

## TV Show 197

### Chapter 197: The First Day of School

**\*\*1995.\*\***

Autumn.

The days at Columbia University's medical school had officially begun.

**\*\*5:00 AM.\*\***

**\*\*Knock, knock, knock.\*\***

"Chandler!"

**\*\*Knock, knock, knock.\*\***

"Chandler!"

**\*\*Knock, knock, knock!\*\***

"Chandler, wake up!"

Adam, dressed in running gear, knocked on Chandler's door in Sheldon Cooper's signature three-knock style.

**\*\*"OMG!"\*\***

Chandler groaned from inside. "Isn't today your first day of school? Why are you here? Just let me sleep!"

"Starting school and taking you for a run aren't mutually exclusive."

Adam grinned. "Is Susie in there? I'm coming in."

"She is! Stay out!" Chandler shouted.

"Don't be ridiculous."

Adam twisted the doorknob and walked in, smirking at Chandler, who was sprawled on the bed. "If you were going to lie, you could at least try imitating her voice better."

"I don't want to run."

Chandler clung to his blanket and glared up at Adam.

"I know."

Adam grinned.

"You know?"

Chandler sat up and yelled, "Then why do you drag me out for a run every single day? God, it's five in the morning! I've been out of school for years! Why are you still making me do this?"

"You used to get up early and run in school?"

Adam raised an eyebrow.

"..."

Chandler froze. Of course not. That was just something people said.

"What are you two yelling about?"

Joey, rubbing his eyes, walked out of his room. "It's too early for this. Some of us are trying to sleep!"

"See? See? You woke Joey up! Are you happy now?"

Chandler, unable to win against Adam, tried to recruit Joey to his side.

"I was woken up by you," Joey said bluntly.

"Don't forget—you were the one who asked me to train you," Adam reminded him with a mischievous smile.

"Bullshit!"

Chandler protested. "When did I ever ask you to train me? I just wanted you to tell me—"

He trailed off, realizing the rest of the sentence was too embarrassing to say out loud.

"How to last all night?"

Joey suddenly perked up, pointing at Chandler with a knowing smirk. "Hah! Adam's method won't work for you. Listen to Joey—eat more, fight more! That's how you become a real man."

"Exactly!"

Chandler's eyes lit up. "I'm done running. I'm following Joey's training plan!"

"Don't be ridiculous."

Adam laughed. "Joey has a natural talent for it. If you try to eat and 'train' more, you'll either turn into a fat guy or waste away to nothing. It won't work. Besides, we had a deal—you can't quit halfway."

With that, he grabbed Chandler and lifted him off the bed.

"Whoa!"

Joey raised his hands in mock surrender. "Chandler, you better stick with Adam's training. That strength is insane. He's making me want to join your workouts."

"Then do it!"

Chandler snapped.

"Hey, I just said \*kind of\*. Just a little bit."

Joey held up his thumb and index finger, barely an inch apart.

"Get dressed. We're heading out."

Adam playfully lifted and dropped Chandler onto the bed a few times, juggling him like a toy.

After a few rounds, Chandler gave up on sleep entirely. With no other choice, he reluctantly changed into his running gear and followed Adam outside.

"Taking Chandler for another run?"

In the hallway, Monica had just stepped out of her apartment. Seeing the scene, she couldn't help but laugh.

"Yup. You could join us," Adam suggested. "Otherwise, Chandler might end up outrunning you."

"You're joking, right?"

Monica scoffed, pointing at Chandler with pure disdain. "Him?"

Back when she tried to take Chandler running, he literally hailed a cab to escape halfway through. There was no way he was outpacing her.

She had gone from a two-hundred-pound kid to the fit woman she was today, and it wasn't just dieting—she trained relentlessly.

At home, her room had been packed with workout equipment. It wasn't just for decoration.

"Hey!"

Chandler protested. "I'm right here. Could you at least insult me \*to\* my face?"

"Him."

Adam nodded. "I'm training him consistently. If you slack off, you might not be able to keep up with him soon. So, are you in?"

"Okay."

Monica's competitive spirit flared. "Give me a sec. I'll be right back."

She ran back inside to change.

"If I'm ever busy, I'll have Monica supervise you."

Adam grinned.

"Oh, come on!"

Chandler groaned. "You're *\*evil\**! I totally regret asking you for advice."

Adam just smiled knowingly.

*\*\*You think you asked me? Oh, Chandler... You asked because I *\*wanted\** you to ask.\*\**

A few subtle hints about his own experiences, and any guy would be dying to know the secret. It was like Qin Yumo leaving that suspicious butterfly-ribboned CD for Hu Yifei and Tang Youyou—anyone who saw it *\*had\** to watch it. Of course, the contents were now lost to time...

But why go through all this trouble?

It all went back to when Chandler reconciled with his father.

When Helena had told Chandler he'd be a great dad, Adam suddenly realized—Chandler *\*would\** be a great dad, but he might never get the chance to be a father.

Chandler's health was poor. Years of smoking since age nine, lack of exercise, and a terrible sleep schedule had seriously impacted him. Coupled with Monica's fertility issues, their chances of conceiving were slim.

In the end, they adopted twins.

But Monica had *\*desperately\** wanted to have biological children.

Chandler had even considered using donor sperm and invited what he thought was the most handsome, ideal male colleague over for dinner—only to bombard the poor guy with so many awkwardly personal questions that he never spoke to Chandler again.

After that, despite Chandler's enthusiasm, Monica gave up on the idea. She wanted *\*their\** child, not someone else's. If that wasn't possible, she'd rather adopt.

Even though they later found happiness with their adopted twins, Adam knew—deep down, they still carried that regret.

Being a dad isn't the same as being a father. But a father *\*can\** be a dad.

Or better yet—being both is ideal.

And Chandler had unknowingly sabotaged himself out of that possibility.

Nobody else realized it, but Adam did.

And as Chandler's friend, there was no way Adam was going to let that happen.

That's why, when Chandler got curious about Adam's "secrets" and eagerly agreed to follow his training, Adam seized the opportunity to drag his reluctant friend into morning runs.

All for his future happiness.

And it would all be worth it.

Adam glanced at Chandler, his lips curling into a familiar smile.

**\*\*This is for your own good, buddy. You'll thank me someday.\*\***

**\*(End of Chapter.)\***