

your number-theoretical entertainment has been a perfect antidote to my usual tossing and turning. And who knows—perhaps I may even be able to go to sleep tonight. As a token of my gratitude, Mr. T, I would like to present you with a special gift.

*Tortoise:* Oh, don't be silly, Achilles.

*Achilles:* It is my pleasure, Mr. T. Go over to that dresser; on it, you will see an Asian box.

*(The Tortoise moseys over to Achilles' dresser.)*

*Tortoise:* You don't mean this very gold Asian box, do you?

*Achilles:* That's the one. Please accept it, Mr. T, with my warmest compliments.

*Tortoise:* Thank you very much indeed, Achilles. Hmm . . . Why are all these mathematicians' names engraved on the top? What a curious list:

D e M o r g a n  
A b e l  
B o o l e  
B r o u w e r  
S i e r p i ń s k i  
W e i e r s t r a s s

*Achilles:* I believe it is supposed to be a Complete List of All Great Mathematicians. What I haven't been able to figure out is why the letters running down the diagonal are so much bolder.

*Tortoise:* At the bottom it says, "Subtract 1 from the diagonal, to find Bach in Leipzig".

*Achilles:* I saw that, but I couldn't make head or tail of it. Say, how about a shot of excellent whiskey? I happen to have some in that decanter on my shelf.

*Tortoise:* No, thanks. I'm too tired. I'm just going to head home. *(Casually, he opens the box.)* Say, wait a moment, Achilles—there are one hundred Louis d'or in here!

*Achilles:* I would be most pleased if you would accept them, Mr. T.

*Tortoise:* But—but—

*Achilles:* No objections, now. The box, the gold—they're yours. And thank you for an evening without parallel.

*Tortoise:* Now whatever has come over you, Achilles? Well, thank you for your outstandig generosity, and I hope you have sweet dreams about the strange Golbach Conjecture, and its Variation. Good night.

*(And he picks up the very gold Asian box filled with the one hundred Louis d'or, and walks towards the door. As he is about to leave, there is a loud knock.)*

Who could be knocking at this ungodly hour, Achilles?

*Achilles:* I haven't the foggiest idea. It seems suspicious to me. Why don't you go hide behind the dresser, in case there's any funny business.