



PHONE



Engineer
Cute Boy
Sunshine & Darkness

Written by JittiRain
Translated by TULIP

Vol.1

Engineer Cute Boy: Sunshine & Darkness Vol. 1

by JittiRain

Translator: TULIP

ISBN 885-930-51-2181-9

Price 559

Published in Thailand by everY,
an imprint of Jamsai Publishing Co., Ltd.



Copyright © Jamsai Publishing and JittiRain, 2024

Cover design by Hei Zhi Ma Hu (黑芝麻糊)

This book is copyright under Copyright Act B.E. 2537 (1994).

No reproduction without permission.

All rights reserved.

Jamsai Publishing Co., Ltd.

285/33, Soi Charansanitwong 31,

Charansanitwong Road,

Bang Khun Sri, Bangkok Noi,

Bangkok 10700

THAILAND

www.facebook.com/everyyyyy

www.jamsai.com

Engineer Cute Boy: Sunshine & Darkness 1

00

Introduction

"The last chemical engineering candidate, Mr. Kunyukol Jiraroj, please enter the interview room."

Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in again, breathe out...

"Kunyukol."

She calls my name again before I even have a chance to exhale. I'm scarily close to fainting and the anxiety widens my eyes. Regardless, I remind myself everything will be okay. I will get through it just fine.

"Still not going...You're sure taking your sweet time. She called you several times. What the hell are you waiting for?"

My friend's voice snaps me out of my messy thoughts. As the last person, I feel pressure. What if everyone else did well except me? Will they kick me out? It's all jumbling in my head. But at this point, there's nothing I can do but face it head-on.

"I'm not taking my sweet time. I just need a moment to brace myself," I tell my friend, who's waiting in front of the room alone. The employee calls for me again.

"Where is Kunyukol Jiraroj?"

"Pardon me! I'm here." I rise and march forward with a confident face, though trembling. Well, even my mouth twitched when I responded.

Hey, relax...relax...

"The last chemical engineering candidate, take a seat," says one of the three professors waiting inside after I open the door into this abnormally chilly execution chamber.

I sit down obediently and set my portfolio in my lap before meeting their eyes. All males and young like fresh graduates. The ones on the left and right are bespectacled and the one in the middle wears a tie with a diagonal-striped pattern, looking uniquely different.

"Please introduce yourself."

Here comes the first question. A piece of cake. Let's go for it.

"Hello, I'm Kunyukol Jiraroj."

Is it too short?

The room is in sudden silence, presumably because the professors didn't expect such a brief introduction. Well...what did the others say? Thinking the short introduction could possibly get me eliminated in the final round, I add more.

"Ah...My short name is Kun, the first syllable of my first name. In case you don't know, Kunyukol means two ears."

Fuck!

Will I survive this round?

"Good meaning. Students in our departments have unique names. What's the one last year?" The professors enjoy the chatter. I sigh softly since the atmosphere isn't as intense as I imagined.

"Oh, Anon?"

"Yeah, Anon that means a person with no debt."

My name is weird, but Anon is much worse. I'm incredibly proud that I'm not the only one with this miserable fate. I feel like crying.

"All right. What's your favorite subject?" one of them shoots the second question at me once done with recalling an interview last year.

"N...Nothing in particular."

"Why did you choose chemical engineering?"

"Because I could."

A silence...

It feels like I just tripped and my foot got caught in a trap. How unbelievably dumb I am. I was nervous and those words slipped out of my mouth. My head is too blank to make an excuse, so I let the silence speak for a while before one of them asks another question.

"Did any of your friends apply for this department?"

"Yes." His bright smile is reassuring. "But they all applied for the other majors. I'm the only one choosing chemical engineering."

"Will you be able to adjust without your friends?"

"I'm capable of adjusting to new environments and people."

Am I a human or a chameleon?

"Great."

Awww, they're smiling even more.

"Thank you."

"As a tradition, you will solve one chemical engineering

problem." One of them slides a piece of paper with a problem to me. Are they trying to crush me?

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Right now?"

"Correct."

"What if I can't?"

"We'll see about that."

No~

I'm going to cry. Don't play with a newbie's heart.

I wish I could call a radio channel to agonize about the series of my deadly fates from my past sins. I could actually die now.

What the hell is this problem? I don't even know where to start. But at this point, I have no choice but to grab a pencil and write something down with a sob. A few seconds later, one of the professors interrupts.

"You know how to solve the problem?"

"No. I'm just writing anything. My mom said to make something up if I don't know the answer." Jeez...why did you tell them the truth, Kun, you fool?

They guffaw upon my answer while I'm on the verge of tears. How mean. The world is too cruel to my little heart.

"Okay, okay. I feel your effort. This problem isn't for first-year students who haven't taken the intensive class. We were testing your wit."

The point of my wit is probably zero.

"All right. What do you have for us in your portfolio?" Though

relieved, I get chills from the smile.

"Here." I place my portfolio in front of him immediately.

"Can you present your strength to us?"

"I'm bright, friendly, and loveable."

"What about activities?"

"Oh, I participated in a science competition and a musical."

The professor carefully flips through my portfolio and stops at a certificate and a photo of the musical.

"Amazing. What did you play?"

"A dog."

I can see the older man trying his best to stifle his smile. What the hell?

"Nice."

He continues flipping to the last page and moves on to a request card distributed before the interview. I wrote everything down. Perhaps one part of it bugs him, given the frown.

"In the request card, you said that if you ever pass the interview, you want a roommate who can sleep with the lights on. Is it a joke or not?"

"I'm serious."

Without another word, the professor notes something on his iPad, returns the portfolio to me, and utters briefly.

"You're the last one of this major. Welcome to the engineering department."

"I passed?"

"If there's nothing wrong, yes. But stay tuned for the official announcement."

"Thank you."

I stand, smile at the professors before me with teary eyes, and spin out of the room like a winner. My friend, whom I recently met, is waiting outside. He asks me in excitement upon seeing me.

"Kun, how was it?"

"Ugh, it was nothing."

"You mean the questions or yourself?"

"The questions. Easy-peasy."

Meanwhile, I almost burst into tears when encountering the engineering problem in the interview room.

My friend and I walk across the hallway where we were earlier, now fully occupied by students from other majors. We swerve in another direction, and I wish them good luck without being played like I was.

"Next, civil engineering. Please enter the room when you hear your name. The first one is..."

"..."

"Mr. Yotha Thanawanyotha."

01

The Beginning of a University Life

"Ding-dong~ Is anyone here?"

"Yes?"

The answer from the inside pushes my mother to twist the doorknob and open the door to face the person in there. The smiling guy on the edge of the bed is my roommate, Kongkiet. We met on the interview day and agreed to share a room after we passed the interview.

"Hello, ma'am. I'm Kong, Kun's cute roommate."

"You're the cutest."

"Thank you. I promise to be his good friend."

"I trust you the most."

Who's the son, and who's the son's friend here?

Kong is cute? Let me spit out the balcony. He might look like a bespectacled dinosaur and neat on the outside, but he's one of the cheekiest engineering freshmen this year. Contrasting to his nerdy appearance, he's a total rascal.

A cheeky rascal. I would've still been fooled by his appearance had I not gotten to know him.

"Kong, what about your family?" I change the subject after letting my mother chat to her heart's content.

"They came and left right away."

It's moving day. According to the university's policy, first-year students will be accommodated in the dormitory for a year, and students from each department have specific dates to move in. Today is for over six hundred engineering students, hence all the fuss.

Everyone is provided with a room with two beds and can choose their own roommates. Since I got closest to Kong on the interview day and he could sleep with the lights on, I had no reason to select someone else.

"Let me introduce my family to you. This is Kloi, my sister. My dad is waiting in the lobby."

"Hi, Kloi."

"Hey," responds my sister. Kong looks terrified.

Yeah, nobody easily gets used to my sister.

Kloi is a punk, dressed in all black. I remember she was influenced by this style after a work-and-travel trip and became a completely different person. Other girls draw their eyebrows for confidence before leaving home, but my sister can never step outside without dark eyeliners. She would feel bare.

Even if her eyebrows and face are bare, eyeliners are enough makeup for her. It puzzles me.

"Kloi is two years older than us. She's a third-year student," I explain. Kong, glancing nervously at my sister, asks her a question.

"Do you go here?"

"No. I would deal with a certain kid more easily if I did."

"Ooooooooooh."

"Kloi, don't tease your brother. Be at ease, Kong. Kun, come here. We need to talk." My mother ceases the battle and tugs my hand to sit on my bed.

This will soon be my second home. It will be lonely to not wake up in my own house like before. But well, you need to grow and face constant changes. It's the circle of life.

"Do you remember what your dad and I said?"

"Yes."

"What are they? Tell me again."

"Dating is allowed as long as my studying isn't affected."

"Good. What else?" Before transferring my stuff here, my parents reminded me over and over to never misbehave to an extreme extent. I'll be with new friends and a new environment in this university life. As I'm from another province, I'll be able to visit home once every couple of months. They must be worried.

"Don't mess with your friends."

"Right. You're always messing with your friends."

"I'm not. Dad said to throw a punch whenever someone messes with me."

"Don't listen to your dad! Violence is never a solution," my mother protests. My parents hardly see eye to eye. When my mother says stop, my father says go for it. I have no idea whom to listen to. Sigh.

"Okay. I'll try to use reasons." But I'll beat you to a pulp if you dare to mess with me...

"What else? What about cleaning?"

"Separate my laundry by color so it's more convenient for the laundry store. And I'll wash my own underwear."

"Don't hang your underwear in the room," my mother stresses.

"Okay. I'll hang it on the balcony and the headboard of Kong's bed."

"Kun, you want a spank?!"

"Just kidding."

"It's not funny."

"Sigh, it's not fun when you don't play along with my jokes. Oh, about Darling. I'll take it to a car care when it's dirty. I won't leave it stained to upset you." My mother nods in contentment.

My Volkswagen Beetle, also known as a Beetle, was passed on to me from my parents. Although it has no name, I call it 'Darling,' as it represents my parents' love in their youth.

Am I into it? I have no choice. They always talk about this car whenever they get a chance.

"That's all I can remember." Those were pretty much the essential parts.

"There's more," my mother opposes.

"What?"

"Don't skip a meal. If you wake up late, grab a bite of something. Don't stay up late. I don't want you to drink alcohol, but I understand you're at a curious age. I won't prohibit that. Just take good care of yourself."

"Okay."

"Studying is also important. You're here to study, not to cause trouble, so do well. You're in a good social circle. Now you need a

good IQ. I don't want to have a stupid child." She tears up. How emotional this is. My stupidity brought her to tears.

We talk for a while before hugging tightly like in a soap opera. Half an hour later, it's finally time to say goodbye to my family in the parking lot. I watch their car drive off and return to my room with a hollow heart.

The feeling lasts for around one minute before evaporating into thin air.

Kun is now freeeeee!

"Happy, huh? I want to take a photo of you right now and send it to your mom." Kong purses his lips mockingly. Taking no offense, I wiggle my eyebrow in response.

We're birds of a feather. I learned a little bit about this Kongkiet guy and we clicked just like that.

We spend the rest of the day organizing our stuff. I have my own three-foot-five bed, a desk with a broken lamp, a chair, and a separate closet, with one bathroom for two. Moreover, there's an empty space in the center for a small table to put our snacks on.

"Oh, I've been meaning to ask," says Kongkiet while arranging his things.

"What?"

"Why do you sleep with the lights on?" I withdraw my hands from the hangers and turn to him.

"You've never slept with the lights on?"

"I have, but only when I slept in unfamiliar places. Are you the same?"

"No. I sleep like that everywhere...How do I put it?" All my

high school friends know this. I've been called the Light Bulb Guy for six years. I can reveal my reason as it's never been a secret, especially to the one who will share the same room with me for a year.

"If you don't want to talk about it..."

"No, no. When I was young, I played in a storeroom and couldn't get out. It was so dark and no one heard me shouting for help. My imagination ran wild and I believed there was a ghost, so I wept in fear and curled in a corner before my dad got me out."

"..."

"I've never been the same after that."

"Is it a phobia?"

"Not really. I'm not scared and never panic in the dark, but I'd have nightmares when sleeping with the lights off. Everyone thought it would go away when I grew up, but no."

"Did you ever go to the doctor?"

"Yeah. I've received various treatments, including hypnotization. It didn't work."

"Poor you. So you always have to sleep with the lights on?"

"Pretty much."

"It must be hard."

"I'm used to it, but I doubt others are." My mind is the problem. Merely the thought of sleeping with the lights off would trigger my imagination about ghosts and spirits, though I've never seen one. The doctor said trauma takes time to recover from.

I wonder when...

Once done with organizing our room, Kongkiet suggests we eat at the cafeteria together. Students from other departments have moved in. Not all, but it's already getting lively. Seriously, I fucking love university life.

"Grilled pork?" asks Kong. I nod.

"Sure."

"How many."

"A million sticks."

"Fuck off!"

"Can't I eat a million sticks of grilled pork?"

"Go outside and turn left. You'll find a toilet. Go sit there alone."

"Why? What did I do wrong?"

"You were messing with me, bastard. Five sticks each, then. Let's burst out tummies." Konyukol can do nothing but accept those five sticks of grilled pork with sticky rice. A cup of carbonated drink here is huge. I get a lot for only fifteen baht, but it's all gone after I suck from the straw two times. Damn...it's packed with ice.

"You see that girl? She's a potential Engineering Princess." Kong points at her while chowing down his food. What an eye candy. This place is full of cute people.

"You know her?"

"I'm following her on IG. She has over thirty thousand followers."

"Wow."

"But she wouldn't bat an eye at you."

"Fuck you." He shatters my dream in broad daylight.

"There! She's the president's ex back in my high school. Isn't she cute?" my friend blurts again as I take another bite of grilled pork. Kong points at a super adorable girl with bangs. Taking in the sight of a bunch of these pretty people, I'm on cloud nine.

"So cute. Is she from our department?"

"No. I don't remember her department. There are plenty of cute girls here, and the handsome one is, of course..."

"Who?"

"Me." The world has lost all hope.

At that moment, someone appears in my line of vision. He's insanely tall and well-built, dressed in a black tee and blue soccer shorts, carrying a plate of food among his massive group of friends. The guy stands out with his long eyes, sharp nose, and perfectly shaped lips. His hairstyle complements his oval face.

Hey! To say Kong is the handsome one in our department is no longer accurate. The second that guy walks by, all eyes are on him.

"Who is that?" I ask in curiosity, not expecting my friend to know the answer. However, I'm in for a surprise.

"You don't know him?"

"Is he from our department?"

"Yeah, electrical engineering."

"..."

"His name is Faifah.*"



* Faifah means electricity.

"Do I look handsome?"

"Ugly as fuck."

"Wait a moment. I'll tell Kloi about this. Prepare for your death, Kong."

"We're friends. Let's talk it out. What's the need to be so cruel?" What a sly little bastard. He's sure good at this.

Engineering freshmen are excited today. Our seniors called for an assembly with our full uniforms to take student photos. Everyone is dolled up because we'll be stuck with those photos for four years.

The activity hall is full of students, yet we barely remember anyone's names. Well, we only joined one activity. The familiar faces are those I've often conversed with.

"Sit where your major is. The staff members, please raise the signs higher so they can see." Chemical engineering students are positioned next to electrical engineering students. Fortunately, no specific arrangements have been made. Those who come first sit at the front, and those who come later sit at the back. We don't have to run around for our spots. Meanwhile, the staff members hand out a piece of paper to each of us.

"Fill out the form with your first name, surname, and official student code. We'll arrange the line according to the number later when photographing."

Noting that, I put the form on the floor and sit cross-legged to fill it out. I start writing and my elbow touches someone beside me by accident.

"Sorry."

He turns to me. At that second, my breath catches in my throat.

The dude is fucking handsome. Crazy striking. How long has he been sitting there? I thought he was good-looking from afar in the restaurant. But now that we're in frighteningly close range, I realize his beauty is way beyond that.

"What are you looking at?"

"N...Nothing." I must've stared for too long to receive that question.

"Are you left-handed?"

"Yeah."

He scoots slightly so our arms won't touch, and I sneak a nosy glance at his form. His name is indeed Faifah. But well, don't be mad at me. He's so handsome. Even his voice sounds handsome. But his handwriting is fucking terribleeeeeeeee.

Did he write with his foot? I won't voice my thoughts since we're not close. Besides, I'm being nosy.

After filling out my form, I wait for students from other majors to finish getting photographed for their student cards. I hear continuous chatters as we're all bored. Kong has chatted for forever and it's still not his turn, so he takes out his phone to play a game, while I scroll down a social media application without thinking much.

"What's your name? I'm Faifah." Daaaaamn, I can't believe that question came from the handsome guy beside me.

"I'm Kun."

"Chemical engineering?"

"Yeah."

"You study electrical engineering, right? Nice. Your name is Faifah and you study electricity. You were born for it."

"You think so? I doubt that. I was actually born to be handsome."

"Barf." Come on. You'd better play that joke with Kong.

"You're mean. Why would you barf on me?"

"What a narcissist."

"You're a jerk."

"Leave me the fuck alone."

"No fucking way."

Faifah is definitely not a handsome poser. He's an ordinary freshman—hilarious, playful, and friendly. Perfect to be my friend.

"Which floor are you on? I'll stop by to kick your ass when I have time." The audacity. You'll be the one getting your ass kicked.

"Dormitory 6. Third floor."

"Oh, I'm on the fourth floor in Dormitory 6. I run on your head every day."

"Nice. Come knock on my door if you have time. Room 311. The room owner is handsome, kind, and charming."

"Super cool." Do you think he means it?

His face is fucking pretentious, but I save my breath since the truth is unchanged.

"Next, chemical engineering. Stand up, freshmen. Get in line according to your code on the register website." My attention on Faifah is diverted. The other students and I rise and follow each other to take our photos. A white backdrop has been set in a corner

with a camera connected to a laptop at the front, waiting for each student to have their faces forcefully captured.

I'm not a fan of no-retouch photos.

They can ruin us however they wish. The photographer won't say a word if your face looks fat, your neck looks short, or your lips jut out.

"Kunyukol."

I'm the second one in the major in alphabetical order. Pretty fast.

I stand on the spot marked in ink, straighten up, smoothen my shirt, tidy my hair, and look at the camera, telling myself I'm handsome and the coolest in the world.

SNAP!

"Done."

"O...One shot? No extra, just in case?"

"No. You can go."

I step out compliantly...and walk behind the photographer to check my face. Whoooooa, is that a human or a character in one of James Wan's horror movies? Sir, why don't you just erase my head and draw a new one? I'm mad, so mad I might cry. Helpless, I return to my row.

I refuse to sit at the front. I'm going back to my initial spot.

"What's wrong? Did you look ugly?" taunts Faifah knowingly. Ouch! Just stab me with a knife.

"The camera sucks. It ruined my fucking handsome face."

"Accept the truth."

"The truth is I look better in person."

"Check this out." I have no idea what he's up to. Oddly enough, I comply.

Faifah takes out his phone, taps on the screen, and shows me a picture of a stunning sea somewhere.

"Look. When I take photos with my phone, there's a detection mode."

"How does it work?"

"When I take a picture of the sea, the word 'sea' will appear on the camera to enter the mode that captures the water and the waves better."

"Oh, I see."

"This is the waterfall mode." Faifah swipes to another photo. "This is the temple."

"Wow, beautiful." This phone is smart. It improves the photo quality.

"But when I take a photo of you."

Faifah turns the phone camera to me and clicks.

"Here." I crane my neck to see.

"The pet mode."

Hold the fuck up!

"Are you insulting me?"

"No. What I'm trying to say is, if a phone camera detects you as a pet, no DSLR cameras can make you look good."

"Faifah, you son of a bitch. Are you saying I'm a pet?!"

"I'm not. The camera is."

"I'll tell my sister about this. This is not over."



The miserable time lasts forever. After chemical engineering, it's the electrical engineering students' turn. It's extremely boring. I'm waiting and waiting and it's still not finished. I take a leak in the restroom and stay there until I almost fall asleep before Kongkiet gives me a call.

I rush out to wash my hands and leave, but luck isn't on my side today.

SPLASH!

You damn faucet!

Who the hell did this? They broke the faucet and fixed it with a thin tape like nothing had happened. An unfortunate person could knock it off easily. Is this a broken faucet or a broken toilet? The water gushes out like a hot spring.

I can't do anything but cover the leak with both hands, but it doesn't work. I look like a puppy falling into a river. My head, shirt, pants, and underwear are soaked.

BANG!

Here comes my savior.

"Wah...Faifah...H...Help me." Thankfully, the person pushing the door open is my newly made friend. He halts for a second, observes me from head to toe, and heads to a corner. He snatches a rag and seals the leak with it, wrapping it securely.

I don't mind getting wet, but Faifah is now in the same state. My prior upsetness vanishes upon him helping me without a question.

"Thank you so much. The faucet broke. Gosh..." I say, wiping my face with my hands, looking like a triathlon swimmer. Not the best sight to see.

"Yeah," is all he says.

"Do we need to tell the housekeeper to contact the repairman?"

"Yeah."

"Are you mad that I made you wet?"

"..."

In silence, Faifah whips out a cigarette from his pocket and lights it. How cool is that? It stinks.

"Are you haughty now? Why are you acting cold?"

"Do we know each other?" Huh? I'm stupefied.

"Come on, why are you so mad? Take off your wet shirt. I'll dry it."

"No need to."

"All right, then. Thank you again."

"Yeah."

To avoid being driven insane by frustration, I drag my drenched body out of the restroom. My friends lunge forward to help me in shock, thinking I fell into a sewer. I'm touched, but it's embarrassing when these grown men try to doff my pants.

Stop it! Just take me to the fan.

I get to return to the dormitory in the evening. A lot has been done today. I took a photo for my student card, made a new friend, and fixed the broken faucet for the department, though it was actually my new friend's doing.

Faifah...

Tomorrow will be the epically grand activity: the peer mentor selection. Many are excited to discover who will be their peer mentors to guide them academically, share their lecture notes, tutor them, or even buy them snacks.

Kong is passionate about everything. Since the cheering activity has been canceled this year due to the large number of students skipping it and it being nonmandatory, which led to the low number of participants, the department has prepared some new activities for the freshmen.

I have no clue what we have to do, but, according to the schedule, these activities will happen soon.

"Kong, let's eat."

"Wait a sec. I'm laying a bet with the guys next door on the genders of our peer mentors." Kongkiet is on his bed, wriggling his toes in a joyful face.

"What do you get if you win?"

"Pride."

"Ugh, cut it out. Let's go down and eat together. I'm hungry."

"Wait a secccc. Three more guesses left."

"I'm going first. Catch up, okay?"

"Okay."

We're all grownups. There's no need to stick together all the time like kindergarteners. As an army marches on its stomach, I advance to the dormitory cafeteria as hundreds of students flood the area.

All food booths have hopelessly long lines. The shortest one is the rice dish booth because the owner can just top the rice with

the dishes of your choice.

I'm never a picky eater. Focusing on filling my stomach and saving time, I point at basil pork with beans but no basil and fried meatballs. As for a beverage, I simply grab a bottle of water and pay for it.

Luckily, I spot a few empty tables and sit on the farthest side of a long table so there's room for others. See? I'm such a kind person.

A few moments later, I hear the sound of newcomers amid the bustling cafeteria.

"That table is empty. Let's go." I turn toward the voice and see three men walking toward me and settling at the same table. I don't know the first two guys, but I know the third one well.

"Faifah," I greet the familiar face.

"What?" he replies, deadpan.

"Having a meal with your friends?"

"Yeah."

"I'm eating alone."

"Who asked?"

"Brutal," I say. My eyes widen when they land on his dish, exactly the same as mine. "You copied me?"

"What the hell?" I'm sick of this. Faifah wouldn't play along with me today. Is he possessed?

"Hey, I got my student card from that day. I admit it looks horrible, but there's nothing to lose." I put down my utensils, take out my wallet, and show the taller guy the student card I received yesterday.

"Kunyukol?" asks Faifah. I nod and explain.

"It means two ears."

BLARGH!!

Fuck. His two friends choke on their water. Heartless bastards.

"I showed you my student card. Time to show yours." I think I look good in the mirror. Well, I'm not striking or anything, but it's not as bad as the photo on my student card.

"Why would I show you?" asks Faifah with a mocking tone.

"To see if it turned out bad because of the camera or the face."

"The face."

"You're not holding back at all, huh?"

"Will you eat quietly? Annoying."

"You annoyed me the other day. Come on."

Did something terrible happen to his life or what? Sadly, I have to shut my mouth and continue eating in aggravation. These dudes don't talk at all. In complete silence. They're fixated on eating, not even playing on their phones. No enthusiastic conversations the way Kong and my other friends would bring. It feels a little bit weird.

"It's peer mentor selection day tomorrow. What kind of peer mentor do you want? A pretty one or a kind one? I want a rich one," I initiate a conversation to break this dead silence. It works this time because the man opposite me replies.

"Anyone will do."

"Right. I agree."

"Yeah."

T...That's it.

Isn't that too shooooort? Seriously! Is he for real...for real...?

"They will select the Engineering Prince and Princess as well. Are you going to participate?" I change the subject, not giving up. I'll keep talking until I finish my meal, unwilling to be lonely.

"Stupid," answers Faifah. His friends chime in.

"I agree. Isn't there anything more fun?"

"Right."

The second topic ends in the blink of an eye. Gosh...this is tiringggggg.

If they're not a fan of chitchatting, I'll stay quiet and eat quickly. I suck the half-full bottle of water so I can leave soon. My phone rings, interrupting my pace, and it's Kong.

"What's up?" I greet. He replies immediately.

[Are you still eating?]

"Yeah. Are you done? Will you eat with me?"

[Yeah. Is it crowded?]

"Yeah. But I can get your food for you. What do you want?"

[Hey, my dear friend Kun, you're the best. I'll have curry noodles with a chicken drumstick and pork meatballs.] That's confusing. How am I supposed to order it correctly?

"Make up your mind. A drumstick or pork meatballs?"

[Both.]

"You're greedy."

[Order from the booth with a lady with a Maruko's hairstyle.]

"Sorry. It's closed. It must be another booth."

[Damn it. All right. Order one for me. Love you...Muah.]

This pretentious bastard. I hang up and throw a pleading glance

at the group of guys beside me for sympathy.

"I'm going to get my friend his food. He wants curry noodles with a chicken drumstick and pork meatballs. If I go, no one will watch my food for me. Can you guys...stay here for a moment?"

I'm going for it. Sometimes you need to be shameless to achieve something. Faifah soon accepts my request with a nod.

I grab the chance to stride to the curry noodles booth and write down my friend's menu. It will take some time, so I put the note onto the stick and come back to the table. No one else is here except Faifah.

"Where are your friends?"

"They left."

"Oh...Thank you for not leaving with them." I sit down with a moved expression.

"You're welcome. I enjoyed watching dog food."

"Fuck you." What a fucking jerk.

"You can go now if you want."

"Where's your friend?"

"On his way here."

"..."

We say nothing more. The taller guy's plate is clean, and I continue eating. For some reason, Faifah stays here and plays on his phone. When the bastard Kongkiet arrives, the tall guy springs up.

"Oh, you're leaving?"

"Yeah." Is he afraid something will fall out of his mouth if he speaks more?

"Thank you for keeping me company, Faifah."

"I didn't keep you company. I was digesting."

"Damn you." My smile fades. I wave him off and chat with Kong.

Gosh! I started my meal at six. And by the time my roommate finishes his curry noodles, it's almost seven.

As a live soccer game will be broadcast tonight, we've agreed to watch it together in the common area because we have no television in our room. Before returning to the dormitory, we get something to snack on during the game.

"Kun." The dormitory area is sure small. I bump into Faifah again in a minimart.

"Ugggh, we ran into each other again right after the meal? Is it destiny?"

"What are you on about? I didn't see you when I had a meal."

"Faifah, seriously, I'm not playing with your joke." What the hell is wrong with him? He's sometimes quiet, sometimes in a good mood. One day we're friends. Another day we're strangers. This is fucking bizarre.

"I'm not playing along with you either. We haven't seen each other for days."

"Huh?"

What the fuck?! Quit joking.

"Are you filming a movie?"

"Ridiculous. What's with you? You're talking nonsense."

"Let's get this straight. Did you talk to me the day we took photos for our student cards?"

"I did. Your face got the pet mode."

It bugs me every time.

"What about when the faucet broke in the restroom? You helped me, didn't you?"

"Yeah. We all took you to the fan." Faifah seems even more confused, scratching his head while speaking.

"Not then. I'm talking about when I was in the restroom. You sealed the leak. We also had a meal together earlier before bumping into each other here."

"That wasn't me."

"You're standing here."

"Yeah, this is me. But that wasn't me." The furrow on his handsome face eases all of a sudden. I remain perplexed. "I got it now..."

"Enlighten me." Don't let me be stupid alone.

"You're misunderstanding something. The whole department knows, though."

"What?"

"I guess you met my brother."

"Huh?!"

His answer feels like a bar smacking my head, and the further explanation shocks me even more.

"He's my twin brother."

"Huh?"

"He studies engineering as well."

"Huh?"

"Will you stop saying huh? It's annoying."

"You have a twin brother?"

"Yeah. I wonder why you don't know."

"..."

"Don't you know Yotha?*"

CTDABYLU

* Yotha means civil.



PHONE

I can't sleep with the lights off due to my childhood trauma.

But all first-year students are required to LIVE IN THE DORMITORY!!!

Boohoo, the life of 'Kunyuokol' is in trouble.

Will there be anyone who can sleep with the lights on all night?

Shortly after, I discover that the answer is... no.

I need to find a new roommate. And, fortunately, someone wants to switch roommates.

I become roommates with 'Yotha,' a civil engineering student.

Everyone says I'm the sunshine of the department.

And he's the darkness everyone avoids.

How is my life as a first-year student going to be? I don't even want to imagine.