

# LIFE THROUGH THE AMERICAN TV SHOW WORLD

## Chapter 13: You Can't Understand the World of Geniuses

**\*\*Cooper Residence\*\***

"Oh, my God!"

Hearing the delightful notification that his intelligence had increased by five points, Adam exclaimed instinctively.

Sure enough, Young Sheldon did not disappoint. While Juno had provided one intelligence point, Young Sheldon delivered a whopping five points in one go. With this substantial boost in intelligence, Adam could feel the difference—everything in the world seemed more vivid. Problems that had troubled him suddenly had new solutions and insights.

"Adam, are you a believer too?" Mary asked excitedly.

"No," Adam replied with an awkward smile. "I believe more in science."

"Alright then," Mary said, slightly disappointed. As a devout believer, she wished everyone believed in God. Unfortunately, more and more people were using "my God" as nothing more than an exclamation of surprise.

"This is great—we finally have something in common," Young Sheldon said with an approving nod.

He was a staunch believer in science and had no faith in God whatsoever. He didn't even use "Oh, my God" like most people when expressing shock; instead, he opted for "Oh, boy!"

"By the way," Mary began, suppressing her earlier emotions. "What group activities does your study group engage in aside from studying?"

"We formed a band," Adam answered after some thought.

Although Young Sheldon would go on to master various musical instruments in the future, it was clear he hadn't reached that stage yet. Adam and his friends played rock music, and he wasn't sure Mary, being a devout believer, would approve.

"Rock music?"

As expected, Mary frowned at the mention of it.

"Mrs. Cooper, there's no need to worry," Adam explained quickly. "We play soft rock, not heavy metal. Sheldon could be our keyboardist."

"But Sheldon is so young," Mary said, still frowning. "Isn't that inappropriate? Besides, he's never played an instrument before..."

"That's okay. Sheldon can just give it a try," Adam replied, now even more unwilling to give up on Sheldon as a potential "goldmine" after receiving the five intelligence points. "If Sheldon doesn't like it, we absolutely won't force him."

"Well..." Mary hesitated. Adam's eagerness and her son's apparent interest in the idea made it difficult for her to refuse outright. Though she had reservations about Sheldon playing rock music, she eventually looked at her son for his input.

"Sheldon?"

"Sheldon, many great scientists know how to play an instrument or two," Adam said persuasively.

He knew Sheldon too well. If Mary wasn't there to supervise, Adam could easily manipulate Sheldon's emotions, making him laugh or cry at will.

"That's true. Einstein was an accomplished violinist, and Planck was a semi-professional pianist," Sheldon said, his eyes lighting up. "A keyboardist? I can give it a try."

As a lover of science, Sheldon greatly admired these scientific giants. Previously, he had only focused on their scientific achievements, but Adam's words inspired him to emulate their lifestyle habits too.

In the future, Sheldon would go to great lengths to meet Professor Hawking, even enduring all kinds of pranks and humiliations by Howard, including wearing a maid's outfit in front of everyone at school. Clearly, Sheldon was willing to pay any price to align himself with the scientific greats he admired.

"Why not strike while the iron's hot?" Adam suggested enthusiastically. "Let's go to my house now. We have the band's instruments there, and Sheldon can give it a try. What do you think, Mrs. Cooper?"

"Now?" Mary hesitated. She had intended to discuss this with her husband later that evening, but Adam's enthusiasm and her son's clear interest swayed her decision. She didn't want to discourage Sheldon's rare social excitement.

"Alright," she agreed.

"I want to go too!"

At that moment, a pretty little girl jumped out.

"Missy!" Mary scolded instinctively, but then, realizing it wouldn't be appropriate to leave Missy home alone, she turned to Adam.

"This must be Sheldon's sister?" Adam said with a cheerful smile. "Of course, you're welcome to come."

"Yay!" Missy cheered, her excitement boundless.

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

"What an adorable little girl," Mary said as soon as she saw Charlie, her expression melting.

Missy rolled her eyes and muttered under her breath, "What about me? Am I not adorable? You've never been this fond of me. Guess I'm not the favorite child after all."

"Missy!" Mary said, embarrassed. She realized she might have been neglecting her daughter, but the thought was fleeting as her focus quickly returned to Sheldon. Seeing how warm and welcoming the Duncan family was, Mary's initial apprehension about Adam's band dissipated significantly.

Such a loving family, she thought, must be blessed by God. There was no way her son could get into trouble with them.

"God bless!"

While Mary and Missy stayed in the living room chatting with Ted, Adam took Sheldon down to the basement. Emmett stood there, looking displeased.

"Sheldon, this is our band's drummer and backup singer, Emmett Williams," Adam said, introducing the two. "Emmett, this is Sheldon Cooper. If all goes well, he'll be our keyboardist."

"Hello," Sheldon said, standing stiffly as he greeted Emmett.

With his arms crossed, Emmett scoffed. "That's a big 'if.'"

"Poor kid," Adam muttered, giving Emmett a pitying look. Too lazy to argue, he led Sheldon to the electronic keyboard. After playing a simple tune, Adam stood up and gestured for Sheldon to take over. "Your turn."

"Sure," Sheldon said, sitting down and tilting his head thoughtfully.

"The keyboard is simple," Adam said. "Just mimic my movements."

"Don't be ridiculous," Emmett sneered. "You expect a kid who's never touched a keyboard—or any instrument, for that matter—to repeat your tune? That's—"  
"

Before he could finish, fluid notes began pouring from the keyboard. Sheldon started a bit hesitantly but quickly became proficient, playing the tune flawlessly.

"No way!" Emmett exclaimed. "He's definitely played before!"

"He hasn't," Juno said, glancing between Sheldon and Adam. "Sheldon's a genius!"

"Impossible, impossible!" Emmett muttered, shaking his head in disbelief. "How is this possible?"

"You just don't understand the world of geniuses," Adam said with a smile. "Think about it, Emmett. If you had perfect pitch and a photographic memory, wouldn't this be easy to understand? The keyboard isn't hard—it's just mechanical repetition."

Speechless, Emmett could only gape.

In truth, he was starting to believe it. The tune was a beginner's piece, and if Sheldon had played before, he would have added his own style. Instead, he repeated Adam's version exactly, including its flaws.

The truth was undeniable: Sheldon was another genius who excelled in both academics and rock music, just like Juno.

Watching Sheldon stand confidently between Adam and Juno, Emmett couldn't shake a sense of foreboding.

\*(End of Chapter)\*