

A HALLOWEEN STATS FRIGHT

The air was thick with eerie fright,
Four friends emerged, on Halloween night.
Their mission clear, their spirits bold,
To solve data puzzles, and stories untold.

They met a zombie first, with a mournful moan,
"My brain weights are scattered, my data unknown!"
He had a list of measurements, in grams so grim,
The smallest brain weighed a mere 200, a ghostly whim.
The largest brain, a whopping 1000, filled with dread,
"What is the range of these weights?" the zombie said.



In a hidden, moonlit glade, a wise old owl named Hootie
Had gathered shiny trinkets, each with secrets to compute.
"Fifty treasures I possess," he hooted with a grin,
"Their value measured in gold coins, a fortune to begin."
The median value, he proclaimed, was fifty coins so bright,
The lower quartile held treasures worth thirty, a curious sight.
"But how many trinkets," he asked, with a twinkle in his eye,
"Lie between the lower and upper quartiles, reaching for the sky?"



Then a vampire emerged, with a thirst for data deep,
"I've counted my victims," he hissed, "while you were asleep."
He had a stem-and-leaf plot, a chilling, ghastly scene,
With values like 1 | 2 meaning twelve, so keen.
The plot read: 1 | 2 3 4, 2 | 0 5 5 5, 3 | 1 1 8, a dreadful sight,
"What's the mean of this count?" he asked, in the pale moonlight.
His fangs gleamed sharp, a challenge posed, in the darkened town,
Can you solve his riddle, before the sun comes down?

A werewolf howled in the distance, his eyes gleaming bright,
"I've measured the number of howls each night!"
The median number of howls was a chilling 10, a haunting sight,
While the mean echoed at 20, under the moon's pale light.
"Is my data skewed left or right?" he asked, a furry fright.

The witch stirred her cauldron, with a cackle and a shout,
"My potion now has a standard deviation of 5, there is no doubt!"
The variance was calculated, a statistical feat,
"What is the variance of this potion so sweet?" she asked with a treat.

They encountered a ghoul with a bell curve, so grand,
Measuring fright levels, across the land.
The mean fright level was 60, with a standard deviation of 10, quite high,
"What proportion of kids have a fright level below 70?" he asked with a sigh.

Then they met a mummy, wrapped in fear,
"I've measured the lengths of my bandages, dear!"
The average length was 20 meters, long and thin,
With a standard deviation of 5, a spooky spin.
He held a bandage 30 meters long, a creepy sight,
"What is the z-score for this bandage, in the pale moonlight?"



A ghostly voice then whispered, from a nearby crypt,
"I've measured the coldness of souls, as they've slipped."
These temperatures followed a normal distribution, it was said,
With a mean of 0 degrees and a standard deviation of 5, chilling dread.
"What temperature represents the 90th percentile, where souls are misled?"



Finally, they found a skeleton, rattling with glee,
"I've counted my bones, come and see!"
He had 150 bones, with a mean length of 10 centimeters, quite a sight,
But then he sneezed, and a bone flew off, into the night!
This lost bone measured 8 centimeters, a skeletal plight,
"What is my new mean bone length?" he asked, in the fading light.

With puzzles all solved, and data well in sight,
The friends went home, before the stroke of midnight.
They'd faced the night's challenges, with bravery and wit,
A Halloween adventure, they'd never forget!