

## TV Show 199

Chapter 199: The First Lesson

Lecture Hall

The 1995 incoming class of Columbia University's medical school gathered in the lecture hall.

"This is insane," Iliad muttered, sitting next to Adam. He scanned the room, then whispered to Adam, "The number of good-looking people in our class is off the charts."

Adam glanced around and nodded in agreement.

Among the handsome men, aside from those like Adam and William—who were exceptionally attractive—there were also quite a few in the "decently handsome" category.

Among the beautiful women, aside from Alice—who was stunning—there were many in the "second-tier" category, like Iliad herself, and quite a few who were just outright pretty.

One of them even looked somewhat familiar.

This wasn't a talent show—it was a medical school orientation.

Anyone who could get in and chose to be here was bound to have both high intelligence and strong perseverance.

While attractiveness and intelligence weren't necessarily opposites, they were both rare traits in the general population, and their overlap was typically low. The fact that this many good-looking people had gathered in one place seemed highly unnatural.

Then again, this was a world based on American TV dramas. No matter the profession, looks always took priority. Even professional workplace dramas ended up looking like idol shows.

"At least there's no Dr. Drake Ramoray," Adam thought to himself, recalling the soap opera character played by Joey in *\*Friends\**.

If one of his classmates ended up looking exactly like Joey, he might actually lose his mind.

"Do you know that guy?" Iliad nudged Adam with her shoulder, gossiping, "Is there some kind of secret club for attractive people? How come you seem to know all of them?"

"Just a coincidence," Adam replied with a chuckle. "If such a club really existed, wouldn't you already be a member?"

"Hehehe."

Iliad blushed at the compliment and playfully pushed Adam. "Stop it, I'm not *\*that\** pretty."

"No way," Adam feigned surprise. "No one's ever told you you're beautiful?"

"Well... they have..." Iliad murmured, her face turning even redder.

What she didn't say was that none of those people had been as handsome as Adam. Compliments just felt different coming from him.

As the two of them joked around, two pairs of eyes were fixed on them.

Alice felt a mix of emotions.

Who would've thought that the man she once tried to invite to Las Vegas would end up as her classmate?

God, this was cruel.

If anyone found out about her past side job, what would they think of her?

American TV shows often portrayed feminism in an over-the-top way, making it seem like women had it easy.

But the reality was quite the opposite.

As a famous writer once said: \*The more something is lacking, the more it is hyped up.\*

America was known for its "Desperate Housewives," and that reputation didn't come from nowhere. If there weren't enough full-time housewives, there wouldn't be that many desperate ones.

In reality, many American women chose to leave the workforce after marriage and become full-time homemakers.

Women in the American workplace faced discrimination by default.

That's why they were so sensitive to it—because it was real. Demand created the market.

And the main audience for TV dramas? Stay-at-home wives watching from home.

In real life, they dealt with discrimination daily, so watching TV dramas where women fought back felt just as satisfying as reading those cliché underdog revenge stories.

Being a doctor was a highly professional career, and patient trust was crucial. If a patient lost trust in their doctor, they could easily switch to someone else.

If Alice's past side job ever got exposed, she wouldn't just face ridicule from her classmates—the rumors could spread to the hospital, reaching both colleagues and patients.

Hospitals were busy, high-stress environments. Gossip and scandals were their primary source of entertainment, spreading at an unbelievable speed.

Adam vaguely recalled a particularly ruthless blonde doctor with a perfect figure.

In order to pay off her student loans early, she had posed for a "Doctors" special edition in a well-known adult magazine \*after\* graduating with her MD.

The result? Endless mockery.

During her residency, seductive images from that shoot were plastered all over the hospital—locker rooms, hallways, even inside patient files.

Some patients outright refused to let her treat them or assist in their surgeries.

Why?

Because they had seen those pictures.

Some had even \*used\* those pictures.

Every time they looked at her, they didn't see a professional doctor—they saw a \*sexy doctor\*.

Alice didn't know this specific case, but as a woman who wanted to be recognized for her talents rather than just her looks, she had faced similar struggles all her life.

If it were any other man, she might have been confident in persuading him to keep her secret.

But Adam was different.

She still couldn't understand why he had rejected her that night in Vegas.

And now, watching him easily make Iliad blush with just a few words, she could no longer convince herself that he "wasn't into women."

Damn it!

What was she supposed to do?

While Alice wrestled with her frustration, William was also feeling conflicted.

On one hand, he was thrilled to see his \*one true love\* again. It was destiny—another sign that Alice was meant for him.

On the other hand, he was irritated.

His supposed soulmate wasn't looking at \*him\*.

She was staring at \*Adam\*.

The sight of Adam triggered an unpleasant memory.

Instinctively, William reached for his lower back.

Because of Adam and Heather, he had nearly broken his spine. That Las Vegas trip had turned into the worst nightmare of his life.

As the new students sized each other up and chatted, the dean and a group of professors finally entered the lecture hall.

After a welcome speech, they moved on to the main event of the day—the first lesson for medical students.

Under the dean's guidance, the students took the oath.

"I solemnly swear."

"I solemnly swear." \*—repeated 108 times\*

"I will dedicate my life to the service of humanity."

"I will dedicate my life to the service of humanity." \*—repeated 108 times\*

"I will honor and show gratitude to my teachers."

"I will honor and show gratitude to my teachers." \*—repeated 108 times\*

"I will practice medicine with conscience and dignity.

The health of my patients will be my first consideration.

I will respect the privacy of my patients, even after they have passed away.

I will uphold the honor and noble traditions of the medical profession and treat my colleagues as my brothers and sisters.

I will not allow age, illness, disability, religion, nationality, race, political beliefs, gender, social status, or any other factor to influence my duty to my patients.

I will hold the utmost respect for human life.

Even under threat, I will not use my medical knowledge to violate human rights or ethical principles.

I solemnly, freely, and upon my honor, take this oath."

The dean recited each line, and the students followed in unison.

The oath had been memorized in advance, so even the longer passages were spoken without hesitation.

This was a modified version of the traditional Hippocratic Oath.

Hippocrates, a Greek physician, was regarded as the father of Western medicine. His statue could be found at nearly every medical school.

His oath was a moral guideline for the medical field—an ethical standard not just for doctors, but for all professionals.

And so, the first lesson began.

\*(End of Chapter)\*