

MC Frontalot

"80085"

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Last time I had a math class, there wasn't any internet
Invented yet. That isn't on the level but I'll try to
Pique your interest
With half-truths and lies.
As ever, MC Frontalot feigns innocence and denies.
I won't admit it. You can't make me say it:
That I dropped Calc B more than a year before Mosaic.
Oh no now it's out, now it's shouted from the
Balconies:
That Frontalot's about to be engaging in some
alchemy.
I'll turn a string of operands into some smut.
If that sort of thing's offensive to you keep eyes
Shut.
Or better yet, don't even enter, into calculator, song.
But if you're ready to be titillated, follow along.

Ready? Go. Eighty women went to the podiatrist.
Arrive: simultaneous. Soon the scene's riotous.
Nine just leave. Those in the difference persevere,
Packing up the lobby very tightly, domineered
By one Sally Gorey (that's her given name)
(Though her title is Reception) (and professional
Acclaim
Is due her) ('cause she did what needed doing). And
It's done:
She opened up the schedule, slotted every single one.
But, um... not many on a Friday afternoon!
All but an eighteenth of the women in the room
Had to vroom. For each remaining patient
X-rays were taken. Then the doctor took vacation.

Why was that vacation germane to the math?
'Cause of good data policy in the office and a vast
Abundance of caution on the part of our Sally:
Eight backups nightly, automated, and the tally
Only ever shrinking when manually deleted.
All of this occurring in the box behind reception so
She needed
A full backup of that box, noons.
These weren't incremental, so her server needs

Ballooned.

Who deserved to flee Duluth? The doctor was in Rio
For three work weeks and another Monday just to be so
Thoroughly relaxed upon return.
Have you gathered all the facts that you needed to
Discern?

Morning in the office, after vacatings:
Out of those belonging to the original 80 ladies.
How many digital toes were in images grand total?
Your evidence so far is largely anecdotal.
And you're keen to know if any had deformity. So icky!
Ten toes per customer; this puzzle: not that tricky.
Key in your calc. Check your seven-segment indicator.
Now add my eliteness. Notice that the sum is greater
Than expected. You still have to subtract
Two for a pair of things Sally has that I lack.
I warned you it was kind of immature; I wasn't skirting
The issue.
Still you snicker at the calculator. "Dirty! I need a
Tissue."

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