

11	=	11
111	=	3 × 37
1111	=	11 × 101
11111	=	41 × 271
111111	=	3 × 7 × 11 × 13 × 37
1111111	=	239 × 4649
11111111	=	11 × 73 × 101 × 137
111111111	=	3 × 3 × 37 × 333667
1111111111	=	11 × 41 × 271 × 9091
11111111111	=	21649 × 513239
111111111111	=	3 × 7 × 11 × 13 × 37 × 101 × 9901
1111111111111	=	53 × 79 × 265371653
11111111111111	=	11 × 239 × 4649 × 909091
111111111111111	=	3 × 31 × 37 × 41 × 271 × 2906161
1111111111111111	=	11 × 17 × 73 × 101 × 137 × 5882353
11111111111111111	=	2071723 × 536322357
111111111111111111	=	3 × 3 × 7 × 11 × 13 × 19 × 37 × 52579 × 333667
1111111111111111111	=	1111111111111111
11111111111111111111	=	11 × 41 × 101 × 271 × 3541 × 9091 × 27961

Jeffrey Kingman

Numbers Can't Figure Themselves Adults Crash the Children's Party

Above the crowded tablet there is a normous. It can't be seen – doesn't it have a rule? Maybe it's on its own.

Numbers crowd the tablet with statements (e.g., If 5 is 9, 9 is not 9). But this is normal, they say.

Every normous is different, so if we find one, we might not find another. Since they can't be seen, one possibility would be to mark the tablet: 3 6 9 etc.

We could try this until it means something.

A lot of jump roping and then a big balloon.
 Bigger than a birthday, smaller than hot air.
 There are numbers inside the balloon that
 try to figure equations for air.
 Rhymes for jump rope tickle at the hollow balloon.
 Fudge judge baby in the elevator, count the floors one two three
 The balloon numbers, you see, can be applied to
 jumping rhymes when the balloon is on
 vacation from equations. The goose drank wine.
 Some say a pity. Cruel to push alcohol on a defenseless beast.
 But if we monkeys chew tobacco
 that's different. We can run our own numbers.

Jeffrey Kingman calls himself “a horror movie junkie from Vallejo, California.” His novel, *Moto Girl*, was a semifinalist in the 2009 Dana Awards. He has been published in the *North Atlantic Review*, *Schuylkill Valley Journal*, *Grey Sparrow*, *decomP magazinE*, and *PANK* and has a forthcoming publication in *lo-ball magazine*. Kingman has a master’s degree in music composition and often “can be heard banging his drums in a large shed in his backyard.”