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Proof! The Magic of Math Town: Emmeline Meets Dr. Plus

“Emmeline,” called Monroe throwing a broken bit of a pink eraser toward her wavy hair. She dodged and gave him the look. Monroe stuck out his tongue.

“Stinky Baby,” Emmeline whispered so he could read her lips.

“Ms. Diondra. Emmeline called me a baby.”

“No blurting, you know the rules” growled Ms. Diondra as she scribbled “ $4 + 1 = 2 + 3$ ” on the board.

“What? No fair!” said Monroe.

“Zero talking or lunch detention,” the teacher said over her shoulder. “I have two eyes in the back of my head. One is for you Monroe Davidson.”

Emmeline waited for the Loud Mouth of Room 212 to try again to torment her. Soon enough his brown eyes gazed back toward her, and she did it.

“I said *stinky* Baby,” she said loud enough for kids at nearby tables to hear. The class erupted in laughter.

Franky, Washington, Shelby, Marla – everyone.

“What is the matter Room 212? Boys and girls this is IMPORTANT. Monroe you have lunch detention for disrupting my math lesson.”

A yellow slip of paper landed on Monroe’s desk.

“Snap!” “Ohhh!”

Emmeline wished it wasn’t a typical Tuesday in Room 212. But it was.

Stolen pencils. Crumpled notes. Line skips. Elbow fights, pranks and the smell of cafeteria lunch.

An average day at Willamalarkie Elementary school except –

Today, on the white board above the month and day, there was a small hole Emmeline hadn't noticed before.

She squinted. It was bigger than a dime. It was morphing. Shape-shifting. She leaned closer.

"Is four plus one the same as two plus three?" quizzed Ms. Diondra.

A red plus sign with googly eyes popped out of the hole and squeezed back inside. "Yes," said Dr. Plus.

"Ahh!" Emmeline gasped. Everyone stared at Emmeline then went back to being naughty.

The character looked like the first aid sign on Emmeline's scout badge. But it wiggled out of the hole and spoke.

"How is it possible?" Emmeline mumbled.

She looked at the children talking to each other, trading papers and scooting their chairs making noise. No one else had seen Dr. Plus.

"Emmeline," said Ms. Diondra walking toward her desk like a life guard ready to blow the whistle. "Is four plus one the same as two plus three?"

"Yes." said Dr. Plus, again jumping out of the hole. "Yes," mimicked Emmeline.

"Is something the matter?" asked Ms. Diondra. Dr. Plus waved to Emmeline from behind her teacher's big head and square shoulders.

On this day Emmeline Jordan Wilkins, a first grader at Willamalarkie Elementary met the very first character from Math Town: Dr. Plus.

"Um, my finger got pinched," said Emmeline holding it. Ms. Diondra examined it. "Looks fine to me. If it bleeds see the nurse." "Ok." said Emmeline.

Ms. Diondra passed out papers. Dr. Plus waited on the white board for the next equation. She winked at Emmeline. The children took out their pencils.

Sahara and Weston took out their pencils. But they didn't notice Dr. Plus.

George and Monroe took out their pencils. They didn't notice Dr. Plus.

Chelsea took out her pencil and started copying the problem on her paper.

She didn't notice Dr. Plus either.

Dr. Plus danced a few steps at the top of the board while Ms. Diondra paced from her desk to the homework table.

“Attention class!” shouted Ms. Diondra. Several children put their hands over their ears. Monroe dropped the paperclip he’d been fidgeting with. He slid under the desk to get it. Emmeline straightened up.

“Jeremy and Jen went fishing. Jeremy caught 6 fish. Jen caught 1. Then they went home. How many fish did they catch?” asked Ms. Diondra.

“What was the total amount of fish they caught?”

Sum. Total. Altogether. In all. Makes. How many? And. And. And. Plus! So many questions!

“Is this addition?” blurted Monroe. “What if they drop the fish on the way home?” asked Weston.

“No talking,” said the teacher.

Emmeline carefully watched Dr. Plus on the board. She unrolled her bandages and roped them around the six fish that Ms. Diondra drew.

“1-2, 3-4, 5-6” Emmeline counted.

Next Dr. Plus cast her fishing pole and caught the one fish in Jen’s bucket.

“Plus one is - ” Emmeline counted as Jen’s fish landed with the six. She raised her hand high. “Yes?” said the teacher calling on Emmeline.

“Seven!” “One!” “Six!” “Five” “Twelve!” the other children shouted out even though it wasn’t their turn.

“Voices off!” demanded Ms. Diondra. “This is important.”

“Seven,” said Emmeline calmly.

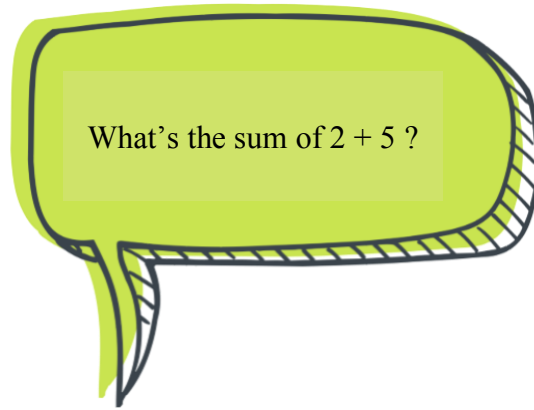
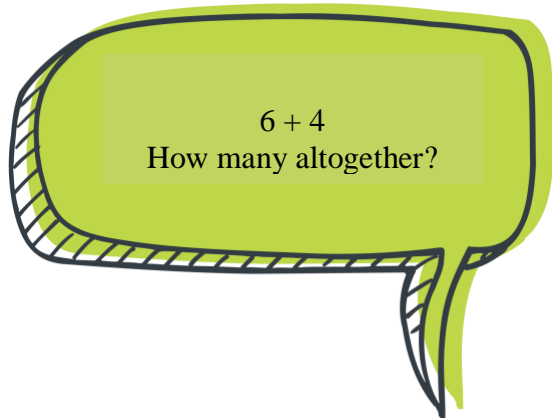
“How do you know that?” asked Ms. Diondra tapping her marker on the corner of her desk.

“Six plus one more is seven.” Emmeline added, “Altogether.”

“Yes!” said Ms. Diondra frantically pointing at the board and circling the pictures. “Six fish plus the one Jen caught makes seven.” Dr. Plus skated back into the hole that led to Math Town behind the board. Emmeline smiled.

It’s finally over. Math time is done she thought. She was going to miss Dr. Plus just a little.

At recess, Emmeline played four-square with her best friends Chelsea and Marla and some kids from second grade. But Emmeline kept thinking about Dr. Plus.



“Chelsea, did you see a cartoon when we were doing math?”

“A what?”

“Forget it,” said Emmeline. Her turn. She jumped into her square. It was probably just her imagination.

“What did you say?” asked Marla once Emmeline was out and went back in line.

“Dr. Plus. She puts things together,” said Emmeline in a shy voice.

“I know Dr. Plus,” said Marla.

“You do?”

“Plus puts things together. Adding. Plussing.”

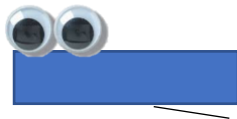
Emmeline smiled. Her turn. She bounced the red ball to her opponent's corner and it bounced back.

“Yes. Dr. Plus puts things together.”

The End.



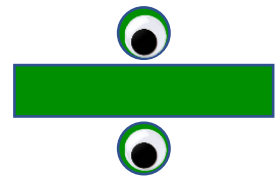
Dr. Plus



Minus Man



Cap'n Times



Cyclops Divider