

## You Know You're the Parent of a Gifted Child When...

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This morning's breakfast conversation with my 8-year-old including a five-minute mini-lecture on HDL vs. LDL, and the following mind-bending question: "What if DNA were a Moebius strip instead of a double-helix?"

Conversation between a mom and her 8-year-old son...

KID: I would like to change my name

MOM: Why?

KID: When I convert it into numerical code, I would like the sum to be prime. I have tried my first name, and my last name, and both, but none of them are prime.

MOM: Maybe we can find a prime nickname.

KID: Ok, great !

I work in a school and was screening a 5-year-old kindergartener for gifted. I showed him a picture of a hexagon and asked him if he knew what it was. He replied, "Of course I know what it is. It's a hexagon." Then he added, "Actually, if you cut it in half, it is two trapezoids, one on top of the other."

At 5 we made him try soccer. At the end of the first practice I asked him "How did it go?" and he answered... "Mom, you won't believe it! There's this girl, and her dad's a BIOLOGIST!"

Your six-year-old is "it." She counts to twenty, unhurriedly says, "Ready or not, here I come..." and then says in a voice pitched just loud enough to carry..."Jaaa-son, I have a piece of chocolate for you." Item 1: She has no such piece of chocolate. Item 2: Jason comes at a dead run, where he is promptly tagged and finds himself "it."

Your 8-year-old's preferred waiting-for-restaurant-service activity is sweetener packet binary math. Sugars (white packets) are 0's (because white has "zero color", of course), and blue/pink packets are 1's, and then I have to calculate the binary value and see if it matches her calculation.

Your 5 ½ year-old daughter announces: "I love you THIS much." With the backs of her hands together. You see, "this means none" (palms together) "and this means infinity!" (backs of hands together).

Your 7-year-old begs for a new book, with **just** Romeo and Juliet, because she can't carry the Complete Illustrated Works of Shakespeare volume around (about 10 pounds!). But it **has** to be the original text. And that's what she buys with her bookstore Christmas gift card...

In kindergarten, he didn't care to learn the names of the children in his class, though he knew the names of all the school staff, and their children. He determined that the 22:1 ratio would not yield much one on one with the teacher, and left the room a couple of times to seek out the custodian.

Classroom teacher to parent: "Karen is the only child that I have ever had that I can't spell what she wants to be when she grows up. I'm not even sure what a paleoanthropologist **IS!**"

You catch the look of strangers in Barnes and Noble when you tell your 7 year old you won't buy her a book on Taoism because you just bought her one on hieroglyphics.

If you have ever told your four year old daughter, "No more chess until you have eaten some dinner!"

Your 5 year old comforts you when you've got a cut by saying, "Don't worry, mummy, the platelets will fix that."

Your 4 year old asks things like: what's the difference between sand and dirt, which is smaller, water or air, and why don't geysers run out of hot water? The same boy who makes Lincoln log models of germs and white blood cells fighting, and correctly describes how the circulatory system works.

Your 3 year old child has a stomachache and you ask where it hurts. She says "Around my large intestine".

You hear your five year old crying softly in her bed and when you go to inquire what is wrong, she tells you that she is worried that when she grows up and is doing genetic engineering to make a unicorn she will accidentally mix the DNA wrong and come out with Narwhal with a horse's body or something equally strange.

And finally....

You're walking to the mailbox with your three year old and she says "It's getting dark, the planet must have rotated."