

TV Show 54

Chapter 54: Submission

Columbia University Dormitory.

Room 110.

"Professor Ted."

Matthew had just finished a sandwich and was in a dazed state, failing to notice that the young Ted in front of him was neither a "Mr." nor a "professor." Still, he nervously looked at him.

"Wow."

Ted sniffed the air, an understanding look appearing on his face. Jokingly, he said, "Someone's been eating a sandwich."

"What?"

Matthew was startled and blurted out in a panic, "No, I haven't! I don't even know what a sandwich tastes like! My parents will donate a huge sum to the school!"

Ted: ...

Knock, knock.

"Hey, I'm Adam, from next door, Room 111."

Adam knocked on the door, and seeing the two familiar faces, he couldn't help but smile.

"Hey, Adam, I'm Ted."

Ted, wearing glasses, looked somewhat handsome but didn't yet have the future aura of *deep affection and romance.* At the moment, he seemed rather shy and inexperienced. Adam knew this was because Ted had not yet become the smooth-talking flirt he would later be.

Without enough rivals, Ted hadn't shed his youthful awkwardness or mastered his signature *deep, romantic* approach.

"Matthew."

The tall, nervous-looking guy forced a smile.

"Hey, Matthew," Adam greeted enthusiastically.

Between Ted and Matthew, Adam admired Matthew more.

Unlike Ted, who honed his *deep, romantic* persona through flirtation and heartbreak, this big guy in front of him was the real deal.

A man who would love only one woman his entire life.

A man who would stay devoted to her, no matter what.

Even in his fantasies, when he imagined other women, it was only after he and his true love had grown old together. And even then, after his beloved passed away, it was a caring nurse who comforted him in his grief.

A man who truly embodied *"till death do us part."*

Famous person once said: *Bad people don't like being good, but they sure love befriending good people.*

Adam wholeheartedly agreed.

"Relax, Ted's not a professor. He's your new roommate," Adam said, realizing that Matthew was still on edge—so much so that even when Ted placed his luggage on the top bunk and claimed it, he remained tense.

It was only then that Adam truly understood the power of an *American sandwich.*

"Wait, what?"

Matthew finally turned to Ted in shock. "You're not a professor?"

"When did I ever say I was a professor?"

Ted scoffed. "Dude, how many sandwiches did you eat? Cut back a little—we've got a welcome party tonight."

"Not that many."

Now that Matthew was more relaxed, he grinned sheepishly, pulling out a half-eaten sandwich from its hiding spot and offering it to Adam and Ted. "You guys want a bite?"

"No, thanks. I don't touch that stuff."

Adam waved his hand in firm refusal.

No way he'd get involved with something like this—a dangerous indulgence unchecked in this capitalist country.

"I'm good, too," Ted said, pretending to decline.

But in the next second, he pulled out an even **bigger** sandwich from his backpack, laughing, "Because I've got something even better!"

"Nice one, bro."

Matthew immediately got more hyped, pointing at Ted with both hands, grinning like they shared an unspoken bond.

"..."

Adam twitched at the corner of his mouth. **No wonder these two became best friends—they share the same addiction.**

Forget it. Better stay out of this. Time to submit my manuscript.

"I've got things to do, so I'm heading out."

"Bro, don't forget the welcome party tonight! I heard there'll be tons of hot girls!"

Matthew shouted after him.

Adam gave them a thumbs-up before making his exit.

Random House Headquarters

"Good afternoon, sir. How can I help you?"

The receptionist greeted Adam warmly as soon as he stepped into the lobby.

"Hi, I'd like to submit a manuscript. Who should I speak to?"

Adam flashed a bright smile.

"Oh, sir, you're an author? That's amazing!"

The receptionist praised him sincerely. "You can go to the seventh floor—the editorial department is there. Chief Editor Serv is in right now. Your work must be wonderful—I can't wait to see it in print!"

"Thank you! You won't be disappointed."

Adam responded smoothly to the enthusiastic receptionist and took the elevator up to the editorial department.

In the Lobby

"I'm here to submit a manuscript too..."

"Sir, do you have an appointment?"

"No."

"Then please mail your manuscript. We have staff who will review it."

"But that guy just walked right in!"

"He had an appointment."

"..."

A pot-bellied middle-aged man walked out of the lobby, looking dejected. He muttered under his breath, "Damn it! Now you need looks to be a novelist, too? What does that kid know about writing? Just because he's a little handsome, everyone's bending over backward for him. Hmph! Today, you look down on me—tomorrow, I'll be too high for you to reach!"

Seventh Floor

Editorial Department – Chief Editor Jack Serv's Office

Knock, knock.

"Come in."

"Hello, Mr. Serv."

Adam pushed the door open, smiling at the middle-aged man behind the desk. "I'm Adam Duncan, a student at Columbia. I've written a novel and was hoping you could take a look at it."

"Oh, a Columbia student?"

Jack Serv smiled, showing no sign of displeasure at Adam's unexpected visit.

Why?

Not because Adam was particularly impressive on his own, but because he had introduced himself as a Columbia student.

Columbia was an Ivy League school, located in New York, and had the greatest influence in the city. The U.S. was a society where elites stuck together, and alumni networks were a pillar of these elite circles.

Did those wealthy students spend tons of money to get into top universities just to learn advanced academic theories?

No!

Of course not!

Most of them didn't even care about high school subjects, let alone the dry, challenging courses in college. Their real purpose for attending top-tier schools was to build high-quality connections.

belamy20 once said:

"The four strongest bonds in life: fighting in battle together, being classmates, sharing dirty secrets, and stripping down together."

The socially savvy alumni of elite American schools fit these four perfectly. That's why simply being a student at a prestigious university made people take you seriously—it ensured that they wouldn't dismiss you outright.

Because who knows? Maybe now or in the future, you'd be connected to someone important.

Fortunes change every thirty years—never underestimate a young man's potential.

Americans understood this concept well.

As long as you were from a prestigious university, your journey might be one of rising success—not just a comedic tale of failure.

"The Fool, Book One?"

Jack Serv took the manuscript from Adam, flipping through the pages. Smiling noncommittally, he said, "A series, huh? Give me a moment to take a look."

Adam nodded and waited quietly as Serv read through his work.

An hour later...

"Where's the rest?"

Jack Serv closed the last page, instinctively asking for more before casually chuckling. "For a newcomer, this is pretty good. So, how much of it have you written? Have you finished the first book?"

"Of course."

Adam nodded. "But I think we should talk about publishing first."