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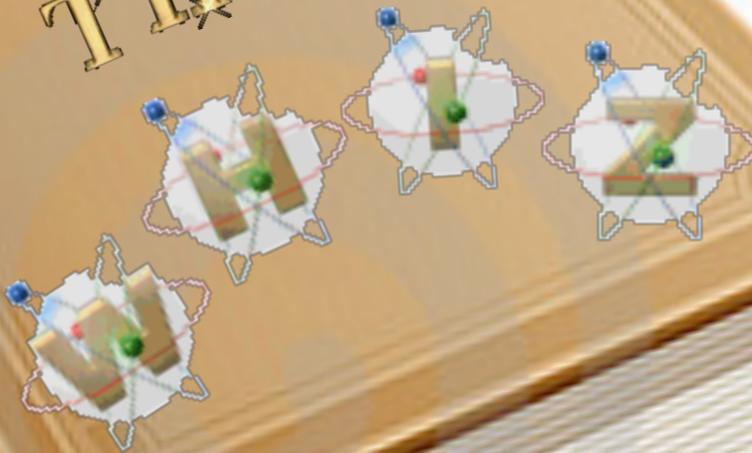
1809

25

WINSTON
THE

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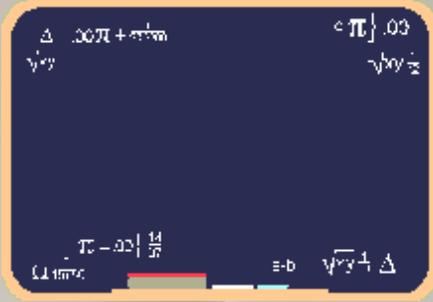
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$\frac{3}{4}$

Winston was a whiz kid, and an amazing mathematician, although he didn't always show that side of him. Three years ago.....

Bored!

BORING!

Boooooored!



$\frac{1}{2}$ full



$\frac{3}{4}$ full ←

Winston was sitting in his grade 3 math class, feeling bored, as he normally was. The math lesson was on fractions, something he was able to do while still in his crib. $\frac{1}{2}$ a bottle of milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a bowl full of mushy peas. Yep, Winston knew all about fractions. He scribbled in his book, frantically writing when.....

“WINSTON!”

Snapped Miss Valentine. Winston looked up, sheepishly. She probably assumed he was fiddling with comic books, or cards, or some such childish game. He looked around the class and noticed them all staring at him so he quickly shoved his book back into his desk.

“Winston, I would like to have a word with you after class please.” Miss Valentine said.



Who can
draw $\frac{3}{4}$ of
a pizza
for me?

Winston gulped loudly and just nodded his head. What could he say? If he did tell her what he was doing she would never believe him. He shoved the book back into his desk and pretended to pay attention for the remaining 10 minutes of math class.

...they should just kick him out....

...they should take that notebook away....

Kids snickered as they left the classroom. "Winston never pays attention! They should just kick him out...he doesn't do anything but scribble in that notebook all day anyway." Said one girl. "Ya, or they should just take that notebook away if it means so much to him.." another girl said.

I need you
to pay
attention...



She has
no idea...

After class, the teacher spoke to Winston about his lack of attention in class. *She has no idea that I was working my brothers on grade 9 math!* he thought. "Whatever." he replied to everything she said to him. "Winston, we have talked about this so many times already...."

FIRE!
FIRE!



Just then, the fire bell rang. *Saved by the bell* he thought!

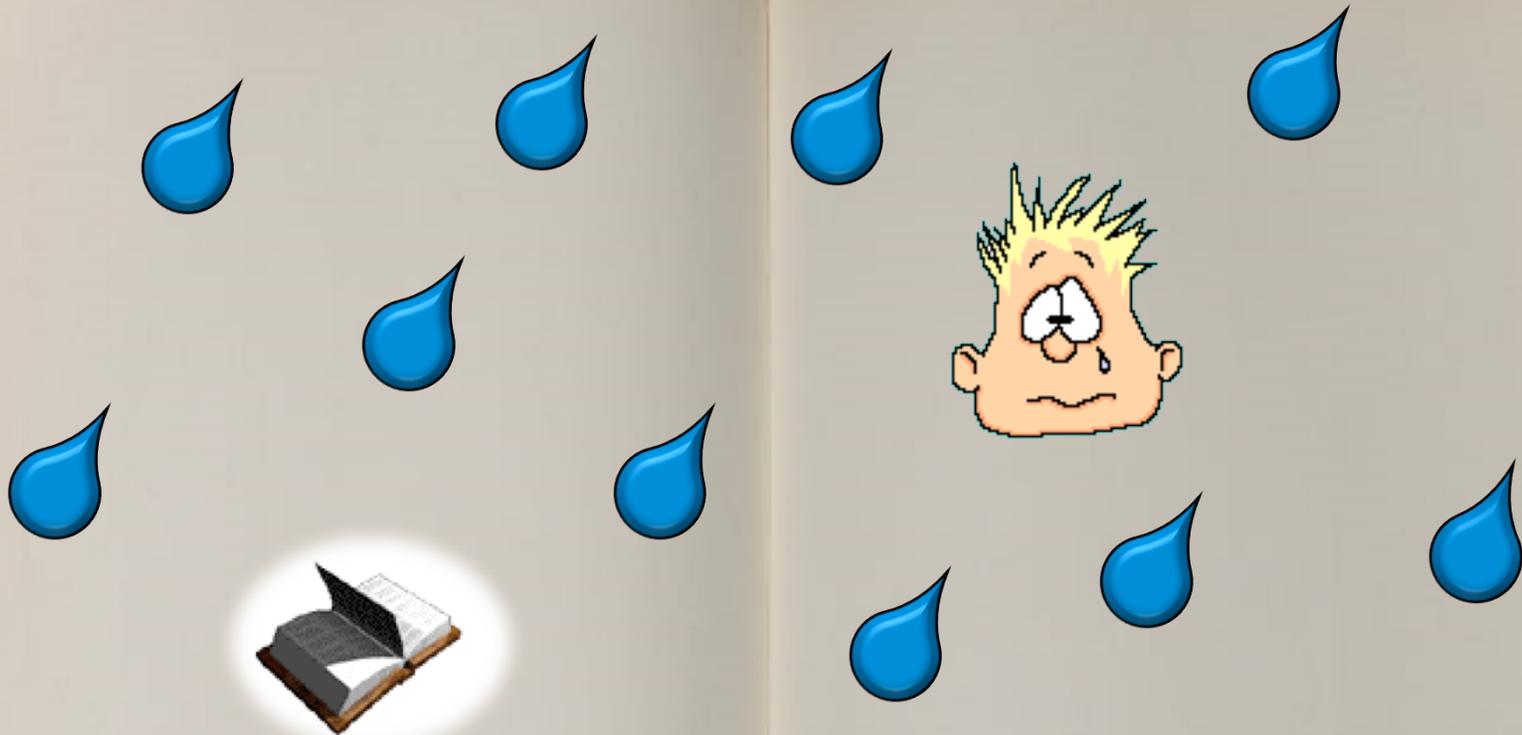
What luck! “Winston, help me shut the windows. We had better get going.” Winston was so focused on the fire bell and closing the windows that he didn’t notice that he had knocked his math book out of his desk, where it lay exposed on the floor.



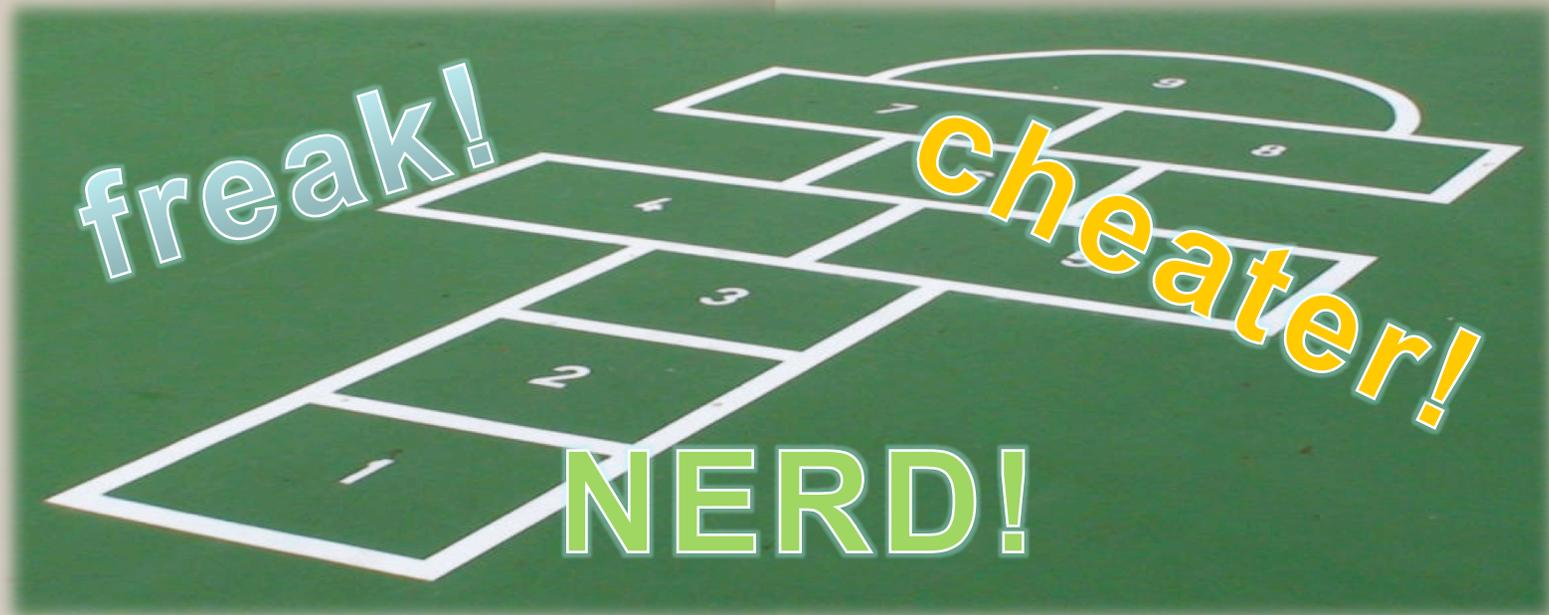
Winston was almost out the main doors when the principal came running out of his office flapping his arms like a chicken. “False Alarm!!! False Alarm!!! We are just testing the system...sorry! Oh, Miss Valentine may I have a word with you?” Miss Valentine looked at Winston, squinted her eyes at him, and replied, “certainly.”



They turned and walked back into the Principals office. Winston took that as his cue. He ran halfway home, and stopped at a nearby park. He jumped onto the swing and began soaring into the open sky, when out of nowhere, an orange hit him smack in the forehead.



He felt tears welling up in his eyes, but blinked hard to hide them. He squinted his eyes and looked around for the culprit. Then he looked down at his feet. There lay his math workbook, covered in grade 9 algebra, math problems, math solutions, and factions and....



A deep fear overcame Winston. He had been hiding his intelligence for, well, for his whole life, but now, was he exposed? Orange juice dripped down over his eyebrow. He looked at the math book, now were the words, "Freak," "Nerd," "Cheater." The girls were over at the hopscotch, giggling and pointing at him. Why was it so wrong to be smart?



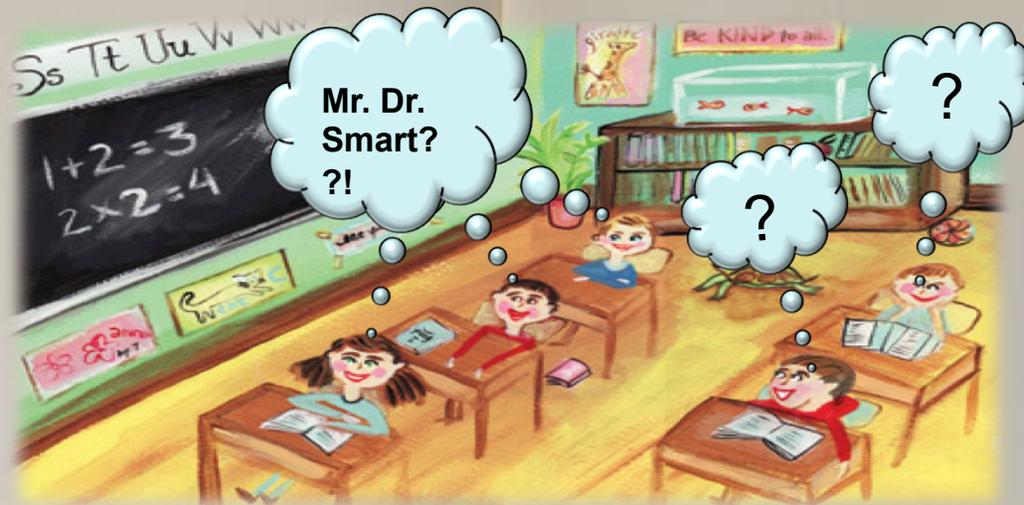
On his way home, Winston was feeling sad and lonely. No one else in his class was like him. He knew they would think he was weird now. No one else could spend hours watching a TV be assembled and learn how the circuit boards run. No one else shared his love for aerodynamics. No one else did math worksheets for fun, just to kill time. Winston slumped into his room, and tossed his bag on his bed. He pressed the button on his remote.



The remote did not turn on a TV, however! Instead his closet opened up to his secret lab. Inside were his most treasured ideas, inventions, circuits and spyware. He had every gadget, gadget, and doodad. It was the only place that he could truly be himself. A fax had just come through. Winston read, "Dr. Smart. We seek your attention on our most top secret matter. You are our only hope." Winston paused, then threw the paper in the trash.



The next day at school, Winston braced himself for more teasing. He was surprised at how quickly he went from being normal, to an outcast. He was thinking about all his feelings, when he saw 5 men in black suits come across the school field. Everyone in the class jumped up and went to the window. The substitute teacher who was in for Miss Valentine tried to get the class to sit down, for fear that the "maffia" was raiding or invading the school.



Just then, there was a knock at the door. The teacher was shaking in her boots, but tried to maintain her authority. "Um, ah...there's no one here?" she bursts out. The class giggled. The men came into the room, and looked around. The tallest of the men said, "We've searched the entire school looking for Mr. Dr. Smart. We were told we would find him here." Everyone looked around and wondered who the men in black were talking about. Winston slowly slunk down in his desk.



"Is there no Mr. Smart?" the men asked. Winston put a book up on his desk, hoping to hide out. The man walked

over and pushed the book down. "You wouldn't be Mr. Dr. Smart, would you?!" Winston's nose began to wiggle, like it always does when he's not telling the truth. "No..." he

said. The man looked deep into Winston's eyes.

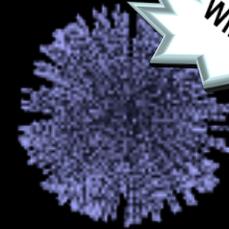
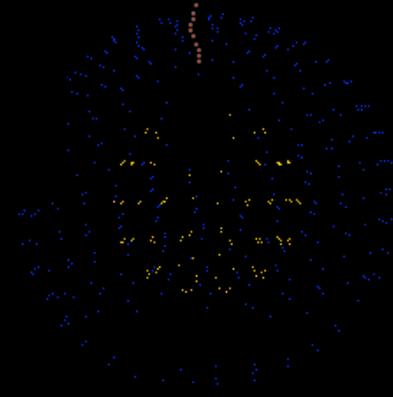
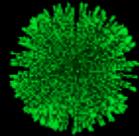
Winston

looked down, then back up and said, "Okay. Yes, I'm

Winston Smart."



The other four men walk over to Winston. They look him up and down, and imagine him taller and older. They scratch their heads. "Sir...should we call you sir? You're only 8. Well, that doesn't matter. We've got a situation and you're the only one who can help us." said one of the men. Winston looked at his classmates whose jaws were almost hanging on the floor.



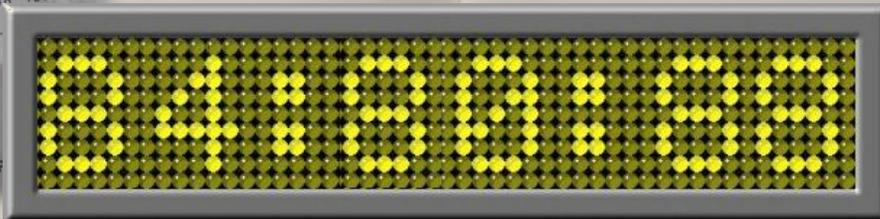
All of a sudden the class began to chant Winston's name. "You can do it, Winston!" Andrea-May whispered to him. The world seemed to be cheering him on! He confidently sat up in his chair and listened to the men...

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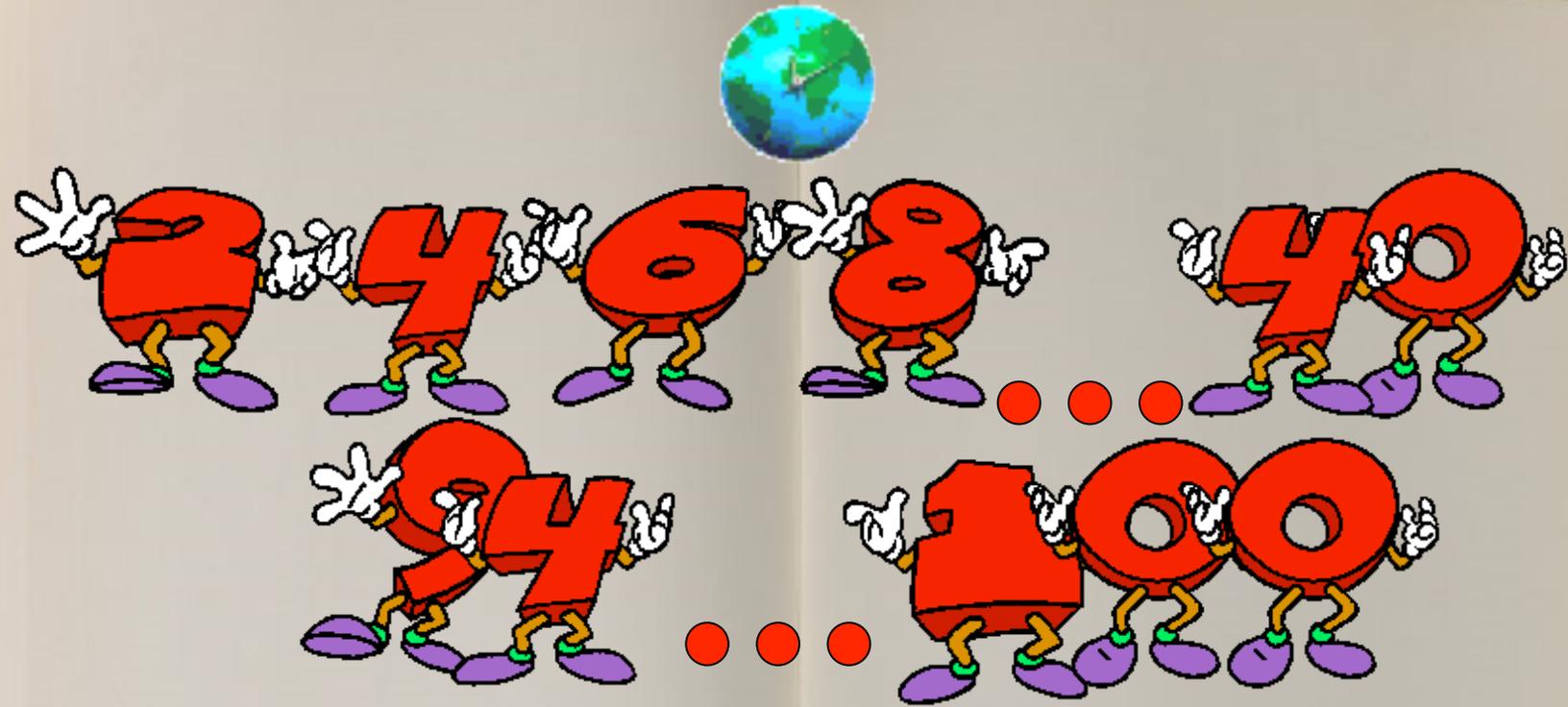
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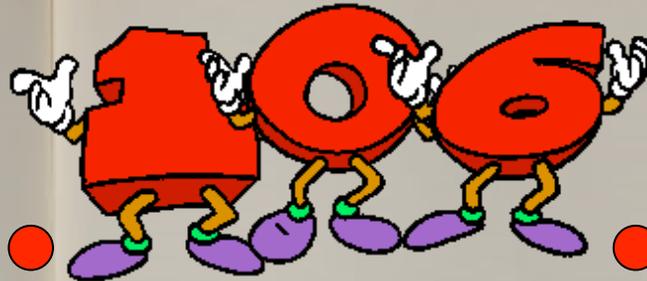
have accumulated
Pump 10



“You may not yet be aware, but there's been a complete crash. All of the numbers in the whole wide world are all jumbled up. Street addresses, grocery bills, lottery tickets, ferry times....it's a mess! We need you Mr. Smart to help us fix this problem.” Winston sat at his desk for a moment, then pulled out his pencil and paper. He began to write, and soon he was writing so fast, his paper and pencil began to smoke.



Several minutes passed, when suddenly Winston cried, "The answer...the answer is 2." Everyone scratched their heads. "We've all learned how to count by two's in Mrs. Madilyn's class. We have to count by two to solve this problem too." Winston said. The class began to count by two's : 2, 4, 6, 8, ...40, 42, ...94, 96, 98, 100.



Suddenly, ,there was silence. "We only learned to count To 100" says Andrea-May. They all look at Winston. He smiles."102, 104, 106...." counts Winston. He continued to count until all of the sudden, the numbers made sense again to the world. The substitute, who has been quiet the whole time, jumped up and yelled, "I'm rich!"

She was holding a lottery ticket in her hand with the winning numbers!!

WINSTON!



HOORAY!!



HIP!

Winston smiled at Andrea-May, who had faith in him. The kids that threw the orange at Winston came over and apologized. “Three cheers for WINSTON!” the girls shouted. “Hip Hip Hooraaaay!” The girls said Winston could help them with their homework anytime, which made them all laugh. Maybe being smart wasn't so bad after all.

WINSTON
THE



The End

