



Whether you are
the chicken or the egg
the ewe or the you
hoping the day is
special.

Notes to Nerds
May 8th 2020

How big is a foot?

I've been placing math problems - some call it "math graffiti" - out on the street most mornings. Over the last couple of weeks we have progressed through all kinds of questions.



This morning, I asked how tall a tree was in the yard. My make-shift office in the dining room lets me view the morning menagerie of neighborhood life. *What can I say, it is a habit I inherited from my mom...*



The elderly couple stopped first. Read the chalk on the street. The wife pointed to the tree. The white-haired husband held his hands wide and pointed here and there. They walked on.

The high school literature teacher interrupted her brisk morning walk. Picking up some chalk, she perfected my handiwork with a well-placed comma and a question mark.

The mom with the baby stroller full of twins rolled up to her paused parade of scooter bikers and skaters. The paraders circled about the scrawled chalk marks. Gesturing and pointing ensued for a few brief moments. Looking up to the tree, small helmeted heads nodded. The parade continued, the mom and twin-laden stroller bringing up the rear.

A young boy and his sister de-biked to stand above the words. Finding the tree in my yard, they walked up to it and back again. You could see that they were in thoughtful discussion. The sister motioned. Her compliant little brother walked across the face of the yard even with the tree and parallel to the street. Her hand went up. He stopped and put a stick into the ground.

Satisfied, they mounted their bikes beginning the morning leg of the Tour de Street race.

After a few moments the young boy, probably a kindergartener, pushed his oversized bike up my drive, laying it on the side walk. The front door bell rang. He stood back from the door as I opened it and asked this question: "Mr. Peter, how big is a foot?"

I smiled. This morning we would do some math!

Happy Weekend Nerds,

Peter