

Talented Youth

Cillian Greene was 18 years old and had just finished the first of four years that led to a BA in Engineering Mathematics and a BAI in Electronic Engineering at Trinity College Dublin. Having secured a summer job assisting the teacher of allegedly talented ten-year-old kids in Ireland's Centre for Talented Youth at Dublin City University, he was charged with supervising a regiment of the seditious juveniles during a free period before lunch as they bristled with hunger and overwhelmed his meek personality with noisy chatter and mutinous defiance. One of the youths, with a determined look in his eye, advanced on the timid academic who was garrisoned in his small desk and chair.

"Can you get me something from the vending machine?"

"No. What do you mean? It's nearly lunch time."

"I'm sta-aaa-rving. Can you just get me some Fruit Pastilles?"

"No. I can't leave the class."

"It's just out there. Ple-eee-ease?"

The brave adolescent produced some coins and proudly declared "you can keep the change" as he tossed the metal at the introverted teen's crumbling defences.

"OK, what is it – Fruit Pastilles?"

A devilish smile creased his youthful face as he confirmed, and the cries of his comrades volleyed around the classroom while a dozen tiny hands thrust similar payments towards the defeated guardian.

"No-ooo-ooo!" he rebelliously yelled as he parried their fiscal advances.

"I can't get all that. Now sit down and shut up!"

Order was restored.