

3.14159265358
97932384626
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7816406
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109756659

[Prologue]

Colonel Shanks, pilot of the first manned flight to Mars, unfortunately met with disaster. Knowing he could not survive the radioactivity left over from a Martian nuclear war, he wrote the report which follows. Being a very mathematical person, however, he embellished it with a very special mathematical characteristic. What is it ?

[Text]

For a time I tried exploring in gloomy shade. The thick darkness descended quickly. Tenseness lay in the twilight. Many groups of lights made the sky brighter and of lucidly patterned stars ; my interest overcame fear. I carefully entered a nearby structure.

The building signified the Martian dream. I, while dreading it, proceeded forward with slackened rate. Mars night continued to wax, growing peaceful. I slowed then, calmly.

My locators sensed it, remotely vibrating. Discarded machines

sprang to activity, the tone hypnotic. It began its tale of remorseless dangers, glibly. Martian spokesmen narrated of a time primeval ; wondrous things there I saw. To remember is sad ; unique shards have endured.

"Passivity has stricken Mars. None listen, including civic heads ; death advances on. To set a bulwark is among all other declining hope."

External transmitters suddenly sent warnings. I frantically pursued that sound, in solitude. Upon recovering my bearing, I disclosed the memorial there.

On a photograph light shone. Words inscribed hereon soon gave detail to me regarding Mars. Whatever conquered dealt very strangely too; the evidence I disclosed proved this.

Mars is entirely deserted.

Sedateness presently arrives while calmly coming death overtakes.

Keith I = P. Ar., 276 - 277

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