

By Tyler Berrigan & Sarita Menon

Slice of Pie



August 5th, 2017
8:30 am

Ugggghhhh! It seems that we have ANOTHER new addition to our family. As if James – the CONSTANTLY crying and pooping baby – was not enough. Now we have Dash. And do you know what's worse? I have to share MY room with him! Dad brought Dash home yesterday.

Dash is pretty smart and knows a lot of things. But, if he is going to be able to help kids with special needs, Dash has a lot to learn about behaving like a human. I think I prefer Dash as a machine. Humans just cry and poop all day – James!!! But... I guess it would be kinda cool to show him off to my friends. Dad said I should be able to teach



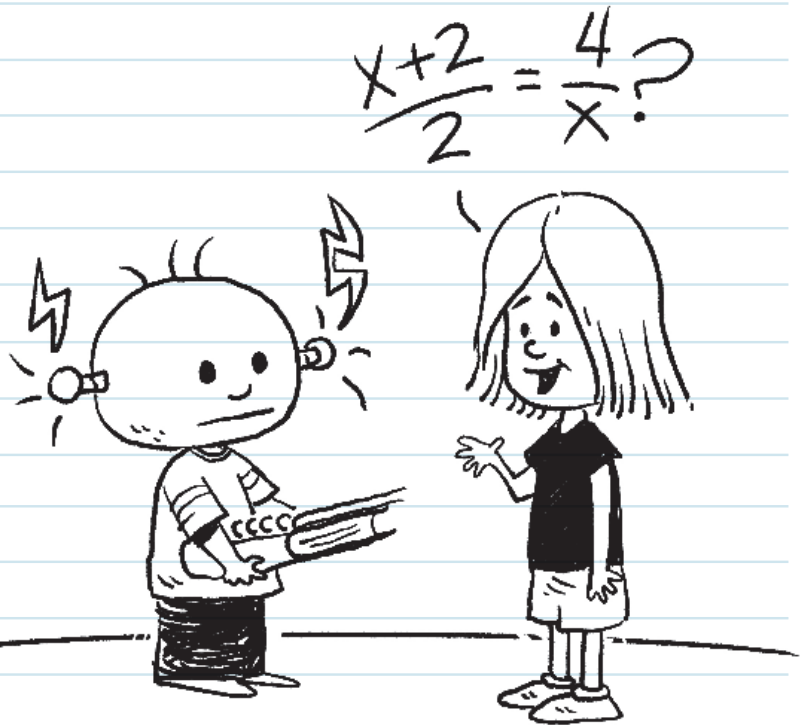
I thought he was a weird-looking boy who never blinked. Very creepy. Turns out Dash is a robot that Dad helped build at work. Dad said

Dash to tell jokes and sing. He is supposed to be able to answer questions about anything! Maybe it won't be so bad after all...

10:30 am

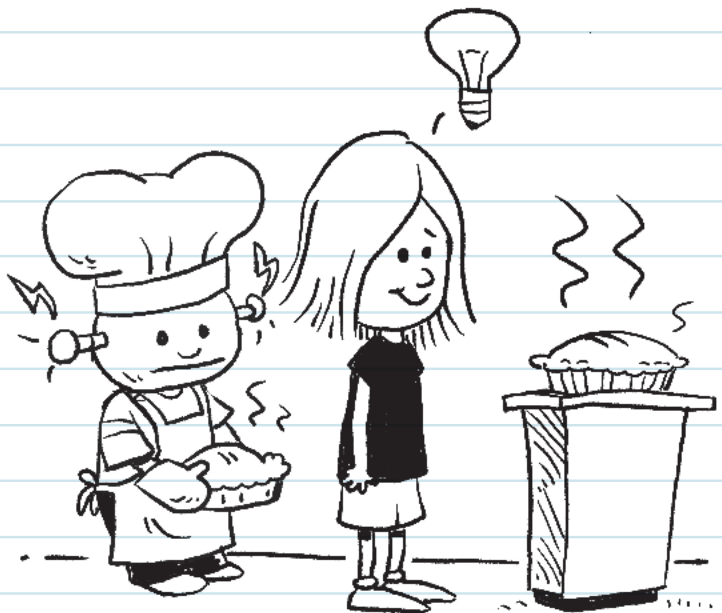
Oh, Dash is useless!! I wanted to test him out, so I gave Dash my math homework. He didn't even budge! He just stood there staring at me, no matter what I asked him.

Dad definitely wouldn't be happy to hear I asked Dash to do my homework. I think I'll just let the whole thing slide. Well, seems it's just me stuck doing my homework all by myself. Thanks for nothing, Dash!



August 6th, 2017
2:00 pm

Good news! Today Dad decided to show Dash how to bake a pie. The delicious smell of apples and cinnamon made it impossible to stay in my room. So, I abandoned my homework and ran down to the kitchen. And there it was: The most beautiful apple pie, cooling off in all its golden glory on the counter. I was staring the pie, watching the steam swirl off of the crust, when a thought just hit me.

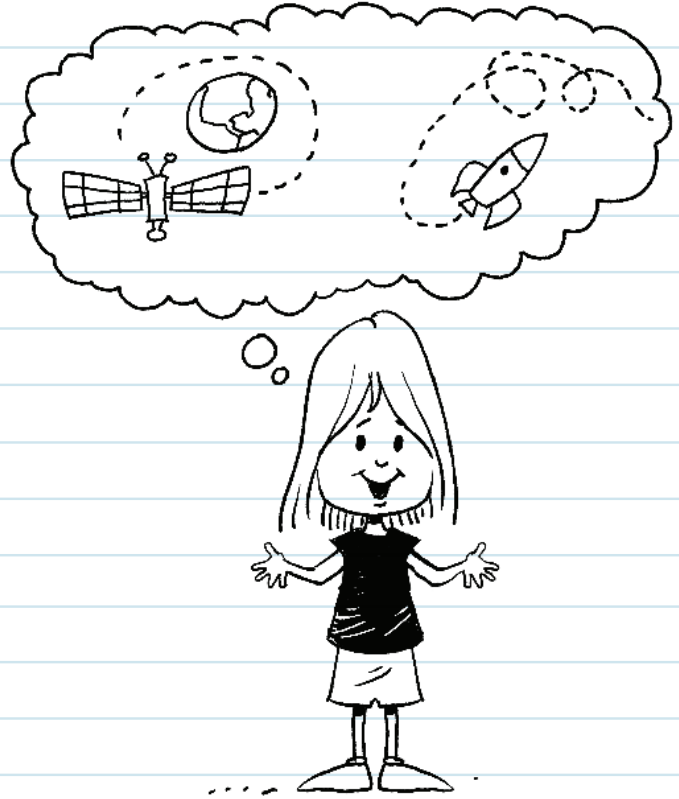


"Dad!" I exclaimed. "Pie sounds just like the word Pi from my math homework! It's spelled different though... no 'e' at the end." Dad seemed pretty surprised and pleased with my math-y outburst. So, I kept going. "You know, this Pi may not have apples, but it is pretty cool. Pick a circle – any circle – and divide the value of the circumference by the value of the diameter. You get the same number every time. Pi! 3.1415... no matter the circle, no matter what. Pi."

"Impressive, Dmi." Dad said. But he wasn't going to let me just bask in my brilliance. "But do you know what do they use Pi for in the real world?" he asked.

I had to stop and think back to Mrs. Taylor's math class.

"We use Pi for just about any calculation that involves circles," I said. "Curves and waves too. It doesn't matter if it's a can of beans or a construction site. Flying in a plane or going into space. Any time you see a circle or an arc, you see Pi." I was confident now.

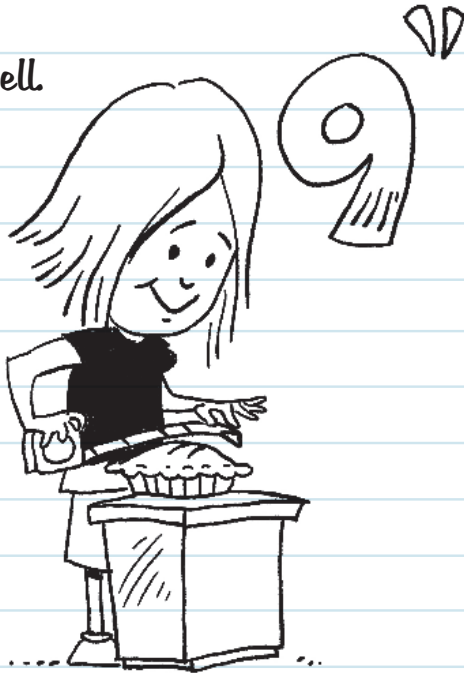


Time to drive the point home.

"Give me the diameter of a circle, any circle. I can calculate its circumference. I just need to multiply by Pi." With that, I realized that I had the perfect example right in front of me. I ran into the garage, got a tape measure, and went straight for the pie. I measured the distance from one side of the pie to the other. 9 inches. Dad turned to Dash and asked him to multiply the diameter by 3.1415. Dash replied, in his choppy, robot voice, "9 inches multiplied by 3.1415 is 28.3 inches."

So, Dash could do Math!! As if reading my mind, Dad smiled. "Don't get any ideas, Dmi, about getting Dash to do your homework."

Oh, well.



Suddenly Dash spoke up. "Pi is an irrational number. Its value extends to infinity. Computers have calculated up to 22 trillion digits, starting with:

3.14159265358979323846
264338327950288419716
939 937...

"We let him go on while we ate our delicious pie. Finally, Dad decided to shut Dash down. No need to spend the next few weeks (months?) listing all 22 trillion digits. What a showoff. And I need to sleep."

