

A Day in the Life of a [Old] Math Teacher

A Daily Timeline of and Old Man By Peggy And Dark

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Dedication:

This first volume is dedicated to none other than the B-man himself, for being the interestingest boring math teacher any of us has ever had.

6:00—wakes up.

6:07—manages to sit upright in bed, after much straining of his old, worn muscles. Takes cane from bedside.

6:20—manages to get off the bed.

6:30—accidentally sticks tooth brush down own throat because of lack of any coordination.

7:00—chokes on a Cheerio, squanders the rest of the morning by calculating the circumference of each colorful Froot Loop.

7:30—trips on a strand of hair on the way to the school bus, accidentally cracks leg bone because he's walking too fast.

8:10—forgets the names of all the other teachers due to shrunken, old memory, accidentally calls Mr. Power "Bob Dylan".

8:30—frightens students by singing "The Power of Math" in horrible voice and pitch. Two are sent to nearby asylum because they have gone deaf and will, eventually, go insane.

8:35—dismisses students, decides to visit the library to check out long-awaited Math classic: "The Golden Ratio".

8:36—leaves classroom.

9:00—finally arrives at the foot of the stairs. Begins heavy panting—it's been an exhausting amble.

10:15—...halfway down the stairs...bones creak, threatening to break.

11:00—Mr. B proudly finishes his treacherous climb down one flight of stairs in record time.

11:34—at last, he reaches the entrance to the library.

11:42—crashes into a large bookshelf because of his impaired vision of the old. Remains there because of slow old people reactions, smashed together with the bookshelf

11:44—begins to realize that he had collided into something although he still doesn't know what. Still stands there.

11:45—a student asks him what he is doing smashed into a bookshelf. Mr. Baxter finally realizes that it was a bookshelf he crashed into.

11:46—apologizes to the bookshelf and slowly moves out of it.

<fast forward>

12:29—after picking out the wrong book six times, and finding 3 wrong people as the librarian, Mr. Baxter finally makes it out of the library with his book. It being paperback and 237 pages long, Mr. B realizes it's much too heavy for him to carry. He manages anyway; realizing that with great joy comes great sacrifice and labor. Struggles and heaves himself to cafeteria for lunch.

3:47—finishes lunch. Chose organic salad and a soup. Mr. B takes forty-five minutes chewing soup before he realizes it's supposed to be sipped. Curses at his salad for being so hard to chew. Calculated the surface area and volume of his tray.

3:50—wonders frantically where his book went. Searches for half an hour before realizes that it's in his own hand. Continues to move to the stairs.

4:32—reaches foot of stairs. Begins tiring ascent—a whole flight of stairs.

6:50—finally reaches the top. The heaviness of his new book weighed and slowed him down a bit. Smiles proudly at his second somewhat successful attempt at the stairs.

<fast forward>

8:30—arrives at home at top speed—this time, he took the elevator and a taxi. Eats dinner (blended sushi with vegetables and some meat, and a spinach-cabbage-cucumber-tomato-health-smoothie—must all be blended as Mr. B's teeth can no longer chew harder substances without breaking) on the taxi, and hyperventilates because he is not used to travelling at a high speed.

9:10—reaches his bedroom, and prepares to get ready for bed.

10:01—finally finishes getting ready for bed—this time chokes on his toothpaste instead and almost drowns himself when washing his face. Forgets how to use a comb. Decides not to fix ugly, grey, ancient hair tonight. Goes to salvage his cane.

10:15—finishes retrieving wooden cane from closet, now begins exhausting ascent onto his bed, which for Mr. B, is too far from the ground for him to manage to get on all by himself.

11:00—finally manages to get into bed. Puts the heavy cane next to him to help hoist him off in the morning. Struggles to pull heavy covers over himself.

11:15—after much struggling, he finally manages to pull the heavy covers over himself. Mr. B has made it though day, finally. Proud of all he has accomplished in one day, he goes to sleep, counting sheep in decimals, fractions, and adding them on different bases, as well as integrating summotation notation into his dreams, in which four magical platonic solids defeated an evil tetrahedron by the name of "Blaze". The ending was tragic, and Mr. B almost cried (if he were capable of such processes anymore), before he awoke to another morning, to face another eventful day through the eyes of an old man...aka...himself.

<thus ends a day in the shoes of mr.b>