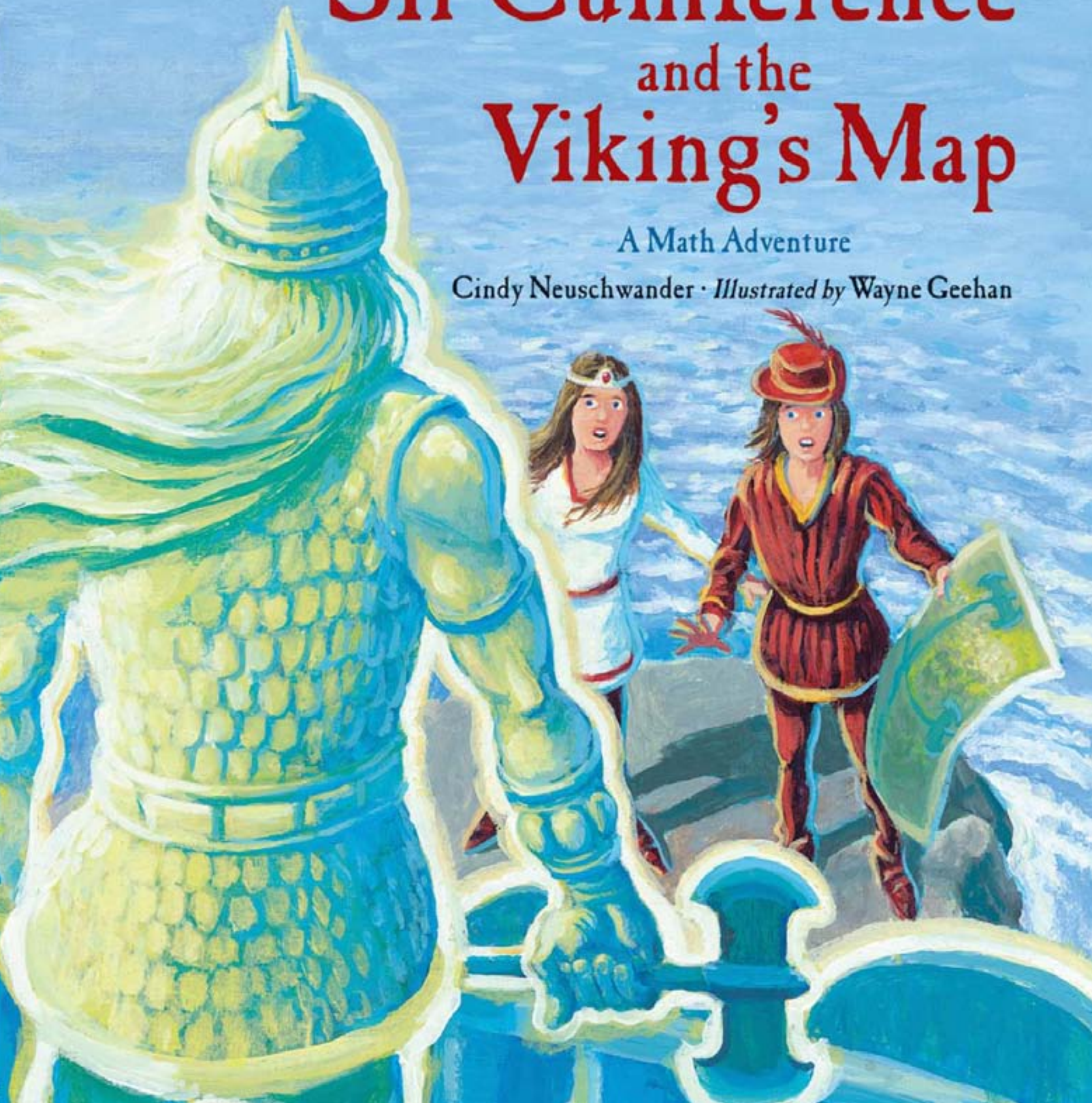
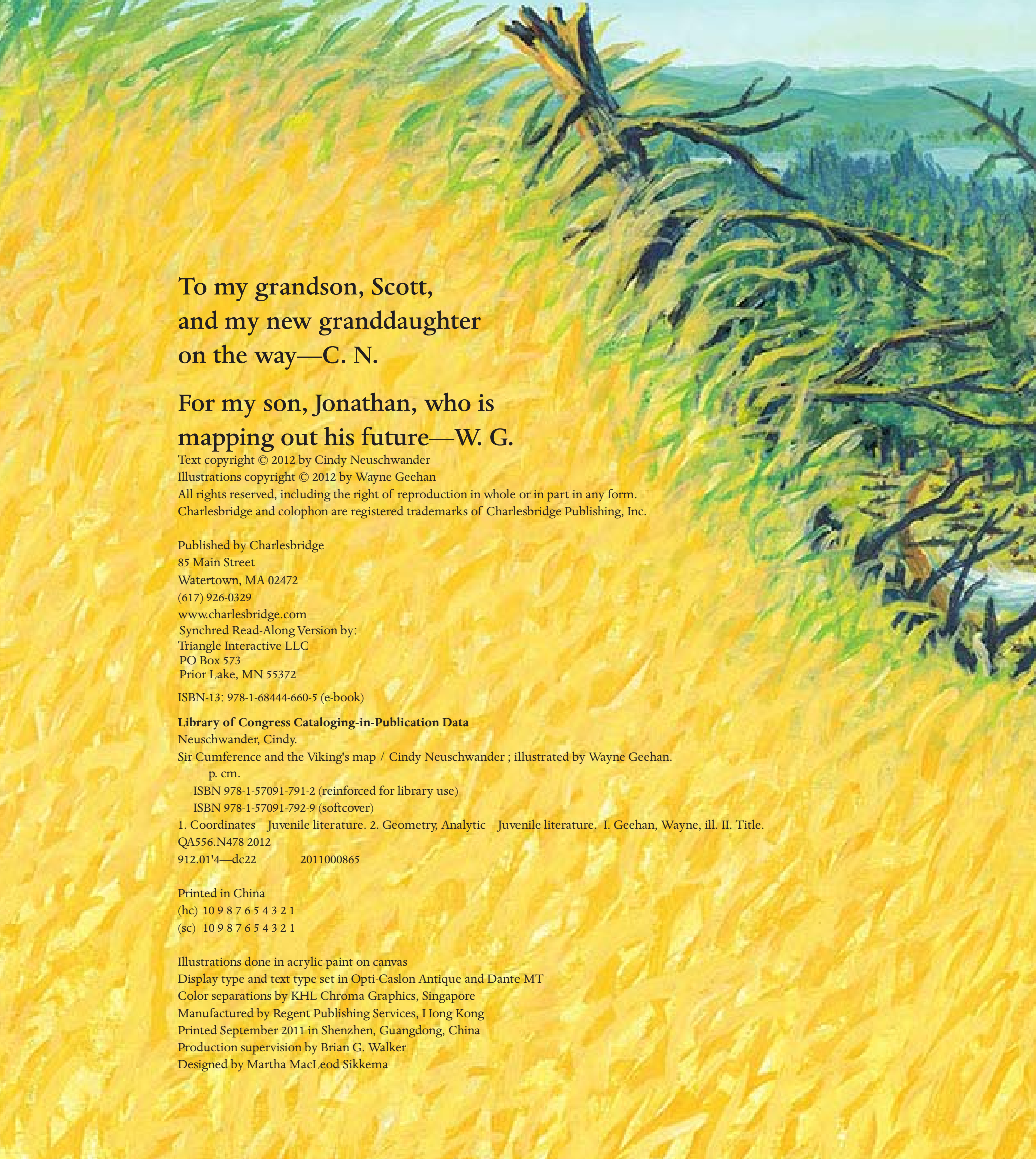


Sir Cumference and the Viking's Map

A Math Adventure

Cindy Neuschwander • *Illustrated by* Wayne Geehan





To my grandson, Scott,
and my new granddaughter
on the way—C. N.

For my son, Jonathan, who is
mapping out his future—W. G.

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“**W**e’re well and truly lost,” Per said to her cousin, Radius.
“How I wish we had a map.” They were riding through a forest in the late afternoon.

“Maps of Angleland are as rare as dogs with wings,” replied Radius. “Maybe we’ll be able to see where we are at the top of that rise.”

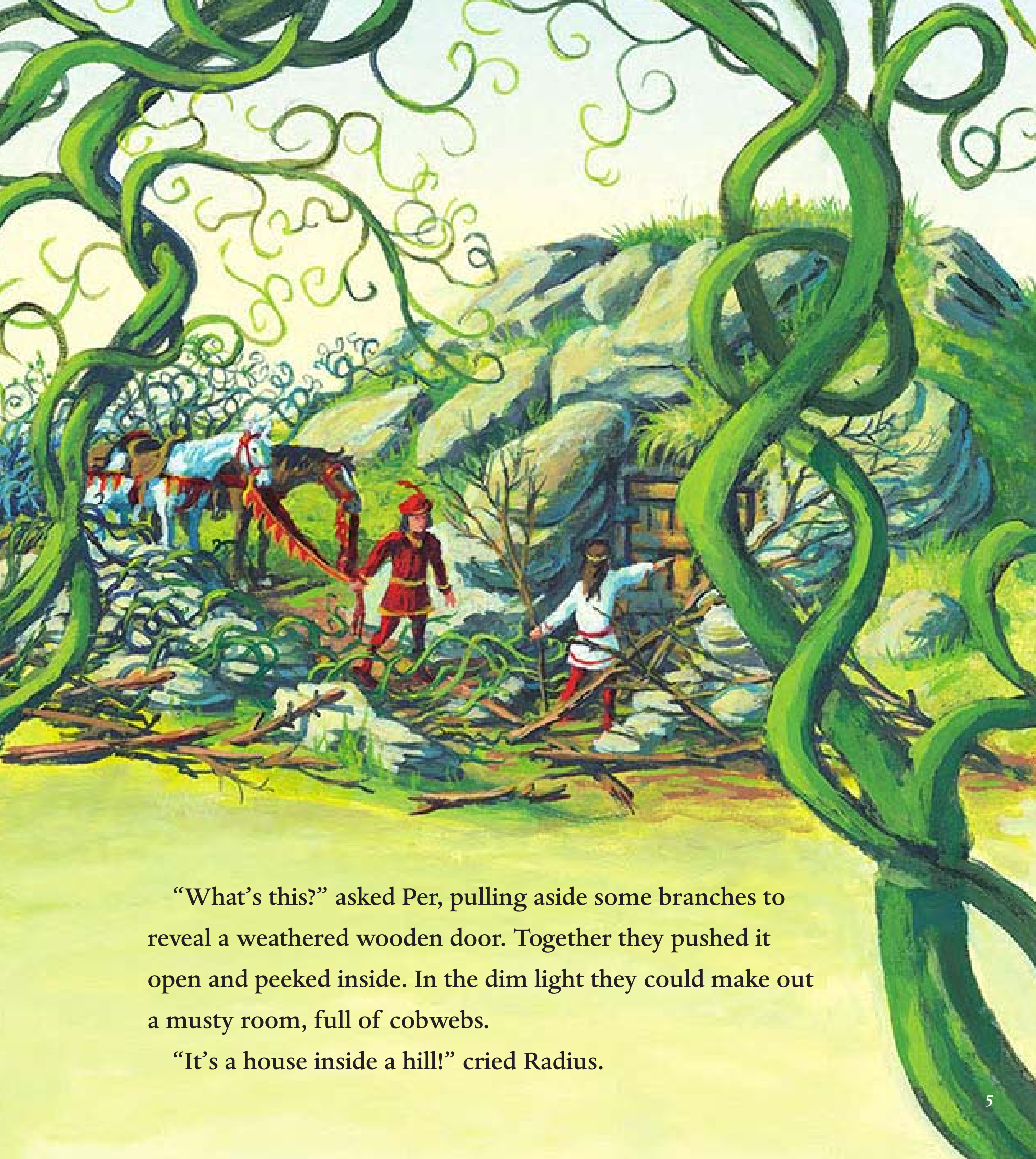
Together the two cousins rode up the hill.



“What a view!” exclaimed Per. The landscape below them lay divided into four sections. A road ran across the countryside horizontally, while a river wound through the area vertically.

“Hmm. Nothing looks familiar,” observed Radius. “And we’re running out of daylight. Let’s camp on that knoll tonight. The grass there looks thick and soft.”

As the cousins approached the knoll, a tangle of vines and brambles blocked their path.



“What’s this?” asked Per, pulling aside some branches to reveal a weathered wooden door. Together they pushed it open and peeked inside. In the dim light they could make out a musty room, full of cobwebs.

“It’s a house inside a hill!” cried Radius.



Just then they heard the far-off sounds of raucous singing and laughter.

“Bad Old Barnaby and his brigand band:

We’re the baddest lot in all the land!

We sneak and snatch whenever we can.

We’re Bad Old Barnaby and his brigand band!”

In the distance they could just make out a ragged group of men marching along.

“Uh-oh!” Radius exclaimed. “Highway robbers!”

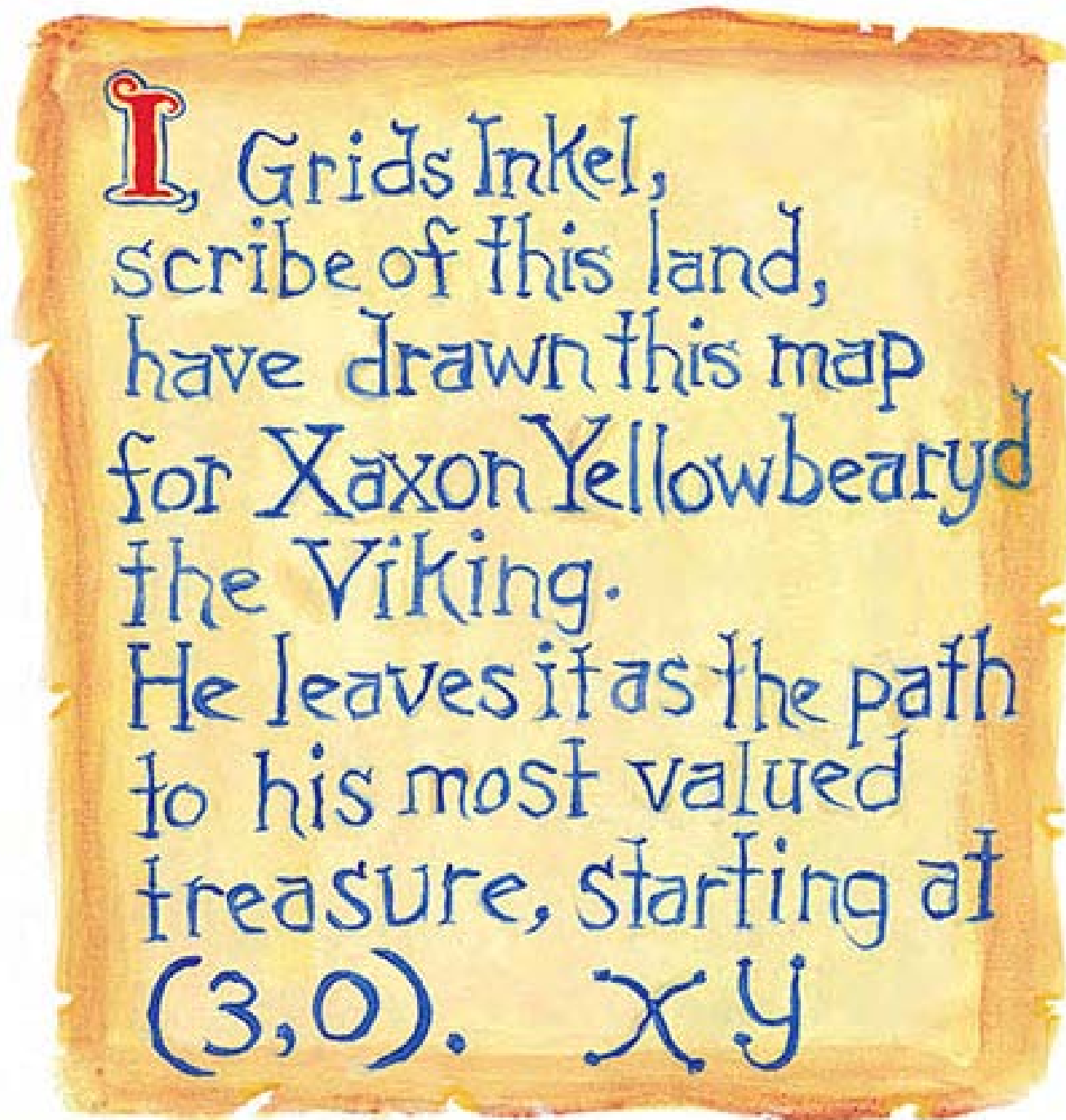
“Quick,” said Per, grabbing a candle from her saddlebag. “Get inside the house.”

Per shut the door and lit the candle. The room contained a bench, a barrel, and a round wooden shield.

While Radius examined the shield, Per peered into the barrel.



“What’s this?” she wondered, pulling out an old, waxy leather pouch. She looked inside it. “A map!” The map was decorated with two unusual axes, each with two blades on either end of its handle. On the back was some writing. Per began to read.



I Grids Inkel,
scribe of this land,
have drawn this map
for Xaxon Yellowbearyd
the Viking.
He leaves it as the path
to his most valued
treasure, starting at
(3,0). x y

The ancient document was initialed by the Viking.

“Xaxon Yellowbearyd?” gasped Radius.

“Who was he?” asked Per.

“Only the fiercest Viking warrior ever! It was said he conquered most of Angleland,” answered Radius. “I thought he was just a legend.”

“I guess he was real,” said Per. “Ready to look for his treasure tomorrow?”

“Absolutely,” Radius said.





Early the next morning as they left the house in the hill,
Per noticed a flash of red between two nearby trees.
“What’s that?” she wondered.
Radius shrugged. “A bird?”
Then they looked at the map and studied the land below.
“How do we read this?” wondered Radius.

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