

## TV Show 112

### Chapter 112: Guidance and Urgency

\*\*Inside the restaurant.\*\*

"\*Ha! Cough! Ha!\*"

Hearing Leonard Green's self-congratulatory remarks, Ross couldn't hold back anymore. With his signature mumbling chuckle, he spread his hands and reminded, "I'm also a doctor."

"Yes, yes, yes. You work at that library."

Leonard glanced at him dismissively and responded perfunctorily.

"Hello?"

Ross was furious, raising his voice, "That's the Prehistoric Biology Museum, not a library!"

"What's the difference?"

Leonard scoffed.

"Of course there's a difference!"

Ross became even more animated. "It's like saying a dentist isn't a real doctor! How can you compare a library to a Prehistoric Biology Museum?"

"You're a doctor?"

Leonard finally looked at Ross seriously. "A dentist makes at least \$100,000 a year. How much do you make?"

"..."

Ross froze. He only made around sixty or seventy thousand a year, which was already decent, but he couldn't compete with dentists—let alone someone like Leonard, a senior attending physician in a major hospital.

"We were talking about me being a doctor. What does money have to do with it?"

"You claim to be a doctor, yet you earn less than a dentist."

Leonard retorted sharply, "Dentists aren't even considered real doctors, so for you, what difference does it make whether it's a library or some Prehistoric Biology Museum?"

If this were in the East, this argument could be refuted. But in America, where money is king and making money is a virtue, this logic was airtight.

That's also why Americans rarely ask about each other's income—even among close-knit friends like the \*Friends\* gang, they weren't entirely aware of one another's financial situations.

Don't ask. If you ask, it's \*private\*!

"There's no hierarchy in jobs. What matters most is personal interest and societal value."

Seeing that Ross was on the verge of exploding, Adam quickly stepped in to mediate. "Ross loves dinosaurs, and it's because of people like him that \*Jurassic Park\* was a success. Just like Dr. Green enjoys saving lives, helping countless patients."

"Just call me Leonard."

Leonard Green had a newfound respect for Adam and couldn't be bothered dealing with the impulsive Ross anymore. He smiled and let Adam switch to a more casual address.

In America, friendships were considered the ideal relationship.

Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters—family members aimed to be friends. Spouses, too, were expected to be friends. Every relationship was encouraged to move toward friendship because it symbolized equality.

And as friends, naturally, you called each other by name.

"Alright, Leonard."

Adam was secretly delighted, his smile growing even brighter. "You know I plan to become a cardiothoracic surgeon. Could you share your experiences from when you were starting out? Any tips for success?"

"Brown-noser!"

Everyone collectively rolled their eyes.

Adam's smile didn't waver in the slightest.

Come on. \*Paper knowledge is always shallow; true understanding comes from practice.\*

No matter how many books he read, his understanding of the medical profession would still be like viewing flowers through fog or a blind man feeling an elephant.

Since he couldn't officially start practicing yet, consulting a seasoned attending physician about the industry's realities would be invaluable—it could save him from taking unnecessary detours.

And time saved meant a longer lifespan for Adam.

In this situation, it wasn't about groveling. A few flattering words and some ass-kissing—what was the big deal?

Besides, considering Rachel was a friend, Leonard could technically be considered an elder. This was just a polite compliment.

Would he rather act like Ross—hitting on someone's daughter, getting mocked, and then storming off at the first sign of discomfort?

That wasn't *\*freedom\**—that was *\*selfishness\**!

"Experiences, huh..."

Leonard took a sip of his whiskey, his eyes filled with nostalgia. "Back then, I was just like you—dreaming of becoming a surgeon. After graduating from college, I got into Columbia Medical School. By my third and fourth year, I was already interning at NYU Medical Center.

After medical school, I continued at NYU Medical Center, working my way up from intern to resident, and eventually attending physician. Before I knew it, more than twenty years had passed."

"My dad was the best among his peers!"

Rachel said proudly.

It was clear that Leonard had shared many stories from his youth with her.

Deep down, Rachel admired her father immensely—the man who single-handedly supported their family. That admiration fueled her fascination with doctors.

Not to mention, her ex-fiancé was a dentist. In the original timeline, every time she encountered a handsome doctor, she would get weak in the knees.

"I can imagine."

Adam nodded with a smile. "Leonard, you must have worked really hard back then."

**\*\*No words, no sentence, no content in 69shu—skip!\*\***

"Of course!"

Leonard said proudly, "Everyone admitted I was the hardest-working and most talented intern among my peers."

"Hard work pays off—that's the American Dream!"

Joey pursed his lips and nodded vigorously, feeling deeply moved.

Because right now, he was also working hard to achieve **\*his\*** American Dream—becoming a great actor, like Al Pacino. Even reaching just one-tenth of Al Pacino's success would be enough!

"Bullshit!"

Leonard suddenly cursed. "Hard work **\*does\*** pay off, but most of the time, achieving your dreams isn't just about working hard enough!"

"What do you mean?"

Adam's eyes lit up. **\*This\*** was exactly the harsh truth he wanted to know.

His entire plan revolved around growing into a top-tier surgeon through relentless effort—ensuring a safe and stable way to extend his lifespan. He firmly believed in this path.

But was there a hidden trap along the way?

"I was the best and hardest-working among my peers. But do you know who has achieved the most success today?"

Leonard sneered.

"Definitely not you."

Ross smirked, taking the opportunity to jab back.

He was still bitter about the earlier conversation. Any chance to get a dig in, he couldn't resist.

"Ross!"

Rachel shot him a disapproving look.

"Oops~"

Ross shrank back, offering an awkward smile while miming a zipping motion across his lips.

Ever since high school, he had harbored a crush on Rachel.

Now, post-divorce, as he lamented that he \*just wanted to get married, not divorced\*, Rachel had shown up in a wedding dress after running away from her own wedding.

Though he hadn't mustered the courage to pursue her yet, in his mind, Rachel was his destined one.

How could he afford to offend his \*true love\*? At least... not until she was officially his.

"So, the most talented and hardworking you... didn't achieve the most success?"

Adam refocused on Leonard. "Are you saying someone got ahead through connections?"

At that thought, his expression darkened.

In a fair competition, with his system constantly improving his attributes, he feared no one.

But if even a technical profession like medicine wasn't fair, then he was in trouble.