

π

2022



$\pi + 1$ Day Celebration

Thursday, April 14, 2022 (4.14)

1:00 PM – 2:00 PM

Main 612

Chi Omega Lambda Induction
(Biochemistry and Molecular Biology Honor Society)

Pi Day Contest Reading

Awarding of Prizes

Reception to follow: Pie and Coffee

Student Entries

* Error

3.1415926535

But I can't, I could initially,
it scared their dog again!

Ryan Holt (11 digits)

Can I make a major logarithm
in desmos?

Erin Karns (8 digits)

Pie, a food.

A sweet, discoidal, in circle.

There, the first disquiet, suspicion.

Fortune? Congruity?

Yet no, it's accident?

Thus, having pi, eating one's pie too.

Geometry, you so sweetly, cloyingly,

court temptation.

Joshua Wessler (33 digits)

Brighter Than a Thousand Suns

by Mark Alberto McKnight

Air.

A burn.

A white explosive so bright; white sun ivory eyesight emptiness, Rothko's emptiness,
and he saw bleached suns carved in- *burned* into his eye.
Silently, all in Anatoli Bugorski's brain.

Researcher in Protvino.
Bugorski woke.
A temperate morning.
A simple breakfast.
Egg scrambled.
Communist ham.
'Seventy Eight.

A physicist's labor - Bugorski, he discovered particles' violent cost: *Invisible, zero pain.*
Toxic roentgens in his encephalon induced seizures.
A cosmic beam barbecuing dreams.

An ordinary breath.
An unmerciful personal Chernobyl.

Invisible particle debris, so absently weightless, yet near infinite in power.

His mind is a...

A singing starstruck violin playing beautiful melodies in a cage, poisoned, irradiated...
accursed.

"Soviet Union", a way to nickname an old loneliness.

Golden heaven king.

Scarlet saccharine secretary man.

Brezhnev.

Cold fire vodkas gracefully swallowed under faint buttermilk light.
Bugorski at an inn.
A strange... an *empty* bar.
Smoky cigarette...
Beef stroganoff unwanted...

"I am possible..!" says Bugorski.
"I- I- I- picture blue skies. Wilderness. An eternity with a brilliance!"

He inhales feverishly.

A stillness.

He's coughing blood in a... a tablecloth.
Again, death comes beckoning.
August will come, surely...

It is beautiful here,

Bugorski concludes, whose mind remembers the brightness.

(196 digits!)

How I wish I could recognize it.

Trying every day, never learning. Quickened proposal*
reactions try to pin strength onto lovers in untrue lust,
but the pleasure she is feeling currently never culminates in
goodness.

Optimism isn't a piggybank friends!

I should emphasize the blazingly prominent tie between
doing a hypnotized dance,

**symbolized by delicate ceremony,

with a different influence*,

a social framework set outwardly.

Violet de Besche (64 digits)

**from here repeats digits 33-45 (0 2 8 8 4 1 9 7 1 6 9 3 9)

Faculty, Staff,
Relatives, and Friends

"Pi Poem, with apologies to
Rodgers and Hammerstein"

Doe! A deer, a girly herbivore!

Re! Yellow shiny sun above!

(Lyricists*, disgusted, rethink overtures.)

Mary Brown (15 digits)

“Hey, I love a steak,”
announced ex vegans.

Katie Langan (8 digits)

All I want 2 study, naturally,
is pre-med stuff!

Why would somebody undertake another
endeavour?

Bio is the greatest!

Chem divine!

My friend says, “You are demented!”

But he commits egregious error.

Chemistry’s my jam(boree)!

Biology’s cool!

I celebrate physics!

I gladly persevere.

Ale Leri (43 digits)

God. I find a Trump President so creepy scary and awful although sometimes another simpleton was as bad.

David Linton (18 digits)

Get a mask! I count ceaseless, no
horrid, pleas I've sadly executed
willingly. Heeding physician, and
so too, pharmacy fiat, masked we
remain lest the bug pollutes any in
current proximity.

Robin Nackman (31 digits)

Pi Day Contest.

by Roger Danforth

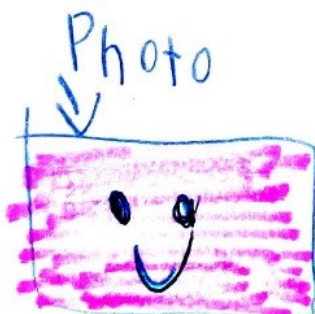
3.14159265359

3 Three Mexican boys arrive exhausted at the river
Point Point at the other side, and dream.... Just
1 One thousand feet from freedom and an uncertain (better?) life
4 For them. The journey has been dangerous and hard --
1 One cousin lost his nerve and was left behind – the others pressed on.
5 Five hundred miles, and six hundred dollars ago, they began, crammed among
9 Nine strangers, hidden in the dark, in the back of a truck – no air, little water,
2 Too poor to complain, but too desperate not to try....
6 Sick, scared and shivering, now they wait in the reeds for darkness at
5 5 pm, for winter's fading sun to give them the cover of darkness before the
3 Three of them wade into the water, the other shore coming ever closer, now only
5 Five hundred feet from the other side -- when suddenly! cars, bright lights, spotlights and
9 Nine men in uniform, with guns and barking dogs, shouting, waiting....

Is this how it will end? No, there is no end. It goes on and on, eternally.....

Mariette Leri Arguin (Age 6, 11 digits)

How a cats I
reads, something
to Photos books
are Photo,



Mariette
Leri Arguin

