

Probability

by Corey Zeller

1: The Zero Product Property states that if a multiplied by b equals zero, then zero must equal a or b . Thus, to prove this theory, multiply a and b divided by a . Use the broken chord theorem to crease the zero by disrupting the circular movement of the skewed line. As a model, flip a stray, unbalanced coin to measure the probability of return. What is the rate of return if all numbers originally related to a and b are perpendicular to zero?

2: Suppose a car crashes at a velocity of 25 miles per hour. After the wreck, the driver decides to try and make it home, dodging merging headlights like schools of blonde fractioning into failed deliveries and distances (D) tantamount with words like *dog track* or *jalopy*-- all traveling at a pace of 35 miles per hour through rain.

a) A tremolo of sparks wraps around the driver's flat tire, stenciling a circle per second as marled smoke rises from the hood of the crumpled wax paper Chevrolet. How many circles will have been drawn into the air in a mile radius?

b) Calculate how much rain will fall in the driver's lifetime with rain represented by R . Keep in mind how R once unbraided itself from the pines, ruffles of it crocheting through cracking bark like organza. A sound like fingers snapping the stems of peonies.

c) How many times is the night fractioned by R and D ?

3: In this sample space, use the stochastic process to scrutinize the loneliness unraveling like a maypole among worn, clapboard houses--the scrawny commotion of careening trees. On a slant axis, you're inhaling bar sounds, chintzy strips of moonlight, a boy throwing pebbles at a mural behind Joe's Pizza Shop. This subtracting of stone--inexact handshakes--the impression of a broken cheekbone on a woman's face. In 1987, a man mashed her teeth out against the steps of an apartment building in Buffalo, NY. Her teeth, like polished tali or crumbs disintegrating in the beaks of shorebirds.

a) What will be erased with the hours like the abrasion of a pumice stone rubbing over skin? Or that woman's hands, peeling plain patches of paint from a wall like make-up cracking in the shape of leaves--the graffiti of blossoms across a railway yard.

b) 6th street. An estuary of blustery, Midwestern dialect--complaints about the smoking ordinance--the flatbed of a truck full of gashed tires and an old, door-less oven with *Christ Lives* written on its side. Evening: a color like Hollywood cerise. Here, in a halfway house, you once danced with a girl--someone was screaming downstairs--she whispered, *AIDS*. What are the chances, 10 years later, you'd find a tooth embedded in wood?

c) Estimate: an escrow of lost stones, the frequency of hair strumming over shoulder blades, *R* multiplying *D*.

4: There is a train traveling through the countryside at a rate of 200 miles per hour. It is February, a burgeoning wind is heavy and keeping over acres of leveled grain--snow uncoiling like lace on a bride's dress--the loose ring fitting of a snaffle--a swollen stomach, hard as fieldstones. In another city, a train has stalled on the overpass. Below it, the passing voices of traffic fractured by the road beneath.

