

**SBCC26: D-LLAMA Instructions**  
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**Clarifications highlighted in green**

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## Guidelines

For each task, teams will run a short, long, and leaderboard prompt and report the tokens/s throughput. The performance on short and long prompts will be evaluated internally, while the performance on the leaderboard prompt will be evaluated in comparison to the leaderboard consisting of all the teams that submit. For all submissions, please set `--temperature 0` and `--seed 10042026`.

### Task 1: Llama 3.1 8B Instruct Q40 (base model)

Teams will benchmark the Llama 3.1 8B Instruct Q40 model on provided prompts using the `llama inference` mode, with `3 worker nodes` (4 nodes total), `2 threads per node`, and a `maximum sequence length of 4096`. For this task, teams must use the Llama 3.1 8B Instruct Q40 model and tokenizer provided in the Distributed Llama repository with `no changes to the source code`. The results from this task will also serve as a baseline for Task 3.

**For the leaderboard prompt, you can change the maximum sequence length to the number of steps.**

### Task 2: Qwen 3 8B Q40 (base model)

Teams will benchmark the Qwen 3 8B Q40 model on provided prompts using the `llama inference` mode, with `3 worker nodes` (4 nodes total). For this task, teams must use the Qwen 3 8B Q40 model and tokenizer provided in the Distributed Llama repository with no changes to the source code; however, teams are allowed to change thread count, maximum sequence length, and other runtime parameters as long as the `model, tokenizer, and source code remain unchanged`.

### Task 3: Llama 3.1 8B Instruct Q40 (optimized)

Teams will benchmark the Llama 3.1 8B Instruct Q40 model on the provided prompts. For this task, teams are encouraged to explore possible optimization (such as modifications to the DLLAMA source code, alternative inference engines, or software/hardware advantages). Model throughput in this task will be evaluated in comparison to the teams' results in Task 1. For the leaderboard results, multi-node runs are preferred and will be weighted accordingly.

Teams were required to submit code for this task (ex. a fork of the source code repository) prior to the start of benchmarking, with well-documented changes and explanations of the optimizations made. The teams' effort and approach to optimization will be taken into account during scoring.

## Grading

- Task 1: 20%
  - Short prompt: 6% (completion)
  - Long prompt: 6% (completion)
  - Leaderboard prompt: 4% (completion) + 4% (Task 1 leaderboard)
- Task 2: 30%
  - Short prompt: 11% (completion)
  - Long prompt: 11% (completion)
  - Leaderboard prompt: 4% (completion) + 4% (Task 2 leaderboard)
- Task 3: 50%
  - Short prompt: 11% (improvement relative to Task 1)
  - Long prompt: 11% (improvement relative to Task 1)
  - Leaderboard prompt: 4% (completion) + 4% (Task 3 leaderboard)
  - Optimization strategy: 20%
    - Factors in consideration: approach to optimization, effort, code documentation

Teams that have not submitted the repository for task 3 will not receive points for task 3.

## Submission Instructions

For each task and prompt, teams need to submit:

- the D-LLAMA root node's standard output as the file `output.txt`,
- the command they used to run D-LLAMA in the file `run.sh` (note: `run.sh` must contain the `dllama inference` command for tasks 1 and 2), and
- timestamps with the beginning and end of the D-LLAMA run in the file `timestamps.txt`.

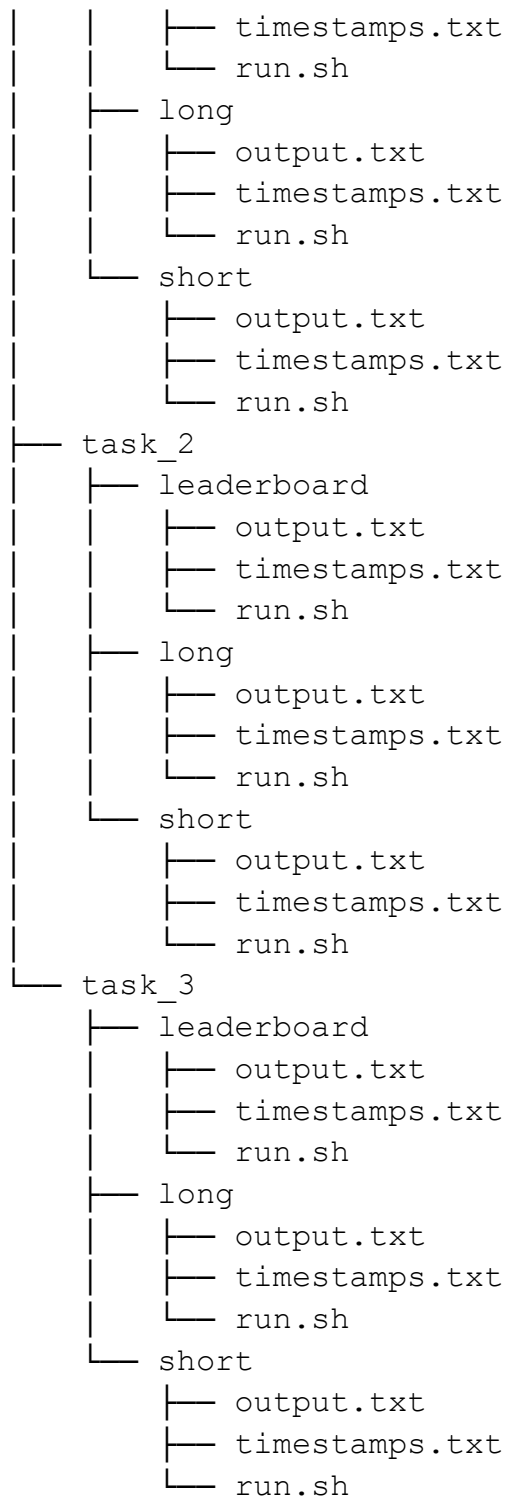
Timestamps should be recorded with the following command:

```
TZ="America/Los_Angeles" date >> timestamps.txt
```

Any other scripts that are also used in the process of generating the submission (e.g. Slurm scripts, automated run pipelines) should also be submitted.

Teams will upload a tarball titled `dllama.tar` containing their submission to the shared Google Drive folder. The expected directory structure for the submission is as follows:

```
.
├── task_1
│   ├── leaderboard
│   └── output.txt
```



## Prompts

Short prompt (run for 975 steps):

Cellular respiration is a set of metabolic pathways that allow cells to convert energy stored in organic molecules into ATP. In eukaryotic cells, these processes occur in different cellular compartments and are tightly regulated based on environmental conditions. A team of researchers is investigating how oxygen availability affects ATP production and metabolic pathway usage in cultured animal cells. The researchers grow identical populations of cells under two different conditions: Condition 1 (Aerobic): Cells are supplied with abundant oxygen. Condition 2 (Anaerobic): Cells are deprived of oxygen. The researchers measure ATP production, levels of metabolic intermediates, and enzyme activity over time. Their observations include the following: Under aerobic conditions, cells produce large amounts of ATP and show high activity of enzymes involved in the citric acid cycle and oxidative phosphorylation. Under anaerobic conditions, cells produce significantly less ATP overall. However, glycolysis rates increase, and lactate accumulates in the cells. The researchers observe that NAD<sup>+</sup> levels decrease initially under anaerobic conditions but are later restored as lactate production increases. In a third experimental setup, the researchers add a chemical inhibitor that blocks the electron transport chain in cells that are otherwise supplied with oxygen. These cells show similar metabolic patterns to anaerobic cells. (a) Describe the role of oxygen in cellular respiration. Include its function in the electron transport chain. (b) Explain why ATP production is lower under anaerobic conditions compared to aerobic conditions. (c) Describe how cells are able to continue producing ATP in the absence of oxygen. Include the role of NAD<sup>+</sup>. (d) Explain why lactate accumulates in cells under anaerobic conditions. (e) Using the observations from the inhibitor experiment, explain why blocking the electron transport chain leads to similar effects as oxygen deprivation. (f) Predict how the activity of the enzyme phosphofructokinase (PFK), a key regulatory enzyme in glycolysis, would change under anaerobic conditions.

Long prompt (run for 4000 steps):

Answer the question based on the given passages. Only give me the answer and do not output any other words.

The following are given passages.

Passage 1:

Band-e Amir National Park

Band-e Amir National Park (Persian: \u0628\u0646\u062f\u0627\u0645\u06cc\u0631) Afghanistan established its first national park on April 22, 2009, to promote and protect the natural beauty of a series of intensely blue lakes created by natural dams high in the Hindu Kush. Band-e-Amir is a chain of six lakes in the mountainous desert of central Afghanistan. The lakes formed from mineral-rich water that seeped out of faults and cracks in the rocky landscape. Over time, the water deposited layers of hardened mineral (travertine) that built up into walls that now contain the water. According to the Wildlife Conservation Society, who helped the Afghan government set up the park, Band-e-Amir is one of the few travertine systems in the world. They were created by the carbon dioxide rich water oozing out of the faults and fractures to deposit calcium carbonate precipitate in the form of travertine walls that today store the water of these lakes. Band-e Amir is one of the few rare natural lakes in the world which are created by travertine systems. The site of Band-e Amir has been described as Afghanistan's Grand Canyon, and draws thousands of tourists a year. The river is part of the system of the Balkh River.

History

The name Band-e Amir literally means "the Ruler's Dam" which is believed by some to be a reference to Ali, the fourth Caliph of the Muslims. The area is dominated by ethnic Hazaras, who are estimated to make up about 40 percent of Afghanistan's population. In her 1970 guide to Afghanistan, Nancy Dupree wrote that a full description about Band-e Amir would "rob the uninitiated of the wonder and amazement it produces on all who gaze upon it". Parts of the 1975 Bollywood film Dharmatma, with Feroz Khan and Hema Malini, were filmed at the Band-e Amir National Park. In 2004, Band-e Amir was submitted for recognition as a World Heritage site. Efforts to make Band-e Amir a national park started in the 1970s, but were then put on hold due to the wars. In April 2009, Band-e Amir was finally declared Afghanistan's first national park. As of 2013, about 6,000 local tourists visit the Band-e Amir National Park every year. The area is protected by a small number of park rangers.

Geography

Band-e Amir is situated at approximately 75 km to the north-west of the ancient city of Bamyan, close to the town of Yakawlang. Together with Bamyan Valley, they are the heart of Afghanistan's tourism, attracting thousands of tourists every year and from every corner of the world. The Band-e Amir lakes are primarily a late spring and summertime tourism destination, as the high elevation central Hazarajat region of Afghanistan is extremely cold in winter, with temperatures reaching as low as \u221220 \u00b0C (\u22124.0 \u00b0F). The six constituent lakes of Band-e Amir are:

- Band-e Gholaman (Lake of the slaves)
- Band-e Qambar (Lake of Caliph Ali's slave)
- Band-e Haibat (Lake of grandiose)
- Band-e Panir (Lake of cheese)
- Band-e Pudina (Lake of wild mint)
- Band-e Zulfikar (Lake of the sword of Ali)

The white travertine dams created by fault lines, which are prevalent in the Band-e Amir Valley, form the barriers between the lakes. Band-e Haibat is the biggest and the deepest of the six, with an average depth of approximately 150 metres, as estimated by the Provincial Reconstruction Team diving team from

New Zealand. Another comparable lake is Band-e Azhdahar (The Dragon), located a few kilometres southeast of the town of Bamyan, which has also been created as a result of carbon dioxide rich water oozing out of the faults underground and depositing calcium carbonate precipitate to form the travertine walls of Band-e Amir.

**Climate**  
High in the Hindu Kush at approximately 2,900 metres (9,500 ft) above sea level, the national park has a subarctic climate (Dsc) closely bordering on a warm-summer humid continental climate (Dsb). The climate is extremely severe and the lakes freezing over in winter.

**Current status**  
After the formal establishment of the park in 2009, a park office with a park warden and a group of rangers was installed to manage the conservation and protection of park natural resources. Wildlife Conservation Society (WCS) is the only non-government organization with an office in the park. WCS supports park staff and works with the local community to promote conservation and sustainable use of natural resources. Ecotourism is expected to decrease local economic dependency on the park's natural resources. Tourists visit Band-e-Amir primarily in the summer months when the weather is warm. A poor local economy and limited outside investment have hampered efforts to attract winter tourism.

The local people in Band-e-Amir National Park rely heavily on the park's natural resources for their livelihood. Grazing of livestock, collection of shrubs for fuel and winter fodder and rain-fed farming is still widely practiced within the park boundary. Although the illegal hunting of birds and a few mammals living in the park is formally prohibited by the park office, there is no current data to evaluate the status of wildlife and biodiversity.

**Important Bird Area**  
A 41,000 ha tract overlapping the national park has been designated an Important Bird Area (IBA) by BirdLife International because it supports populations of Himalayan snowcocks, Hume's larks, white-winged snowfinches, Afghan snowfinches and Eurasian crimson-winged finches.

**See also**  
List of dams and reservoirs in Afghanistan  
Natural areas of Afghanistan  
Wakhan National Park  
Nuristan National Park

**Passage 2:**  
**Qasim Oryakhail**  
Qasim Oryakhail (born 10 January 1992) is an Afghan cricketer. He made his Twenty20 debut for Band-e-Amir Dragons in the 2017 Shpageeza Cricket League on 12 September 2017. He made his first-class debut for Speen Ghar Region in the 2017–2018 Ahmad Shah Abdali 4-day Tournament on 20 October 2017. He made his List A debut for Kabul Region in the 2018 Ghazi Amanullah Khan Regional One Day Tournament on 15 July 2018.

**Passage 3:**  
**Samim Sultani**  
Samim Sultani is an Afghan cricketer. He made his Twenty20 debut for Band-e-Amir Dragons in the 2017 Shpageeza Cricket League on 14 September 2017.

**Passage 4:**  
**Fitratullah Khawari**  
Fitratullah Khawari (born 29 January 1997) is an Afghan cricketer. He made his List A debut for Mis Ainak Region in the 2017 Ghazi Amanullah Khan Regional One Day Tournament on 10 August 2017. He made his Twenty20 debut for Band-e-Amir Dragons in the 2017 Shpageeza Cricket League on 18 September 2017. He made his first-class debut for Speen Ghar Region in the 2017–2018 Ahmad Shah Abdali 4-day Tournament on 20 October 2017. In September 2018, he was named in Kabul's squad in the first edition of the Afghanistan Premier League tournament.

**Passage 5:**  
**Ikram Faizi**  
Ikram Alikhil (Pashto: ‏اڪرام الكيل‎; born 29 September 2000) is an Afghan cricketer. He



Tournament, which has had first-class status from 2017 onwards. In October 2017, they lost their opening fixture of the tournament, against Mis Ainak Region, by 262 runs. They also play in the Ghazi Amanullah Khan Regional One Day Tournament, which was granted List A status from 2017. and the Afghan Shpageeza Cricket League Twenty20 competition (which has Twenty20 status from 2017) using the name Band-e-Amir Dragons.

Passage 9: Shahidullah (cricketer)

Shahidullah (born 6 February 1999) is an Afghan cricketer. He made his List A debut for Afghanistan A against Zimbabwe A during their tour to Zimbabwe on 27 January 2017. Prior to his List A debut, he was named in Afghanistan's squad for the 2014 Under-19 Cricket World Cup. He made his international debut for the Afghanistan cricket team in March 2021.

Career

Shahidullah made his Twenty20 debut for Band-e-Amir Dragons in the 2017 Shpageeza Cricket League on 12 September 2017. He made his first-class debut for Mis Ainak Region in the 2017–18 Ahmad Shah Abdali 4-day Tournament on 19 November 2017. He was the leading run-scorer for Mis Ainak Region in the 2018 Ahmad Shah Abdali 4-day Tournament, with 663 runs in eight matches. In September 2018, Shahidullah was named in Kabul's squad in the first edition of the Afghanistan Premier League tournament. In December 2018, he was named in Afghanistan's under-23 team for the 2018 ACC Emerging Teams Asia Cup. In August 2019, Shahidullah was named in Afghanistan's Twenty20 International (T20I) squad for the 2019–20 Bangladesh Tri-Nation Series. In November 2019, he was named in Afghanistan's squad for the 2019 ACC Emerging Teams Asia Cup in Bangladesh. In February 2021, he was named in Afghanistan's Test squad for their series against Zimbabwe. He made his Test debut for Afghanistan, against Zimbabwe, on 10 March 2021. In July 2021, Shahidullah was named in Afghanistan's One Day International (ODI) squad for their series against Pakistan. In January 2022, he was named in Afghanistan's ODI squad for their series against the Netherlands in Qatar. He made his ODI debut on 21 January 2022, for Afghanistan against the Netherlands.

Passage 10: Javeed Khan

Javeed Khan is an Afghan cricketer. He made his Twenty20 debut for Band-e-Amir Dragons in the 2017 Shpageeza Cricket League on 21 September 2017.

Answer the question based on the given passages. Only give me the answer and do not output any other words.

Which film had parts filmed in the Band-e Amir National Park?

Answer:

Leaderboard prompt (run for 6000 steps):

CHAPTER 1\n\nMY UNCLE MAKES A GREAT DISCOVERY\n\n\nLooking back to all that has occurred to me since that eventful day, I\nam scarcely able to believe in the reality of my adventures. They were\ntruly so wonderful that even now I am bewildered when I think of them.\n\nMy uncle was a German, having married my mother's sister, an\nEnglishwoman. Being very much attached to his fatherless nephew, he\ninvited me to study under him in his home in the fatherland. This home\nwas in a large town, and my uncle a professor of philosophy, chemistry,\ngeology, mineralogy, and many other ologies.\n\nOne day, after passing some hours in the laboratory--my uncle being\nabsent at the time--I suddenly felt the necessity of renovating the\ntissues--<i>i.e.</i>, I was hungry, and was about to rouse up our old French\ncook, when my uncle, Professor Von Hardwigg, suddenly opened the street\ndoor, and came rushing upstairs.\n\nNow Professor Hardwigg, my worthy uncle, is by no means a bad sort of\nman; he is, however, choleric and original. To bear with him means to\nobey; and scarcely had his heavy feet resounded within our joint\ndomicile than he shouted for me to attend upon him.\n\n"Harry--Harry--Harry--"\nI hastened to obey, but before I could reach his room, jumping three\nsteps at a time, he was stamping his right foot upon the landing.\n\n"Harry!" he cried, in a frantic tone, "are you coming up?"\n\nNow to tell the truth, at that moment I was far more interested in the\nquestion as to what was to constitute our dinner than in any problem of\nscience; to me soup was more interesting than soda, an omelette more\ntempting than arithmetic, and an artichoke of ten times more value than\nany amount of asbestos.\n\nBut my uncle was not a man to be kept waiting; so adjourning therefore\nall minor questions, I presented myself before him.\n\nHe was a very learned man. Now most persons in this category supply\nthemselves with information, as peddlers do with goods, for the benefit\nof others, and lay up stores in order to diffuse them abroad for the\nbenefit of society in general. Not so my excellent uncle, Professor\nHardwigg; he studied, he consumed the midnight oil, he pored over heavy\ntomes, and digested huge quartos and folios in order to keep the\nknowledge acquired to himself.\n\nThere was a reason, and it may be regarded as a good one, why my uncle\nobjected to display his learning more than was absolutely necessary: he\nstammered; and when intent upon explaining the phenomena of the heavens,\nwas apt to find himself at fault, and allude in such a vague way to sun,\nmoon, and stars that few were able to comprehend his meaning. To tell\nthe honest truth, when the right word would not come, it was generally\nreplaced by a very powerful adjective.\n\nIn connection with the sciences there are many almost unpronounceable\nnames--names very much resembling those of Welsh villages; and my\nuncle\nbeing very fond of using them, his habit of stammering was not thereby\nimproved. In fact, there were periods in his discourse when he would\nfinally give up and swallow his discomfiture--in a glass of water.\n\nAs I said, my uncle, Professor Hardwigg, was a very learned man; and I\nnow add a most kind relative. I was bound to him by the double ties of\naffection and interest. I took deep interest in all his doings, and\nhoped some day to be almost as learned myself. It was a rare thing for\nme to be absent from his lectures. Like him, I preferred

mineralogy to all the other sciences. My anxiety was to gain real *knowledge* of the earth. Geology and mineralogy were to us the sole objects of life, and in connection with these studies many a fair specimen of stone, chalk, nor metal did we break with our hammers. Steel rods, loadstones, glass pipes, and bottles of various acids were nof terner before us than our meals. My uncle Hardwigg was once known to classify six hundred different geological specimens by their weight, hardness, fusibility, sound, taste, and smell. He corresponded with all the great, learned, and scientific men of the age. I was, therefore, in constant communication with, at all events the letters of, Sir Humphry Davy, Captain Franklin, and other great men. But before I state the subject on which my uncle wished to confer with me, I must say a word about his personal appearance. Alas! my readers will see a very different portrait of him at a future time, after he has gone through the fearful adventures yet to be related. My uncle was fifty years old; tall, thin, and wiry. Large spectacles hid, to a certain extent, his vast, round, and goggle eyes, while his nose was irreverently compared to a thin file. So much indeed did it resemble that useful article, that a compass was said in his presence to have made considerable N (Nasal) deviation. The truth being told, however, the only article really attracted to my uncle's nose was tobacco. Another peculiarity of his was, that he always stepped a yard at a time, clenched his fists as if he were going to hit you, and was, when in one of his peculiar humors, very far from a pleasant companion. It is further necessary to observe that he lived in a very nice house, in that very nice street, the Konigstrasse at Hamburg. Though lying in the centre of a town, it was perfectly rural in its aspect--half wood, half bricks, with old-fashioned gables--one of the few old houses spared by the great fire of 1842. When I say a nice house, I mean a handsome house--old, tottering, and not exactly comfortable to English notions: a house a little off the perpendicular and inclined to fall into the neighboring canal; exactly the house for a wandering artist to depict; all the more that you could scarcely see it for ivy and a magnificent old tree which grew over the door. My uncle was rich; his house was his own property, while he had a considerable private income. To my notion the best part of his possessions was his god-daughter, Gretchen. And the old cook, the young lady, the Professor and I were the sole inhabitants. I loved mineralogy, I loved geology. To me there was nothing like pebbles--and if my uncle had been in a little less of a fury, we should have been the happiest of families. To prove the excellent Hardwigg's impatience, I solemnly declare that when the flowers in the drawing-room pots began to grow, he rose every morning at four o'clock to make them grow quicker by pulling the leaves! Having described my uncle, I will now give an account of our interview. He received me in his study; a perfect museum, containing every natural curiosity that can well be imagined--minerals, however, predominating. Every one was familiar to me, having been catalogued by my own hand. My uncle, apparently oblivious of the fact that he had summoned me to his presence, was absorbed in a book. He was particularly fond of early editions, tall copies, and unique works. "Wonderful!" he cried, tapping his forehead. "Wonderful--wonderful!" It was one of those yellow-leaved volumes now rarely found on stalls, and to me it appeared to possess but little value. My uncle, however, was in

raptures. He admired its binding, the clearness of its characters, the ease with which it opened in his hand, and repeated aloud, half a dozen times, that it was very, very old. To my fancy he was making a great fuss about nothing, but it was not my province to say so. On the contrary, I professed considerable interest in the subject, and asked him what it was about. "It is the Heims-Kringla of Snorre Tarleson," he said, "the celebrated Icelandic author of the twelfth century--it is a true and correct account of the Norwegian princes who reigned in Iceland." My next question related to the language in which it was written. I hoped at all events it was translated into German. My uncle was indignant at the very thought, and declared he wouldn't give a penny for a translation. His delight was to have found the original work in the Icelandic tongue, which he declared to be one of the most magnificent and yet simple idioms in the world--while at the same time its grammatical combinations were the most varied known to students. "About as easy as German?" was my insidious remark. My uncle shrugged his shoulders. "The letters at all events," I said, "are rather difficult of comprehension." "It is a Runic manuscript, the language of the original population of Iceland, invented by Odin himself," cried my uncle, angry at my ignorance. I was about to venture upon some misplaced joke on the subject, when a small scrap of parchment fell out of the leaves. Like a hungry man snatching at a morsel of bread the Professor seized it. It was about five inches by three and was scrawled over in the most extraordinary fashion. The lines shown here are an exact facsimile of what was written on the venerable piece of parchment--and have wonderful importance, as they induced my uncle to undertake the most wonderful series of adventures which ever fell to the lot of human beings. My uncle looked keenly at the document for some moments and then declared that it was Runic. The letters were similar to those in the book, but then what did they mean? This was exactly what I wanted to know. Now as I had a strong conviction that the Runic alphabet and dialect were simply an invention to mystify poor human nature, I was delighted to find that my uncle knew as much about the matter as I did--which was nothing. At all events the tremulous motion of his fingers made me think so. "And yet," he muttered to himself, "it is old Icelandic, I am sure of it." And my uncle ought to have known, for he was a perfect polyglot dictionary in himself. He did not pretend, like a certain learned pundit, to speak the two thousand languages and four thousand idioms made use of in different parts of the globe, but he did know all the more important ones. It is a matter of great doubt to me now, to what violent measures my uncle's impetuosity might have led him, had not the clock struck two, and our old French cook called out to let us know that dinner was on the table. "Bother the dinner!" cried my uncle. But as I was hungry, I sallied forth to the dining room, where I took up my usual quarters. Out of politeness I waited three minutes, but no sign of my uncle, the Professor. I was surprised. He was not usually so blind to the pleasure of a good dinner. It was the acme of German luxury--parsley soup, a ham omelette with sorrel trimmings, an oyster of veal stewed with prunes, delicious fruit, and sparkling Moselle. For the sake of poring over this musty old piece of parchment, my uncle forbore to share our meal. To satisfy my conscience, I ate for both. The old cook and housekeeper was nearly out of her mind. After taking so much

trouble, to find her master not appear at dinner was to her a sad disappointment--which, as she occasionally watched the havoc I was making on the viands, became also alarm. If my uncle were to come to table after all? Suddenly, just as I had consumed the last apple and drunk the last glass of wine, a terrible voice was heard at no great distance. It was my uncle roaring for me to come to him. I made very nearly one leap of it--so loud, so fierce was his tone.

CHAPTER 2 THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT [Illustration: Runic Glyphs]

"I Declare," cried my uncle, striking the table fiercely with his fist, "I declare to you it is Runic--and contains some wonderful secret, which I must get at, at any price." I was about to reply when he stopped me. "Sit down," he said, quite fiercely, "and write to my dictation." I obeyed. "I will substitute," he said, "a letter of our alphabet for that of the Runic: we will then see what that will produce. Now, begin and make no mistakes." The dictation commenced with the following incomprehensible result:

mm.rnlls esruel seecJde sgtssmf unteief niedrke kt,samn atrateS Saodrrn emtnaeI  
nuaect rrilSa Atvaar .nsrcr ieaabs ccdirmi eeutul frantu dt,iac oseibo  
KediiY

Scarcely giving me time to finish, my uncle snatched the document from my hands and examined it with the most rapt and deep attention. "I should like to know what it means," he said, after a long period. I certainly could not tell him, nor did he expect me to--his conversation being uniformly answered by himself. "I declare it puts me in mind of a cryptograph," he cried, "unless, indeed, the letters have been written without any real meaning; and yet why take so much trouble? Who knows but I may be on the verge of some great discovery?" My candid opinion was that it was all rubbish! But this opinion I kept carefully to myself, as my uncle's choler was not pleasant to bear. All this time he was comparing the book with the parchment. "The manuscript volume and the smaller document are written in different hands," he said, "the cryptograph is of much later date than the book; there is an undoubted proof of the correctness of my surmise. [An irrefragable proof I took it to be.] The first letter is a double M, which was only added to the Icelandic language in the twelfth century--this makes the parchment two hundred years posterior to the volume." The circumstances appeared very probable and very logical, but it was all surmise to me. "To me it appears probable that this sentence was written by some owner of the book. Now who was the owner, is the next important question. Perhaps by great good luck it may be written somewhere in the volume." With these words Professor Hardwigg took off his spectacles, and, taking a powerful magnifying glass, examined the book carefully. On the fly leaf was what appeared to be a blot of ink, but on examination proved to be a line of writing almost effaced by time. This was what he sought; and, after some considerable time, he made out these letters: [Illustration: Runic Glyphs]

"Arne Saknussem!" he cried in a joyous and triumphant tone, "that is not only an Icelandic name, but of a learned professor of the sixteenth century, a celebrated alchemist." I bowed as a sign of respect. "These alchemists," he continued, "Avicenna, Bacon, Lully, Paracelsus, were the true, the only learned men of the day. They made surprising discoveries. May not this Saknussem, nephew mine, have hidden on this bit of parchment some astounding invention? I believe the cryptograph

to have a profound meaning--which I must make out." My uncle walked about the room in a state of excitement almost impossible to describe. "It may be so, sir," I timidly observed, "but why conceal it from posterity, if it be a useful, a worthy discovery?" "Why--how should I know? Did not Galileo make a secret of his discoveries in connection with Saturn? But we shall see. Until I discover the meaning of this sentence I will neither eat nor sleep." "My dear uncle--" I began. "Nor you neither," he added. "It was lucky I had taken double allowance that day." "In the first place," he continued, "there must be a clue to the meaning. If we could find that, the rest would be easy enough." I began seriously to reflect. The prospect of going without food and sleep was not a promising one, so I determined to do my best to solve the mystery. My uncle, meanwhile, went on with his soliloquy. "The way to discover it is easy enough. In this document there are one hundred and thirty-two letters, giving seventy-nine consonants to fifty-three vowels. This is about the proportion found in most southern languages, the idioms of the north being much more rich in consonants. We may confidently predict, therefore, that we have to deal with a southern dialect." "Nothing could be more logical." "Now," said Professor Hardwigg, "to trace the particular language." "As Shakespeare says, 'that is the question,'" was my rather satirical reply. "This man Saknussem," he continued, "was a very learned man: now as he did not write in the language of his birthplace, he probably, like most learned men of the sixteenth century, wrote in Latin. If, however, I prove wrong in this guess, we must try Spanish, French, Italian, Greek, and even Hebrew. My own opinion, though, is decidedly in favor of Latin." "This proposition startled me. Latin was my favorite study, and it seemed sacrilege to believe this gibberish to belong to the country of Virgil." "Barbarous Latin, in all probability," continued my uncle, "but still Latin." "Very probably," I replied, not to contradict him. "Let us see into the matter," continued my uncle; "here you see we have a series of one hundred and thirty-two letters, apparently thrown pell-mell upon paper, without method or organization. There are words which are composed wholly of consonants, such as *mmrnlls*, others which are nearly all vowels, the fifth, for instance, which is *unteief*, and one of the last *oseibo*. This appears an extraordinary combination. Probably we shall find that the phrase is arranged according to some mathematical plan. No doubt a certain sentence has been written out and then jumbled up--some plan to which some figure is the clue. Now, Harry, to show your English wit--what is that figure?" I could give him no hint. My thoughts were indeed far away. While he was speaking I had caught sight of the portrait of my cousin Gretchen, and was wondering when she would return. We were affianced, and loved one another very sincerely. But my uncle, who never thought even of such sublunary matters, knew nothing of this. Without noticing my abstraction, the Professor began reading the puzzling cryptograph all sorts of ways, according to some theory of his own. Presently, rousing my wandering attention, he dictated one precious attempt to me. I mildly handed it over to him. It read as follows:

*mmessunkaSenrA.icefdoK.segnittamurtn  
ecertserrette,rotaivsadua,ednecsedsadne  
lacartniiiIrsiratracSarbmutabledmek  
meretarcsilucoYsleffenSnI.*

I could scarcely keep from laughing, while my uncle, on

the contrary, \ngot in a towering passion, struck the table with his fist, darted out of \nthe room, out of the house, and then taking to his heels was presently \nlost to sight.