



It was quite friendly though, once I started talking to it.



ANTI-LOGARITHMS



Exercise 7b*



I played with the thing for most of the afternoon. It was great fun, yet I couldn't help feeling that something wasn't quite right.

As the hours slouched by, it seemed less and less likely that anybody was coming to take the thing home. There was no denying the unhappy truth of the situation. It was lost.