

# Mohammed and the Number Genie

Written and Illustrated by  
The Students of the  
Daniels/Strong  
6th Grade Team  
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MOHAMMED  
AND THE  
NUMBER GENIE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
THE STUDENTS OF THE  
2008-2009 DANIELS/STRONG  
6<sup>TH</sup> GRADE TEAM  
OF HIGH TECH MIDDLE

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## Chapter 1

### Beijing, China: The Coordinate Plane

By Tyler William and Ernesto

“Hey Grandpa, I can't wait for our trip!” exclaimed Mohammed.  
“Me either, but remember if you don't get a good math grade, you won't be going on our trip to Hawaii,” replied Grandpa.  
“I know,” muttered Mohammed. Mohammed loved planes, and he was looking forward to his first airplane ride this summer.

“Go up to the attic to find things to sell for our garage sale on Sunday,” announced Grandpa.

“Okay,” moaned Mohammed.

Mohammed ruffled through a ton of junk when he caught something shiny in the corner of his eye. He picked it up and saw it was a canteen covered in pure gold. He ran downstairs to tell his Grandpa about what he found.

“Grandpa! Grandpa!” yelled Mohammed. “I found a golden canteen! How much do you think it's worth?”

“Oh yes, the canteen...” mumbled Grandpa. “Keep it. I am sure you'll find it very helpful.”

“I can keep it? Awesome!” replied Mohammed. He ran to his room and examined the canteen. Mohammed started unscrewing the cap.

POOF!

Smoke enshrouded the room, and a strange looking woman exploded out of the canteen.

“Woo hoo!” exclaimed the strange woman.

“Who are you?” screamed Mohammed.

“I, little boy, am the Number Genie!” declared the woman.

“And you came out of a canteen...?” wondered Mohammed aloud.

“Look at it! Don't you see all the math symbols? It's my mathematical little home,” replied the Number Genie.

Mohammed looked like he had seen a ghost. “Why are you here anyway?” asked Mohammed dumbstruck.

“Well, I heard you were having trouble in math and I can help you,” said the Number Genie calmly.

“No, I do have homework. It's on coordinate planes and I don't have time for this! So, if you could just poof back into your canteen, that would be great!” replied Mohammed with a sarcastic tone in his voice.

“Aww, I thought you liked to fly...” said the Number Genie sadly.



"Fly?" replied Mohammed, his eyes lighting up.

"Yes, I was going to take you to Beijing on my magic carpet but, I guess I..."

"YES! I love planes! And a magic carpet is the next best thing!" yelled Mohammed in excitement.

"So you do want to come?" asked the Number Genie.

"YES!" exclaimed Mohammed.

"Okay then," the Number Genie whistled so loudly Mohammed thought his eardrums would burst. The magic carpet swooped in and hovered right above Mohammed's desk.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get on!" ordered the Number Genie.

"Here goes nothing!" Mohammed leaped onto the carpet and the Number Genie followed.

"So, where we headed?" asked Mohammed.

"Beijing, China!" replied the Number Genie. Then the magic carpet zoomed out of sight.

"Mohammed, look down. We're passing The Grand Buddha, the largest Buddha statue," said the Number Genie.

"Hey, what are those people doing on that river?" questioned Mohammed.

"They're racing dragon boats," replied the Number Genie.

"Whoa, that's cool," replied Mohammed.

Five minutes passed and they landed on top of a big stone structure.

"Mohammed, can you tell me where we are?" asked the Number Genie.

Mohammed looked down and realized where he was.

"We're on the Great Wall of China!!" shouted Mohammed gleefully.

"Good job, you're correct," replied the Number Genie.

"What do I win?" questioned Mohammed.

"Nothing at all!" she replied in a cheerful voice.

"Okay..." said Mohammed confused.

"If you are confronted by a local, bow and give him a gentle handshake, although I doubt we'll see anyone all the way up here," added the genie.

"Alright I'll try to remember that," replied Mohammed.

"Okay let's start your homework," said the Number Genie. The Number Genie whistled again and the flying carpet flipped over. On the backside of the carpet was a coordinate plane. "Let's start with the axis. First x, which is the line that goes left to right. Then y, which is the line that goes up and down. Also each area, or quadrant, is numbered. Quadrant one is top right, quadrant two to the left of that, quadrant three under two and





quadrant four to the right of three.

"Okay, I'll write all that down," said Mohammed.

"Now try one, do (7, -5)," commanded the genie.

"How?" asked Mohammed.

"The first number means left to right, so if the first number is negative you go left, if positive go right. Now, the second number means up or down; if the number is negative you go down, positive you go up. Got it?"

"Okay, I'll try." Mohammed marked down the coordinates.

"Very good!" complimented the Number Genie. "You got it right!"

"Yes!" exclaimed Mohammed. Mohammed turned his head and noticed a big red button on the top of the carpet. "What's that?" asked Mohammed.

"Never touch that!" snapped the Genie, "That is the hyper drive button; it could destroy the very fabric of the universe if it is set too high."

"Oh alright..."

"Well, are you ready to go back?" asked the Genie.

"What? Already?" moaned Mohammed.

"Yeah sorry, it's getting late."

"Okay, let's go." sighed Mohammed.

On their ride back, they changed back into their original clothes and Mohammed pointed out the Grand Buddha. They landed back in Mohammed's room.

"See you tomorrow, genie," exclaimed Mohammed.

"Alright goodnight," replied the Number Genie.

Mohammed finished his homework, tucked himself in, and fell fast asleep.



## Chapter 2

### New York, USA: Even and Odd Numbers

By Hana

Alex

and Daniel

The next day, Mohammed came home from school and got out his homework. As he was getting out his math binder, he accidentally knocked over the canteen. The lid popped off and swirled around him. As the smoke started to fade away, he could see the Number Genie standing before him.

"Hello, Mohammed. Ready for your math adventure?" the Number Genie asked. Mohammed opened his mouth, but as he was about to speak the Number Genie cut him off.

"What type of math are you working on this evening?"

"Even and odd numbers."

"Okay wonderful! I have the best place. We are going to a place in North America that is known for the Statue of Liberty. Mohammed, we are going to New York!"

"What's that?" Mohammed inquired.

"You'll see," the Number Genie assured him. She snapped her fingers and her flying carpet came in through the open window.

"Sweet ride!" Mohammed complimented.

"Hop on," directed the Number Genie.

So Mohammed jumped on, and in a flash they were flying over Europe and the Atlantic Ocean. Then in less than five minutes, they were soaring above New York.

"Okay, here we are!"

"Whoa, there are so many people, food stands, cars, lights, and shops! What's that over there?" asked Mohammed as he pointed to a big statue.

"That would be the Statue of Liberty, but we'll get to that later," said the Number Genie. "Now we'll go to Broadway."

As they flew toward Broadway, the Number Genie explained the order of streets.

"If you go down Broadway the streets are 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue, 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue, 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue, and so on," explained the Number Genie.

So, what's the point?" asked Mohammed.

"The streets are odd, even, odd, even, and it's up to you to figure out which streets are even and which streets are odd."

"That will be a cinch!" bragged Mohammed.

"We'll see about that," So Mohammed got started with 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue.



“Hmm,” Mohammed thought aloud.

“It's not that easy, is it?” chuckled the Number Genie. “I'll give you some hints: Any number that ends in a 0, 2, 4, 6, or 8 is even. Any number that ends in a 1, 3, 5, 7, or 9 is odd.”

“Okay, so 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue is odd because 1 is odd, and 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue would be even because 2 is even. Oh, I get it! Every number switches off odd, even!” Mohammed exclaimed.

“Now for a challenge... Is 5,356 even or odd?” challenged the Number Genie.

“Uh, odd! No, no, even!”

“Yes, good job! Do you remember why?”

“Because the last digit is six and that makes the entire number even.

Now can we go to the Statue of Dignity?”

“Uh, Mohammed, it's Liberty!”

“Oh, haha, whoops,” giggled Mohammed in embarrassment.

“Okay, let's go!” cheered the Number Genie. “Hop on again.”

Mohammed jumped on and when they got to the Statue of Liberty he said, “Whoa, the Statue of Liberty has its own island! Why did we come here?”

“Well, Mohammed, because there are seven rays on her crown. Do you see them?”

“Kinda...”

“You'll see them as soon as we land.”

“Okay,” Mohammed replied. They landed on top of the statue's head and Mohammed could see the rays clearly now.

“So seven is an odd number, right?” the Number Genie asked. Mohammed nodded his head. “If seven is an odd number that means you can't divide it exactly in half and still have whole numbers. In other words, you can't divide it exactly by two.”

“Oh, I get it! But you can divide even numbers exactly by two, right?”

“Right! So if the overall height of the Statue is about 305 feet...”

Mohammed cut her off by saying, “Odd!”

“That's right, Mohammed,” the genie chuckled.

“Can we go now? I'm getting hungry,” Mohammed complained.

“I know it's been a long day but I just need to say a few more things.  $2n$  always equals an even number.”

“What's  $2n$ ?” Mohammed questioned.

“ $2n$  means  $2 \times n$ ,  $n$  meaning any number,” Genie answered. “So for example, if you substitute 8 for  $n$ , you get  $2 \times 8$ , which is 16 and is even.”

“Oh, I see!” exclaimed Mohammed.

“So what equals an odd number?” Mohammed thought aloud.





"Odd must be  $2n + 1$ . So if  $n$  equals 4 it means  $(2 \times 4) + 1$ , which equals nine and nine is odd."

"Okay. Now can we get some food?"

"Sure. What about some hot dogs?" the genie suggested.

"Heck no! No way am I eating a *dog!*" announced Mohammed.

"No, no, silly, it's just called that!"

"Okay, these New Yorkers are strange..." Mohammed giggled.

So they flew over to Jimmy's Hot Dog Stand.

"Hi, I'm Jimmy. What would you like today?" Jimmy asked.

"One large hot dog, please," the Genie replied.

"Okay here you go," Jimmy said with a smile.

Mohammed and the Number Genie split the hot dog in half and flew back to New Delhi. When they arrived at Mohammed's house, the Number Genie said, "Good night Mohammed. If you need me tomorrow I'll be in the canteen."

After Mohammed finished his homework, he went to bed and dreamed of hot dogs.



## Chapter 3

### Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: The Fundamental Theorem of Arithmetic (Factor Trees)

By Erick Arianna and Milo

"Grandpa, I'm home," yelled Mohammed the next evening after school.

"How was your day at school, Mohammed?" asked Grandpa. "Boring! I have this extremely hard homework assignment that looks like it's for college students. It's called the fundamental theorem of arithmetic," wept Mohammed.

"Okay, I'll call you down for dinner later. I am making spaghetti." But, before grandpa was even done talking, Mohammed was already upstairs working and struggling on his on his homework. Just when Mohammed was about to go insane, he remembered about the Number Genie. As soon as he saw the canteen by the bed, he ran straight to it and started rubbing the canteen so intensely she came flying out, with a big thud on the ground several feet away.

"Mohammed! Not so hard because I always get hurt when someone does that," exclaimed the Number Genie.

"Sorry I was just so anxious to get help with my homework," apologized Mohammed.

"That's okay, so what's tonight's homework assignment?" wondered the Number Genie.

"It's on the fundamental theorem of arithmetic," replied Mohammed.

"Oh! I know the perfect place for that," cried the Number Genie.

"Where are we going this time?" asked Mohammed.

"How about a place in South America known for Sugar Loaf Mountain and the Christ the Redeemer statue," recommended the Number Genie. "Mohammed, we are going to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil!"

"Please board the carpet and keep your hands and feet in the carpet at all times," instructed the Number Genie. "Let's review about yesterday," suggested the Number Genie. "Tell me every even number from 1-40."

"Okay two, four, six..." Mohammed continued until he got to 40.

Just as Mohammed said the last even number, they caught sight of Rio. "Look at the hills and trees. They are as green as a rain forest," described the Number Genie.

"Oh!" replied Mohammed. "First, you take me to the concrete jungle."



Now, you take me to a real jungle," said Mohammed.

"I know the perfect place for you to learn about the FTA," replied the Number Genie.

"Where?" asked Mohammed.

"There's a Christmas tree standing twenty-seven stories high in a lagoon," described the Number Genie.

"Can we ask where the tree is?" asked Mohammed. "Excuse me sir, where is the Christmas tree?" said Mohammed describing it at the same time.

The man pointed into the forest and said, "*Lagoa*,"

"What does that mean?" sighed Mohammed.

"It means 'lagoon', Mohammed."

"In what language?"

"Portuguese," answered the Number Genie. "That is the language they speak in Brazil."

As they walked to the tree, they spotted the star a couple of yards away. Mohammed started running towards the star. He didn't realize he was about to run into the lagoon, so the Number Genie grabbed him. Mohammed looked up at the large tree, filled with lights, ornaments, and a big glowing star at the top.

"Okay, Mohammed, you've now seen the tree and so we should..."

"Yeah, yeah, I know, learn about the FTA," interrupted Mohammed. Then everything got quiet.

"Wait, you're a Genie. That means I have three wishes," explained Mohammed.

"Not three, but an infinite amount of wishes," replied the Number Genie.

"I wish I could learn about the fundamental theorem of arithmetic," wished Mohammed.

Then the ornaments were empty.

"Pick a large number," asked the Number Genie.

"Um, thirty-six," said Mohammed.

Suddenly the ornament at the top had a thirty-six on it, as if someone was writing it.

"Let's get a closer view," said the Number Genie. Then she snapped her fingers and instantly appeared the magic carpet.

"Blank times blank equals thirty-six?" asked the Number Genie.

"Nine times four?" replied Mohammed. In the ornaments below appeared nine and four.

"Blank times blank equals nine?" once again questioned the Number Genie.

"Three times um...three," said Mohammed starting to understand it. Under the nine was an ornament with a three and another with a three.





“Now the last one. Blank times blank equals four,” said the Number Genie.

“Two times two,” said Mohammed in a flash. Then under the four was an ornament with a two and another with a two.

“Now, look at the lake,” said the Number Genie. Then appeared  $36 = 2 \times 2 \times 3 \times 3$  in the water. “You see, that that is the fundamental theorem of arithmetic, but there's another way,” and on the lake was  $36 = 2^2 \times 3^2$ .

“I got it and this was one of the most exciting concepts you've taught me so far,” replied Mohammed with a big fat smile. Then they boarded the carpet and went home.

“So what did we learn today?” asked the Number Genie.

“We learned how to use the fundamental theorem of arithmetic and it makes multiplication fun,” replied Mohammed.

“You also learned about Rio and Brazil, their languages and monuments,” explained the Number Genie.

When Mohammed got home to India he started his homework and finished in a flash. He found a challenge on the paper which was about prime and composite numbers. He had no clue what those were and he was stuck on it for a long time.

“Mohammed, are you still awake?” asked Grandpa.

“Yes, but I will go to sleep now. Good night,” yelled Mohammed.

“Man, I guess I will have to ask my math teacher tomorrow morning.”



## Chapter 4

### Istanbul, Turkey: Prime and Composite Numbers

By Avery

Brandon

and Jake

**E**xhausted from the night before, Mohammed climbed the stairs to his room and started working on his homework. His homework for the night was on prime and composite numbers.

“I don't even know what prime and composite numbers are. How am I supposed to do this?” Mohammed muttered to himself. “I wish I had paid attention in class today,” sighed Mohammed. He then opened up the canteen and the Number Genie popped out.

“Hello Mohammed! You look uneasy. What is the next math topic?” the Number Genie asked.

“It's prime and composite numbers,” answered Mohammed.

“Okay, I'll take you to a cool place where tea is plentiful and the markets are famous,” replied the Number Genie.

“Beijing, again?” asked Mohammed.

“No,” laughed the Number Genie.

“Oh, I know, Turkey!” shouted Mohammed.

“Yes!” answered the Number Genie.

“When are we going to leave?” questioned Mohammed.

“Right now!” exclaimed the Number Genie.

“Lets go!” cheered Mohammed, excited for an adventure to a brand new place. They hopped on the Number Genie's magic carpet and started flying.

“Wow this is so cool!” Mohammed shouted.

“There's Europe,” the Number Genie mentioned, pointing below.

“How high are we?” asked Mohammed.

“About 7,000 feet,” the Number Genie yelled, Mohammed having a difficult time hearing because of the high speed of the magic carpet.

Suddenly, the magic carpet began to slow down and lose altitude. Mohammed looked at the Number Genie with worry in his eyes, but she assured him that they were just about ready to land.

As the magic carpet landed lightly on the ground, the Number Genie announced, “Here we are!”

“So, exactly what city are we in?” asked Mohammed.

“Istanbul, Turkey!” replied the Number Genie.

“Where should we go first?” asked Mohammed.

“How about the tea shop?” asked the Number Genie.



“Okay,” agreed Mohammed. As they walked to the tea shop, they saw a lot of cool stores which sold food, silk shirts, evil eyes, souvenirs and spices from all over the world.

“Cabbages, carrots, broccoli, and squash right here!” a grocery seller yelled.

“We're almost at the tea shop!” the Number Genie yelled above the noise of the bustling market.

Soon, they arrived at the crowded tea shop and managed to find a table.

“What would you like to drink?” asked the waiter.

“Can we see how much tea is available?” asked the Number Genie.

“Of course you can,” replied the waiter. Mohammed took a look behind the waiter and saw a wall full of tea. It had red tea, green tea, cherry tea, and many more varieties of tea. The vibrant colors of the packs of tea caught Mohammed's eye. Right at that moment, the waiter caught Mohammed staring at the tea and said, “What would you like to drink? We have hundreds of varieties of tea as you've noticed.”

“I'll have some of the cherry tea please,” said the Number Genie.

“And I'll have some green tea,” said Mohammed.

As the waiter walked away, the Number Genie said, “Hey Mohammed, do you remember when we worked on factor trees?”

“Yeah! We went to Rio and learned about the factor trees from the big Christmas tree.”

“Well, remember the factor trees stop because of those weird numbers?” asked the Number Genie. “Well, those numbers are prime numbers.”

“Okay. But what makes them prime numbers?” asked Mohammed.

“Well, a prime number only has two factors in it--one and itself. So take seven. How many factors go into it?” asked the Number Genie.

“Um, one and seven, right?” said Mohammed.

“Good job! Now how about eleven?”

“One and eleven,” replied Mohammed.

Just then, the waiter arrived. “Here is your tea,” the waiter interrupted their conversation.

“Thank you,” said Mohammed.

“Good! Now you know your prime numbers. Now let's talk about composite numbers,” said the Number Genie. “Now, composite numbers are numbers that have more than two factors in them. Now look at the wall of tea packets. Can you see how many cherry teas there are? There are twelve tea packs and twelve is a composite number because 1,2,3,4,6, and 12 are its factors,” said the Number Genie.

“Oh, I get it!” said Mohammed.





"If we take a cherry tea, there will be 11 cherry teas left. Is 11 prime or composite?" asked the Number Genie.

"That's easy! It is prime because 1 and 11 only go into it," replied Mohammed.

"Good. Now what about sixteen?" asked the Number Genie.

"That is composite because more than two numbers go into it. Those numbers are 1,2,4,8,16," replied Mohammed.

"Right! So do you now get prime and composite numbers?" asked the Number Genie.

"Yes! Now I can do my homework," replied Mohammed, "But can we please go back to India so I can do my homework?"

"Of course you can," said the Number Genie.

Mohammed and the Number Genie started walking back to the magic carpet. When they got on, ZOOM! And they were in the air.

Once they got back, Mohammed got right to his homework. When he needed help on some problems, the Number Genie would let him think back to the tea shop.

After Mohammed finished his homework, he let the Number Genie go back into her canteen then he went right to bed. As he lay in bed, he could still taste the cherry taste on his tongue and fell asleep.

## Chapter 5

### Barcelona, Spain: GCF and Co-prime Numbers

By Lisette

Jasmine

and Payton

Mohammed came into his room and sat down to get started on his homework. "This co-prime and GCF homework is so hard. I wish the Number Genie would come out and help me with this homework," complained Mohammed.

All of the sudden, the Number Genie magically came out of her lamp. "So are you ready to get started on our journey?" asked the Number Genie.

"So where are we going this time?"

"We are going to a place that is most famous for its bull fighting. It's next to the Atlantic Ocean, and one of its famous landmarks is Templo de la Sagrada Familia. Mohammed, we are going to Barcelona, Spain!" exclaimed the Number Genie.

"Oh my gosh, I've never been to Spain before!" gasped Mohammed.

"Well it's your lucky day today, Mohammed," cried the Number Genie.

The Number Genie whistled for the magic carpet to come. As the magic carpet arrived, the Number Genie hopped on and said "*Vamos!*"

"So Mohammed, what's your homework for tonight? Wait, let me guess. Is it on GCF and co-prime numbers?" predicted the Number Genie.

"How did you know that?" wondered Mohammed.

"Well, because I'm the Number Genie of course!" laughed the Number Genie. "And why don't you like to learn about math?" the Number Genie continued.

"I don't know. It's confusing for me and it's not that fun," answered Mohammed.

"Well, let's hope that will change by today," exclaimed the Number Genie.

When they arrived in Barcelona, the Number Genie helped Mohammed off the magic carpet. While they walked around the streets of Barcelona, they passed by a bull fighting ring.

"What is this?" asked Mohammed.

"It's called a bull fighting ring where bulls fight the matador," explained the Number Genie.

"What is a matador? I've never heard that word before," added



Mohammed.

"It's the guy who fights the bulls and holds the red flag" explained the Number Genie.

"What do you mean by that?" answered Mohammed

They walked up to the matador and the matador said, "Hola, como estas?" The Number Genie asked the matador if he could take them to where all the bulls are.

"Yo se carteyo!" answered the matador.

"I'm sorry, but Mohammed doesn't speak Spanish. Do you speak English?" asked the Number Genie.

"Yes I can, I thought you spoke Spanish because we're in Spain," replied the matador.

The matador took the Number Genie and Mohammed back into the pens where the bulls are.

"So you will notice that all the bulls have a number on their backs," began the matador. "Well, all the bulls that don't have a number in common like 7 and 36 dislike each other because they only have one common factor and its most likely to be one," explained the matador. "See bull number 7? His traits are 1 and 7 and bull number 36 has the traits 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 12, 18, and 36.

"Oh like factors!" exclaimed Mohammed

"Yes! The bulls that have only one factor in common are co-prime" said the Number Genie.

"Yes, I can see that, all the ones that only have one number in common are glaring at each other," noticed Mohammed.

"That's right! So if they only have one common factor and they don't like each other, what type of number is that?" asked the Number Genie.

"Then that means they are called co-prime numbers!" cried Mohammed.

"Yes, that's right!" exclaimed the matador.

"So why do those bulls really like each other a lot? Because they have a lot in common." explained the matador.

"Sure, now you see the numbers 36 and 24. The factors they have in common are 2, 3, 4, and 12. And the greatest of those factors is 12. This makes them really good friends because they have a lot of common factors," said the matador.

"Well wouldn't 12 be the greatest common factor, or GCF, of 36 and 24?" replied Mohammed.

"Yes, that's right!" exclaimed the matador.

"Well those two are easy because I know those factors already, but what if the two numbers were 112 and 24?" suggested Mohammed.

"If you had to find the GCF of those two numbers, then you would





have to do this..."

He found a stick on the ground and wrote this on the ground:

112: 1, 2, 4, 8, 14, 28, 56, 112

24: 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 12, 24

The matador asked Mohammed to circle the factors that both the numbers had in common. Mohammed circled the common factors.

112: ①②④⑧ 14, 28, 56, 112

24: ①②③④⑥⑧ 12, 24

"Good job! Now what number is the largest number you circled in both rows?" asked the matador.

"The biggest number is 8 which would mean that the GCF of 112 and 24 is 8," exclaimed Mohammed.

"Yes, that's right," exclaimed the matador.

"Now do you get GCF and co-prime numbers Mohammed?" asked the Number Genie.

"Yes, I think I do! Now do we have enough time to go to a bull fighting show?" said Mohammed.

"Yes, we can, it starts in five minutes" said the Number Genie.

Once they got into the bull fighting ring, they heard the person who was in charge of the place getting mad at the bulls because some of them weren't fighting each other.

Mohammed went up to him and explained, "They won't fight because their numbers have a lot of factors in common with each other. Call on the bulls that don't have factors in common (co-prime numbers), so they will fight each other."

The matador came up to Mohammed and the guy in charge and said, "Sir that's right, I taught him that."

When the show ended, the Number Genie and Mohammed said good bye to the matador.

"Thank you so much for teaching me about co-prime and GCF, that was so cool! It's like the bulls wanted to trample the matador" said Mohammed.

"No problem! It was fun teaching you about co-prime and GCF," proclaimed the matador. "Please come back to watch another one of our shows.

"Oh yes I promise I'll come back. It was really fun," said

Mohammed.

"Well I guess this is good bye," said the Number Genie.

"Adios!" said the Matador.

"Bye!" said Mohammed.

The Number Genie whistled for her magic carpet. When it came, the Number Genie hopped on and helped Mohammed get on the magic carpet. As they were riding back, the Number Genie asked Mohammed what he had learned in Barcelona.

"I learned that GCF is the largest factor that two numbers have in common. But co-prime numbers are two numbers that have only one factor other than one in common, which means that those numbers aren't the best of friends," replied Mohammed.

"That's excellent! So do you think you can do your homework tonight?" said the Number Genie.

"Yes, I feel pretty good about GCF and co-prime numbers," said Mohammed

Shortly, they arrived home. As the Number Genie helped Mohammed off the magic carpet, Mohammed starts to thank the Number Genie.

"Thank you so much for taking me to Barcelona, Spain. I had a great time, especially when I was able to see a real bull fight," said Mohammed.

"I can't wait to tell you where we're going tomorrow for your adventure," said the Number Genie.

"Where are we going? Where are we going?" said Mohammed.

"You'll see tomorrow," said the Genie.

As the Number Genie hopped on her carpet and left, Mohammed raced to his desk to get started on his homework, which he finished successfully.





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"Bye!" said Mohammed.

The Number Genie whistled for her magic carpet. When it came, the Number Genie hopped on and helped Mohammed get on the magic carpet. As they were riding back, the Number Genie asked Mohammed what he had learned in Barcelona.

"I learned that GCF is the largest factor that two numbers have in common. But co-prime numbers are two numbers that have only one factor other than one in common, which means that those numbers aren't the best of friends," replied Mohammed.

"That's excellent! So do you think you can do your homework tonight?" said the Number Genie.

"Yes, I feel pretty good about GCF and co-prime numbers," said Mohammed

Shortly, they arrived home. As the Number Genie helped Mohammed off the magic carpet, Mohammed starts to thank the Number Genie.

"Thank you so much for taking me to Barcelona, Spain. I had a great time, especially when I was able to see a real bull fight," said Mohammed.

"I can't wait to tell you where we're going tomorrow for your adventure," said the Number Genie.

"Where are we going? Where are we going?" said Mohammed.

"You'll see tomorrow," said the Genie.

As the Number Genie hopped on her carpet and left, Mohammed raced to his desk to get started on his homework, which he finished successfully.





“Good, now let’s try a word problem. If you get this right, I will take you to get some Japanese candy as a treat. Here it is: If there is a person who came to eat sushi every six days and a person who comes to eat sushi every eight days, how many days will it be before they come on the same day?” asked the Number Genie.

“Well, first I’ll write out the first 10 multiples of 6 and 8. Let’s see.

6: 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, 36, 42, 48, 54, 60

8: 8, 16, 24...

“I can already tell that it’s 24!”

“Correct!” shouted the Number Genie. “I think you’ve got it, Mohammed. Let’s go get that candy.”

“Yes, I would love that.”

They flew on the magic carpet to a candy store. “Look at all this candy! Try it,” said the Number Genie.

“Tasty,” said Mohammed.

“Hey look!” He showed her a poster he saw in the shop that said “Math Game Show!”

“Sounds fun!” said the Number Genie.

“Are you kidding?” gasped Mohammed. “If I make one mistake the world will see! That’s humiliating.”

“Mohammed, you have improved your math skills so much these last few days. C’mon, the game show starts in thirty minutes. Let’s go! It’ll be fun!” Within moments, they were inside.

“OK, who wants to beat the math champ Hushimoto?”

The Number Genie practically forced Mohammed’s hand in the air.

“OK, how about the boy over here.” A spotlight shined on Mohammed and he was led to the stage.

“Where are you from, Mohammed?”

“India,” he replied.

“Well, welcome to Japan! OK, our first category is LCM and our first problem is 3 and 25.”

Hushimoto dinged in. “Seventy-five.” Mohammed was nervous. This guy was fast!

“That is correct! How about the LCM of 22 and 5?” asked the game show host.

Mohammed rang in. “110!”

The harsh battle kept going and going until finally the score was nineteen to nineteen.

“The last question is the LCM of twenty-two and thirty-three.”

Mohammad dinged in. “Um, sixty-six?”

“Correct! We have a new math champ! Mohammed!”

After the celebration, the Number Genie took him home.

Mohammed thanked the Number Genie for all the fun they had. Mohammed went to his desk and started working on his homework.





## Chapter 7

### Venice, Italy: Squares and Square Roots

By Francesca      Madison      and Will

Mohammed flew open his front door and stomped up stairs. He flung his backpack in the corner of his room and sat down at his desk.

"Why do we always have so much homework? I wish I could learn squares and square roots in a more fun way, like I did with LCM. Wait a minute, I CAN!" Then Mohammed dashed across his room frantically searching for the canteen. "Where did I put it? Where is it? I'm never going to go on another adventure again," Mohammed thought aloud nervously. Then he put his hand on his chin and quickly remembered. "My desk drawer!" Mohammed shouted as he sprinted back to his desk, and pulled the drawer open. Then he carefully put the canteen on his desk. "YES! I found it!" Mohammed sang.

"What did you find?" a familiar voice called from downstairs.

"The answer to all my problems, Grandpa!" Mohammed exclaimed. Then he leaned forward, took one last look at the canteen, and rubbed it three times. POOF! Out came the Number Genie, stumbling to the floor with a big crash.

"You know you should really put my canteen on the floor before you rub it!" the Genie suggested.

"O-o-oh sorry," Mohammed stuttered. "Here, let me help you up."

"No, no I got it," the Number Genie confirmed as she quickly got to her feet. "So what's it this time?" the Number Genie asked.

"Well, we started squares and square roots in class and I kind of fell asleep, and missed how to do it. So, can you help me?" Mohammed asked.

"Of course, as long as you don't fall asleep," laughed the Number Genie.

"That'll be easy. I love your adventures. You take me to awesome places like Tokyo, Japan, and Barcelona, Spain. So where are you taking me to this time?" Mohammed asked excitedly.

"Well, we are going to one of my favorite places in Europe. It's known for its great canals and St. Mark's Square," announced the Number Genie, "Can you guess where we are going?"

"Ummmm," murmured Mohammed, "I don't know."

"You don't only need a Number Genie, you also need a Geography Genie!" laughed the Number Genie. "Mohammed, we are going to Venice,

Italy." She snapped her fingers, and in swooped her magic carpet. "All aboard!" called the Number Genie.

When they were both on the carpet, it soared out into the clouds.

"Wow, I've never noticed it, but Italy looks just like a boot!"

Mohammed observed as he and the Genie flew over Italy.

The carpet swooped down from the sky and landed in a banana shaped boat, which floated through a canal. As Mohammed exited the boat into St. Mark's Square, he noticed many giant squares in the ground that looked exactly like large lights and were framed by tall buildings. "Wow, why are there bunches of squares?" Mohammed asked.

"Well this is our lesson. Do you see the green square?" asked the Number Genie, "How many tiles are there in all?"

"Ahh, Four?" replied Mohammed sounding unsure.

"Yes, good job Mohammed!" said the Number Genie, "Now, can you tell me how many squares are on each side?"

"Umm, two?"

"Right! And how many tiles are in the orange square?"

"Nine, and there are 3 on each side."

"Exactly. And the purple square?"

"Um, let me count...sixteen in all, with four tiles on each side!"

"Excellent. Do you notice a pattern, Mohammed?"

"Well, it seems like the squares have the same number of tiles on each side. I guess that is what makes them a square, since squares have sides of equal lengths."

"Exactly, Mohammed. So the total number of tiles in the square is equal to the number of tiles on one side multiplied by itself," explained the Genie. "These types of numbers are square numbers, and the numbers of tiles on each side are their square roots. The square root of a number is the number that is multiplied by itself to equal the square number."

"Okay, I think I get it."

"Why don't you try one. Can you figure out the square root of 25?"

Mohammed looked at the red square of 25 tiles on the ground in front of him.

"Five! There are five tiles on each side. And five times five is 25, so five is the square root of 25!"

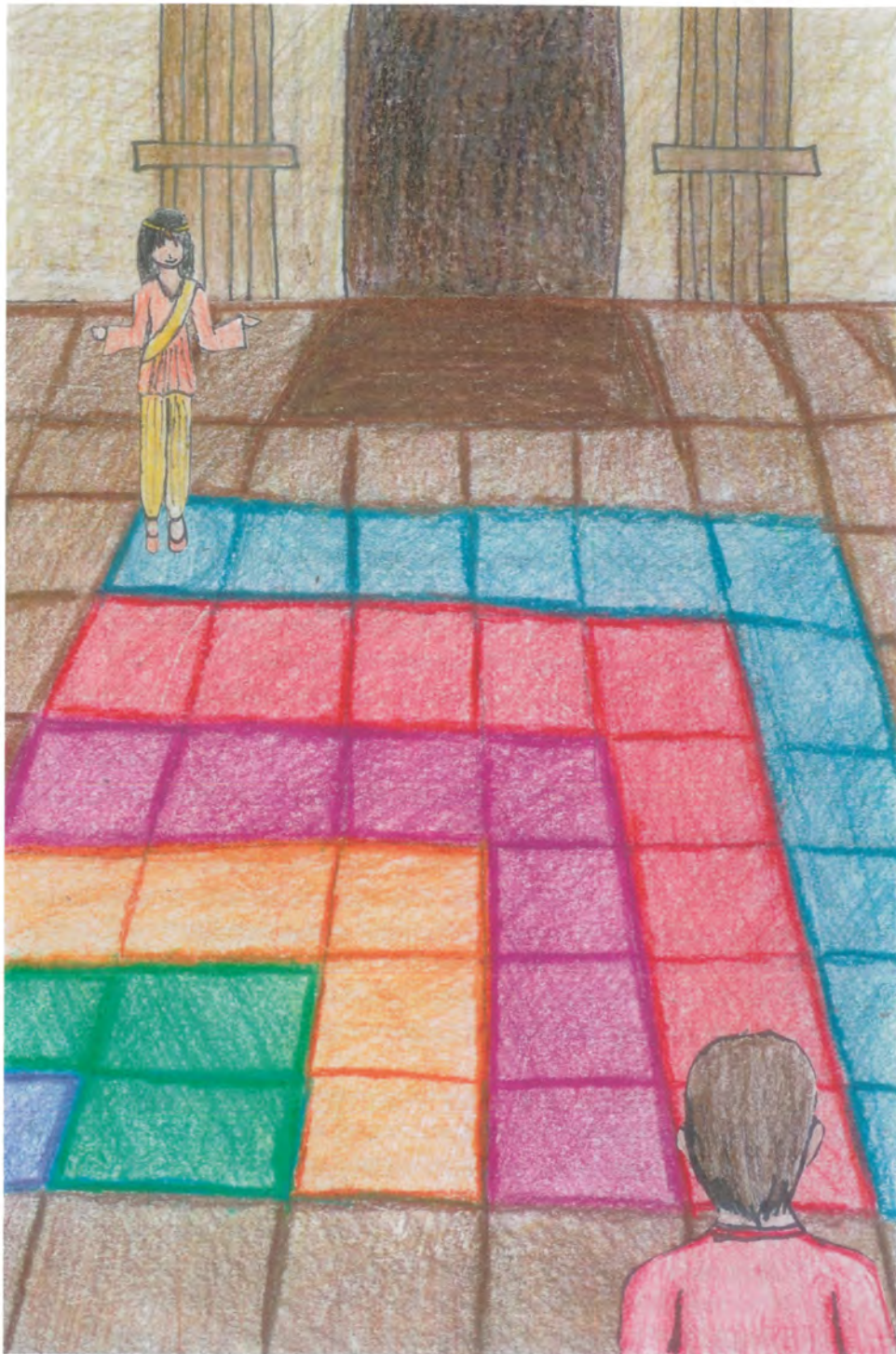
"Excellent Mohammed, you now understand."

"Fine but can you do something about the pigeons!" Mohammed said.

"Okay, okay!" the genie reasoned with Mohammed. She snapped her fingers. "Now say 'shoo,'" the genie shouted.

"Okay, SHOO!" said Mohammed. All of a sudden a sea of birds flew up and disappeared.





“So that’s all?” Mohammed asked.

“Yes, unless you still want to do some more number practice.”

“No it’s okay, plus I need to get home and get down my homework.”

Mohammed replied.

“Okay let’s go,” replied the Number Genie.

The whole ride home was pretty quiet except for one question that Mohammed had for something he was still curious about.

“Hey, where did you send the flock of pigeons to?” asked Mohammed.

“I sent them to a better place,” replied the Number Genie.

“You *killed* all of those pigeons?” yelled Mohammed angrily.

“No silly they’re in Hawaii,” giggled The Number Genie.

“Wait, wait, wait, you sent ALL those pigeons to HAWAII?” asked Mohammed.

“Of course even pigeons need a vacation sometimes,” said the Number Genie, as if it was totally normal to be sending pigeons to Hawaii.

“Okay, see you tomorrow Mohammed,” said the genie said as she swooped in the window and on to the floor where they climbed off the carpet. Then Mohammed went to his desk, pulled out his homework, and finished it. Just as Mohammed fell asleep at his desk, the Number Genie interrupted his sleep:

“You should really get a good sleep so you can turn in your homework on time tomorrow.”

“Okay,” Mohammed yawned as he climbed into his bed, and fell fast asleep.



## Chapter 8

### Rome, Italy: Adding and Subtracting Integers

By Jack and Chase

Mohammed sat down to do his homework and was stumped. "Man and I thought adding and subtracting was supposed to be easy," said Mohammed.

Then the Number Genie came out of her canteen because Mohammed had left the canteen open last night.

"So how was the adventure yesterday? I didn't have time to ask."

"It was fun," replied Mohammed. "It was fun, especially the glowing tiles. But hopefully there aren't as many pigeons this time."

Mohammed and the Number Genie laughed.

"So let's get down to the nitty gritty. What is the problem?" the Number Genie asked.

"Adding and subtracting integers."

"Oh, I have the perfect place to go. We are going somewhere in Europe."

"Ireland?" Mohammed guessed.

"Maybe tomorrow. Today we are going to Rome, Italy."

She snapped her finger and the magic carpet flew through the window. As they flew toward Rome, the Number Genie saw Sicily and sang...

"Great big Italy kicked little Sicily right in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea."

"Why is that building circular?" Mohammed asked as they were landing in Rome.

"It's a church built back in ancient Rome," the Number Genie replied. "It's called the Pantheon."

"Why?" Mohammed asked.

"Because Pantheon means more than one god, and in ancient Rome, they believed in more than one god. Now it's a Catholic church," the Number Genie replied. The Number Genie and Mohammed walked around and looked at all the stores and then they finally arrived at the Colosseum.

"Here we are," the Number Genie said proudly. Mohamed looked astonished.

"So how are we getting in?" Mohamed said dumbstruck. The Number Genie snapped and like that the carpet was at their side. Then they hopped on and whooooooooossh they flew to the top of the Colosseum then they slowly came to a gentle stop in one of the rows. "So let's get that

homework done," the Number Genie announced.

"All right, it's adding and subtracting integers," he said as he pulled his homework from his sack, "and I thought this was going to be easy, but boy was I wrong. I mean, what does *integer* even mean?"

"Integer means any whole number between negative infinity and positive infinity," the Number Genie said staring into the skyline. She seemed to know everything. Mohammed was going to reply, but then he heard a clash of metal that echoed faintly in the Colosseum. Immediately, Mohammed turned to see what had happened and at the bottom of the Colosseum there were gladiators fighting. Mohammed started counting "one, two, three, four...ten, eleven, twelve," staring with huge eyes. "Thirty-seven of them on one team and only fourteen on the other."

"That's right," the Number Genie said, "and if each gladiator takes another gladiator down with him, how many gladiators will be left?" It was silent for a moment while Mohammed soaked in what she had just said.

"So if there were five gladiators minus four gladiators then one will be left from the battle. So then thirty-seven gladiators minus fourteen gladiators is... twenty-three!" he said with a sudden outburst.

The Number Genie smiled and whispered, "Look at your first question."

"It's the same problem for question one!" Mohammed realized. Suddenly he heard footsteps that grew and grew until it was as loud as a marching band. His eyes flickered all around the stadium. Then eighteen gladiators appeared from the door.

"Now to help on adding, if there are twenty-three gladiators and eighteen wanted to join the group..."

"...then there are forty-one," Mohammed said before she could finish her sentence.

"OK," said the Number Genie. "Time to change it up," said the Number Genie. Suddenly there were three groups of gladiators. You see that the first group has seven gladiators, the second has thirty-one gladiators, and if the third group..." While she was talking Mohammed was staring down at the gladiators, running and ready to attack.

"...and the third group has forty gladiators. If groups one and two team up against group three, what is the outcome?" asked the Number Genie.

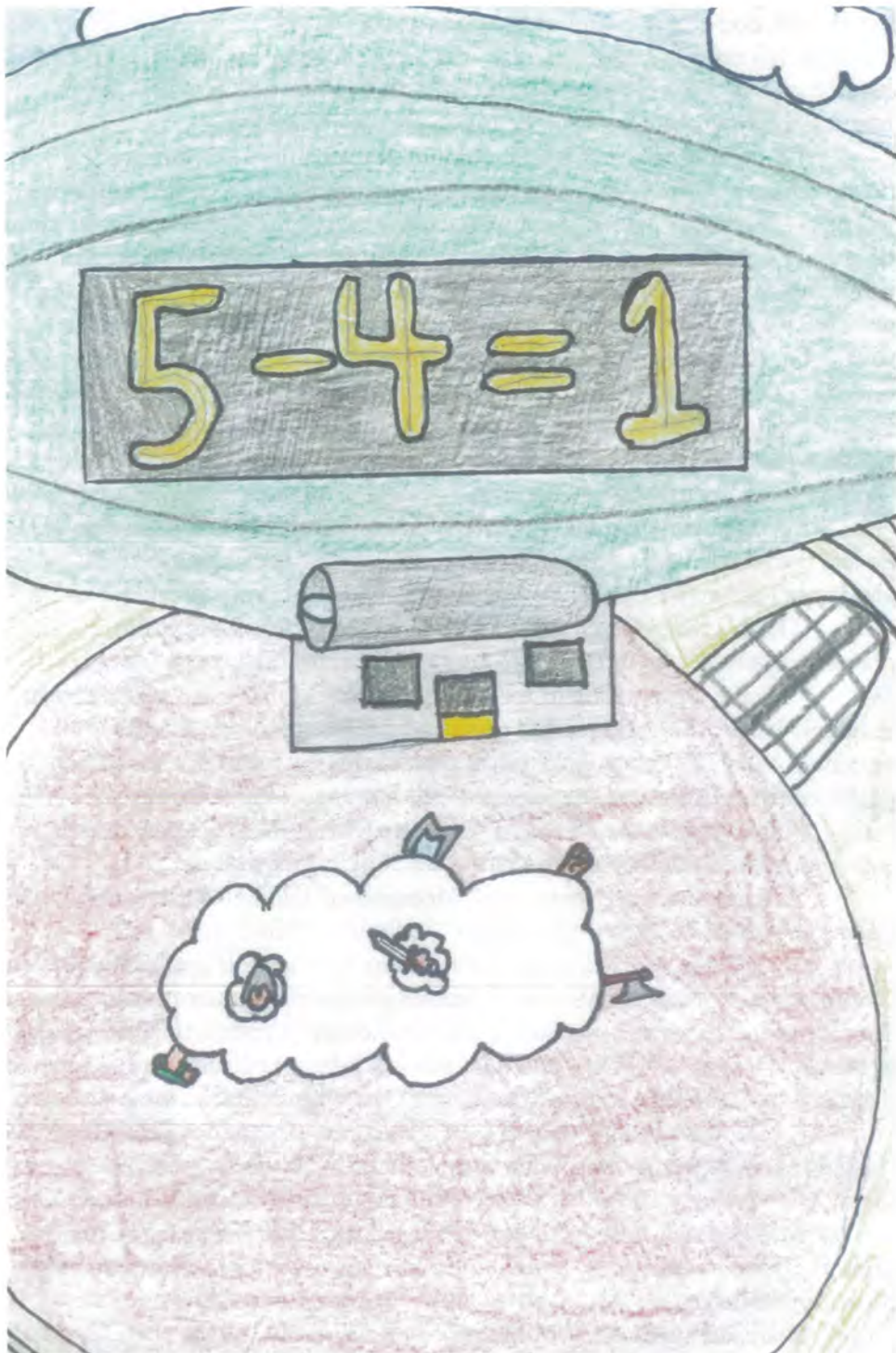
Mohammed thought to himself seven plus thirty-four equals forty-one. Forty-one minus forty equals one. The answer is one. This is so easy, Mohammed thought.

"The answer is one," Mohammed said proudly.

"And that was question two," replied the Number Genie.

"Now I can do problems three and four for my homework," said





Mohammed, "but the challenge problem has negative numbers." The blood drained from his face, almost like he saw a ghost.

"Are you... okay?" asked the Number Genie. "Uh, you blacked out for a second."

"Did I get the answer right?" asked Mohammed.

"No, you wiped out as soon as you said..."

"Don't say it, I..." Mohammed was cut off by a roar that sounded louder than ten elephants blowing their snouts as hard as they could. It was a lion that roared, three to be exact.

"Watch this," said the Number Genie.

Mohammed said nothing. He had his eyes wide open, mouth hanging, leg vibrating. He was ready to learn. The first troops on the field were screaming for back up. Twenty-five more troops ran out to help the one gladiator.

"The lions are going down!"

"Don't underestimate the negative," the Number Genie said with a smile. (The lions represent negative numbers.) Then the lions jumped into the crowd. Gladiators were being tossed around. All of a sudden the gladiators turned into lions.

"What's going on?" Mohammed burst out.

"It's a little thing called slash and burn," said the Number Genie. "If a negative number is the one that declares the war, it goes first -3- and then goes the positive number -3 -26. Now you're going to slash and burn -3 + -26 = -29. But when the positive declares a war then it's different. 26-(-3) changes to 26+ (+3)=29."

"So then, those three original lions turn to gladiators if the gladiators had declared the war, right?" asked Mohammed.

"Exactly," replied the Number Genie with a pleased look.

"Oh now I get it. You slash the subtraction and make it to an addition and burn the second number. What does 'burn' mean anyhow?" Mohammed asked.

"Well, when you burn a number, you make the negative sign go positive, but if the number is positive and you slash and burn, it will turn negative. You can only do this when it is a subtracting problem."

"That's a good method, I might use that."

The Number Genie got a big mega phone and shouted, "Call out the nets!" All of a sudden, 100 gladiators came out with nets and swords.

"Now when you add a negative and positive, or capture lions with gladiators, if you will..."

Mohammed didn't really pay attention to what she said; he was interested in what was going to happen to the hundred soldiers. Will they turn into lions too or will they win?



The Number Genie snapped her fingers. The gladiators called 26 of their men forward. Those 26 gladiators threw their nets at the lions and ran over then jumped on their lions trying to hold them down.

"That one was a normal fight," replied Mohammed.

"Well now will you let me explain?"

"Yes," Mohammed said.

"Well it takes a few gladiators."

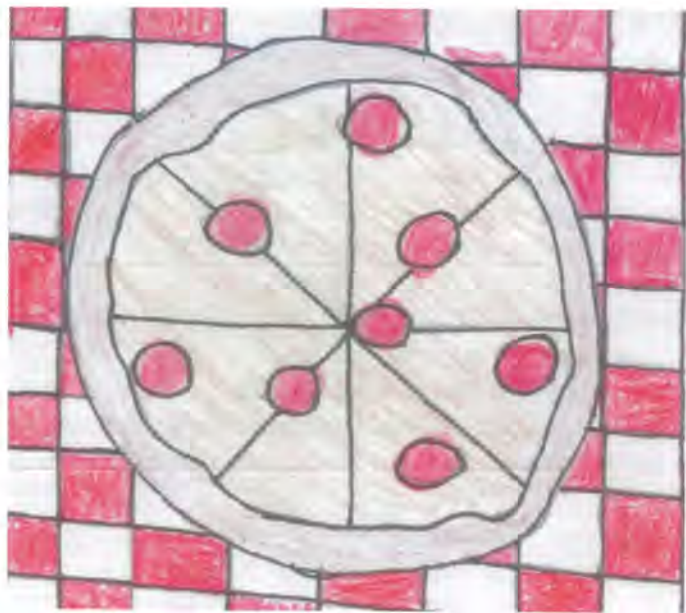
"Twenty six," Mohammed cut in.

"Twenty six gladiators to take down twenty six lions. Then they both can't do anything so you lost twenty six men, but you caught twenty six lions," the Number Genie finished.

"What?" Mohammed said perplexed.

"These numbers are opposite twenty-six plus negative twenty-six equals zero," the Number Genie explained.

"Wow, all this thinking is making me hungry," Mohammed said, gripping his stomach.



"Well let's fix this problem," the Number Genie snapped and they were in a pizza shop.

"Mama mia!" Mohammed exclaimed.

"Well, hurry. Your grandpa might get suspicious." They hopped on the magic carpet and talked about the adventure on the ride home.

When Mohammed got home, he finished his homework. Slash and burn helped a lot. Then as soon as his head hit the pillow, he fell asleep.

## Chapter 9

### Dublin, Ireland: Multiplying and Dividing Integers

By Isabella and Davis

"Oh this was the worst day ever," Mohammed moaned.

"Why?" inquired Genie.

"Well, I don't get anything. I'm so brainless," groaned Mohammed.

"Mohammed, you know you're a wonderful mathematician. You just need a little extra help from my magic carpet," laughed Genie.

"My homework tonight is multiplying and dividing integers," moaned Mohammed.

"Well I'm thinking Ireland!" suggested Genie.

"How are we going to learn?" asked Mohammed.

"You will see," giggled Genie.

Faster than Genie could smile they were gone in a poof.

"We're here. This is one of my favorite places, Dublin, Ireland," announced Genie.

"Where the hills are softer than memory foam."

"An integer is a set of positive and negative numbers including zero," the Genie reminded Mohammed. "A negative multiplied by a negative is a positive. A positive multiplied by a positive is a positive. A negative multiplied by a positive is a negative." explained Genie.

"I get it. What about dividing?" asked Mohammed.

"Dividing is like multiplying backwards," Genie answered. "Here, write down 18 divided by 6 equals 3," Genie said.

"Wait, I don't have a..." Then suddenly he had a notepad and pencil.

"Wow!" exclaimed Mohammed.

"Now write 18 divided by 6 equals 2," Genie declared.

Mohammed did so but he got bored and started to nod off.

"Mohammed!" Genie shouted. Mohammed woke with a start.

"Sorry, but Genie can't you make this more fun?" Mohammed groaned.

"Sorry," apologized Genie. "Positive 18, 6 and 3 come out here." ordered Genie. Then three clovers came out of the ground in front of them.

To Mohammed's amazement, each one of them had a different number on them. One had the number 3 on all its leaves. Another had 6, and the last one was 18.

"Awesome!" Mohammed cried in amazement.

"Now how does 18 divided by 6 equal 3?" asked Genie.



Mohammed thought for a second, and then replied. "Because 3 times 6 equals 18" Mohammed shouted.

Genie applauded him then asked "What is 15 divided by 3?"

Mohammed shouted "five!"

"Correct!" Genie cried. She asked him many more questions for 5 minutes.

When finally Mohammed said "OK, I get dividing now, but does that mean  $-50$  divided by  $-5$  equals ten?"

Genie laughed. "Yes you got it."

"Well now it's time for multiplication," said Genie.

"OK, what does it say on your homework?" asked Genie.

"3 times  $(-1)$  =" Mohammed replied. "My teacher says there is a pattern."

"There always is one!" cheered Genie. Suddenly, a leprechaun popped out of a bush.



"3 multiplied by  $-1$  is  $-3$ , 3 multiplied by  $-2$  equals  $-6$ ! You get it now, lad!" exclaimed the leprechaun.

"Yes, but why do you have that accent?" giggled Mohammed.

"Boy, I am a little leprechaun, and I will get the gold before you, he he," laughed the leprechaun, and he was gone in a flash.

"Let's leave, these leprechauns are giving me a headache!" laughed Genie. In a flash, Genie was in her canteen and Mohammed was at his desk.

"This homework is easy," whispered Mohammed. "But tomorrow looks even harder. The order of ...who knows what," muttered Mohammed.

He swore he heard a leprechaun laugh after he said that, and he knew he would always now have a piece of Ireland.

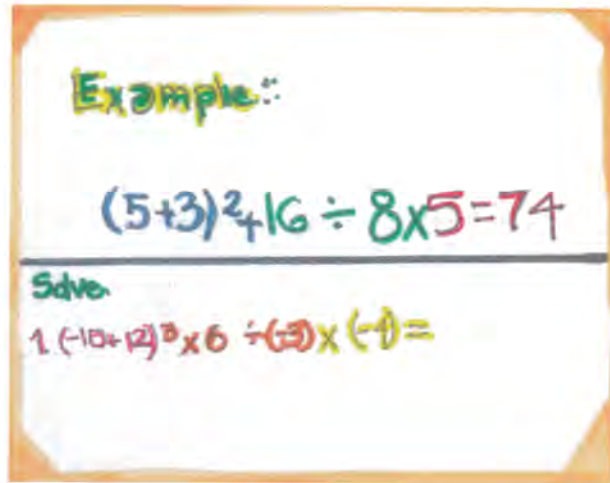


## Chapter 10

### Quebec, Canada: Order of Operations

By Christian                  Angela                  and Raven

Mohammed sat down at his desk and pulled out his math homework. He looked at his homework carefully and was suddenly upset; he had successfully learned a lot of things for the past nine days, but this problem was just too hard to understand.



"I don't get it, how does it equal 74?" Mohammed wondered.

Then, POOF! The Number Genie appeared out of thin air and blurted, "Hey! What's going on? Nice to see you again. What do you need help with now?"

Mohammed sighed, "This is the toughest one. It's order of operations."

The genie replied to him, "Oh, the great order of operations. That is one of my favorite topics. You're going to love P.E.M.D.A.S."

"What the heck is P.E.M.D.A.S.?" asked Mohammed.

"I'll tell you when we get to today's destination. Just grab your coat and gloves, and meet me on the magic carpet!"

As soon as Mohammed put on his coat and gloves, he ran to the magic carpet and hopped on, wondering where she was taking him this time.

As they flew at the speed of light, Mohammed gagged, "Oh man, I should have left that last jelly donut on the plate, I think I'm airsick!"

"Oh, that happens to everyone. Just make sure you don't throw up on my one-of-a-kind magic carpet," the Number Genie warned him.

As the carpet started descending, the Number Genie exclaimed, "Ah! What a wonderful site! Welcome to the world-renowned Ice Hotel of Quebec, Canada.

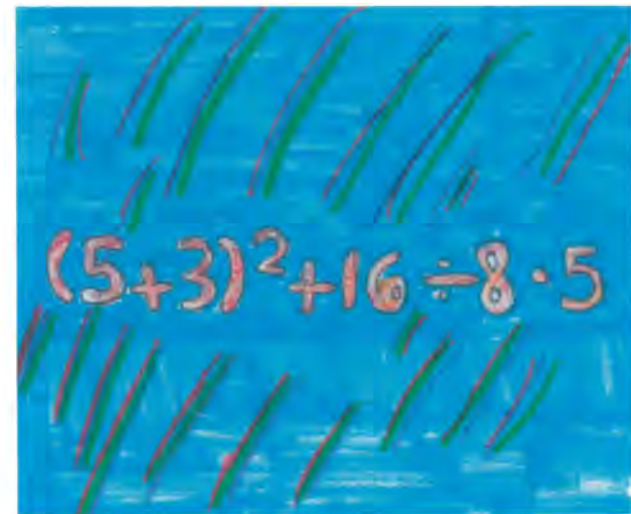
Mohammed excitedly shouted, "Whoa! I never thought a place so giant can be made entirely out of ice!"

When the carpet touched the ground, they immediately went inside the Ice Hotel. "Now, let's begin that lesson," the Number Genie suggested as she whipped out her golden canteen and then pulled out a floating chalkboard with P.E.M.D.A.S written on it.

"P.E.M.D.A.S. stands for Parentheses, Exponents, Multiply, Divide, Add, and Subtract. When you have a math problem with many operations, you have to do them in this order. You have to multiply and divide together from left to right. Same thing goes with adding and subtracting. How do you think this would be helpful?" Genie asked him.

"Umm... err...please don't put me under pressure. Trust me, I *do not* do well under pressure!" Mohammed told her.

"This canteen is filled with lava. Now look at this problem," she told him. Then, the lava formed into a math problem:



"Mohammed, what do you think the answer is?" Genie asked.

"Wait, this is the problem from earlier," Mohammed continued, "I, I know the answer! It's 74!"

Then she asked, "But do you *understand* why it's 74? Please explain to me, Mohammed."

Mohammed's face turned blank. After a few seconds, he finally replied to her, "Right. About that..."

"You see? This is why P.E.M.D.A.S. is important in the order of





operations,” she interrupted him. As she was pouring another problem, Mohammed began to understand the concept, which made the problem much easier.

After the problem, he said, “Wow, I get it. If you don't do the parentheses first, it will melt the ice first. If you don't do exponents second, it will melt after the ice parentheses, and so on.”

Then the Number Genie asked Mohammed, “How did you know that?”

“I saw the problem poured altogether, and then whenever it melts, it follows the rules of P.E.M.D.A.S.,” Mohammed replied.

The Genie, amazed at Mohammed's brilliance, gave him a couple very difficult problems. After seeing him solve the math problems instantly, the Genie told him, “Good job! Now try this!” Then she pulled out a delicious looking dish. Mohammed put some of it in his mouth.

“This is scrumptious! What is this called, Genie?” Mohammed asked.

“Escargot—snails with cheese! It sounds nasty, but once you try it, you'll love it!” Genie informed him.

“Got that right! This is one of the best things I've ever tasted. It's strange that snails can be so delicious. Can I have another serving?”

“Sure! But before you have more, here's one way to remember PEMDAS: Please Eat My Dear Aunt's Snails. Just think of escargot,” Genie explained to him as she put more on his plate.

“Wow, that's easy to remember!” Mohammed told her as he gobbled up the dish.

“Congrats for finishing your ten math lessons! Now it's time to leave. I'll drop you off at your house. I have some other plans...” she hinted.

Then they left the Ice Hotel, and flew to Mohammed's house. The second that he got to his room, he started doing his homework. After finishing it, he looked up and saw a turban with math symbols printed all over it. Mohammed put on the turban, crawled into bed, and slowly fell asleep.

Mohammed woke up later than usual, realizing that he had his mid-term, and ran straight to school; unaware of what he was wearing. He got to school just before his teacher passed out the test. Before he could pick up his pencil to start the test, he heard his class laughing and pointing at him. “Oh no, I forgot to change,” Mohammed thought. “Well it's too late now. I've already started my math test, and I have to finish.” After Ms. Kahkashan quieted the class, everyone continued the test.

Everyone looked like they were struggling, while Mohammed whizzed through the test. “This is like counting numbers!” Mohammed thought. The test was just too easy for him.

After an hour or so, Ms. Kahkashan collected the test. Mohammed



was very positive that he had passed his mid-term, and he was right! After the school day, he received the graded test, and his face lit up! He had gotten 100 out of 100. As soon as the bell rang, he dashed home to tell his Grandpa.

"Hey Grandpa, I passed! Isn't this great?" announced Mohammed.

"Wow, Mohammed! Hey, where did you get that turban?" inquired Grandpa.

"Well, um..." Mohammed realized that he still had his math turban on, and decided that he should just come clean with his Grandpa. "Do you remember that golden canteen that I found? Well, I unscrewed the cap and then this Number Genie came out."

"That's okay, Mohammed. Let me tell you something." Then Grandpa pulled out his own math turban that he had received from the Number Genie herself. He continued, "I see that you had some lessons from the Number Genie. Well, so did I."

Mohammed was very surprised by what he had just heard. He had never thought that his Grandpa would need help from the Number Genie since he was so smart.

Out of nowhere there was a sudden POOF! The Number Genie had appeared. Mohammed was relieved that she had returned. He had really missed the Number Genie while she had been gone.

"So you finally told him!" Genie said to Grandpa. "Didn't you know that I am your family's Number Genie? I even taught your relatives!" she announced to Mohammed.

Mohammed said excitedly, "Wow, my relatives!"

"Yup." The Number Genie continued, "your relatives. Now, I need to talk to you guys about something. Mohammed, you are now inducted into the order of Geniogorous. Which also means... YOU'RE A NUMBER GENIE! That's why you got a turban. Congratulations!"

Simultaneously Grandpa pulled out his own magical mathematical turban. "You are now one of us. That means if you hear about somebody who needs help with math, go ahead and teach them your knowledge, and Mohammed, even I needed help with math and she taught me. How else do you think I'm this smart?"

"But Grandpa," Mohammed asked, "Why didn't you just teach me yourself?"

"Mohammed, I'm too old to teach you, and besides, Number Genie here was born a Number Genie, and I was turned into one, which makes her more of a professional than I am." Grandpa explained.

"Hey! Let's celebrate this day with a banquet of food from around the world," the Number Genie said. All of the sudden, things like escargot, hot dogs, and Turkish tea appeared on Mohammed's dining table. They

happily ate the mouth-watering meal.

After that, the Number Genie said farewell to everyone and Mohammed dashed up to his room with his stomach bulging. "What a day," Mohammed thought. Not only did he learn the order of operations, but he became a Number Genie, all thanks to his new friend, the original Number Genie.





Mohammed just doesn't get math. One day, while exploring his grandfather's attic, he discovers a mysterious golden canteen. Later that evening, while working on his math homework, a Number Genie emerges from the canteen and offers to help Mohammed. In the days that follow, she takes Mohammed on an adventure around the world where he discovers new places, learns new math concepts, and realizes that math isn't so difficult after all.

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