

Mensa Mamma



I just can't control myself – helping my second grader with her homework makes me feel like a genius. Well, maybe not a genius, but at bit like Alex Trebek at a Spelling Bee. "I'm sorry [cue pity face], the correct answer is t-r-o-**U**-b-l-e." Then I like to show off a little by using it in a sentence, "You're really having TROUBLE with that word, aren't you?"

I realize this feeling will only last as long as her times tables are under "10" and her spelling words are two syllables or less. I'm already struggling with finding the Theme Sentence in a paragraph – suspect this is a moving target created by spiteful English teacher – and also the Jurassic period is turning into a buzzkill for me.

Sadly, there were even a couple of times in first grade when she's had to correct me, "Mommy, I don't think that is the right hat for the fireman. I think it's the red pointy one." Just testing her. I knew that. (*Yellow hat= constructions worker. Yellow hat= construction worker ...*)

So, when I feel I'm losing my intellectual edge, I breakout the "telling time" worksheets and I'm brilliant again: even I know when it's 5:45 p.m. So for right now, I'm taking advantage of the little I.Q. stroke I'm getting by helping my daughter with her homework ... so pathetic, I know.