

The Gifted Schmifted Club

"Welcome, parents, to tonight's group of **Gifted Schmifted**. If any of you are new, please listen carefully to the following announcement."

You may leave now if your child:

- Has been labeled *gifted* or (pause)... *highly* gifted
- Has been involved in lobbying for additional cold fusion technology research
- Has achieved a GPA higher than any previously known to mankind
- Has amassed college scholarship awards in amounts that would shame most billionaires.
- Has composed an original score will be performed at the next Olympic Games
- Is presently in contention for the Nobel Prize for Physics or
- Has developed a vaccine to combat Bird Flu

This group is for the parent of the *gifted schmifted* child who pulls off the most extraordinary feats which often go unnoticed due to the unusual talent, creativity or knowledge required.

"We will now hear about some of these incredible accomplishments from our members. Mrs. Alice Seaworthy has the floor."

"My son, Jeffrey invented a new word."

"Why, that's marvelous, Mrs. Seaworthy! Could you tell us what it is... and use it in a sentence?"

"The word is *overfloated*, and Jeffrey said, "Today, the toilets at school *overfloated* and now my shoes are full of icky brown stuff."

"I can think of many uses for that word: My Margarita *overfloated*...my baby's diaper *overfloated*...our new four-foot above ground pool just *overfloated*...the possibilities are endless!"

"Mr. Spinkleheimer, you seem very excited to share. Please go ahead."

"My daughter, Courtney, showed remarkable self-control in not eating all of the ice-cream at a birthday party by deciding to store the leftovers in her backpack to bring home. We are so thrilled with her management of instant-gratification issues, but are still working out the kinks in the food storage aspect."

"Nothing ever works perfectly the first time, Mr. Spinkleheimer."

"Yes, Mrs. Hammerhead, what has Taylor been up to?"

"Well, I think he's on to a new radar homing device idea. It turns out that every time he aims a soda pop flip top at another child who has been picking on him, the top is able to violently and abruptly change direction and hits either a teacher or an administrator right between the eyes. What are the chances of that?"

"Slim, I assure you."

"We'll wrap up with one more contribution from Mr. Albert Gymnasium. Please go ahead."

"My son is considering a career as an EMT and was the only child in his class to fill out the parent contact card as follows: Instead of writing down *our names* in the space following the phrase, *In case of emergency, contact...*, he wrote... 9-1-1."

"The boy shows real promise."

That concludes tonight's meeting of *Gifted Schmifted* and remember our motto, parents, that brilliance is not defined by grades or standardized test scores, but the ability to create, invent and entertain!

