Lars sat at the kitchen table, a textbook, a calculator, and some papers lying next to him. He looked at his pencil, about to pick his nose with it, when he heard the door open.

"I'm here!" Said the familiar voice "Where are you Lars?"

Lars was speechless. He was on the brink of speaking when a backpack laddened Jasolyn Fox found him first in the kitchen.

"Aaaah... You're all set, good" she added, pulling up a chair before taking her own things out. "So what is it that you're having trouble with, my boi?"

For a moment, Lars's heart skipped a beat. In his mind, Jasolyn had just removed her hair band and glasses, revealing her locks

in a cascade of fiery red. She leaned in closer, her eyes gleaming with a mischievous twinkle, her smile hinting at secrets only they would share. Her voice washed over him like a seductive melody, and he found himself lost in the imaginary world where Jasolyn was his math muse, guiding him through the labyrinth of equations and formulas with a gentle, knowing touch.

SNAP

"HUH?" Asked Lars, almost mortified that Jasolyn snapped him out of his state.

"Lars, c'mon, you can daydream all you want in class, but now, why don't we start with coordinates?" She began, taking out graph paper and pinpointing details here and there.

Lars nods, opening his textbook to the first unit.

"At it's basic level it's easy. Cartesian planes read the way they look. Up and right mean positive, down and left mean negative" she emphasized "an easy way of putting it is by drawing a square in the very centre: the coordinates will obviously read (-4, 4) (4,4), (4,-4), and (-4,-4), you see?"

Lars looked at it closesly.

"I... Think so" said Lars, hesitant yet legible.

"I dont think it's something too tricky" she said, with a platful tone "that is until we bring a little more geometry into question"

Jasolyn then goes on to explain how a

circular wave takes form.

"This anomaly, when $y(2)= 3x$ and $y= \sqrt{3}x$ is known as a parabola, a curve that goes through the plane. For given these calculations, $y(2)= -3$ and $y= 3$" says Jasolyn, handing Lars the pencil "try tracing the line to match the coordinates"

Lars almost blushes, yet knew he wasn't squandering anything by following her request. He traced the curve on the top and bottom of the right quadrants correctly.

"Good job Lars" said Jasolyn "that's exactly where the line intersects..."

But Lars was lost again, staring at Jasolyn's fingers as they danced over the graph paper, drawing invisible circles around the points she had mentioned. In

his mind, Jasolyn was no longer sitting in a chair, but rather lying on the kitchen table, her body curving and arching with the same elegance as the parabola they were studying. Her glasses had slipped down her nose slightly, giving her a scholarly yet alluring look.

"Lars," she whispered, "you need to pay attention to the rounder areas, like these points here." She paused, raising her hand slightly to touch her own waist. In his fantasy, Jasolyn's voice grew softer, more seductive, as she guided his hand to trace the curve of her body. "Use your fingers to define the shape," she breathed.

CLAP

"WHA!" Lars shrieked, nearly about to hyperventilate yet realizing Jasolyn was

just slightly cross, having to make a much louder noise with her hands this time.

"SIGH.. Zoomers" she told herself ironically "are you sure you don't want me to reschedule the rest of the session, Lars?"

Lars looked down, her tone sounded lenient yet he knew he had to focus as hard as he could. She obviously knew him well enough to await his own judgement.

"No, I'll pay attention" he said "I swear"

"You dont have to swear, Lars. This is tutoring, not a date" Jasolyn affirmed, just wanting to be real "... have they taught you asymptotes yet?"

Lars didn't really know as he seldom listened in class. Yet he knew he was

coming off as enough of an idiot to Jasolyn as it was and made a "soso" hand gesture.

"All right, though I'm certainly gonna assume they taught you what a stem and leaf plot is"

She started small, bringing up how as long as he focused on what x and y equalled then it shouldn't be too hard, before bringing an equation.

"As long as we start x off with a negative number we can build the equation, $f(x)=1/x$ up with each number you add" she stated "I want you to try it, Lars: solve it and pinpoint each coordinate."

Lars followed suit, noticing how the anomaly took shape. If x= -3 then given the

equation f(x) = -0.33. (-3, -0.33), before following through with the other coordinates: (-1, -1), (-0.2, -5) (0.2, 5) (1,1).

This created two curves nearly touching the centre of the 2nd and 3rd quadrants.

"Pretty cool, isn't it?" Jasolyn asked excitedly "even as x only rises, y's alternative , f(x), becomes a roller coaster until it is graphed".

Yet Lars couldn't contain himself again: he couldn't help but notice that the curves were placed in a way that resembled an hourglass like shape.

An hourglass like shape.

Lars's eyes widened and his mind wandered once again. Jasolyn's form

morphed into an abstract vision of beauty and mathematics. She was an ethereal figure dancing exotically in a full body fishnet stocking that was slightly redesigned to resemble the graph they had just drawn. The net clung to her curves, tracing every line and contour, creating an alluring pattern of light and shadow. The variable "x" was strategically placed to cover her modesty, while "f(x)" and "y" adorned her chest, the letters seemingly pulsating with each beat of her heart.

A pole, gleaming like a mathematical axis, emerged from the floor between them. Jasolyn's movements grew more deliberate as she approached it, her eyes never leaving Lars'. She began to crawl, each movement calculated and precise, her limbs moving in harmony with the coordinates they had just discussed. As

she reached the pole, she gripped it firmly, and with surprising strength, began to wax it. revealing the shiny steel beneath, symbolizing the clarity of thought and understanding that was forming between them.

"LARS!" Yelled Jasolyn.

"Gasp!" Yelled Lars.

He couldn't help but see Jasolyn earnestly angry. She knew he did his best, but patterns were obviously not exclusive to math.

After a few seconds Jasolyn's scowl became a simple frown.

"SIGH... You remind me of my brother" she said, beginning to put her things away

"Just tell your sister I got the Swahilian flu, I dont care"

Lars couldn't help it. He knew these crazy fantasies didn't help, but he'd also be lying if he said Jasolyn's time was for naught.

"Hold on, Jasolyn... Dont go" he began "I AM learning... I just can't help it"

Jasolyn drops her bags, seeing there was a serious side after all.

"Yes you can, Lars, you've been doing it all along" she began "Yet so have I. Had it been any other girl she would've slapped you silly, the point is it's easy to memorize information temporarily for a grade"

Jasolyn sits down again.

"But that's not what math is to me" she began "Did you know that 7 x 13 = 28?"

Lars looks in different ways.

"No, it's... I think 91, but 28? That makes no sense"

"Ah but it does, you see" she began before jotting it down on paper:

$7 \times (1) = 7$
$\_ \times (3) = 21$
$\pm _____$
28

$7 \times 13 = 28$

"Ya see?" Jasolyn demonstrates.

Lars knew a part of this had a fallacy here

and there, yet didn't want to let Jasolyn down.

"Yeah... I... Can see it" Lars said, doing his best to go along.

Jasolyn's eyes lit up with excitement as she saw the glimmer of understanding in Lars's eyes. "That's the spirit!" she exclaimed, and with that, they dived into a whirlwind of math concepts, each one more fascinating than the last. They explored the Fibonacci sequence in nature, the golden ratio in art, and even the chaotic patterns of fractals. Each topic brought with it a new dimension to the world of numbers, and Lars found himself actually enjoying the subject. Jasolyn had a knack for making even the most complex ideas feel simple and tangible.

As the session drew to a close, Jasolyn began to pack up her things. "Well, Lars, I think we've covered a decent amount today," she said, patting him on the back. "But for our next session, I want you to be prepared for some more abstract concepts. We're going to dive into the realm of Linka!"

Lars's heart sank at the mention of his sister. "Linka?" he questioned, dreading the thought of her involvement.

"Yes, Linka," Jasolyn confirmed with a smirk. "But don't worry, she's actually quite the math whiz herself. If you can keep up with her, you'll be acing your exams in no time!"

Lars nodded, feeling a mix of excitement and anxiety. He knew Linka could be

intense, but he also knew that Jasolyn wouldn't throw him to the wolves without a good reason. He had made progress today, and that was something he could be proud of.

"But for now," Jasolyn continued, "you've done mostly well today. Just keep an open mind and don't be afraid to ask questions. Math isn't just about memorizing formulas; it's about seeing the patterns and beauty in everything around us."

As Jasolyn stood up to leave, she looked back at Lars with a warm smile. "Remember, it's all about finding your own way to connect with it. And who knows, maybe one day you'll find the math in your dreams too."

With that, she winked and disappeared out

the door, leaving Lars alone with his thoughts and a newfound curiosity for the world of mathematics. As he stared at the graph paper, the curves and lines began to form new images in his mind, no longer just abstract concepts, but a bridge connecting the realms of logic and imagination. And though he knew his tutoring sessions would never be the same with Linka involved, he couldn't help but look forward to the next chapter in his mathematical journey.