

Chapter 1.

Tuesday, May 14th 2013. Brooklyn. 1:50 p.m.

The floor becoming sticky in the history class, the smell of animal excrement spreading in the chemistry class, the wind blowing in the physics class, the extreme cold in the dining hall, hearing the howling of the wolves while reading the poems of William Shakespeare in the English literature class, hearing some part of Hitler's speech in theater class, and now water flowing on the floor in Alan Parker's math class.

It seems like Alan Parker is standing in a cold river. His shoes are soaking wet and he tries never to step down from the platform. He is a math teacher at Thomas Jefferson School in Brooklyn. Watching the faces of his students never calms him down. They always chat with each other during his lessons. He knows what these evil faces are giggling at. Something similar to a sewer pipe burst leading to a water-flow has soaked the ground. Fortunately, the classroom is equipped with a sewer pipe, otherwise this water flow would have leaked downwards from the ceiling.

Parker is spending the last days of his year. He has been teaching for twenty five years and none of his students like him. Although he enjoys crowds around him, no girl approaches him, not even for grades. The boys don't even say hi. Until the age of fifty two, he has done only one job: teaching math, math, and math. He has no feelings for the subject he is instructing. He is sometimes called the "Zombie Mathematician". However he doesn't mind this trait too much. Because at least he was considered something. Being a monster is better than being nothing. This nickname is attached to him based on the pictures drawn weekly in the last-year students' class. He acts as if he hates his monstrous form and the person who is always drawing his zombie character at the back of the class. He crumples the paintings and throws them in a corner. Peter Draw, the mysterious young man at the back of the class, seems as if he is created for drawing. He has no friends in the class, and his friends were—and often are—his drawings. Parker never checks his math problems because they are all just drawings that look like a joke, not numbers or math formulas. "What exactly is this, Mr. Draw?" Parker always asks him while checking his homework. "This is the solution to the last week's problem, Mr. Parker. You had given it as homework yourself...!!!" Peters answers calmly.