

Math Me

I'm *into* math. I mean I'm **REALLY** *into* math. I'm weird like that. I'm sure you know what I mean. I get real excited when I get to take the cover off of my calculator and just *love* to touch its buttons. Sometimes I'll even stroke it, especially when it graphs just the way I like it. And when I see integrals on such small intervals, it makes me want to go Micheal Jackson all over my math book.

So how long have I been *into* math? About as long as I can remember. I remember hints from way back in Kindergarten. We were adding numbers and I just got this tingling sensation in my hand from doing all the adding. I could take on **BIG** numbers, like 10 and 11, within a few short hours of practice. By the time I had gotten into 2nd Grade, I was capable of even taking on multiples of nine or ten.

One of my more salacious experiences with math was in 4th Grade, when my teacher allowed me to do it all I wanted. I would *do it* day in and day out. I did it with semi-circles and long divisions. I did practically any problem I could find. This also introduced my love of computers, because when I'd get tired of *working* all the problems, I'd move on to touching the keys of the keyboard, gently stroking the 5¼" floppy drives.

One more experience I particularly remember was back in 7th Grade – my “Gateways” class. Nothing pleased me more than to feel a math problem wafting through the air and gently *licking* against my ears. And reading the solutions was an oral delight, a wonderful range of flavors for my mouth to enjoy. I was totally *enveloped* as I dove into my textbook head first and learned what the problems were like on the inside.

What is it that is so maddening about math for me? I'm not sure. Maybe it's that math just knows precisely how to *arouse* my curiosity. Maybe it's because I can **BANG** out the answers so quickly. Maybe it's because the math problems are all around me, ready to *delve* into and *experiment* with. What I do know, is that there aren't many reasons to dislike math. You sort of get used to the **LONG** decimal points on the numbers; plus, while doing it too much sometimes hurts, it can obviously be *gratifying*.

Whatever reason I may have for being *enthralled* within the subject of math, it's there. The *urge* to do math will **ALWAYS** be there. I'll still get entranced as I run my fingers along the asymptotes; still enjoy filling the holes up to their limits. I won't ever tire of *plugging* the numbers into the functions to get a result, or of finding the *O*. I'm a math *lover*, and I like it.