

Hello, my name is Bobby. I am a boy living in Nippur. I'm like most boys, I like to play, run, & be around my friends. During the summer we can get board, so my friends & I came up with a game. Our Mom's like to take us to the beach, we've also noticed that they enjoy their martini's. So we made a bet to see who's Mom could out drink the other, since there are 9 Mom's we decided that would be the base number to start with as well as our Mom's would keep us @ the beach for 9 hours in order to try & wear all of us kids out. We each got our own clay tablet & over the next several months of summer fun. We all did well keeping track on our tablets & making sure our Mom's saw us playing our usual games with our boomerangs.

The summer was almost to an end, on this particular day they weren't drinking as much so we decided to take a look & see who's Mom was in the lead. We got so excited because some of us where almost tied, unfortunately our Mom's heard us & came to see what all the fuss was. They had found out what we had done & they were not happy at all! Some of them took the tablets & smashed them up against the rocks on the beach, some used them to whip their child, when I saw my Mom coming my way, I panicked! I quickly took it & found a small opening around where I was sitting, it fit & I had time to cover it with sand & some crabs, my Mom hates crabs, I knew she wouldn't try & look for it. Needless to say we all got in trouble, & had to do extra chores till next summer. I never went back to the spot on the beach to get my tablet, I would like to think that maybe one day someone might find it try to figure it out, maybe even some math teacher might use it to stump his students....

The Babylonian Boy

It was Bab's (the Babylonian Boy) 9th birthday. On this day his father showed him how to multiply by 9 up to 10 on his fingers. For example when Bab put down his 6th finger, (thumb on the left hand) on the left of it he had 4 fingers up and on the right he had 5 fingers up. This means $5 \cdot 9 = 45$. Bab loved this trick so much that he decided to make a times table with his newly learned trick. When he got up to 10 he wanted to keep going so he decided to just count it out. It took him a little while but when he finished he felt so accomplished. He showed his dad and he was in shock. Nothing like this had never been done. The boy created a cheat sheet to counting. The boy became very famous and ~~very~~ soon enough he created times tables for every single number. He was a prodigy to say the least. ~~very much~~

Once upon a time, there was a poor servant boy working for the Babylonian Empire and its royalty. Clay, the poor servant boy, wanted more than anything to study the mathematics of the time and become one of the Babylonian's greatest mathematicians. But, unfortunately due to his social class it was forbidden of him to get the equal education of all his peers above him. While the were relishing in the pleasures of wealth and squandering their opportunities through laziness and a spoiled upbringing, he scavenged for documents to self-educate himself. One fateful day he bumped into an old wise man while on his journey to the market, and this old man approached clay, at first frightening him, but then showed warmth in his gesture of handing clay ten stone tablets. Each one was a time table of some kind to show multiples of the numbers 1-10. Clay, jumping for joy thanked the old man and asked where he should keep them, because if caught in his possession he would surely be locked up. The old man told clay that he must only study them in the woods at a location that he would give him directions to. A few days pass and the Babylonian family he serves starts to wonder where clay has been running off and disappearing to. So five days after clay received the tablets the family had him followed. Clay, being the smart and aware

boy he was noticed the man following him and started running towards his secret studying spot. Once he got there he grabbed his tablets and ran to the old man. In his haste he dropped the number 9 times table. He succeeded in getting back to the market but could find the old man nowhere. He hid the tablets with a trusted friend and returned home. When home he was told he could never leave the residence again and the tablets were thus lost forever. Or so he presumed, when archaeologists hundreds of years later came across the number "9" tablet and recovered the ancient artifact to be studied and admired for centuries.