

THE NEARLY NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL

非常男子高校（一）

A class of brand-new freshman boys at a prestigious private school discover they're part of an all-male experimental cohort. The confused and impulsive protagonist Tso Yuan, who thought he would be chasing girls for three years, finds himself caught up in dangerous games of risk, intrigue, and frustrated romance.

It's a teenage boy's worst nightmare: to check in for your first day at a prestigious, co-ed private school and discover that you're part of an "experimental" class of male students only. Poor Tso Yuan thought that three years at Lin-Tung Preparatory School would give him a degree in chasing girls; instead, he finds himself caught up in dangerous games of risk, intrigue, and even frustrated romance.

Despite mediocre grades and a poor behavioral record, Tso Yuan is selected as Head Boy for the class; when his classmates realize the faculty advisor who picked him is Tso Yuan's uncle, reprisal inevitably follows. While Tso Yuan does his best to fend off the resentment of some of his peers, he finds himself shouldering the burden of helping others, while fending off his handsome yet icy roommate and dancing around traps set for him by his teachers.

Celebrated author Wing brings new life to the traditional BL environment of the boys' academy in this series of strange, tumultuous tales that pulse with unrestrainable energy.

Wing 吾名翼

Wing is a best-selling author of popular fiction with a wide base of enthusiastic fans. Both the first and second volumes of his collection of science fiction stories, *Dangerous Illusions*, topped the charts of Books.com.tw and Kingstone Books, two of Taiwan's largest online sales platforms.



Category: Light Novel

Publisher: Sharp Point

Date: 3/2018

Rights contact:

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Pages: 264

Length: 86,500 characters
(approx. 60,000 words in English)

Material: Sample

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By Wing

Translated by Eleanor Goodman

The first page of the handbook explained that Lingtung High School had allocated the large dormitory to house special students.

There were five stories all told, with teachers on the fourth and fifth floors, and students on the second and third. The ground floor housed the main lobby and warden's quarters, along with the showers, cafeteria, and a multifunction room for events.

Tso Yuan skimmed down the second page and his eye caught the room number he'd been assigned: 201. It was conspicuously listed first.

He figured it was best to wait until the warden was awake to pick up his key.

Figuring that his roommate had probably moved in already, Tso Yuan closed the handbook and softly padded up the stairs to the second floor.

Room 201 was right at the top of the stairs. The door was slightly ajar.

Straightening the fake glasses he wore to make him look dull and obedient, he pushed open the door and went in.

The dorm was spacious and sunny, with a south-facing balcony and air conditioning. Entering the room, he felt a pleasant draft of cool air waft over the thin layer of sweat on his forehead.

Coming in to the sudden cool from the inferno outside, his mood immediately brightened.

Tso Yuan took measure of the space: a combination of bed, desk, and dresser stood on either side, which meant that the room was a double.

The space on the left side of the room had already been neatly arranged with belongings. The smooth, tidy bedspread and orderly desk indicated the occupant's uncompromising standards.

Tso Yuan cast his eye over the room, then caught sight of his roommate leaning over the balcony railing to take in the view.

"Hi!" Putting on a dazzling smile, he started to make nice with his roommate. "I'm Tso Yuan, your new roommate. If there's anything you need help with, just let me know!"

"So you're Tso Yuan." The voice was cold, and the eyes that abruptly caught Tso Yuan's gaze had a sharp glint.

As they stared at each other, Tso Yuan could finally see what his roommate looked like.

Unlike Tso Yuan, who had been born and bred in in the Eastern District, his roommate showed obvious signs of having foreign blood, with his nearly translucent skin, prominent nose, deep eye sockets. In the sunlight, his eyes displayed the striking color and luster of amethyst.

Of course, everyone wore the required Lingtung shirt, but his roommate was wearing a Western suit vest over his, and that made the ordinary shirt look specially tailored for him, different from the others.

Tso Yuan racked his brain, but the only words he could come up with were “toffee-nosed poser.” It wasn’t entirely appropriate, but that was the best thing he could find in his impoverished vocabulary.

Those were the words he’d used in the past to describe Tso Li.

If there were a few more flowers behind him, it’d pretty much be that kind of cartoon all the girls like...

Tso Yuan scratched his head, amused by the thought as he ignored the growing awkwardness in the air. “The girls would go crazy if they saw you there. It’s a good thing we’re in a boys only class. If we were in the co-ed class and you were my roommate, in three years I’d be ferrying love letters to you all day long.”

Tso Yuan grinned. He wanted to ask his roommate’s name, but before he could, the boy on the balcony interrupted him in a cold voice.

“It’s about 700 meters from the dorm to the building where the classrooms are, and there are three intersections along the way. Every road has a street sign, so if you can read it’s impossible to get lost. From what I saw from the balcony, given the speed of your gait when you arrived, it took you at most eight minutes to get back here from the classroom building. That is to say, you spent at least half an hour there.” His purple-eyed roommate raised his arm to look at his watch, then slowly walked up to Tso Yuan.

Tso Yuan felt a rush of hot air across his face as his roommate pushed the door to the hallway shut.

Taking advantage of his few extra centimeters of height, he held the door with one hand and looked down at Tso Yuan. “So the head teacher kept you for that long. Did he have something he wanted to talk with you about?”

Tso Yuan stared at his roommate’s face just inches away from his own, and answered innocently, “He didn’t say anything. He just named me class monitor, and told me that I’d be helping him.”

“You? Class monitor?” The roommate raised his eyebrows, his purple eyes filled with contempt. “Recite the periodic table.”

“What?” Tso Yuan was a bit of a slacker, and when the conversation abruptly turned to schoolwork, he couldn’t keep up.

“What’s the quadratic equation?”

“Um...”

“Give me three idioms that describe your first impression of me.”

“Oh, that one I’ve got! Brown-nosed poser. That’s an idiom, right? It must be! I was just thinking that’s the perfect expression for you.”

His roommate fell silent, and the feeling around him grew so glacial that it seemed the air would freeze. “And another one?”

“Another what?”

Seeing Tso Yuan's confusion, the purple-eyed roommate shook his head in disappointment. "So they let idiots be class monitors here at Lingtung?"

"Who are you calling an idiot?" Tso Yuan said, his smile starting to fade.

"You."

Tso Yuan could hear his calm sense of reason start to crumble. Hot blood rushed to his head, and he reflexively made a fist and —

Wham!

His purple-eyed roommate tilted his head, one hand firmly grasping Tso Yuan's fist. "Illiterate, stupid, and violent too. For someone without an ounce of leadership to be chosen for class monitor — could it be because you and our head teacher have the same last name?"

"Let go of me!"

"It wasn't the first time you'd met, no? What I mean is..." he yanked Tso Yuan toward him by his fist, locking eyes, "you two must know each other pretty well."

At that, Tso Yuan shivered with a cold splash of realization. Finally he understood his roommate's attitude!

He suspected that he and Tso Li were connected somehow!

An uncle-nephew relationship wasn't anything that had to be kept secret, but unfortunately his uncle was someone who attracted hatred and resentment easily, and he wanted Tso Yuan to be his eyes and ears.

If everyone knew about their relationship, any student secret that reached a teacher's ears, would be immediately pinned on Tso Yuan, even if he'd had nothing to do with it. Images of his classmates ignoring him passed in front of his eyes.

"There are lots of people with my last name! Who knows why the head teacher made me class monitor! If you don't like it, go tell him to switch me out for you. I don't care. And if you still don't like me, I'll go ask to switch rooms!"

He knew he'd never beat him in a fight, so he wrenched his fist away and turned the door knob.

The door opened a crack, and his purple-eyed roommate grabbed his wrist again. "Wait."

"Get off me!" The instant he felt the hand grab onto his wrist, his conditioned reflexes kicked in and he pulled his arm counterclockwise, holding onto his roommate's hand and twisting his arm all the way to the shoulder.

With one more step, Tso Yuan could perform a shoulder throw on his roommate that would guarantee he'd be out of commission for hours.

He caught himself just in time.

He didn't want to make a name for himself for fighting on the very first day. All of his efforts to hide his identity would come to nothing!

As he let up his pressure, his roommate applied more, and he was caught off-balance. He couldn't catch them in time and they went crashing to the ground.

His chin whacked into a hard chest, cracking his teeth so painfully that the roots started to tingle.

His roommate landed beneath him and was even worse off. His whole body felt the impact, and his handsome face scrunched up with pain. He saw double and his eyes spontaneously teared up.

“Get off!” he ordered, trying to sound as forceful as possible.

Tso Yuan had been ready to get up, but when he heard that, he lifted his hip and then slammed it down again.

“Ow ow ow... I think I sprained my ankle. I can’t get up.” His whole body was pressing down on his roommate’s, and he deliberately poked him a few times in the ribs.

“You...” Fury rose in his roommate’s face, his limpid purple eyes and pale cheeks turning red.

“Sorry! Just give me a second to recover and I’ll get right up.”

His roommate was furious but helpless, and his pomposity disappeared. His arrogance had been beaten out of him. Tso Yuan immediately felt the relief of a freed prisoner, and his heart danced with joy.

He considered drawing out a bit longer, but the sudden sound of something hitting the ground put a stop to his mischief.

At some point the door had been pushed open. No one was there now, but all sorts of vacuum-packed snack bags lay on the floor in front of their door.

What was going on?

Tso Yuan blinked, looking at the empty doorway. Then he looked down at the boy beneath him. His roommate’s face was pink and his eyes were tearing up as he thought about throwing him out.

“Was someone just here?” Tso Yuan asked.

“Yeah.”

“Did he see us on the floor and leave?”

“Yeah.”

Tso Yuan said nothing, and his roommate underneath him said nothing, and the two stayed like that, one beneath the other, staring at each other for five or six seconds until what had just happened finally filtered through Tso Yuan’s head and everything went blank.

“Oh no!”

The boy who had just claimed his ankle was sprained leapt up, ran to the doorway and shouted down the hallway, “Hey, don’t go! I can explain! We’re not fighting, we were just horsing around!”

The sounds echoed down the hallway, and confused heads stuck out of rooms on both sides of the hall, whispering.

“Lying there?”

“What the...”

“Weird!”

Tso Yuan couldn’t hear what they were saying, but he felt like the boys stared at him with a growing suspicion. He felt his disguise falling away and he had no idea how to explain what had happened.

“We were just playing around. I’m a really nice guy, I —“

“You’re just making it worse.” The sound of soft laughter floated to his ears, and he came back to his senses. Looking back inside the room, Tso Yuan saw his coolly composed, purple-eyed roommate standing there with perfect posture once more.

He wasn’t smiling, and it seemed to Tso Yuan that the laughter he’d heard was a product of his imagination.

The roommate lightly touched Tso Yuan’s thin lips with his index finger. “Don’t make a fuss. Everyone’s going to be together for a long time. Any misunderstandings will be naturally be resolved.”

“Are misunderstandings that easy to resolve?” Tso Yuan clutched at his head. “If I switch rooms, everyone will think it’s because we were fighting!”

“Who said I wanted you to switch rooms?”

“What? Why... You mean you really don’t want me to switch?”

“I never said I did. I just asked you a few questions. What are you so nervous about?” The purple-eye boy lifted his chin and said clearly, “My name is Chien Teng-Shen. You should be happy, I don’t like roommates with too high of an IQ. So if you’d just be less of an irritable smartass, we might be able to get along.”