

LIFE THROUGH THE AMERICAN TV SHOW WORLD

Chapter 8: Meeting

Duncan Residence.

"This is..."

Adam, awakened by the system notification in the early morning, was about to curse when he saw his wisdom attribute increase by 0.005, becoming 109.005. His anger instantly turned to joy.

An increase in wisdom is always delightful.

"Could it be because of Juno?"

Adam stared at the system panel with satisfaction, then pondered: "Besides her, I haven't been in contact with any other geniuses. But yesterday, she took the initiative to find me, and my wisdom increased by 1 point. What about this 0.005 now? It can't be that as long as I'm in contact with her, it will increase every day, right? Hmm?"

Thinking of this, Adam's eyes widened, and he muttered to himself excitedly: "Maybe it really is! Although other attribute points don't have this growth pattern, according to the theory of 'one takes on the color of one's company,' it's actually reasonable to increase every day after contact. 0.005 is indeed very small compared to 1, but over time, it's far more powerful than 1. This completely conforms to the theory of 'one takes on the color of one's company.'

It's like meeting someone with a wild imagination for the first time. Your worldview is shocked by the other person's imagination, but to truly subvert your worldview or even become someone with the same imagination requires daily contact and gradual change..."

Thinking of this, Adam couldn't sleep anymore. He tossed and turned, his mind filled with the image of the girl in red.

If his guess was correct, in order to increase his wisdom, achieve his goal, and ultimately extend his lifespan, even if Juno was really that bloodthirsty Little Red Riding Hood, he would accept it.

Anyway, he wasn't a creepy old man, so what was he afraid of?

"Right, there's also Sheldon!"

Adam turned over again, lying flat on his back, staring at the ceiling when he suddenly thought of Sheldon.

"Juno increased my wisdom by 1 point, and maybe it will increase by 0.005 every day. Then what about Sheldon, whose IQ is definitely far superior to Juno's?"

Even if Juno was the bloodthirsty Little Red Riding Hood who could completely crush the IQ and psychology of a creepy old man, when it came to true high IQ, Adam still felt that Sheldon was sharper.

He went to high school at the age of nine. If it weren't for being too young to leave his mother, or rather, his mother being reluctant to let him go, Sheldon wouldn't have had to wait until he was 11 to go to college. He graduated with the highest honors at 14, was selected as an exchange scholar to study abroad at 15, and then received his first doctorate at 16. In the following years, he pursued a second doctorate and also obtained a Master of Arts degree along the way.

In his twenties, he was already a theoretical physicist at the prestigious California Institute of Technology. He had an eccentric behavior and temper, often making the dean and principal hate him, but he still stayed at the school. The school board members believed that he had a beautiful mind and could bring more glory to the school in the future. Before he turned forty, he indeed won the highest honor in the scientific community: the Nobel Prize in Physics.

Such a super genius, not to mention emotional intelligence, in terms of IQ, Juno couldn't compare. Once he could also increase Adam's wisdom, the effect would definitely exceed imagination.

"I can't wait any longer. I'll take action in advance this summer vacation. Maybe if I get in touch with Sheldon earlier, I can change my fate earlier. Eh, no..."

Adam became more and more excited, but suddenly had a flash of inspiration: "Since I can gain an IQ boost by interacting with geniuses, why limit myself to Sheldon? Are there only these few geniuses around?"

Of course not.

Early the next morning, Adam rushed out of the house and rode his bike to the home of an old classmate, Duke.

They were middle school classmates, but because the original Adam had the silly idea of "waiting for his nine-month-old sister to go to high school together," he stayed back a grade in middle school. Now Duke was a grade higher than him and would be a 10th grader after the summer vacation.

Moreover, in recent years, Duke's father had made money. Duke had always had good grades, so his parents gritted their teeth and sent him to an expensive private middle school to receive an elite education. Due to the heavy academic workload and the class gap, the two basically stopped interacting.

"PJ, why are you here?"

Duke was stunned to see Adam, as if he had traveled through time.

"My name is Adam now."

Adam also knew the awkwardness of this sudden appearance, but he couldn't wait to test the idea he had in the early morning. He got straight to the point:

"Duke, can you do me a favor?"

"Uh."

Duke calmed down. After all, they were childhood playmates, and he didn't have the intention of showing off or humiliating Adam. He stepped aside and said, "Come in first?"

"Duke, who is it?"

A woman poked her head out from the kitchen.

"Mom, it's PJ!"

Duke replied, "My classmate from County High School."

"Oh, PJ, I remember you. Your dad is Bob from the pest control company, right?"

Duke's mom looked at Adam with a strange expression.

"Yes, Mrs. Marcus."

Adam didn't bother to correct their address and responded with some embarrassment. He was used to such looks and fully understood what they meant.

He was so ordinary, and his father, Bob, was a bald pest control worker. Many people doubted whether he was really a Duncan.

"Mom, PJ needs my help with something."

Duke called out, "PJ, come to my room."

"Would you like some breakfast first? I made Moscow sausages?"

Duke's mom offered hospitality. Women, especially housewives, had a particular fondness for ordinary boys like Adam.

"No, thank you."

Adam politely declined and followed Duke into his room.

"Have a seat."

Duke gestured and got straight to the point: "You said you needed my help with something?"

"Yes."

Adam glanced around. Duke's room wasn't messy, only the desk was piled with books. There were no hidden racy magazines, nor were there crumpled tissues in the trash can. He secretly praised Duke's self-discipline and sat down casually: "There should be a lot of geniuses in your private middle school, right?"

"Hmm."

Duke was a little surprised, but still nodded: "Of course, private middle schools are prepared for elites. In addition to the most important family background, they only accept real geniuses."

Adam understood. The class solidification in the United States was serious, and they practiced two types of education: elite education and happy education.

Happy education was for the general public who were abandoned from the beginning, while elite education was aimed at two types of people: the main ones were children from middle-class and above families, and the other type was true geniuses from the common people, who served as fresh blood to replenish the vitality of the elite class.

After all, geniuses were a minority. Private middle schools would give these geniuses full scholarships to relieve them of their worries, make them the face of the school, and leave a glimmer of hope for the public, preventing them from completely equating private middle schools with aristocratic schools.

"Do you know any such geniuses?"

Adam was a little eager.

"Of course I do. There's one in our class. That IQ, 唉, the gap is too big."

Duke sighed, then looked at Adam strangely: "What's wrong?"

Adam took a deep breath and said sincerely: "Can you introduce us?"

****(End of Chapter)****