

For years, my school life was filled with a great enmity towards it, and I was always known as one of the students with a low level in it. I was often humiliated for not loving it, and I hated it, yes, I hated mathematics. This is a major theme in my life. Everyone knows that wherever Aya appears, they keep her away from that thing called mathematics. I saw that beast in the iron gates of the Roman arena, and all its fans cheered from their seats, while I was supposed to fight that beast without even holding a dagger. When I shouted to them, "What's the solution?" the crowd replied, "With love? With love? Fight a three-headed beast with love?" I closed my eyes and opened them, finding myself on a leaky ship, almost sinking for no reason. When I looked at the dark, terrifying ocean, I saw something huge rising higher and higher until it was taller than the ship. It turned out to be the hand of a giant,

monstrous octopus with no mercy, and I saw some of the pirates cheering on this competition. Guess my role? Yes, I was the one to fight it with a small slingshot. When I asked them, losing my temper and shouting with all my strength, "How?" the answer, in all its foolishness, was: "With love!" Yes, dear reader, I may have gone too far with my emotions, but they deserved what I did to them. Is love a strong enough tool to fight? Why don't they fight instead of me? I closed my eyes and opened them, finding myself in a large cave, dark, full of bats and whispering sounds. I listened to a loud roar in the cave, losing my balance, trying to stand and move forward, almost falling down the cliff, realizing I was at the edge of an abyss. On the other side was dry land, but between us was a huge slope, and it was not just a slope; perhaps it was a point connected to the depth of the Earth. At least, it was the deepest thing my eyes had ever seen. And in those terrifying

moments, I felt foul breaths approaching my face. What was it? Surely... A hellish dragon! I saw something with my eyes. It wanted nothing in life but to tear me into pieces. And on the opposite edge, I saw some bodies. For each of them, yes. It was the crowd. These irritating people, and I didn't even ask them what to do. They said in unison: "It is love, it is love." With love, and only with love, I threw myself from that cliff—not just out of fear of the dragon but as a reaction to their foolishness.

Perhaps one who reads may think it's a wonderful fantasy, and how much I love it, but the truth is, it is not. It is the truth, dear reader. I see mathematics this way: always as that three-headed beast, the giant terrifying octopus, and the dragon created only for destruction. All of this was represented by my school friends, our teachers, the subject, and everyone in my life. And the answer was love.

How could love possibly mend that deep

fracture? I stood for a moment, away from the Roman arena, on land far from the ocean, and stepped out of that cave, breathing in the fresh air. I saw a beautiful, simple sparrow. I examined its head; it was harmonious with its beak. How much it resembled a circle, touched by tangents meeting at the tip of its beak. And when it opened its tiny mouth, the angle between its beak and its closed mouth shifted.

Wait... is this love? Yes. Perhaps, perhaps I had succeeded in finding that triangle with love. Perhaps if I loved the sparrow, I would see its beauty. If I loved the beast, perhaps it would not kill me. If I loved the octopus, maybe it would only extend its hand and not intend to sink the ship. If I faced the dragon, perhaps it would strike my face but not mean harm. And if I loved mathematics, perhaps I would see its beauty in life. I now realize, as I write these words, that perhaps... perhaps it does not want to kill me. Perhaps it wants to

embrace me. Perhaps it wants to give me some love. No, it is not mathematics itself but the way it is taught and presented.