

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 339

The applause had lasted for a long time after Natasha's speech had ended. After clapping a few times, Michael quickly drew a zero in the column and checked the online votes on his phone.

His wife's votes were doubtlessly a hundred votes behind, but he was not affected by the online voting whatsoever.

In the history of Miss Misty Pageant, there was no app for the online votes—it was a new thing that was launched for the current batch.

The voting app had been specially made for the university students—they could use the platform to socialize, order takeout, shop, grab a cab, purchase movie tickets and it also included an arena for forums, watching dramas and novels, tournament consultations, checking academic grades and selecting courses and electives.

When the app was first launched, it immediately became popular on campus with almost all of the students and teachers having installed it and showing it off to other universities.

Furthermore, the app had a function for live streaming and naturally, today's Miss Misty Pageant was being broadcasted live and exclusively viewable on the app.

The app was undoubtedly made by students from the gay school. That's correct; those were from Stanley's company!

Who worked in his company? Sophia!

One had to admit that Stanley was a genius. When he was a child, the other kids from the Fletcher Family were living an ordinary life—they attended school during the day as well as marching with the army in the morning and at night.

Most of them had attended the military academy or were serving in the army by the age of eighteen, but he was one of the rare exceptions. He went clubbing and played games on a daily basis. If his father or grandfather hadn't forced him, there was no way in the world that he would be out there to march with the others.

The Fletchers had once thought that the kid was hopeless.

When he was in high school, he became even worse. Aside from skipping class and playing games in the internet café, he had skipped class in the name of internship when he was actually heading to the game company where Michael had invested in to play computer games. However, looking at how well he did, it seemed like he wasn't there to play games but to acquire some knowledge!

The first app that Stanley's company had developed was rather decent. Michael had read the plan and wanted to incorporate it into his games after the app was done.

The app was only part of the plan—they would continue to make a series of it and embody them into the development of online and mobile games.

Most of the employees in Stanley's company were Bayside University graduates. Even their interns were the current university students. All of them had paid close attention to the data and if necessary, hehe... They would be making sure that Sophia would come first in the competition!

Suddenly, the employee received a call from Stanley. "Get ready to publish a notification on the app; I'll forward the information in a moment..."

After Natasha's speech, the students waiting behind her were all stressed out. Compared to her, the other contestants had been more lacking—no matter

whether it was the stage presence, the ambience or the language used, they would not be able to compete with her.

She was professionally trained for public speaking and used to formal occasions. Conversing with foreign dignitaries was effortless for her and environments like that was merely a piece of cake for her.

On the app, her votes had been the highest!

Sophia was behind by hundreds of votes and the third was Molly.

The ranking had continued until the public speaking stage was almost over. Sophia was the last to go on stage.

Everyone had been having high hopes for the most eye-catching dark house of the night and were eager to listen to her content.

Soon, it was her turn. Still in the school uniform, she strode toward the microphone and settled down. Standing still, she took a cold glance at the audience, patted the microphone and started her speech.

“The topic of my speech today is—What’s the Matter with Being Late?”

What was the matter with being late?

Natasha had just finished her speech on ‘Always One Step Ahead’ and Sophia was here to say otherwise—was she going against her?

Upon hearing the title, Natasha sneered at the backstage. It seems like she has overestimated herself!

As she faced the audience, Sophia started her speech. “How did you live your life when you were eight?”

The app had a live comment function for the broadcast and it was shown on the big screen at the scene. When she threw out a question, the live comment section went excited.

'I was attending hobby classes when I was eight.'

'I was in third grade when I was eight.'

'I won in the International Junior Math Olympiad and I could recite the Three Hundred Tang Poems.'

Sophia let out a chuckle when she saw the reaction from the big screen. With a casual tone, she continued, "So, we have some people who won international competitions at the age of eight, some have billions of fortunes under their name at the age of eight and some could recite poems at the age of eight. However, when I was eight, I was still collecting trash with my grandmother to earn a living. I have never been to school. At the age of eight, I couldn't even write my own name."

In response, the crowd was in chaos. Those who could afford to attend Bayside University were usually from a decent family. They might not be extremely wealthy but from a well-off family. They had grown up in the best environment and none of them had been in a situation like that.

It seemed like the audience and the screen were frozen. Everyone's eyes widened, looking at the girl on the stage. No one could have imagined that an optimistic girl like her would have such a life experience!

Proceeding with her speech, Sophia continued, "I'm an orphan, adopted by my grandma and grandpa. At the age of eight, I followed my grandma to collect waste in order to support our living. I couldn't afford to attend school; I'm illiterate and uneducated.

There was no one who could teach me how to read and I couldn't even recognize the numbers. At the age of eight, the schools near our village started to check on

the dropouts and when they learned about my situation, they exempted me from paying tuition fees so that I could be enrolled.”

“At the age of eight, I was in the first grade. I held a pencil for the first time, flipped a book for the first time and attended classes for the first time. My books, my bag, my stationery, even my school uniforms, were all donated to me by my classmates. At the age of eight, I recognized the first phonetic alphabet in my life and finally knew how to write my name.

Students of the same age have begun to learn and memorize ancient poems, but I couldn't even memorize the phonetic alphabet table. Students of the same age have begun to learn addition and subtraction, but I couldn't even write numbers. Even the teachers said that I was too late to start learning at eight.”

“But am I late? No, I'm not! So what if I was late? I was in first grade when I was eight but I had worked harder than anyone else. When they were playing, I was studying. When they were resting, I was still studying. I skipped grades in primary schools. When the others took six years to complete primary school, I took only four years.

I graduated from primary school at the age of twelve and was formally enrolled in middle school. With my actions, I proved to the world that so what if I'm late? People have been saying that one should start doing things as early as possible, but there are also people who are of the opinion that great talent matures late!”

The audience burst into cheers and applause at her speech.

But Natasha was disgusted sitting in the backstage. A lowlife thinking that she has run the show! A horrible pheasant who picks rubbish is bragging about its might! How hilarious!

Sophia went on with her speech, “At the age of twelve, I was admitted to the best middle school in our town. On the first day of my English class, I realized that most of my classmates were capable of communicating in English fluently or at least in some simple daily communication.

But look at me; I didn't even know a word, let alone the alphabet letter! My English teacher had also told me that it was too late for me to start learning English. Was I late again?

No, I never thought that I'm late! For a total mark of 150 for the English test, the class secured a 100 average score for the first academic month and I was at the last place with a mark of 21. All the teachers had given up on me.”