

TV Show 136

Chapter 136: Why Don't You Go Lay Bricks?***

New Jersey.

The Hofstadter Residence.

"Of course."

Adam smiled and said, "But in my own way."

"Your own way?"

Beverly looked at Adam with interest.

Not just anyone could pique her curiosity and get invited to participate in scientific experiments.

Thanks to Leonard's enthusiastic praise, she was already well aware of Adam's background.

A Columbia University student, a genius writer, a martial arts expert, a crusader for justice, the best friend of the century...

She didn't believe any of those titles because she knew her son too well.

Deprived of love from an early age, he clung desperately to any form of affection, often exaggerating it in his mind.

However, after speaking with Adam, she tentatively accepted that he wasn't a "foolish" person. More importantly, he was the first person to take an interest in Leonard after reading her book and actively sought him out as a friend.

That intrigued her.

Why would Adam, an older student, go out of his way to befriend Leonard? Was it a case of human nature gone awry or a lapse in moral integrity? Uh, was it academic interest or something... indescribable?

She didn't want to hear Adam's explanation. She wanted to see how he truly thought!

Specific neural responses reveal absolute truths!

So, she invited Adam to participate in an experiment—scanning his brain.

Neuroscience doesn't lie.

Just then, Leonard walked over with a tray. "Adam, your tea!"

"Thank you."

Adam took the cup.

"Dad, yours."

Leonard handed a cup to Alfred.

"Thank you," Alfred said with a smile.

"Mom, yours."

Finally, Leonard offered Beverly her cup. His previous cheerful demeanor disappeared as he anxiously watched his mother.

"Oolong tea?"

Beverly took the cup and began her usual interrogation.

"Yes."

Leonard nodded quickly.

"Loose leaf, not a tea bag?"

Beverly held the cup, continuing her questioning.

"Yes."

Leonard rubbed his hands together and nodded again, a faint smile forming on his face. He had successfully met two of her requirements.

But he wasn't in the clear yet.

"Steeped for three minutes?"

"Yes!"

"Two percent milk?"

"Yes."

"Heated separately?"

"Yes."

"One teaspoon of sugar?"

"Yes."

"Raw sugar?"

"Yes."

Leonard's smile grew wider and wider. Just as he thought he had perfectly fulfilled his mother's task, the inevitable happened.

"What took you so long?"

Beverly complained as usual. She took a sip, set the cup down, and gestured for Leonard to take it away. With a look of displeasure, she said, "It's already cold. I think we know why."

"I'll make you another cup."

Leonard picked up the cup and left with a bitter smile.

Because of Beverly's extensive requirements, he had to take extra time to meet them all. That delay, in her eyes, caused the tea to "cool."

In reality, it hadn't cooled much at all.

But his mother was extremely sensitive—even the slightest temperature drop meant the tea was "cold."

So, he had to go back and make another one, ensuring it met all of Beverly's exacting standards—including temperature!

"Something as simple as making tea, and he still messes it up. I really don't know how to educate him."

Beverly shook her head.

Adam and Alfred exchanged glances, both speechless.

Adam thought: *Poor Leonard!*

Alfred thought: *Poor Leonard... even poorer me!*

"So."

Beverly turned her attention back to Adam and resumed their earlier conversation. "You said you'd contribute to science in your own way? How exactly?"

"I plan to become a doctor," Adam said with a smile.

"What kind of doctor?"

Beverly pressed on, "Geology, anthropology, and similar fields don't count as real doctorates. They contribute nothing to scientific progress."

"What did you say?"

Anthropologist Alfred was outraged. "Anthropology is science! Without our research into human behavior, relationships, and interactions with nature, humanity would either destroy itself in war or perish from environmental disasters! Without people, what science would even exist?"

"Alright, I get it."

Beverly smirked. "So, the reason World War III hasn't happened isn't because nuclear physicists developed mutually assured destruction—but because anthropologists told everyone not to do it? Ha."

"Not that kind of doctor."

Seeing Alfred's face turn red with anger, Adam quickly stepped in to mediate. "I mean a physician—I plan to become a cardiothoracic surgeon."

"A surgeon?"

Beverly shook her head. "That's your so-called contribution to science? There's nothing original about it—just repetitive tasks. How is that any different from construction workers laying bricks?"

"Of course, there's a difference."

Adam had already adapted to Beverly's bluntness. After all, he had tolerated young Sheldon's similar personality for three years. Given his connection to Leonard, he decided to just think of her as a female Sheldon.

So, instead of getting upset at Beverly's sharp words, he calmly smiled and said, "A construction worker can only build you a house, no matter how many bricks he lays. But a surgeon, no matter how many repetitive procedures he performs, can save your life in a critical moment.

I think saving the lives of genius scientists like you—who drive scientific progress—should count as contributing to science, don't you?"

Beverly gave Adam a surprised look and smiled. "You challenge me. I like that."

Then why don't you **like** me officially?

Adam internally complained about the lack of a system notification while keeping his outward smile. "I like that too."

"I need to urinate," Beverly suddenly announced, using an overly formal term.

Most people would just say *pee* or *pee-pee*—who even says *urinate*?

Oh, right—Sheldon.

And *coitus* was far worse than *urinate* in Sheldon's vocabulary.

"Sorry about that," Alfred said awkwardly after Beverly left. "She's just that kind of person—completely self-centered."

"It's fine," Adam chuckled. "But Leonard really craves her approval."

"Sigh."

Alfred let out a deep sigh and said self-deprecatingly, "Not just Leonard."

Adam gave him a sympathetic look.

It seemed that Beverly was very... *goal-oriented* when it came to intimacy—solely focused on having children. Once that goal was achieved, she completely lost interest.

For seven or eight years, their marriage had been devoid of intimacy. No wonder Alfred ended up having an affair with a waitress.

The man had it rough!

Any guy in his position would probably go insane.

With that thought, an idea sparked in Adam's mind. He asked, "Can you sing?"

"A little," Alfred replied, puzzled.

"Do you drink?" Adam continued.

"What do you think?"

Alfred chuckled bitterly. "Would I have lasted this long without alcohol?"

"Then we're all set."

Adam smiled meaningfully. "I have a bold idea."