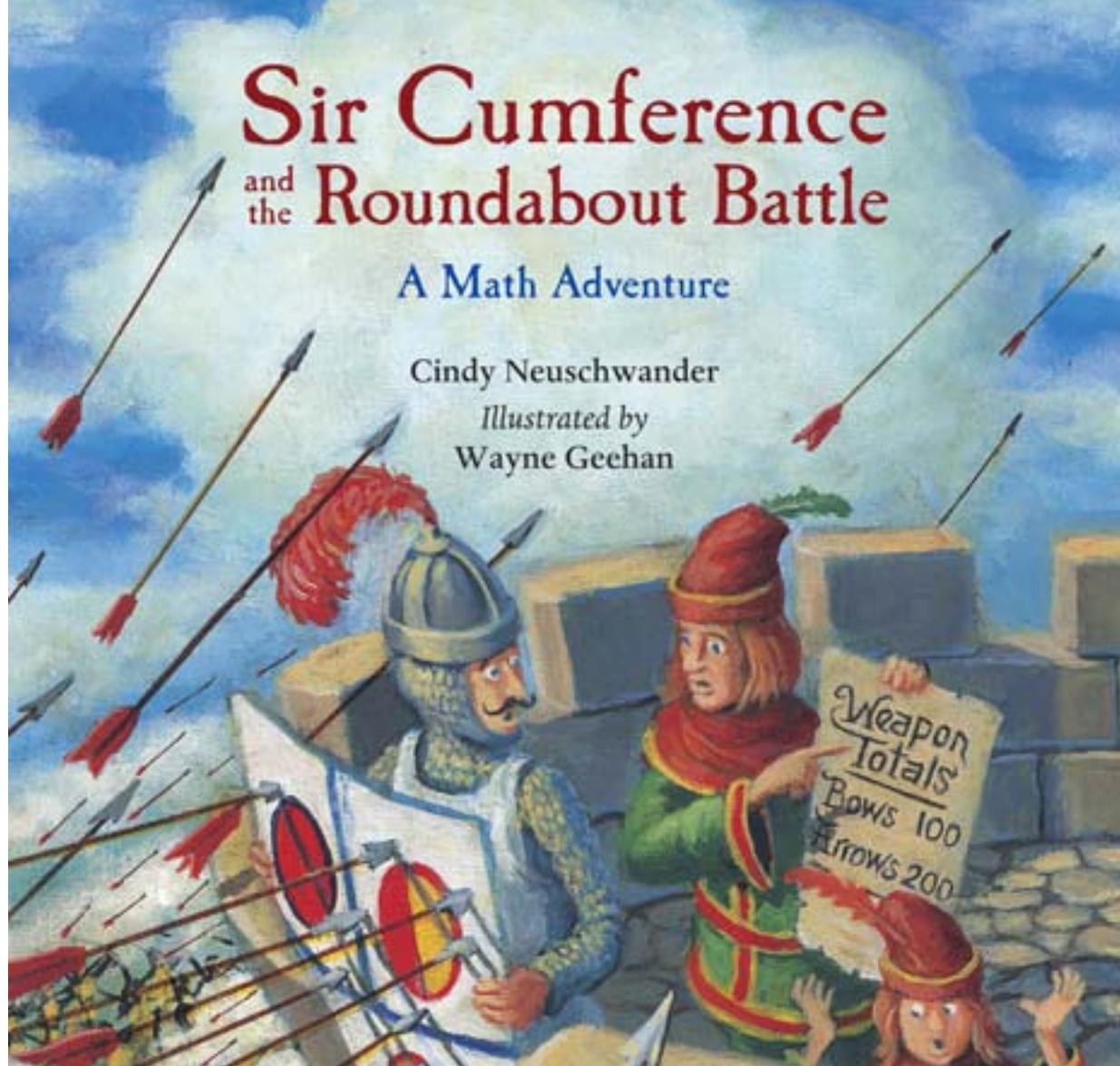


Sir Cumference and the Roundabout Battle

A Math Adventure

Cindy Neuschwander

Illustrated by
Wayne Geehan



For Tom, Robyn, Danielle, Brek, and Hannah: a wonderful family
of ten when rounded up—C. N.

To Tomasz Modlinski Geehan and Olivia Modlinska Geehan—W. G.

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“Another great harvest day! But wait—who’s that?” asked
Edmund Rounds, the castle steward. He pointed to a few
small tents just visible among the trees.

“It’s probably travelers bedding down for the night,”
answered Sir Cumference.





Just then the steward's son bounded up the stairway.
"Ah, Rounds 2, keeping track of everything in the castle?" asked Sir Cumference with a smile.
The boy nodded. Everyone called him Rounds 2, since he and his father were both named Edmund.



"Papa, I've finished the counts you asked for," he said, handing his father two scrolls. As the castle's next steward, Rounds 2 was his father's assistant.
"Wonderful!" exclaimed Steward Rounds. "Let's look these over during supper."

Steward Rounds studied his son's counts. "Hmm," he murmured. "Breads: 34 wheat loaves, 29 barley, and 25 rye. But the total is missing. Totals are important."

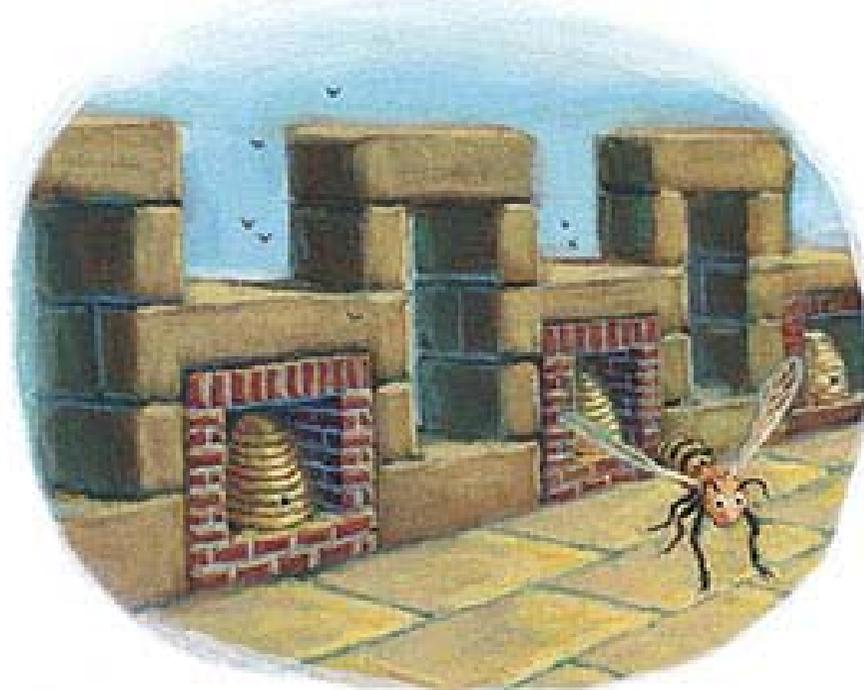
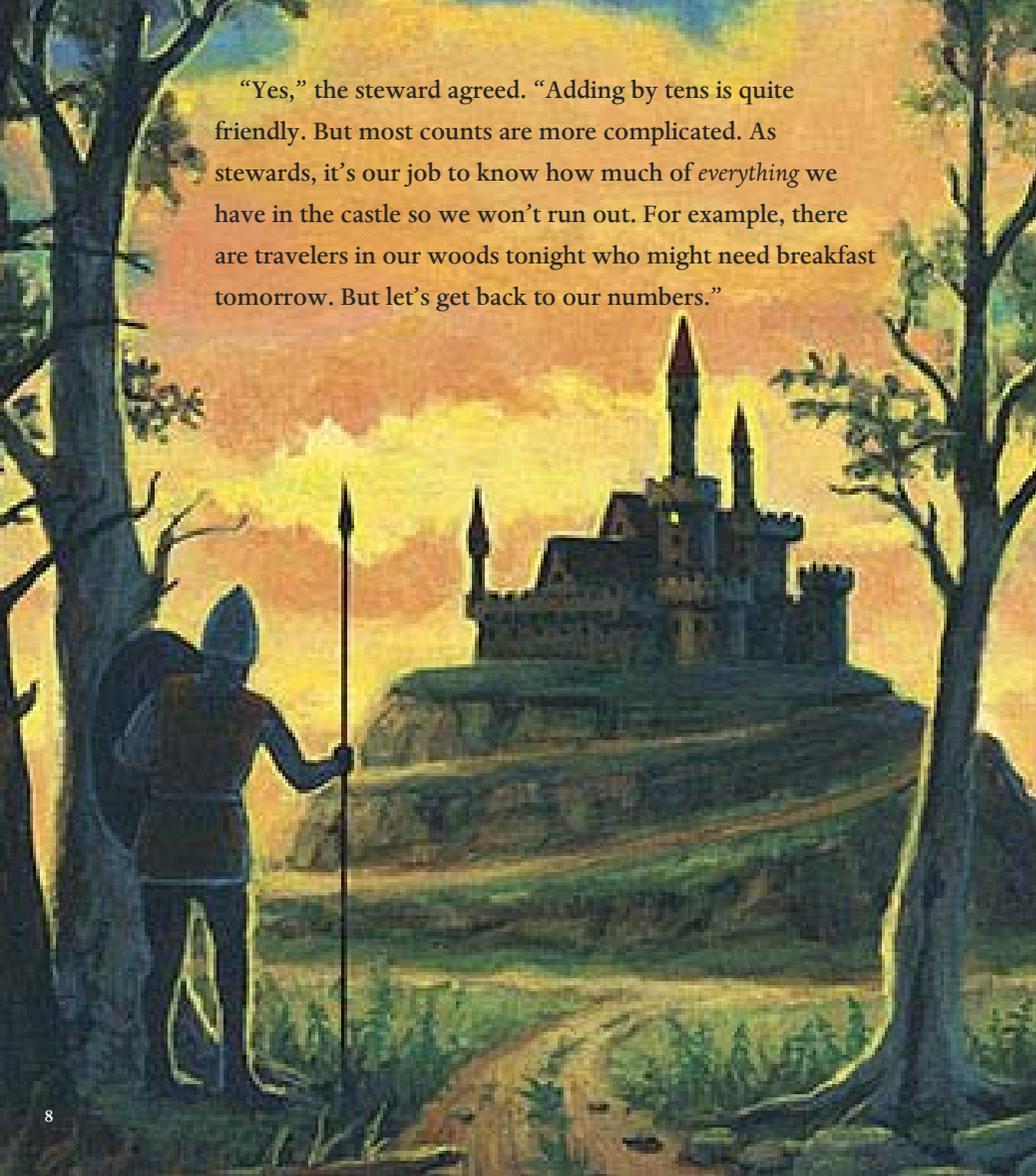
"I love counting, but adding up is always hard for me," Rounds 2 confessed.



"Let me help you," his father said kindly. "It's 34 plus 29 plus 25, which equals 88 loaves. And butter: 10 garlic pots, 20 salted pots, 30 herbed pots, plus 40 sweet pots?"

"100 pots!" Rounds 2 called out quickly. "It's easy when the numbers are groups of tens," he said.

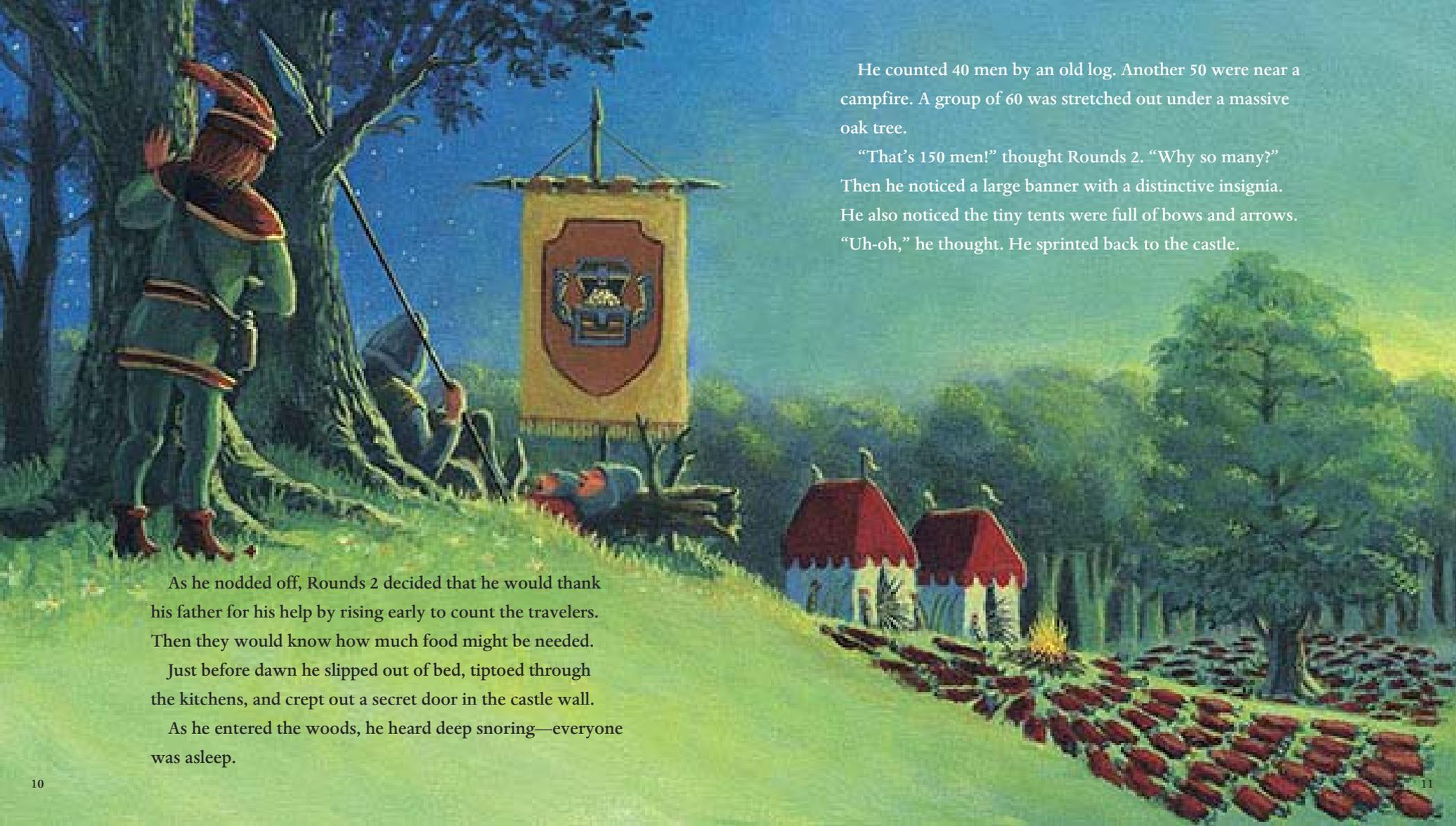
“Yes,” the steward agreed. “Adding by tens is quite friendly. But most counts are more complicated. As stewards, it’s our job to know how much of *everything* we have in the castle so we won’t run out. For example, there are travelers in our woods tonight who might need breakfast tomorrow. But let’s get back to our numbers.”



“Next,” the steward said, “are the bees and their little homes, the skeps. There are 39 skeps, and—”

Rounds 2 interrupted, “The beekeeper said each skep housed about 1,000 bees, but he said not to touch the skeps—the bees can get angry.”

“Ah, bees *are* difficult to count!” Steward Rounds nodded. “Sometimes knowing approximately how many is fine. But let’s finish this up tomorrow,” he added, noticing his son stifling a yawn. “Flit off to bed now. Honey-sweet dreams!”



He counted 40 men by an old log. Another 50 were near a campfire. A group of 60 was stretched out under a massive oak tree.

“That’s 150 men!” thought Rounds 2. “Why so many?” Then he noticed a large banner with a distinctive insignia. He also noticed the tiny tents were full of bows and arrows. “Uh-oh,” he thought. He sprinted back to the castle.

As he nodded off, Rounds 2 decided that he would thank his father for his help by rising early to count the travelers. Then they would know how much food might be needed.

Just before dawn he slipped out of bed, tiptoed through the kitchens, and crept out a secret door in the castle wall.

As he entered the woods, he heard deep snoring—everyone was asleep.

“Papa,” he gasped, shaking his father’s shoulder urgently.
“The travelers in the woods—they have a banner of two
hands clutching a chest of treasure! Isn’t that . . . ?”

Steward Rounds sat straight up. Rubbing the sleep out of
his eyes, he asked Rounds 2 to repeat himself. Then he leaped
out of bed and grabbed his son’s hand.



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