

TV Show 28

Chapter 28: Not Alone**

Wednesday.

4:00 a.m.

The sky was still dark.

"I hate you!"

Grumbling with her eyes closed, Missy complained as Sheldon turned off the alarm and got out of bed.

He headed to the garage, placing two large cartons of milk into an ice bucket and arranging spoons evenly in neatly aligned glasses. The ten or so chairs he had set up the previous night were perfectly spaced, adhering to mathematical principles.

Next, Sheldon adjusted the radio, and when the broadcast began describing preparations for the Nobel Prize ceremony in Sweden, a smile spread across his face. Sitting on his "throne," he faced the garage door, quietly waiting for classmates who had listened to his broadcast invitation.

But by 4:50 a.m., no one had arrived. Sheldon's spirits plummeted.

At that moment, the only person who truly loved Sheldon, his mother Mary, walked in wearing her bathrobe.

"I don't think anyone's coming," she said gently.

"I know," Sheldon muttered, his voice low.

"Oh, sweetheart," Mary said, her heart aching for him. "I'm here for you."

"I know," Sheldon replied, still downcast. "You're my mom. You're supposed to be here."

The broadcast announced the start of the award ceremony.

"Would you like me to stay?" Mary asked.

"No," Sheldon said, shaking his head. After Mary left, he sat alone, listening to the radio. When the winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics was announced, Sheldon could no longer hold back his tears.

The winner wasn't the scientist he believed deserved the prize.

****Noon.****

At the library, Sheldon sat by himself, exuding a "leave me alone" vibe.

"Is Sheldon okay?" Juno asked Adam after nudging him.

"He's fine," Adam replied with a dismissive chuckle after glancing at Sheldon. "He probably feels upset because no one joined him this morning."

"Poor thing," Juno said sympathetically. "If I'd known, I would've kept him company."

"He doesn't need it," Adam said, shaking his head. "Sheldon isn't alone."

"Huh?" Juno looked at Adam in surprise and then, raising her voice deliberately, asked, "Why do you say Sheldon isn't alone?"

Adam smiled knowingly. As he predicted, Sheldon's gaze flickered toward them. Carefully choosing his words, Adam replied, "Even though we didn't join him this morning, somewhere in the world, someone surely did.

"Maybe it was a bespectacled bookworm,

Or a pajama-clad gamer frantically mashing buttons on his controller,

Or perhaps a 'foreign prince' on the other side of the ocean, surrounded by servants as he studied.

"As long as they exist, Sheldon will never truly be alone.

"And beyond them, somewhere at five in the morning,

There might've been a sweet, innocent girl snoring away,

A well-behaved child sleeping peacefully,

Or a future scientist reading a romantic story about princes and princesses under the covers by flashlight.

"Too many possibilities to count.

"Perhaps they seem completely unrelated to Sheldon now, but one day, if fate intervenes, they'll orbit around him, enduring his eccentricities day after day.

"Not because they're foolish, but because they're his friends. They care about him.

"And that's why Sheldon is never truly alone."

Silence followed Adam's words.

Juno looked at him in amazement, admiration flickering in her eyes.

Sheldon's earlier gloom vanished. A small smile tugged at his lips as his brilliant mind transformed Adam's words into vivid 3D imagery.

He imagined a bespectacled boy in pajamas sitting at a desk piled high with books, listening intently to the Nobel Prize ceremony broadcast. He also envisioned the gamer and the "foreign Iron Man." As for the sweet, innocent girl, the well-behaved child, and the flashlight reader? Those weren't his "type," and he struggled to picture them.

"What's wrong?" Adam asked, embarrassed under Juno's gaze.

"Nothing," Juno replied with a smile. "I just didn't expect you to say something so touching."

Adam chuckled.

He wasn't a sentimental person, but the scene before him moved him deeply.

Truthfully, if wisdom points were his only goal, he'd have distanced himself from Sheldon long ago. The boy could be insufferable with his disdainful looks and brutally blunt remarks.

But thanks to his past life, Adam couldn't turn away. The seven-member "Big Bang Theory" group, especially Sheldon, felt like old friends.

****Time flies.****

Another year passed.

****1991.****

Now in the 11th grade, Adam had maintained excellent grades through hard work and steadily increasing intelligence.

His band, "Hard Candy," might've peaked after their hit *Don't Cry,* but they still enjoyed modest fame—enough to boost a future college application.

Family life in the Duncan household remained warm and stable.

The only unresolved matter was Peggy.

Peggy didn't live nearby, so she rarely interacted with Sheldon, let alone Adam.

Adam remained patient. Divorce rates in America were high, and statistics didn't lie. He believed the opportunity would come eventually.

One day during lunch, Adam noticed Sheldon looking troubled.

"What's wrong, Sheldon?" Adam asked.

"Peggy's coming over this weekend," Sheldon said with a frown. "My mom said her parents are divorced, and she's been struggling. She's had trouble at school, and her mom thinks I can have a positive influence on her."

"Yes!" Adam exclaimed, thrilled. Finally, the rebellious, troubled girl was coming into the picture.

"I mean," Adam quickly added, "she's our friend, and Peggy's going through a tough time. We should support her."

Sheldon looked reluctant, but when Adam called it a "necessary social habit," he reluctantly agreed.

****The Weekend.****

At the Cooper household, Adam showed up uninvited once again.

When Sheldon saw Peggy, he was startled. His bluntness got the better of him.

"Why'd you dye your hair like that? Is it because of your parents' divorce?"

"Sheldon!" Mary exclaimed, mortified. She had explicitly warned him not to mention that.

"She just wanted to dye it," Peggy's mom said, clearly uncomfortable. "And under the circumstances, I don't see the harm."

"I think it looks great," Mary added with a nervous smile.

After some awkward small talk, Peggy's mom left. Missy dragged Peggy off to play, leaving Adam to plot his next move.