pan, they stood up to escort the guest out of the hall, apologizing on the way to the exit.

After the German left.

Xin Ya complained, "Dean Pan, what's going on? Peking University said that they were holding this exchange session and needed some heavyweight guests, so I brokered a deal and invited some guests to join this event. Professor Chen also helped to invite some of them, but now we've been waiting for so long. How do you expect me to explain things to this group of foreign mathematicians?"

Dean Pan immediately said, "I don't know what's going on here either. I'll ask." He suppressed his anger and made a call, "Hello, where are they?...Who? The Japanese delegation of course!...What do you mean you don't know, aren't you the one in charge of receiving them?...You better go and find out immediately!"

He hung up.

A few minutes later, he got a call back from the person.

The reply he got was still the same, saying that the delegation would be entering the hall soon and they were held back earlier because of an interview. In between the interview and now, as some of the delegation team members complained that they were hungry, having eaten nothing since they departed from the airport, lunch was prepared for the entire delegation by Canteen 1 of Peking University. 50 to 60 servings of food were sent to the reserved waiting lounge and there were even fruits and coffee served.

However, when Xin Ya and Dean Pan returned to the hall, there was still no sight of anyone from the Japanese delegation, nor of Bai Yi and some of the heads of the school who were with them!

The hall was getting increasingly noisy.

All kinds of updates and information were being spread.

"Are they coming or not?"

"I just heard they had been doing an interview just now."

“What? Interview at a time like this? We have so many students and teachers waiting for them here. Why couldn’t they wait till after the ceremony to accept the interview? Why did they have to do it at this critical juncture?”

“Not only that, they even spared time to have lunch.”

“Surely not?”

“Why not? I heard it myself from the people at the canteen.”

“I heard so too. Canteen 1 was still open this morning, but after receiving news of the delegation wanting to eat, they immediately shuttered the doors. Some of our teachers who wanted to go in for lunch could not even get any food. I think they were specially preparing a meal for the delegation and even sent it to them. Even a head of the school does not receive such treatment. How haughty of them! They’re really acting too condescending!”

“And we were all here stupidly hungry while they ate?”

“F**k, what kind of people did those Japanese send over this time!”

“Aren’t Teacher Bai Yi and the others with them? How could they agree to let them behave that way? Why didn’t they arrange for the delegation to come over to the hall first! Can’t they just eat after that? They think they’re the only ones who are hungry? We’re hungry too!”

“Bai Yi? Hur hur, haven’t you already seen through Teacher Bai from his attitude towards the incident just now? He has spent time in Japan, has a Japanese wife who works at Tokyo University, is always an advocate of promoting goodwill towards Japan, and you want to depend on him?”

“That’s too unfair. The guests are people, but are we students not people too? Besides, there are even so many other guests here. Look at those foreign mathematicians. Didn’t they make them wait like idiots too?”

“Look, another one is leaving!”

At the front row.

A Korean mathematician could not wait any longer and said goodbye to the others before leaving to have lunch. Dean Pan and a few teachers once again personally escorted him out and even called a taxi for him, and got a Korean-speaking teacher to follow along to appease him.

The English mathematician looked at Zhang Ye. “Zhang.”

Zhang Ye looked over to him.

The English mathematician said in a serious tone, “If I weren’t looking forward to your speech, I would have left too.”

When Zhang Ye heard this, he quickly apologized in English, “I’m sorry, they should be here soon. Just a while more.”

Even Zhang Ye was feeling embarrassed at the situation now. Naturally, this fanned his hatred for that Japanese delegation even further. If the incident from two hours ago had caused Zhang Ye to dislike

them, then right now, they had angered Zhang Ye! On this current matter, the delegation was treating Peking University and China with no respect at all. It was written in their heart of hearts. They had made them wait for so long on this important occasion, just because they wanted to have their meals leisurely? Professor Yan, the heads of the school, and the others kept mentioning how important this exchange was, but it seemed like that was only the opinion of those from Peking University. The Japanese delegation did not seem to think the same way. They were totally taking this too lightly!

Another ten minutes passed!

When they checked their watches, it was already 1:40 PM!

The welcome ceremony which had been scheduled for earlier was delayed by two hours and thirty minutes! Even if someone spent two hours and thirty minutes watching a good movie, when the movie ended, everyone would still get up from their seats and get a good stretch after sitting down for so long. Not to mention if you had to endure sitting for that long with nothing to do, you would surely be able to imagine the state and mood of everyone in the hall!

“Eh!”

“They’re here!”

“What the heck!”

“They’re finally here!”

From upstairs, the shadow of figures could be seen gradually entering the hall.

A few of the Japanese delegation’s -persons-in-charge disdainfully went to the front to sit, while Bai Yi and a few staff members from Peking University, who were with them all this time, also sat down after them, laughing and smiling. Only Bai Yi, who probably had a speech to give later, turned around and made his way down to the stage. Then he gave a signal to the host.

Chapter 559 Wait a moment!

The welcome ceremony finally began.

The host went on stage. “Good afternoon to the leaders, honored guests, and all gathered...”

The Japanese reporters and media staff set up their cameras and began recording the event.

Meanwhile, the group of Chinese reporters looked at them, hungry and aggrieved. From the looks of it, those Japanese reporters must have had lunch together with the delegation, all appearing energetic and high spirited. What about them? They had gone the past few hours on an empty stomach, so how could they be in a good mood?

The reporters muttered among themselves.

“This is the first time I’m witnessing a group arriving so late for a big event like this.”

“Me too.”

“Did you put this into your report?”

“Hur, what’s the point in doing so? The newspapers won’t report this matter.”

“That’s true. Since it’s all about Sino-Japanese Friendship, Sino-Japanese Good Friends, and what not, with their prime minister on a diplomatic visit as well, such negative news reports would surely be suppressed.”

“Stop complaining, let’s get back to work.”

“Right, there are some matters that we won’t be able to change.”

When the ceremony started, a Peking University head teacher came on stage to give the opening speech. Seeing this, Zhang Ye, who was not in a listening mood, decided to get up and go to the backstage for a smoke. When the others saw him leaving his seat, they all thought that he was just going backstage to prepare for his speech, so no one said anything. While he was smoking, a recital of a poem* could be heard. It was probably a small program that was prepared for the ceremony. It was performed by a female student of Peking University.

“あはれ花びらながれ.

をみなごに花びらながれ.

をみなごしめやかに語らひあゆみ.

うららかの足音そらにながれ.”

Following that, a Japanese student went on stage to perform a Japanese poem, but recited the Chinese translated version instead.¹

“Pitiful petals falling like rain,

Scattering onto the belles’ shoulders.

Demure maidens murmur and pass by,

As geta clops sound in the air.”

.....

Not many people in the hall could understand the meaning and mood of the poem, but when the student finished reciting, the whole hall broke out into applause. This was different from those competitions where, if a performer did badly, they might not even receive any applause at all. This was a welcoming ceremony and was full of political flavor, thus, even if a performer went on stage to fart, the audience would still erupt into applause.

There was even a person there who led the applause.

Some teachers also led their students in clapping.

Zhang Ye was leaning against the wall and smoking, lightly shaking his head. In his previous world, the attitude towards the Japanese was similar to this world, but with a slight difference in the general tendency and environment of this world. Why was there a difference like this? Although the two worlds had a similar history, the history happened at different times and mixed with different political stances,

which had resulted in the difference in attitude towards the Japanese. Therefore, for Zhang Ye, who had come from a world where there was deep mistrust of Japan's contradictions, he was clearly out of tune with the environment of this world's attitude towards Japan. He could not look at this, so he found a place to relax his mind and left the rest to the others.

After that, it was time for the speeches.

First off was the teacher from the Sociology Department. He talked about the key projects of this Sino-Japanese exchange. For example, he raised the environmental protection research project and how Japan was doing really good in this area of work, how Japan was far more advanced in this field than them. As Zhang Ye understood it, this speech was to tell everyone just how badly China was doing compared to Japan!

Following that, a professor from Tokyo University gave a speech. The whole speech was given in Japanese and translated after that by a teacher from the Japanese Department. The overview of this cooperation was that Tokyo University would provide guidance and equipment support in some key projects to Peking University, so that Peking University would be able to raise the standard of research in this areas, etc. Of course, they also touched on some of the projects that Peking University excelled in and how they intended to seek to learn from Peking University.

It gave Zhang Ye the feeling of someone giving a victory speech to the defeated, saying how they would help them to improve, and then suddenly saying that even in defeat there were some good points that they could learn from. It might be subjective, but in any case, that was what it sounded like.

The ceremony continued on.

After about half an hour later, Professor Yan got on stage for his speech. The first words he said immediately left everyone silent for a moment, "Good afternoon, everyone. The title of my speech today is 'What is Patriotism.' Some of the things that I will be saying might make some of you uncomfortable, but I still must say them. These days, many people view patriotism in a very biased and prejudiced manner. In China, 'Japan' is a very sensitive word that, when mentioned, if no one shows any resistance or voices displeasure, it is seen as unpatriotic!"

Su Na had no reaction to that.

Professor Zeng raised his head and looked up to the stage.

Professor Yan asked, "Just where does such attitude originate from? When we break it down, we are just seeking some form of psychological comfort, as if after resisting, we will feel better even if we're indeed more backward!"

Backwardness?

Who's backward now? Us?

Many students were found it difficult to stay seated!

Professor Yan knew that his words had hit a raw nerve, but this was the effect that he wanted. He was very unaccustomed to the hardline opinions of young people these days, so he looked at the audience and said, "You may say that this is because you're patriotic. If that is so, then please boycott Japanese

products as well. Throw away all the Japanese-made electronics in your home. Even some of the electronics that were produced domestically have Japanese parts in them, so please strip down these things and throw them away too! If there comes a day when the Chinese and the Japanese go to war again, we expect you to carry arms, get on the battlefield, and kill some enemies for everyone to see! You can boycott Japan all you want; that is your freedom. But please do not do so and claim that it is patriotism. Speaking before thinking is not a virtue of our country!" Pausing, he then continued indignantly, "There are even cases of teachers who I know that had similar discussions. In one country, teachers don't teach their students of love and warmth, but about cruelty and coldness. What would be their future as a country if it went on like this?"

Upstairs.

When those Japanese delegates heard what the translator said, one of the person-in-charge nodded in agreement, thinking that it was well said! That's the biggest problem your country is guilty of!

Some Japanese students also seemingly agreed with the speech. During this trip to China, they had already seen the resistance and hostilities from the people. They were angered by such treatment and Professor Yan's speech clearly explained their heartfelt thoughts. Yes, all they know is to always rail against us, to resist us, to boycott our products. If you're really capable, then throw away all the appliances in your house! Would you all dare to do that? No, none of you would dare to do so! Just because you're backward, you keep saying that you'll resist us, but look at what happened in the end! You are still the ones who keep buying things from us, so why didn't you show basic courtesy and goodwill to us?

Meanwhile, the Japanese reporters kept taking photos, as well as recording the speech and reactions of everyone. They were all thrilled to hear such a refreshing speech. It seemed like there were still people in China who were sensible!

Professor Yan, whose speech was echoing this afternoon's bus blockade incident, said loudly, "Insulting others does not reflect a civilized society, but if it becomes a collective behavior, does that make it reasonable behavior? China has adopted collectivist behavior, so when things are done collectively, they must be right. When a group puts on improper behavior together, the group does not know which direction it is going towards. Unable to grasp an understanding of anything, they never think that they are in the wrong, and thus, will not reflect upon such behavior!"

Some Peking University students were befuddled.

"Reflect?"

"We have to reflect?"

"Why! Why are we the ones who need to reflect?"

At the end of the speech, Professor Yan said, "I love my country, so I also respect other people; as a Chinese person, I am proud of my heritage, so I shall not be cruel in the name of patriotism, I shall not do bad in the name of collectivism. I know that with just my own strength, this is insignificant. But I also know that one should not do a bad deed just because it seems insignificant, or not do a good deed because it seems insignificant. A small change is all that it takes to make a difference. That is what I understand as being patriotic! Thank you, I've finished my speech."

He held onto his script and went down off the stage.

Suddenly, the Japanese delegation upstairs broke out into warm applause, clapping very loudly.

However, there was only sparse applause from the Peking University students downstairs. Only a trickle of claps could be heard. Some of the students did not understand the content of Professor Yan's speech at all!

A few Peking University teachers, including Bai Yi and a few others, believed Professor Yan's speech to be on point. Although it was uncomfortable to hear, it was very reasonable. A nation must first learn how to respect and reflect. Insults did not bring any meaning or positive influence, but only showed that the people spoke before they thought. Unfortunately, this simple truth was not understood by many.

Zhang Ye had already cooled down by now. He turned around, stamped out his cigarette, and walked out from backstage.

By this time, Bai Yi had already gone on stage and was holding the microphone, ready to begin his speech. He started with saying, "My speech today is about respect and forgiveness."

When the Peking University students heard this, they guessed that this was probably another "enlightening" speech, just like Professor Yan's!

As expected, when Bai Yi stood on stage and faced the hall, he began by saying, "Our understanding of Japan is skewed. I feel that our people have a big problem when it comes to knowing the Japanese, that is, having preconceived notions that affect our judgment. When our people praise or curse Japan, they're really speaking of either China or themselves. And because of that, we do not use an unbiased opinion to perceive Japan. We praise it to the skies when it's good and bury it into the ground when it's bad..."

"Wait a moment!"

A voice suddenly interrupted the speech!

Chapter 560 "Why Should I Forgive You"!

Bai Yi stopped his speech midway.

The other people also turned to where the voice sounded from.

The person who had interrupted the speech was a head of the school. Seemingly having just gotten off a phone call, he hurriedly yelled out and interrupted the speech, "Wait a moment, there are some important guests arriving!"

Important guests?

Who could they be?

So important that they even had to interrupt the speech?

Upstairs, the university delegation group stood up and faced the main entrance upstairs respectfully. A few leaders of the group went outside the hall themselves to receive the guests with a different attitude from what they had been giving to the Chinese earlier. A few escorts from the Peking University side

also went along to receive the guests. This phone call was quite unexpected as there was no advanced notice to inform them. Then, it turned out that the guests were actually high-ranking officials from the Japanese political delegation. As there was a change in their afternoon schedule, and possibly hearing of the Sino-Japanese University Exchange that was taking place today, the team had chosen to come and make a visit here!

“Who’s here?”

“I don’t know.”

“Aiyo, I think it’s one of the Japanese political delegations!”

“They’re here at Peking University too?”

“Oh, why are there so many reporters here as well!”

The first thing they saw upstairs when the doors opened were not people but camera flashes going off continuously. About 20 Chinese and Japanese reporters came along with the group, and they were busy photographing and recording the delegation on the way here. A Central TV reporter who tripped and fell got up quickly to continue photographing without even dusting off his shirt.

It was a delegation of around a dozen people or so.

The group was led by a Japanese official named Matsumoto. “Hello.”

The Peking University group immediately welcomed them, “Welcome, welcome.”

Matsumoto smiled and said, “#\$%^&!”

The translator said, “We heard about this Sino-Japanese University Exchange event today and were very interested in attending as we are very pleased to see such a cooperation taking place. Please go on with the ceremony and ignore our presence.”

With the arrival of important guests, they were naturally invited to take a seat in the front row upstairs. The Japanese university delegation immediately stood up to let the newly arrived guests take the front row, while they themselves settled down behind them. As for the rest of the seats, they were taken up by the Peking University’s escort staff as well as the Chinese government officials who were accompanying the Japanese political delegation. A few familiar faces were spotted in the crowd, consisting of some officials from the Chinese education world. They were here to accompany the Japanese political delegation today.

A Chinese government official said to a Peking University staff member, “Go on, don’t further interrupt the event because of us.”

The Peking University staff nodded. “Yes sir, Teacher Bai was just in the middle of giving a speech just now. We will continue from there.” He then gave a signal to the stage for them to restart the ceremony.

The Peking University students were all silent. Some of them occasionally turned their heads to look upstairs. As they had not before seen so many important people gathered together at once, they couldn’t help themselves, whispering and making noises.

Seeing how even the political delegation was here, Bai Yi was very surprised. As though he had suddenly been injected with an adrenaline shot, he straightened his posture and took a deep breath to suppress his nervousness before opening his mouth to continue with his speech, "Right now, we're interested with the cultural level of the Japanese, as well as the systematic and political levels. What we have yet to currently achieve in the latter has already been achieved by the Japanese, as well as some Western countries. As the Western countries and Japan are aligned on these levels, it becomes something that Westerners take for granted. What interests them in Japan are its culture, politics, as well as its history. This is the reason why our feelings are more complex than Westerners when it comes to such issues."

As Bai Yi was not a professional literary person, his speech was not as well written as Professor Yan's. It was not written with structure but still managed to express the core idea that he wanted to assert.

"Our concern with Japan is to set them as the 'other' so that we may learn from them. But such a viewpoint originates from the expectations that China has set for herself. Based on the development towards those goals, and using Japan as the 'other,' we are undoubtedly still going to experience all of it as China. We are able to stand freely in the consciousness of the problems and set off after observing Japan, keeping Japan as the 'other' in this whole process. But in order to do all of this, we need to show everyone our perspectives and observations, not be an inadequate observer or doer. If we were to show an incomplete side of us, it would not be fair to Japan as well."

Some people had their reservations about this viewpoint but they could understand it very well. Talking about the thoughts towards Japan from this perspective was indeed rather rare.

Upstairs, Matsumoto nodded as he whispered to the official beside him.

Bai Yi: "We need to set an example starting from ourselves, to learn to forgive..."

Bai Yi: "We need to start from ourselves, to learn to respect..."

One by one, he listed his perspectives and finally, he said, "Without understanding, there is no right to speak. We need to learn how to understand other people, other countries, to learn how to forgive and respect another person or country. Yes, that is what I want to say and so my speech will end here. Thank you, everyone." Bowing, he left the stage.

Matsumoto led the applause!

The political delegation followed his lead and clapped loudly!

The Tokyo University students and teachers also clapped warmly!

Only the Peking University students downstairs were very silent. Some of them did clap, but their eyes showed no spirit and their clapping was mechanical. Many of them felt as though something heavy weighed on them, thinking about how the speeches were so reasonable. Yet they were unable to accept them. It was as though something was wrong, somewhere!

Some Peking University teachers felt the same.

Su Na took a few deep breaths and even felt a sense of regret.

Another History Department professor in his fifties could only sit there expressionless, not saying a word.

Respect?

Forgiveness??

At this moment, many people felt that they had something to say but could not say it, nor did they know how to say it, especially when the Japanese political delegation and university delegation were both upstairs. And so, they could only applaud and go with the flow.

A Peking University female student mumbled to herself, "Was our attitude in the past really wrong? There's no meaning to that? We need to learn to forgive?"

The freshman beside her shook his head. "I also don't know."

Another freshman who was classmates with them said, "Professor Yan and Teacher Bai have already said so, then it must surely be reasonable. Hai, I just feel a little uncomfortable but unsure why I feel that way."

Another student said, "We really cannot just throw away the Japanese products in our houses."

At the back, Yao Mi was totally silent.

Li Li said, "Mimi, what's wrong?"

Yao Mi clenched her fists. "I don't feel well. I want to go back now."

"You don't feel well?" Li Ying asked, concerned.

Beside her, Senior Song had a dark expression. "She must be feeling a sense of unease in her heart. I feel the same, like there's something stuck in the chest and won't go away!"

Senior Zhou was also thinking about Teacher Bai's speech. "Forgiveness?"

At this time, the host went on stage to introduce the next speaker, "Next up, we have famed mathematician, Teacher Zhang Ye of the Math Department of Peking University, giving a speech on academics. Please welcome him." There was no mention of Dale's Conjecture as it was still being validated by the authorities. Since it had not been fully verified yet, there was of course no comment on Zhang Ye proving a mathematical conjecture.

Applause sounded throughout the hall.

But among the Peking University's students and teachers below stage, many of them were feeling quite bored by now.

Upstairs, a Peking University staff introduced to the political delegation, "That is Zhang Ye. He was the mathematician who made a breakthrough in the proof of Dale's Conjecture."

Matsumoto nodded.

The Japanese mathematician interrupted, telling Matsumoto, "Dale's Conjecture has not been verified yet, so it's not been confirmed."

The translator did not tell this to the Chinese.

Matsumoto and a few other Japanese officials nodded and looked at Zhang Ye interestedly.

The other political and university delegations also focused on Zhang Ye, including those Japanese reporters who also pointed the cameras over to him. They were very interested in knowing how he had managed to solve Dale's Conjecture.

The atmosphere upstairs was very different from downstairs, like ice and fire.

Zhang Ye, with script in hand, proceeded up to the stage. He could feel the current mood of the Peking University students. On the other side, Professor Zhang had gone upstairs after his speech and joined the political delegation, while Bai Yi had also briskly made his way upstairs after his speech, probably eager to meet the Japanese officials. Zhang Ye just stood on stage, looking around at one person and then another, glancing upstairs and sweeping his eyes back downstairs. There were all kinds of expressions on people's faces, but none were lively.

The host shot him a meaningful glance.

Su Na could not understand what Zhang Ye was doing either.

Dean Pan looked at him, thinking if he had forgotten what to say. But how could that be with a memory like yours? Even if you really forgot, you could still read from the script, no?

Forgiveness and respect?

Zhang Ye asked that to himself again in his mind.

Then, he held the script up firmly and scanned it. He knew that in this current setting, with thousands of pairs of eyes on him, with the political delegate present as well, in the environment of friendly Sino-Japanese ties, he should put himself above the situation and let them say whatever they wanted. He could just follow the script and read it line for line and his task would be complete. That was really what he thought, and so, he opened his mouth wanting to speak, but found himself unable to make any sound at all. It was like an inner voice was shouting constantly at him.

He lowered his hand and looked around, then placed the script onto the rostrum. He held the microphone tightly, finally ready to speak.

When he said the first sentence, everyone who had been expecting him to talk about academics and Dale's Conjecture were taken aback.

Zhang Ye spoke in a light, calm tone, "The Japanese Prime Minister is on a political visit to China. The Japanese political delegation is here on a visit to Peking University. All these to the cheers of many countrymen applauding them: Turning over a new leaf for the friendship between China and Japan!"

It suddenly became quiet upstairs!

When Matsumoto heard the translation, he had a look of bewilderment.

Professor Yan was stunned!

Bai Yi also stared down at Zhang Ye who was standing at the rostrum!

The Chinese and foreign reporters, Peking University's students and teachers, including many of those who were still immersed deep in thought from the earlier two speeches—all of these people suddenly looked up in surprise!

Zhang Ye calmly went on, "Professor Yan's new perspective has found a footing, Teacher Bai's goodwill theory for Japan has gotten practical support. There are some who claim that there are more Japanese who know China well, compared to Chinese who know Japan well. There are some who are broken-hearted over how the Chinese aren't as civilized and courteous as the Japanese. There are some who curse at the narrow-mindedness and nationalistic countrymen, lacking the standing of superpower...It seems that the decades of abnormal relations between our countries after the war were the fault of us Chinese. We should be the ones turning the pages of history, to face the future, so that we can open up new situations for friendly relations between China and Japan."

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

"Pui!"

Under the cover of silence, a "pui" sound that came without warning reverberated across the hall, startling everyone into cold sweats!

Zhang Ye slammed his hand on the surface of the rostrum and said, "Why should I forgive you! Japan!!!"