

Sunflower Seeds



Wichita on the River at Night

Zoom meetings on Saturdays at 4:00 PM

**December 2021, Volume – 49, Issue # 12
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter**

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Chapter's Official Web Sites

<http://www.kansassunflower.us.mensa.org>

www.facebook.com/groups/773587949355460SunflowerSeeds

Submissions Guidelines

The Sunflower Seeds is published monthly. Quarterly there will be a larger newsletter with more articles. Submission deadline is the first of the month. Members in good standing may submit articles, puzzles, photography, etc. to the editor for publication. To submit an article for the newsletter send it to grandledge@hotmail.com

Articles should be submitted as a WORD document or Mac Pages document. The font should be Times New Roman 12 pt.

Why You Should Write For Seeds

This is your newsletter. You are talented and can make it better. More participation strengthens the group. People have told the editor that they like the Seeds. If you feel that way it is time to write.

The Pig-Out Column

Recommendations from the Head Pig, Mike Dickson:

Check with Mike (316-871-3379) if you have suggestions or questions concerning the Pig-Outs.

January 1, 2022, 12:45pm

Newport Grill, Bradley Fair Shopping Center,
1900 N Rock Rd, Wichita, KS 67206

February 6, 2021, 12:45pm

Vora Restaurant European 3252 E. Douglas Ave.,
Wichita (316) 977-9277

March 6, 2022, 12:45 pm

YaYa's Euro Bistro, 8115 E. 21st St. North,
Wichita. Invite prospective members meeting.
You may bring a friend. The group will pay the
first \$20 for everyone who RSVP's by February 20, 2022



Pig-Outs are the perfect place to invite friends.

Mike Dickson's Wisdom

Relish today, ketchup tomorrow.

Mommy, what's a Canadian?

Oh that's an unarmed North American with health insurance, sweetie...

To pretend to know when you do not know is a disease. --Lao-Tsu

Nothing is so difficult as not deceiving oneself --Ludwig Wittgenstein

To educate a man in mind, & not in morals, is to educate a menace to society. -- Theodore Roosevelt

Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example. --Mark Twain

The trouble with most of us is that we would rather be ruined by praise than saved by criticism.
--Norman Vincent Peale

The greatest discovery of any generation is that a living soul can alter his life by altering his attitude. --William James

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth. --Henry David Thoreau

Truisms, Observations, Irritations, Questions, Quotes, and “Wisdom”

Randy Hamilton

Magic does not exist.

Never judge a book by its movie.

Never judge a movie by its book.

“Faith is believing what you know ain’t so.” Mark Twain

“Work” is a four letter word. “Fun” is not.

You can never make more money that you can spend.

Cleavage can sell anything.

Two is company, but three is an orgy.

Alcohol is wonderful, but never drink lite beer.

“Beliefs are what divide people. Doubt unites them,” Peter Ustinov.

Crew cab pickup with a long box and the tailgate down diagonally parked.

Cutting in quickly to get ahead of one to the bank drive up window and then doing 10 minutes of paperwork before doing the transaction.

Restrooms at fun-parks: guys line = zero while ladies line is miles long. OBVIOUS solution: twice as many stalls for ladies. (or coed bathrooms, editors note)

Golf courses have dress codes while weddings and restaurants do not.

Hat wearing morons in restaurants with idiot kids also wearing hats and with their feet on the seats.

If you want healthy, unkillable grass all you need is one thing: a crack in your sidewalk.

Humphrey Bogart is quoted as saying, “The world is three drinks behind and it’s time it caught up.” I’m trying.

The longer I exist, the more that I believe that scientifically, medically, psychologically, and even in other fields we do not know 1% of anything.

You can never make more money than you can spend.

The world revolves on/around money, not love. Even though love, however you define it is wonderful.

There is no proof of Zeus or any other gods besides “wishful thinking.”

Inflation is completely evil and promoted by governments.

PMS, I am told, really means Putting up with Men’s Shit. Of course, there is the alternative view that PMS only got its name because MCD was already taken. MCD? That stands for Mad Cow Disease.

Why do people want eternal life when they can’t even figure out what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon?

There are several things you can never own. Even with slavery, or marriage, you can never really own another person. And of course, you can’t own beer; you just rent it until you get to the restroom.

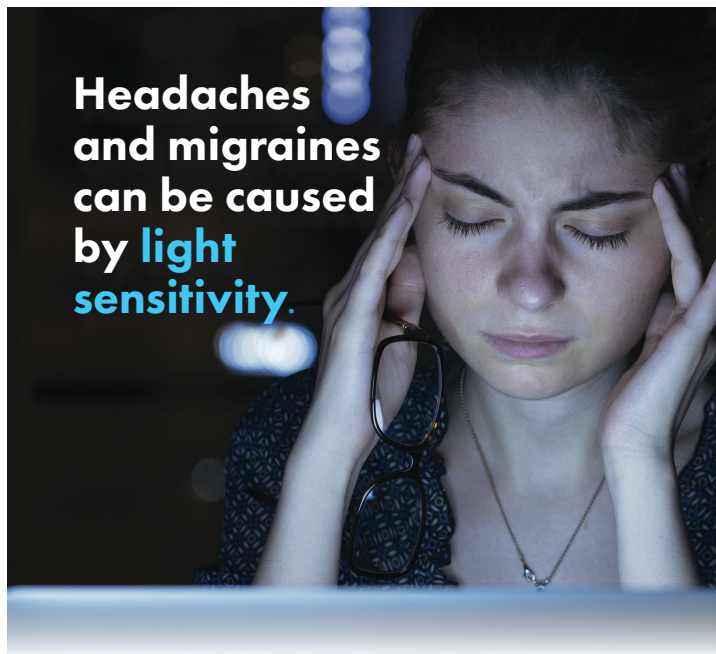
How to tell when you are making too much money: Whenever you, like Whitney Houston for example, start buying cocaine for entertainment.

George Carlin said in his book, “When is Jesus Going to Bring the Pork Chops?”

“Anyone who thinks life is anything but entertainment has completely missed the point.”
If there is intelligent design, why did the world have thousands of species that were dead ends?
As Humphrey Bogart said in “Casablanca,” “The problems of the world are not in my department.” When the German officer asked him his nationality, he replied, “I’m a drunkard.” To which Claude Rains responded, “That makes him a citizen of the world.”
I like drunkard better than alcoholic because you do not have to go to all those damn meetings.
You will never find atheists flying planes into buildings.
Follow the herd and eat dust; innovate and get rich. (I like bonds)
No problem ever has ONLY ONE solution.

Cathryn Hay

Cathryn Hay is a member and gave a talk at a program meeting. Just thought this might be helpful to some members.



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Cathryn A. Hay, Ph.D.
Clinic Director

Appointments:
Call: (316) 689-4233

151 Whittier, Suite 1000-A
Wichita, KS 67207

www.irlen-wichita.com

Meeting Schedule

1st Saturday, January 1, 2022,(12:45pm - Pigout

Bella Luna Café, 2132 N. Rock Rd., Wichita [Correction: See above. Newport Grill. Same time.](#)

2nd Saturday, January 8, 2022, 2:00 pm - Program Meeting

Fairmont Coffee Company, 3815 E 17th St N, Wichita, KS

Margarita Barnett will speak on: 'Don't Judge A Book By Its Cover.'

3rd Saturday, January 15, 2022, 11:00 am

Panera, 1500 N Rock Rd, Derby, KS. We will go back to outdoors in the spring.

4th Saturday, January 22, 2022, 7:00 pm

Barnes and Noble Bookstore Cafe, 1920 N Rock Road, Wichita, KS

5th Saturday, January 29, 2022, 12:45 pm

Wichita Art Museum, Muse Cafe, 1400 Museum Blvd, Wichita, Kansas

Zoom Meetings Saturdays at 4:00 PM

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/72081034487?pwd=aWdKUStzbEVhNktjRzF0VEYxQTISQT09>

Igor Ponomaryov is the Zoom coordinator. Contact him or the editor for Zoom information.

LocSec Corner

Bill Barnett

The group is looking for an editor. I enjoy it, but I am wearing too many hats. Contact me if you are interested.

The group has one proctor and is looking for another. It would be better to have three. Contact me or Dan Gollub if you are interested.

Send your pictures to the editor along with their stories and they will be published here. You are talented and can be a writer for Seeds. Send your articles, letters, comments, and pictures for Seeds.

Heartland Mensa Region Seven

Beth Anne Demeter

Howdy holiday pardners! As I write this, it's 75 degrees in Denver and we're waiting on winter. Hopefully when you read this, winter will have (finally) arrived!

Regardless of what's happening outside, a lot has been happening inside. For one, the AMC board met in November in Charlotte, NC and had a very productive meeting! Thanks to the Charlotte folks for hosting a great gathering, weekend and meeting. It's always nice to be able to host one or two of our AMC meetings in a different location annually and meet the members, hear their side, help address issues and generally make friends.

During this AMC meeting we talked about a great many things, and it's evident the sense of communication and camaraderie is growing on the board. We all have individual responsibilities – obviously mine is helping you in Region 7 and passing your concerns up the chain. However most of us also sit on committees, participate in task forces, lead efforts and more. Personally, I'm on the Events Committee (to select something like an AG location), the Strategic Planning Committee (to plan our coming efforts) and now a Criminal Acts Task Force (to explore how we define membership for those convicted of crimes).

Since the meeting, we do work, approve minutes, publish documents for you, make changes voted on during meetings and more. Obviously I'm paraphrasing a lot of background work here, but that's the point – a lot of work goes into these meetings. And, I sincerely hope the work comes across to you, the membership and leaders, as beneficial. If you're interested in contributing to that process, we always need additional minds and bodies to help on a task force, participate on a committee and more.

Finally, I'm personally still searching for a few great folks to help at the Regional level! This includes an Assistant RVC and a few other positions. If you're interested in any of this, reach out! I'm always happy to share information and perspective. And here's to us hunkering down this winter to work on some improvements!

KANSAS SUNFLOWER MENSA

In lieu of Treasurer's Report – Statement of Transactions for 9/1/2021 through 12/16/2021

Not Audited nor Verified by Treasurer

	Bank of America Acct	Fidelity Acct
Beginning Balance 9/1/2021	5,136.66	N/A
Transfer to Fidelity to Open	-100.00	+100.00
Natl Mensa Deposit for Sep		+103.25
Fidelity Charge for Checks		-37.44
Natl Mensa Deposit for Oct		+94.80
Fidelity Refund		+37.44
Fidelity Paper Statement Charge		-3.00
Fidelity Refund		+3.00
Natl Mensa Deposit for Nov		+97.05
Cashier's Check-to Close	-5,036.66	+5,036.66
Ending Balance 11/30/2021	0 (Acct closed)	5,431.76

Check # 2151 to Igor (Reimburse Christmas Party Cash Expense)

Check # 2152 to Bill Barnett (Aug-Dec Seeds)

Respectfully submitted – Igor Ponomarev, Assistant Loc Sec

Cabin Fever 4.0!

Mid-America Mensa is hosting an RG in Kansas City February 4 to 6, 2022 and you're invited! We are closing in on our final speaker list. Check out these presenters!

- Jim Lammers, Keynote speaker, will present on his work with the hit television series ARCHER on FX, and other animation related topics
- Becky Ray, Author of Kansas City Hauntings: History and Mystery of the Paris of the Plains, a guide for Kansas City Hauntings and an investigator of the unknown for over 35 years – ghosts and other paranormal stuff
- Diane Peterson, Johnson County Coroner and Chief Medical Examiner – what do they do and what have they seen?
- Ray Doswell, Vice President of Curatorial Services at Negro Leagues Baseball Museum
- Rita Thurman, Pixie Smash Forge bladesmith and artist, Past Champion on History Channel's Forged in Fire
- Matt Henry, Society for Creative Anachronism – making what's old new again
- Tim Bodendistel, Master Designer, Hallmark Cards Inc. on inspiration and following your talents plus sharing some unique projects

In the games room we will host several tournaments (scrabble, Ticket to Ride, Mexican Train Dominoes, Poker, etc).

In the Hospitality suites (one family friendly, one adult only) we will have lots of great snacks and drinks, as well as a soup contest on Saturday NOON (be sure to bring your crockpot and ingredients if you want to compete for the prize! Please email us at CabinFeverMensa@gmail.com so we will know you're planning to participate in the soup contest with your crockpot so we will have enough space for everyone.

We will have a beer tasting Friday evening in the adult suite and a wine tasting Saturday evening in the adult suite (donations to the MA Mensa Scholarship fund appreciated for each). After the keynote we will also have ballroom dance lessons in the Lenexa Ballroom. Late at night in the adult suite we will have a Shibari demonstration.

Want something different? We will have a puzzle scavenger hunt around the hotel for prizes, as well as a social mixer hunt to help make new friends.

Be sure to sign up before January 7, 2022 to get the early bird discount of \$75, or \$90 after (processing fee applies if paying online). Visit www.mamensa.org/cabin-fever-4-0 to sign up now! A link to the hotel reservation page is in that link.

NOTE: We will follow the CDC guidelines for indoor masking when not eating and drinking. Participants who optionally present proof of vaccination will be given a vaccinated sticker for their name tag.

Still have questions? Send them to CabinFeverMensa@gmail.com
Cabin Fever 4.0 | Mid-America Mensa
mamensa.org

Rob Swenson

Send the editor your photos for the next issue.

You are talented. Send a photo and a story.

Program Speakers

This is your group. You are talented and can make it better. Its time for you to speak to the group. Contact Bill Barnett with your topic.

Maarieda The Book

Bill Barnett

The short stories here are finished. They will be rewritten and expanded into a book. The crew will explore new planets sometime in the future. It's all about the future. Will we become a multi planet species? Or will we be a one planet species? How much time do we have left here on Earth?

Found, The Twins

Bill Barnett

The school bus pulled into the hamburger place with a hungry track team. They just finished a regional track meet in the next county. The kids rushed the counter. Rob was looking for the girl he saw at the meet. There was something about her that totally caught his eye. He didn't know what it was, but he couldn't get it her of his mind. She had looked at him too, but they weren't able to get together at the meet. While he was getting into the end of the line the another bus pulled into the place. Another bunch of kids rushed the counter. Lagging behind was one girl who seemed to be looking for something. Their eyes met, it was the girl. They walked towards each other and stared each other in the face and then looked up and down at each other and then into the eyes again. It was as if he was looking into a mirror. She had his eyes, one blue and one

green and they looked almost identical, as if he was looking at a mirror. She had his red hair and the same freckles as him.

“You’re my twin!” They exclaimed in unison and surprise. After a few minutes of staring at each other Rob raised his hand toward her. She did the same. It was there, the same lines. Rob had very unusual lines in his hand. The Roma girl at school was astonished at them and said they were important, but would never explain what they meant. He even offered her money and she wouldn’t say. So much for a gypsy fortune teller, who wouldn’t tell. He always thought how useless a teller was who wouldn’t tell.

“They match!” they exclaimed in unison, turning their hands back and forth and looking at them. “They are mirrored images!” they exclaimed again. The lines in Rob’s right hand were the exact mirror image of the lines in her left hand. They were startled at how they were saying the same thing at the same time, as if it was coordinated. But it wasn’t.

“Let me see your shoulder!” they demanded in unison. They turned with his left shoulder and her right shoulder toward each other pulling down their track tee shirts. “Its there!” They exclaimed in unison as they saw almost identical hour glasses on each other shoulders. For what seemed like an eternity they just stared.

“Do you have the snowman?” they demanded in unison, pulling down the front of their running shorts almost too much. “Its there!” they said in unison and astonishment. The rest of the kids were laughing at them, but they had tuned out everyone else around them. There was a sideways snowman at the bottom of their tummies.

They circled each other examining each other as if they were lost in space. “What’s your name?” they demanded in unison. “Rob,” he said and “Bobbie,” she said at the same time. They spent the rest of the time talking and exchanging contacts. It was as if they should know each other.

“Time to go,” coach shouted and Rob was heading back to the bus. After sitting down he realized he was starved. His hamburger was lost back in the restaurant. Someone else probably ate it. The track team never left any food uneaten. He joined in all the chatter on the way home. The team did well. He got 2nd place in the 1600 meter.

The next day at breakfast his mom asked him how the meet went.

“I got second place!” he exclaimed.

“Good job!” his dad replied.

“And I met my twin,” he said.

“You don’t have a twin,” his mother insisted.

His two little sisters were watching with eyes wide open. Their eyes were fastened on him, but they seemed somehow unsurprised.

“What do you mean?” asked his cousin Ralph. Ralph had to stay with them when his parents were out of town on business. Rob’s parents always felt uncomfortable with Ralph, but tried to be kind to him. Rob was a genius nerd who always seemed to have every trivia data possible.

“When I saw her it was like I was looking into a mirror. She had my eyes, one green and one blue eye except on the opposite sides and they looked the same. Her hand had the same lines as my hand. She had the same hourglass and snowman, except opposite sides,” Rob replied.

“What were you doing showing those things. That isn’t being modest,” his mother replied getting a bit angry.

“They have the same fortune. Its written in their hands!” exclaimed Ralph.

“We’ll not have any of that witchcraft in this house,” Rob’s dad demanded.

“Its not witchcraft,” Rob’s little sister, Mary, said. “Its just a hand. Sofia wouldn’t even say anything about it.”

“She’s your doppelgänger,” Ralph chimed in.

“You’ll not be calling any demons in this house!” boomed Rob’s dad angrily. “We don’t have that in this house.”

“Dad, it just means they look alike. Its not a demon,” pleaded Mary.

“That’s the end of this conversation,” Rob’s mom decreed.

They ate in silence. After dinner the kids went to their rooms before their parents could send them.

A few minutes later Mary and Beth snuck into Rob’s room. “Tell us about her,” Mary whispered.

Rob told his sisters the whole story and they listened with wide eyed intent and then slipped off to their room to sleep.

The next day Rob sent Bobbie a text and she replied. She told him she would be at the track meet the next Friday. They spent an hour texting each other. They even had the same birthday. Rob thought to himself: *I never hooked up with a girl, they are all just friends, but now I’m totally*

connecting with this one. Who knew I had a doppelgänger, pretty rad stuff. Even Sofia would be surprised.

On Wednesday Rob went up to Sophia and told her the story. “Is that what my hand says?” he asked her.

Sophia just looked at him.

“Tell me,” Rob pleaded.

“No,” Sophia said.

“Why can’t you say something?” Rob asked.

“Its real, and no,” she said, smiled, and walked off.

The next Friday Rob watched Bobbie between his runs. She was the star of the other school’s junior track team. She was the fastest. *She runs like a boy*, He thought. *Weird*. But she looks like a girl. After the meet they talked while they were waiting for the bus. Then she looked at him longingly, and after waiting she said: “KISS ME!” He kissed her and they left for the busses. He felt dreamy all the way home.

They were at different track meets for the rest of the season, but they planned to meet on Saturday. His parents forbid him to see her. They said he shouldn’t be around a ‘strange woman’. Rob forbid his sisters to talk about her to their parents.

On Saturday they met at the hippie gift shop at the mall. His parents would never go there.

“What did your parents say?” he asked.

“They said we couldn’t be twins, some people just look that way” she said. “They said we could be friends, but not anything else. What did your parents say?”

“They said you were a strange woman and dangerous to be around,” he replied.

“Hahahaha!” she laughed herself silly. “Everyone thinks I’m strange. The track team thinks I’m dangerous. That’s why they like me. I’m dangerous to the other team.” And she was beside herself with laughter.

After roaming around the mall they were back at the gift shop. “Look, there’s Zoltar, let’s ask him,” she said. They went to Zoltar and the machine was lifeless.

“Not like in the movies,” he said.

They kissed and left. It was time to get back home. Rob was thinking: *I have a girl friend. Wow.*

They kept meeting on Saturdays. The people in the shop knew them by name and they always bought something, just to be nice to the shop people.

It was the regional finals and all the track teams were there. Rob got a third place. Bobbie was first place in everything she ran. They meet after the track meet.

“I bet I can beat you,” they said in unison and off they took around the track. They were an even match no matter how much they both tried to pass each other. After four laps they gave up and walked and talked and kissed.

“I wonder if we are related?” she said.

“How would we know?” he said.

“A DNA test,” she said. “Get a DNA test and see what it says.”

“Cool, let’s do that,” he said. And they were off to their buses.

Rob ordered a DNA kit and had it mailed to Ralph. He knew his parents would freak. A few days later the results came back.

“This is weird!” he said when he read the results. “It says I’m a girl.” He was really freaking out and then thought the DNA thing was a hoax so he called Ralph.

“It says I’m a girl,” he whispered to Ralph.

“I always knew you were strange,” sneered Ralph. “Bobbie’s not strange, you’re the strange one. Just wait till you mom finds out you are a girl,” and he laughed himself to derision.

“I’m serious,” Rob said. “How could it say I’m a girl? I’m not a girl,” he quivered.

“You could be your own twin, a Chimera, that’s even cooler than a doppelgänger,” he said.

“What the hell is that?” Rob asked.

“You have a twin, but its not Bobbie, its you.” he said and went about explaining what a human Chimera was.

“How could I know?” Rob asked a bit worried.

“Another DNA test,” he said. “Take it from another part of your body. Is there any part of your body that looks different?”

“Yea, the snowman on my tummy.” Rob replied.

“Take a DNA test there,” Ralph replied.

The next Saturday Rob met Bobbie at the mall.

“What did your DNA test say?” Bobbie asked.

“It didn’t work,” Rob replied. Ralph said I should scrape some skin off my snowman. Can you help?”

She helped him get a tiny skin sample from the snowman. The store people watched and were smiling and laughing. They always saw weird things in their store and that’s why they worked there.

A few days later the results came back and Rob was relieved that he was a boy. He had Ralph go through the whole results.

“Cool!” Ralph said. “You’re a Chimera and have a doppelgänger. I knew I had a cool cousin.”

Rob was beginning to feel better. At least Ralph thought he was cool.

The next Saturday Rob and Bobbie met at the mall.

“I found out what happened to the test,” Rob said. “The first test said I was a girl. That’s crazy, I’m a boy.”

Bobbie laughed outrageously.

“Its not funny,” Rob insisted.

“Its totally funny,” Bobbie replied. “My test said I was a boy. What a joke. I didn’t want to say anything. But now its totally funny, I’m a boy and you’re a girl, yeah right.” she laughed.

The store people were really getting into the joke too. They were enjoying the romance.

“I have two DNAs,” Rob said. “I’m a chimera. I’m my own twin.”

“That’s weird,” Bobbie laughed. “Let’s see your DNAs,” she insisted sarcastically.

They looked at each other's DNA and both gasped.

"My DNA matches your boy DNA," Bobbie said astonished. "We are identical twin brothers. That's the craziest thing I ever herd of. Did we somehow mix up DNA?"

"Probably, but not for the test," Rob laughed and explained the whole story as Ralph told him.

"This is for you," the store manager said as she gave them a small statue of a mythical greek chimera. "For you its free. I finally met a couple of real chimeras. Best thing I ever saw in this store and I've seen a lot."

It was time to go and they gave each other a big kiss.

"You're my brother / sister," They said in unison and shock as they looked at each other in unbelief.

"We didn't DO anything," Bobbie said. "See you next week." And she headed home to order another DNA test and call Ralph. She took the mythological chimera. Rob's parents wouldn't allow it in their house.

Bobbie did another DNA test from another part of her body. Both she and Rob had two different skin colors. They were almost the same and she had noticed them before, but didn't think anything about it. When the test came back it said she was a girl and it matched Rob's first test. She went to talk to her mother. If she and Rob were twins they were adopted and her mother never said so.

"Mom, we have to talk," Bobbie said.

"We can talk when your dad gets home," her mom replied.

"We need to talk before dad gets home. Just you and me. NOW," she insisted. "Sit down with me and talk."

Her mom sat down with a very worried look and asked, "Are you pregnant?"

"No, its not anything like that to worry about," Bobbie said. "Why didn't you tell me I'm adopted?"

Her mother was shocked and said nothing for a few minutes. "What makes you think you're adopted?"

"I have a twin brother, the boy I met at the track meet that looks like me. We did a DNA test and we are brother and sister. We have the same birthday. We are twins."

“Oh my God!” her mother gasped as she put her hands into her hands and looked down and began to sob. There was a long silence as her mom cried.

“Mom, its okay. I just need to know,” Bobbie said.

When her mother came to her composure she began to speak softly, “We couldn’t have children. We tried. So we adopted you. We love you. We didn’t know there was a twin. They didn’t tell us.”

“You should have told me,” Bobbie ordered her mom.

“We didn’t want to hurt you,” her mom insisted.

“It didn’t hurt finding out that I had a twin or was adopted. It hurts a lot that you didn’t tell me,” Bobbie replied.

Her mother cried some more. When she regained her composure again she asked, “I’m sorry. So he’s your boyfriend?”

“Well yes, but not really, I mean we didn’t do anything, except kiss a little. Now he’s my best friend,” Bobbie said.

They had a long hug.

“What else didn’t you tell me?” Bobbie ordered her mom. They had a long talk.

Mary and Beth were talking about their new found sister. It was exciting. They wanted to meet her. They didn’t quite understand the whole thing, but wanted to find out if the two really looked like twins. Their mom overheard the conversation and asked them sternly, “Is Rob seeing that strange woman?”

“Mom, she’s not strange, she’s his twin sister, they got tested and they are twins. It was DNA,” Mary replied.

“Dad will have a talk with him when he gets home. Rob doesn’t have a twin. And he’s not going to keep seeing that strange woman,” their mom replied. “Get to your room. You’re grounded,” the mom said.

“But mom,” the two girls pleaded.

“NOW!” their mother screamed.

They were off to their rooms.

Rob's dad came home late and after talking to his wife the two of them called Rob into the living room. "I told you not to see that strange woman," Rob's father said.

"Why didn't you tell me I'm adopted?" Rob asked.

"You're not adopted!" his father ordered.

"I have a twin sister," Rob said. "That means I must be adopted."

"As best I remember only one baby came out of me," his mother said with an angry voice.

"We were tested," Rob said. "It's scientifically true."

"Science, science, we don't believe in that crap!" his father shouted.

Rob looked at the cell phone in his father's pocket and then the TV blaring religious programming and just shook his head.

"That's the end of it. You never see that strange woman again. And no more talk about a twin or adoption. That stuff's a lie," His father said.

"But it's true," Rob said.

"I'll show you," his dad said as he began pulling out his belt.

Rob was out the door in a flash. Track practice paid off. He was out of sight before his father made it out the door.

The next day Rob's father took off work to talk to his pastor.

"Come in and sit down. What's on your mind?" the pastor asked.

Rob's father told him the whole story.

The man bit his lips to keep from laughing. "I will talk to him tomorrow. Leave him alone until I talk to him."

"You're ordering me?" the father asked.

"Damn straight," the pastor said. "I'm ordering you!" and stared the father straight in the eye.

The father stomped out. He had thought the man was too wishy washy and almost suspected he was a liberal. But now the man ordered him. He had to obey.

The next day after school Ron went by to talk to the pastor. He trusted the man more than his father, at least the guy seemed reasonable.

“What’s going on?” the pastor said.

“I found a twin sister,” Rob said and just waited to see what the man would do.

“How did you find that?” the man asked becoming interested in the story.

Rob explained the whole story and the pastor just listened.

When Rob finished the pastor said, “Wow, that’s quite a story. So you have DNA proof?”

“DNA proof twice,” Rob replied.

“Cool,” the man said. “That’s an amazing story. That could never happen by chance. What are the odds, 1 in a gazillion? I can do math and don’t even know how to calculate that.”

“You’re not upset?” Rob asked.

“Why should I be?” the man replied. “I’ll talk to your father. Keep staying at your cousin’s house until I talk to him.”

The next day the pastor called Rob’s parents into his office. They came in and sat down angry but hoping for backup in dealing with their son who had gone astray.

After a period of silence the pastor said, “Why do you come here?”

“Its the house of God,” they said.

“Why do you listen to me?” the man asked.

“You are the man of God,” they replied.

“Are you going to listen to me now?” the pastor demanded.

They both gulped and said, “Yes.”

“Are you going to tell me the truth?” the pastor demanded.

They both stuttered and said nothing.

“Are you or not?” the man asked. “I can’t help you if you don’t tell me the truth. If you won’t you can leave now and not come back.”

They both gasped and then whispered, “We will.”

“Is Rob adopted?” the man asked.

There was silence. Then finally they said weakly, “Well, yes, but we couldn’t have children.”

“There’s nothing to be ashamed about that,” the pastor said in his most reassuring voice.

“It was, um, complicated,” Rob’s father said. “We aren’t suppose to talk about it.”

“I don’t care about that,” the pastor said. “You need to be honest with your son.”

“We don’t want to hurt him,” his mother said.

“It will hurt him more if you don’t tell him the truth,” the pastor said.

“There are these other people, you don’t know what they are like,” Rob’s father said.

“I don’t care about them. If that’s important to you tell Rob. You don’t have to tell him everything about whoever. And I don’t want to know either.”

“We can’t,” insisted Rob’s mother.

“He already knows,” the pastor said. “And damn near everybody else in town knows too.”

“Why do you talk like that?” Rob’s mother cried.

“What does it take to get you people to listen? You came here for help. I can’t help if you don’t listen,” the pastor replied.

The parents were trembling and crying.

“Come back when you are ready. We need to talk,” the pastor replied.

Rob’s parents left in shock holding each other.

Rob and Bobbie were now the sensation of their schools. They even got twin chimera tee shirts and everyone was kidding about which one was the goat head and which one was the lion head.

Rob's mother was mortified when their children made the news. His father forbid his son being interviewed. Bobbie was interviewed for a news show.

Two weeks later Rob's parents were back at the pastor's office.

"Why are you here?" the pastor asked them.

"We need help," Rob's father said. "You said to come back. So we did."

"Are you going to listen this time?" the pastor asked.

"Yes," they meekly replied.

"Why won't you tell Rob? He's 16 and old enough to understand," the pastor asked.

"We couldn't have children," Rob's mom said.

"They told us we didn't qualify for adoption," Rob's father said. "I gave this man a bunch of money and he let us adopt Rob. Rob was a twin and was going to go with the other twin, but the man let us adopt him. We couldn't have children."

"That's in the past," the pastor assured the parents. "You need to take care of Rob now."

"We can't talk about it," Rob's dad said. "That man was a mafia or something. Even the adoption agency was scared of him."

"The world knows now. I don't know what to say about the mafia guy. Maybe he is gone or forgot about it. Any way you need to be open and honest with your son," the pastor said.

They had a long talk and then the pastor prayed for them before they left. They had an order from the pastor, take the whole family to a family councilor and go for six sessions.

"See you in church," the pastor said as they were leaving.

A few weeks later Bobbie was at Rob's house eating dinner with Rob and his parents.

"Look what I found," Bobbie said to Rob. "A doppelgänger app. If we can't be married I can find someone like you." They spent the evening playing with the app.

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