

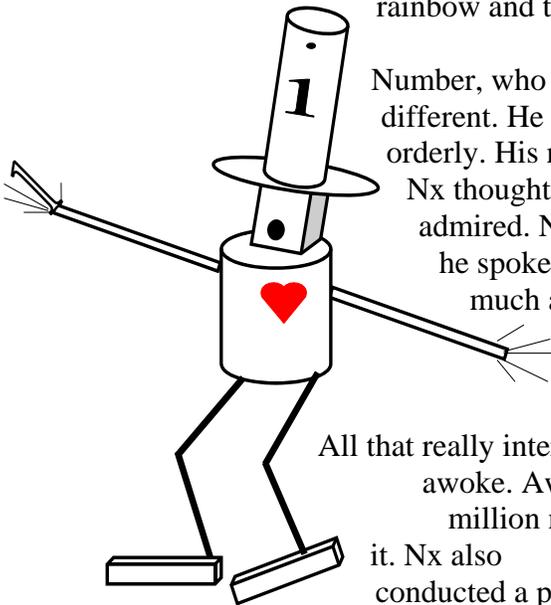
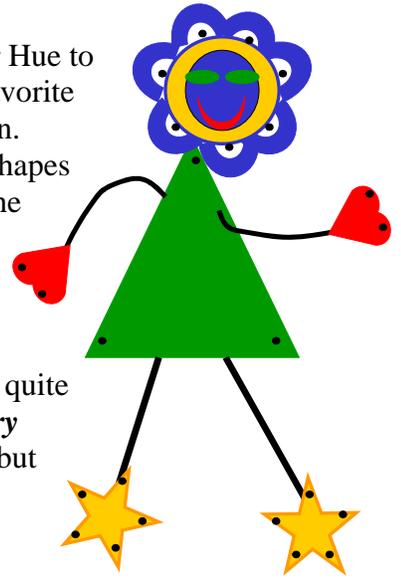
The Adventures of Hue & Nx™

Episode 1: Color and Number...How They Met

Strange things sometimes happen in sprite stories. Some things may be real, and some things make believe. You decide. This story tells how Color from the East met Number from the West. They were quite different. But strange things do happen.

You know that language and customs from around the world are different. This does not mean good or bad, right or wrong. Some of us have likes and dislikes that can be as far apart as the East is from the West. That is the reason that reading, writing and arithmetic is thought and taught about differently in different places.

Color was a graceful little sprite, called Hue from the East. It was fun for Hue to dance and whirl around in elegant patterns across space and time. Her favorite pastime was to find a rainbow and pick a color to leap over, or slide down. Sometimes, Hue would just drift through the clouds to wait for favorite shapes and symbols to glide past. Some of these were images from nature that she had linked to shapes – like water, fire, wood, the earth, and a center that was kind of mysterious. Hue liked the feelings she got from the rainbow and the symbols. She was a happy sprite.

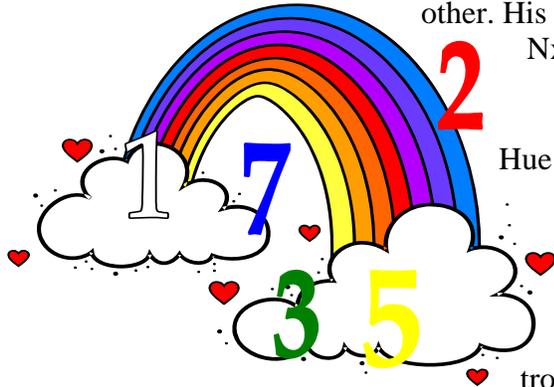


Number, who was far across the ocean in the West was quite different. He was not sad – just serious mostly, and *very* orderly. His name was Nx. That even sounds serious, but Nx thought it was *cool*. It was part of an equation he admired. Nx was so smart! In fact, the first words he spoke were “Einstein was right!” Nobody paid much attention, so he did not have to explain. In fact, there was nobody else around. Most of the time, that was OK with Nx.

All that really interested him was practicing numbers as soon as he awoke. Awake or asleep, counting came so natural, he spouted off a million numerals or a trillion sheep without even thinking about it. Nx also conducted a peculiar exercise program daily, because he knew he was #1, (except for Einstein.) So as #1 he practiced a routine of changing shape - like big/small, thick/thin, light/heavy - over and over, to be in top-notch form as #1.

There was only one thing that both Hue and Nx wished to change. Once in a while, each would become somewhat lonesome. That was not so strange. But it was strange that each one wished for exciting adventures with someone quite different – like Hue with Nx, and Nx with Hue. Maybe it was because opposites often do attract; maybe it was because strange things do happen. Even so, it is hard to believe what happened next.

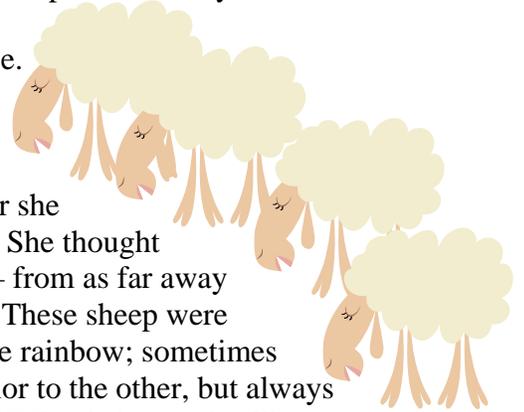
Hue had tired of whirling and dancing, of playing with cloud shapes and symbols, and even of sliding on rainbows. She began dreaming, resting on the blue part of the rainbow. Across the ocean, Nx had counted to several million, and sent a trillion sheep on their way – one after the



other. His voice was quite hoarse.

Nx, too, found himself dreaming.

Hue did not know whether she was asleep or awake. She thought she spotted sheep – from as far away as could be seen. These sheep were starting to climb the rainbow; sometimes moving from one color to the other, but always trotting in a single line. “What is happening?” Hue



exclaimed. “Am I dreaming? Where are these sheep coming from?” (The sheep sprang quite realistically from Nx’s counting practice, but they didn’t speak except for an occasional “Baa!”)

Hue was eager for an adventure, and had been quite lonesome. Even sheep were company. “I’m going to find out!” She would soon meet a trillion sheep trotting toward her in an endless line on the rainbow. Hue from the East had a clever thought. If the trillion sheep would let her skip along their fluffy backs, that line would be the clue to solve the mystery. *Both* mysteries, she thought proudly! That is, where the sheep came from – and where I am going.

The sheep met Hue with a “Baa” here and a “Baa” there. Hue then looked below to the billowing ocean waves and bravely announced “I am a real explorer!” She said it many times to bolster her courage - skipping over the rainbow on the backs of a trillion trotting sheep. All of a sudden Hue cried again, “What is happening?” She felt an odd sensation that the rainbow was fading. Hue knew that strange things do happen when you go exploring.



Meanwhile, Nx stirred uneasily, not wanting to disturb his fantasy that a beautiful sprite was drawing near. His eyes fluttered, and then opened wide. The last of his sheep was struggling to climb onto something – a rainbow? Nx had heard there was such a thing. His sheep must have found it. But rainbow colors seemed strange, especially to Nx. Watching the last



little lamb disappear, something even stranger happened that changed his life forever. Through the clouds and the fading rainbow, he spied the sprite of his dreams.



“**WOW!**” said Nx.

It was Hue, now skipping, now falling in summersaults over the sheep and off the end of the rainbow! Even in her excitement and dizzy tumbling she caught a glimpse of Nx! Here was her dream of #1! Nx looked a bit stuffy all in white and black, but Hue was sure. “I can fix that!” she said to herself.

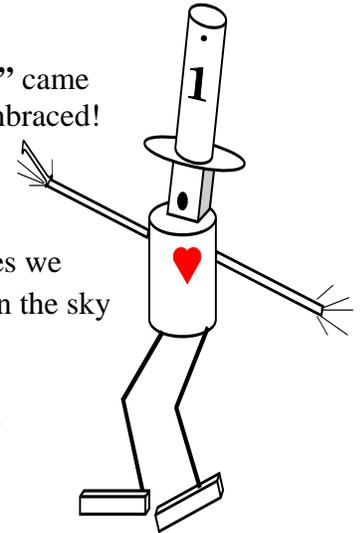
“**Can I HELP you!**” Nx called to Hue with outstretched arms. “**INDEED!**” came the response in a trembling voice. *That* is how Color met Number! They embraced!

This was the prime time to honor Nx and Hue for the miracle of finding one another. True love magically touched off shooting stars and sparkling fireworks throughout the universe! **PRIME** numbers took the lead. The ones we know best... **2, 3, 5, 7**... looked for the biggest rockets, to spell **PRIME** in the sky with bursts of color.

Unit 1 strode up looking unhappy. “Let me light the P! After all, you must remember Unit 1 is special. I can be any size or shape you want.” So it was settled. The word **PRIME** flashed brilliantly in honor of Hue and Nx.

With primes winking across the great ‘beyond’, Nx shouted “Look! They aren’t done yet!” Instantly, pyramids of numbers glittered as primes were making products all over the place.

Hue caught her breath in amazement. Roman candles, one for each letter, fired the word **COMPOSITE** into the melee of products. “**WOW!**” exclaimed Nx. “**Einstein should see this!**”



The extravaganza of Primes and Composites was over. But both Hue and Nx knew it would occur time and again in their memories. Hue and Nx were so happy they had stumbled onto each other, they would never again part. They stayed forever young, and never grew old. Strange things do happen, Hue said with a wink . . .



"Like falling in love with number."



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