

TV Show 67

Chapter 67: The Survival Method in Difficult Situations**

At the Bar.

Bang!

The bar door swung open again as Monica, Chandler, and Joey walked in together.

"Hey, what are you guys talking about?"

Ross frantically signaled to Adam with his eyes, silently begging him not to mention what had just happened. After all, they were all friends, and if rumors like this spread, it could seriously affect their friendships.

"Let's have Ross explain it himself," Adam said with a nod and a smile.

"Sweetie, are you okay?" Monica asked her brother with concern.

"My wife is a lesbian," Ross said, finally feeling a sense of relief. Looking into his sister's caring eyes, the hidden emotional sensitivity in his genes surfaced, and he almost burst into tears.

"Cool!" Joey exclaimed in admiration.

Ross immediately glared at him.

"What?" Joey shrugged. "That's the kind of scene I've always dreamed of witnessing!"

"Looks like I'll be having nightmares again tonight," Chandler said with his usual self-deprecating humor.
"Fantastic!"

Ever since childhood, memories of his parents and their male housekeeper had been haunting him like a recurring nightmare.

"OMG!" Monica gasped. "Are you sure?"

"Well, Carol didn't exactly leave me a note saying, 'I'm a lesbian,'" Ross said sarcastically. "But yes, I'm sure!"

"So, what are you going to do?" Monica asked, putting an arm around Ross's shoulder. Unlike before, she didn't immediately offer advice—this was uncharted territory for her, and she felt at a loss.

"I..." Ross opened his mouth but didn't know what to say. After a glance at Adam, he hesitated and said, "Maybe I should talk to Carol and get some answers? Maybe there's still a chance to fix things?"

"Let's go! I'll go with you!" Joey jumped up, ready to drag Ross along.

"Enough, Joey!" Monica scolded.

"Okay, okay." Joey raised his hands in surrender. "I'm just trying to be supportive."

"It's good to get some clarity," Monica said gently. "You and Carol have been together since college—it's been over seven years. There's still a chance to fix things. The real question is: do you even want to?"

In America, people of all kinds existed. Being a lesbian wasn't a huge deal—many people embraced all possibilities.

"Of course, I do!" Ross blurted out instinctively. "Carol is the only woman who has ever loved me..."

"But is she the only woman *you* have ever loved?" Adam asked, hitting the nail on the head.

"Ross, Rachel is engaged—to a doctor. She's getting married soon," Monica reminded him.

As his sister, she knew Ross's feelings well. She had once believed that his early relationship and marriage with Carol had helped him move on from Rachel. But now, it was clear—Ross had never truly let go.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have said Carol was the only woman who loved him—he would've said she was the only woman *he* loved.

"I know," Ross muttered with a bitter smile. "To Rachel, I'm probably just her best friend's weird older brother."

"Yes," Monica nodded emphatically. "That's exactly how she sees you."

"..."

Ross's mouth twitched. He no longer felt like talking and simply stood up to leave. "Anyway, this has nothing to do with Rachel. This is between me and Carol. I'm going to find out the truth."

"Good luck!" Joey grinned. "And while you're at it, could you ask Carol if she knows any other lesbians? You know, I'm an actor—I need to understand society better!"

Ross rolled his eyes and walked out.

The group continued discussing the situation for a while before eventually changing the subject.

"Adam, is college really that easy? You always seem so free," Joey, who hadn't even finished high school, asked curiously.

"It's manageable," Adam replied with a smile. "As long as you're focused, it's pretty simple. Besides, the first two years of college mostly cover general education courses. The really challenging major-specific courses come in the junior and senior years."

With an IQ over 140, Adam had naturally developed into a top student. With a little effort, college felt easy.

"You really can't compare people," Monica said in admiration. "Ross always bragged about scoring a 1450 on the SAT, but he actually got a 1250. Meanwhile, Adam scored 1500—he's a total genius!"

"Wow, impressive!" Joey, as an academic underachiever, was in awe.

"Adam is already reading medical textbooks!" Monica added.

"Wait, Adam, aren't you in Columbia's biology program?" Chandler asked in surprise. "Are you planning to go to medical school?"

"Yeah," Adam nodded. "I've always wanted to be a doctor—to save lives."

"A doctor? Wow," Phoebe said with a knowing smirk.

"But isn't it too early to start preparing?" Chandler asked. "Isn't college supposed to be fun?"

"Setting goals, making plans, and preparing early—this feels better to me," Adam shrugged. "Besides, it doesn't stop me from having fun. I hang out with you guys all the time, don't I?"

"Exactly!" Monica agreed. "You should always have a clear plan. Opportunities are for those who are prepared. Adam, I'm sure you'll be an amazing doctor."

"I hope so," Adam chuckled. "Besides reading medical textbooks, I've also applied to become a hospital volunteer."

"A hospital volunteer?" Monica and Phoebe said in unison.

"Yeah," Adam explained. "Getting into medical school is tough. They consider your undergraduate school, your major's relevance to medicine, and your overall academic performance. But another big factor is volunteer experience in a hospital—how long you've done it, and what kind of work you've done."

Hospital volunteering was unpaid—it was pure volunteer work. The ability to commit to it long-term showed patience, compassion, and dedication to medicine.

Some medical schools even required applicants to complete up to 5,000 hours of hospital volunteering. That's over six years if you only did two hours a day—an immense investment of time and effort.

Now that Adam's intelligence was already at a genius level, and Sheldon and the others were continuously providing intellectual insights, he no longer needed to spend as much energy seeking out other ways to increase his knowledge.

Volunteering at a hospital not only strengthened his resume but also gave him early exposure to hospitals and patients—an opportunity he wouldn't miss.

"Now I finally understand why Rachel is obsessed with doctors," Monica muttered.

"Me too," Phoebe nodded.

Both of them imagined Adam in a white lab coat. Phoebe was fascinated by his seemingly ordinary yet uniquely charismatic aura, while Monica admired his relentless dedication and methodical approach to achieving his goals.

****At Ross's Place.****

"Aha!"

Ross had snuck into his home and cornered Carol and her "gym buddy" Susan in the bedroom.

"Ross!" Carol gasped in panic.

"It's okay, it's okay," Susan quickly recovered from her initial shock and gently comforted Carol, wrapping an arm around her.

Ross wanted to be furious, but for some reason, Joey's goofy smile flashed through his mind. Then, as he looked at Susan, he realized she was actually quite attractive. A thought crossed his mind, and the words that came out of his mouth took an unexpected turn...

This was his way of handling difficult situations—finding common ground instead of focusing on differences.

The room fell into an awkward silence.

Then, a sharp voice broke through the air.

"Get out!"