

Empirical Data



Little Edna was *so* exasperated! She'd gone to great pains to carefully spice up her Aunt Ermintrude's stew with a deadly blend of anthrax, sarin, and cyanide. But now, a whole hour later, not one single person at the supper table had keeled over! Uncle Bruno on her right was already on his second helping of Rangoon Stammel Pie, and except for an occasional bout of flatulence – certainly nothing unusual – he seemed as hale as ever. Oh, she had nothing against any of the hearty trenchermen there, but the deadline for her sixth grade science project was fast approaching and she needed some good, hard, empirical data *now!* Little Edna toyed with the idea of barricading the front door and then setting fire to the house, but no matter how she skewed those results, they would be way outside the parameters of her project. So, she sat and – unlike the microbial growths in her experiment's nutrient environment – stewed.