

# LIFE THROUGH THE AMERICAN TV SHOW WORLD

## Chapter 11: The Invitation

**\*\*Duncan Residence.\*\***

"A keyboardist? Who?"

"You mean Sheldon Cooper?"

Compared to Emmett's confusion, Juno immediately understood Adam's intention.

"Exactly."

Adam readily admitted, "He's a genius!"

"Wait, you're talking about that little kid?"

Emmett finally understood and immediately cursed, "Shit! What does a little kid know about rock and roll?"

Sheldon Cooper's name had already spread. After all, even for a genius, a nine-year-old going to high school was big news.

"Trust me, he'll be an excellent keyboardist."

Adam was very confident.

In his memory, Sheldon had perfect pitch and was familiar with various instruments like piano, guitar, tambourine, and harmonica. When drunk, Sheldon's self-accompanied singing, contrary to his usual dorkiness, had a kind of unrestrained and freewheeling flavor. Moreover, Sheldon was a

notorious keyboard warrior, perfectly fitting the requirements of a rock band keyboardist.

Of course, the current young Sheldon hadn't been exposed to music yet. However, Adam believed that for a genius like Sheldon, as long as he wanted to, he could definitely pick it up in no time, and that was enough.

Adam's most important goal was to get close to young Sheldon and test whether the latter could enhance his intelligence.

"I disagree!"

Emmett shouted, "Adam, tell me you're joking!"

"Why not?"

Adam persuaded, "He'll be our classmate next semester. Are you discriminating against him?"

"Yes, I am discriminating against him!"

Emmett was anxious.

"Discrimination is always wrong, after all..."

Adam stared at Emmett for a while, then slowly said, "I have a dream..."

"..."

The corner of Emmett's mouth twitched, and his face grew darker.

In the end, Adam's proposal was unanimously approved.

"Great, we'll go invite him tomorrow, and then the 'Fruit Hard Candy' band will officially launch."

Adam was in a great mood.

"Are you sure you don't want to wait until school starts?"

Juno teased, "Just go straight to his door and tell his mom, 'Hi, we're all talented here, and now we're just missing a keyboardist. Can your nine-year-old son join?'"

"..."

Adam was taken aback. He looked at Emmett, who was frowning because of Sheldon's impending joining, then at Juno, who was considered eccentric in the eyes of the world. Finally, he looked at his own unruly reflection in the mirror, and the corner of his mouth couldn't help but twitch.

With this kind of lineup, even approaching normal classmates might lead to rejection, let alone a strange mama's boy like Sheldon. It was important to remember that Sheldon's mother was a devout Christian.

"Why not?"

These negative thoughts flashed through Adam's mind, but he still put on a brave face and said, "We're sincere, and that's enough. Besides, Sheldon needs friends, doesn't he?"

School wouldn't start for another two months, and Adam couldn't wait that long. Everything he was doing was to experiment with the law of intelligence growth as soon as possible, to increase his intelligence and prolong his life.

"That makes sense!"

Juno was startled for a moment, then nodded with a smile.

She suddenly remembered that in the eyes of others, little Sheldon wasn't much different from her own son. They were both so quirky. As parents of such children, God knows how much effort they put in just to help their kids make a friend.

**\*\*At the Coopers' house:\*\***

"Dinner's ready!"

A dignified and beautiful middle-aged housewife placed the last dish on the table and called out loudly.

A tall, heavysset middle-aged man and a fourteen or fifteen-year-old boy walked over, chatting about football. A cute little girl of eight or nine years old came skipping behind them.

"Shelly!"

The housewife watched as the three sat down in their respective seats, then called towards the bedroom.

"Coming."

With a slightly sharp childish voice, a little boy of eight or nine years old walked over slowly.

"Thank God..."

The middle-aged man was about to cut his steak when the housewife stretched out her hands. She offered one to him and the other to the little girl beside him. The man had no choice but to put down his knife and fork, take his wife's hand, and then offer his other hand to the little boy, closing his eyes and preparing to listen to his wife's daily prayer before dinner.

"Wait a minute."

The little boy didn't reach out immediately. Instead, under the speechless gaze of everyone, he put on the gloves he had prepared beforehand, then took his father's hand with one hand and his brother's with the other.

"Admit it, he's adopted!"

The teenager looked at the thick gloves his brother extended and taunted his parents.

Although it wasn't the first time, and it wasn't directed at him alone, he was still very annoyed by his brother's extreme germophobic behavior, which seemed to imply that he was dirty.

"I have a twin sister. How could I be adopted?"

The little boy turned his head, looked at his brother, and said seriously, "Use your brain, monkey!"

The teenager glared at his younger brother, wanting to punch him. But, as expected, his mother, who favored his brother, spoke up, "Enough, no one is adopted."

"I wish I was adopted."

The little girl muttered under her breath.

"Oh, really?"

The housewife sneered. "It's not too late to have someone adopt you now."

The little girl immediately fell silent.

As the only daughter in the family, she should have been her parents' little darling, cherished and loved. However, her father was a football coach, always with her brother and his football teammates. And because her twin brother was a quirky genius, her mother's attention was always focused on him. She had practically become invisible.

The reason she had spoken up just now, besides genuinely feeling like she wasn't their biological child, was more out of habit, to prevent her parents from truly forgetting her existence.

After the prayer, the family ate and chatted, mainly led by the housewife.

"Shelly, you'll be going to high school next semester. Are you excited?"

Shelly, whose full name was Sheldon, said happily, "Of course."

He had long been fed up with the stupidity and ignorance of his peers, such as his twin sister Missy. Of course, he didn't plan to stay in high school for long either, because high school students were equally stupid and ignorant, such as his older brother Georgie.

"How about you, Georgie?"

The housewife smiled with satisfaction and then looked at the teenager.

"Any good mood I had was ruined by the thought of being classmates with Sheldon!"

Georgie complained.

"Hey! Shelly is your brother. As the older brother, you should take care of him."

The housewife said with displeasure.

"You're doomed."

Missy, the little girl, said to her brother Georgie, "Trust me, once you hang out with Sheldon, your social circle will be destroyed."

"I know."

Georgie nodded in agreement and said firmly, "So that will never happen!"

The housewife frowned, wanting to get angry, but she glanced at the indifferent Sheldon and the thick gloves on his hands and sighed inwardly.

Although she loved Sheldon dearly, she also knew how difficult he was. Before, she could have the obedient Missy be Sheldon's classmate and friend, but now that he was skipping grades, she couldn't force the rebellious Georgie. The thought of her poor Shelly sitting alone in the noisy school cafeteria broke her heart.

"God, please give Shelly a friend, even just one."