

Phantom From Space

Major: You were right Doctor. There are no fingerprints anywhere.

Scientist: What's all this?

Doctor: Hey, don't touch anything.

Major: You'd better put some gloves on

Doctor: Our friend Mr X left this suit at the oil refinery

Scientist: You mean you were that close to him and you didn't catch him?

Doctor: I'm afraid so. It's up to the police now. Hand me those shears. I want to cut up this material to work with it... You'd better have those sharpened.

Scientist: But I just bought them.

Doctor: Well then.

Major: Here, try this knife.

Doctor: That still won't cut.

Major: Let me try. This stuff is tougher than nylon. Why don't I try it over a Bunsen burner?... It doesn't burn either. Let's take a look at it under the microscope.

Scientist: Look, it's magnetic

Doctor: Magnetic?

Scientist: (*Fetches microscope*) Here.

Doctor: But apparently indestructible.

Major: Thank you. (*Looks through microscope*)

Doctor: What's the matter?

Major: You tell me. Take a look at that weave.

Doctor: What weave? There is none. This material is one solid mass.

Scientist: May I see it? Why, you're right. It must be some sort of plastic.

Doctor: No, I'd say it's a metallic substance of some kind.

Major: Well, I've seen a lot of interesting alloys but never anything like this. Let's try an acid test.

Scientist: All right.

Doctor: Go ahead. Careful now. It'll only take a drop or two... It repels acid like a raincoat repels water.

Scientist: Why, there's no reaction.

Doctor: Well, Major. This looks as though we are going to be here for a long time.

Doctor: Now we have it. The helmet is not radioactive. The suit is. There is no doubt. This space suit is conditioned to function above 63,000 feet where human blood would boil resulting in the body expanding to twice its size, and death of course.

Major: I know. And it must withstand pressure and counter pressure. Also it must be so supercharged it can function in thin atmosphere.

Doctor: Now let's see what is left of this breathing apparatus. Well, how are you doing?

Scientist: The gas from the helmet tank breaks down to eleven percent methane

Doctor: Ordinary marsh gas? What's the rest of the formula?

Scientist: Oh that's where I'm stuck. I can't figure it out. It just doesn't respond to any of the usual tests.

Major: Well, how could anyone exist on that combination of gasses?

Doctor: You and I couldn't, but apparently someone can.

Major: Doctor, are you trying to say that our X man doesn't breathe oxygen and hasn't the metabolism of a normal human?

Doctor: I really don't know. From what we've seen, he has some physical characteristics which make him appear human. I am puzzled.

http://www.archive.org/details/Phantom_From_Space