

# $\int$ *Integral* $gx$

*The beauty beneath the curve*

By dejon

He who wieldth the integral doth become a vessel for the crown's betterment. The sign adjacent to the apothecary's workshop. engraved beneath it bared a warning "the blade of damnation. No soldier hath returned hath wildeth it"

Thorfinn lingered before it the scent of coal and quenching oil thick in the damp air. Thorfinn was not noble by birth, but a labourer turned militiaman his hand calloused both forge and filed. He hath spoiled the Throckmorton ploy which givest thy the title of gentleman. Now by royal decree our gentlemen rode with Sir Francis's drake to hold the Scottish boarder.

"If ye would see a true blade lad "a towering figure imposed himself from the shadows of smiths' Black smiths his, "step down to the anvil!" His voice carried the smug certainty of a man who spent years in forgery.

"How much for a soldiers steel?" Thorfinn asked

"Two shillings buys the finest pair of daggers in the land" the smiths replied, striking a glance at the poster by the apothecary "But the integral ... that is not sold here. It is inherent. The burden of our traditional stained by the blood of every person who perished wielding the integral" sombre expression stained the blacksmiths face

"Young lad if your part of the militia you best get going to the royal meeting "the black smiths advised.

Thorfin darts to the palace and arrives to hear Queen Elizabeth exclaim "as many you are aware my cousin marry is not the fondest of me on the throne" Her glaze darts across the hall as sharp as a compass. On a velvet cushion adjacent to her lay rested the integral: not a blade of iron, but a slender blade bar of etched silver and pure metal. Its surface screamed as the lost souls cried out silently suffering.

The Queen continued "As tradition precedes, I must entrust the integral to one of proven mettle ". The queen said sternly while her eyes pranced around the palace.

"Sir Francis Drake, I commit it into your noble hands "

Drake stepped with a sinister smirk; chin raised and took the weapon as clamping a birth right. And Boldy proclaims, "Men! 30 minutes then we ride to Scotland!"

Thorfinn rushed back to the Black smiths to collect his daggers. Born of fire and ash Thorfinn daggers were hot and ready for war. However, something was peculiar. He had spotted sir drake in a zone typically comprised of labourers, "sir drake "he called out with a bemused expression. "What brings you here "he followed.

Whilst whipping the blood of his knuckle's sir drake replied in a monotonous tone "Had to collect the debt "

Thorfinn's usually whimsical expression faded as he noticed a Besmirched older labourer which the blood trail led to.

Sir Drake spots Thorfinn's grimace in reaction he proclaims "put on a brave face lad how else was I going to cover the booze for our trip "

Thorfinn muttered under his breathe "I only drink moomoo milk "

Sir Drake builds," You should be excited I am the wielder of the integral I shall concur all the seven sea "

"No man hath widelth the integral hath lived to tell the tale "Thorfinn murmured

Drakes sinister smirk returned "The I am unlike another man I am stronger; I am richer < I am better "He proclaimed Boldy.

The march north was a tapestry of moorland and mist heather, and earth Drake chose a wide path for their journey and announced he would set up camp parallel to the Scottish boarder "we shall make our steed here "He announced

"Ambush "a scout cried before a fleeted arrow pierced his throat.

Chaos erupted Drake charged in with the integral grasped gleaming in his grip. But the enemy was no mere boarder raider but a hulking mercenary clad in curved chainmail armour accompanied by a hammer "is this meant to startle me "the man chuckled and with a brutal swing spilt drakes guard the integral fell into the moor land stones. Drake fell tell his knees severally wounded.

“Sir drake!” Thorfinn lunged forward driving his dagger into the foe's chainmail armour. The dagger cracked.” Puny blade for a puny man” the mercenary sneered

Desperation Thorfinn seizes the integral off the floor the muds-stained blade grew as Thorfinn went to strike the advisory. The integral Hooked upper and lower parts of the advisory.

“Bound set. Begin the sum”

The words were not his own They echoed from the blade itself.

Sounds like several trumpets ripped through the blade.

Light poured from the edge – not fire but it swept away mercenary.

Thorfinn saw it: a wavy line tracing the fabric of this man's existences and beneath it countless Infinitesimal strips – each deed, a choice a moment. The integral carved the man strip by strip, moment by moment, from birth to that instant. The Area of Judgement was desired.

“Avarice. Wrath. The Heart-posture of a felon “

Beneath the curve of his days, every broketh oath, every cut short accumulated into a dark, towering area. The light did not strike him down; it revealed him. His own sins became his weight. And Bartholow James suffocated under the weight of his sins.

Thorfinn stood trembling the Integral humming softly in his hand. He understood now. The blade did not cut flesh it cut through pretence. It measured the area beneath the curve of a man's life adding up every Infinitesimal action, and judgement followed not from the blade, but from soul's own reckoning “integration “he whispered,” reveal what we are truly are beneath the curves of our armour”

Month, hence, word arrived like thunder across the realm the Spanish armada approached a forest of mask upon the channel the integral is now within Thorfinn possession weigh heavy not with, but with revelation.

The English fleet led by drakes' ships met the Spanish galleons off Plymouth cannon roared and the sea churned with smoke and splintered wood Thorfinn stood upon the deck of the revenge the integral gripped tight as the Spanish ships loomed.

“Board them” drake commanded show them English steel

But Thorfinn has spent month watching the integral. He stepped to the bow, raised the integral “from first breathe to this very instant integrate “

Them beam swept across the Spanish decks and Thorfinn saw it again this time he understood

Each sailor life was a thread rising and family with years Beneath each thread the limits spilt into countless Infinitesimal pieces a boy sharing his bread, a lie told to a captain a prayer whispered in the ark. Each piece was side by side strip by strip moment by moment from the lower bound of birth to the upper bound of that moment all acuminated an area formed shape of a man’s character.

Thorfinn turned the Blade towards his own crew the light revealed them too. Fishermen who had pulled strangers from the tide. Boys who had stolen flower returns. Soldiers who had spared foes.

“The integral doth not differentiate Englishmen and Spaniard!” Thorfinn voice carried over the smote spray “it only reveals only shape of character behind the curve of our armour every fleeting choice every hidden moment and adds them together begin to end a good man ---”

“A good man wins me this battle” Drake cried after being agitated by Thorfinn's speech Thorfinn's unleashes the integral upon sir drake

“Limits Set”

“Commence Judgement “

Theft, cruelty most abhorrently assault on an older gentleman.

“What is the feeling!” Drake called out in agony

The weight of all his sin pushed him into English Channel. As the judgment the finite region was revealed. The weight of all sins submerged him under the English Channel into Davey Jones locker. The sea hand dominion over thy.

The Spanish commander Don Sergio covered his sword. The English captains hesitated

“What is sorcery is this?” Sergio cried

“No sorcery” Thorfinn replied “Reckoning. The integral measure the shape of the area within a man's character beneath the path. That is the true edge not to cut flesh but to reveal the sum of individual areas”

After hearing this empathic speech Sergio looked at his men then back at Thorfinn and commanded “cease fire!”

The battle did not end in total victory or defeat, but in something rarer mutual recognition and respect ships disengaged. Wounded were tended on both sides the armada turned home.

And thus, the integrals final lesson was learned to integrate is to take a changing path, divide it into infinitely small pieces, and add them all together between two boundaries. The results is not a single moment, but the complete occurs culmination true shape which lies beneath.

# **Appendix**

I believe that we are underestimating our younger people to grasp Mathematical concept. By illustrating mathematical concepts like my favourite integration into storytelling, we allow more young people to experience the joys of mathematics

Thank you for reading