121 B Pleasant Street SW
Vienna, Virginia 22180
P: 703.242.4401
F: 703.242.4403
Bahram@thenoblearchitect.com

The Noble Architect Foundation

Conversations with My Daughter
You torment me…

Unknown date and time

Dad: I am furious.
T: What is furious?
Dad: One step above mad. Go get the camera and take a picture of me! I want you to remember how I look now! I, also, want you to save this picture and show it to your children. I want you to gather your children around and show them this picture…
Interrupts.
T: When?
Dad: When you have children, grand children and great grand children.
T: How old am I going to be when I have children and grand children…
I interrupt.
Dad: When you're one-hundred-years or older
T: How old are you going to be?
Dad: No more questions. Just listen - please! And, I would like you to show them this picture and tell them: "this is how my dad looked when I tormented him!"
T: You're so funny dad.
Dad: I'm serious. I wish you just did what you're supposed to do. So I can get some work done when you're doing your work.
T: But, you like my music.
Dad: Of course I do. I love your music and you know it. What I don't like is when you stop after each song to ask my opinion. I wish you practiced an hour before you stopped to ask me if I liked it.
T: But, I want to play for you.
Dad: Wait a minute. Your songs are 30 seconds long, and you rush through them, then you stop and say: how was it dad? I wish you practiced for an hour before you played for me. I want you to get deep into playing and forget how time passes.
T: You mean I play for you like when I play for the recital?
Dad: No! No! I don't want a recital. I want the true, consistent practice. Remember Ms. L said she used to practice for hours at a time.
T: How old was she?
Dad: I don't know, honey! What difference does that make?
T: Well, dad, I'm only 6.
Dad: Remember that TV clip I showed you; the 6-year-old who played…
T: I do! good for him! Dad how old are you going to be when I'm 100?
Dad: I won't be around.
T: You mean dead? Oh, that's so sad!
Dad: I'll be 138. Now, that's sad! They put me in the museum; I'll be on display!
Chuckles.
T: I wish you never die. I wish no one ever died.
Dad: What good is world with bunch of thousand–year-old people?
T: Million-year-olds.
Dad: Right! Actually, if no one ever died, the world would be filled with infinite-year-old men and women.
T: Right! I would see my great great-great-great- great
I interrupt
Dad: Got it! You would get to meet all your grandparents that ever lived.
T: Dad, What is the number before infinity?

Dad: Infinity minus one! If you take one out of infinity it's still infinity. And if you add one to infinity it's still infinity. That's how infinity works.

T: I mean what is it called? You know we have million, billion, zillion…

I interrupt

Dad: We don't have zillion; the zillion is not a number.

T: Oh. I know what comes after billion! Trillion!

Dad: Right!

T: Then, quadrillion.

Dad: What comes after quadrillion?

T: Cinquillion?

Dad: Quintillion!

Dad: How do you know that? Did you learn it at school? I don't remember us talking about this.

T: It's like Spanish dad!

Dad: Latin! It's Latin.

T: I know; you said their similar.

Dad: What comes after quintillion?

T: Seistillion?

Dad: Sextillion. Close! Very good!

T: And is it sieteillion?

Dad: Very close; it's septillion. Your concept is right. You are amazing!

T: Dad, why it's not heptillion? Like heptagon?

Dad: I don't know. I would have called it heptillion if it were up to me! But it is septillion. What comes after septillion.?

T: Dad, do we have a pentillion? Like the Pentagon?

Dad: No we don't. It does not follow the same logic. Even the numbers of zeros don't match the naming convention of the system. If you like numbers you just have to memorize these numbers.

T: I know what comes after septillion; Octillion.

Dad: Exactly! Then Nonillion, Decillion, Undecillion… and I don't remember many more. But, I know the last one though! Centillion! But I must tell you I had no Idea you could figure them out on your own. I have a book, somewhere; it has the name for all these numbers. Of course, you can look them up on the internet too.

T: My internet does not go anywhere dad. Remember? You disconnected me.

Dad: I did not disconnect you. I limited your access. You seem to spend an awful amount of time with your limited access, still! Don't you?

T: I guess!

Dad: Enough of that! Plus, it was your own fault. You were on EBay, remember?

T: I was looking for a trunk and a bed for Samantha!

Dad: On EBay!

T: Dad, How about the infinity?

Dad: How about it sweetie?

T: How many zeros does infinity have?

Dad: It's a one with infinite number of zeros.

T: What comes after infinity?

Dad: Infinity plus one.

T: Wow!

Sits silent for about 30 seconds

Dad: What are you thinking about?

T: Dad, tell me a hard problem.

Dad: What is 27 plus 48?

T: Not that! A hard problem like; what is a billion plus a billion?

Dad: How is that a hard problem?

T: Billion, billion - get it?

Dad: So, what is the answer?

T: Two billions.

Dad: Using big numbers does not make the problem more difficult – not always. What is 27 plus 48?

T: That's easy – 48, 49, 50…

Dad: Without using your fingers!

T: Oh, we don't know two numbers; we only know one numbers.

Dad: But you just added ten numbers (billion.)

T: That was easy. One plus one is two carry the billion!

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