

# Professor

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by Miguel Lasala

*The following transcript is meant to document as accurately as possible the words that were spoken to me by the professor in question.*

*Several notes have been added to help clarify this document and they will be signified with italics.*

*The following incidents took place during a work/study assignment in the final semester of my dissertation.*

*Details about my identity, and the identity of the professor have purposely been omitted to protect all involved.*

*But first, let me explain a few details:*

*The office I was sent to work in was "hidden" on a North American University campus, and my feeling then was that, aside from the dean that assigned me to this project, no one else knew of its existence or its purpose. Now I know differently.*

*Day 01*

*Introduction:*

"What are you looking for down here? This place is off limits. Who are you anyway, a lost graduate student? An adjunct? Tenure track faculty should know better. You're not the new local minister, are you?"

*(After I explained who I was.)*

"When I call the dean for help, he delivers. We're old friends, he and I. Look at all this. I can't lift all this stuff myself. I need a hand every now and then, but you got lucky, we're not moving books or furniture today. I need you to type for me, so fire up that ugly thing and put your seat belt on. Myself, I'm allergic to computers. (*Points to old Dell desktop*) That's why you're here. Let me take a trip to the piss-oria, then we'll get started."

*The Office:*

"At home I go crazy with distractions. I've got animals coming out of my ears. They run the joint and demand my time and attention: Two cockatoos, four cats, and an old worthless dog. I love them all,

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but they're greedy. That's why I'm here in the basement. Living the dream. How about a strong a cup of Palo Azul tea? You want coffee? Don't you know caffeine is the cause of 70% of all of modern man's ills?"

*Day 02*

*On Retirement:*

"You're so damn young, you've probably never even considered retirement, which is smart, because it equals death. You'll die six months into it. It's a trick. The seeds are planted early in a person's life to subconsciously align themselves with usefulness. When they break from it, life follows. The statistics are all padded. It's all camouflage, designed by people like me to keep everyone ignorant of the truth. There are many flaws in the system that I helped create. That's why I'm writing all this now. One day the word will get out. You just wait and see."

*A Chopper:*

"You see that stack of paper in the drawer there?

"That's one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven pages of dense writing. Heavy writing. But don't get any funny ideas. I'm one of the last of what was referred to in the biz as a 'chopper.' I can write out of sequence, but don't worry; you'll never know anything about it. All I want is for you to plug this information into the computer, because to tell the truth, I don't even like touching the damned things. People think they're run by microprocessors, ha!

"What's older than science? What's older than religion? Just make sure and wash your hands after you play with that black box. And don't ever take one of those into your house. Why? Because I know who really designed those things. They've been around for a lot longer than they put on. One of the guys from the lab took one home back in 1947. He went crazy then had a massive heart attack while sitting on the crapper. Went out just like Elvis, only three decades earlier, to the day."

*Day 03*

*The Gift:*

"This project comes down to one thing, kid. It's a gift. But first it must sit and wait just like all the other great gifts to mankind. Think of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the lost Gospel of St. Thomas, the lost recipe for *soma*, or the once hidden terma text of The Tibetan Book of the Dead. There'll be a time for it. It's just not now. Now, we're faced with total confusion, and I'm afraid its importance would only be lost if it was unleashed at this moment."

*A Grain of Sand:*

"Why in the hell am I telling you any of this, because it's simple. I'm old. And no one would believe you anyway. I know that for a fact. Go out in the streets and scream your head off, go to the papers. Reality is much more complicated than that, my young friend.

"You ever heard of the \_\_\_\_\_ Desert? It's one of the last uncharted deserts on Earth where a single grain of sand can sit in the same exact place isolated from all wind, all moisture for several millennia, all the while in total stillness. You want to talk about time? You want to talk about 50,000 years passing in a blink of an eye. Our life spans are nothing but little fart bubbles compared. What are the monuments of man compared to that single grain of sand that no man will ever set his gaze upon? Death itself can't even touch it in its purity. Its timelessness is beyond death and all of the Gods."

*Truth:*

"Now I'm reading your mind. Why in the hell do I care at all? Because I did my part to design what I speak of, that's why. I was a superior hack in coat and tie, working the agenda into every facet of what came to be your life, and everyone else's for that matter. Under the guise of many titles, I was a chief "chopper" in the bullpen. The anarchists used to call us infiltrators.

"But no matter, one day, finally, it'll all come crumbling down with this book here. All the deceit will be lifted finally, and all will clearly see what has been going on.

"Now our job is to choose the right words and splice the truth into the minds of the soon-to-be readers.

"In my not so humble opinion, what we have here might actually be the most powerful, the most valuable, and the most important gift

of all time. And why is that? Because it's the truth! It'll cut like the sharpest blade on Earth, and it cannot be killed no matter how hard they try. It cannot be bought, and it cannot be diluted or buried. It's the only way beyond the crackpot science that's almost always blindly accepted nowadays, not to mention all the watered down religious mumbo jumbo polluting the Earth. The truth is the only source of light there is. Everything else is either pure poison or darkness."

*Day 04*

*Sleep:*

"You want a clue? You look like you want a clue. Chew on this one, kid. Time is only an illusion, and it's caused by... wait for it... it's caused by, sleep. Those that refuse to be addicted to the artificial practice are the only ones who can see the true nature of reality. Try it sometime.

"The sages and the wise men of old, you think they were toiling away in the sun all day only to snooze all night long? No, they were up at night venturing into the sea of consciousness."

*Day 05*

*Disco:*

"Today, we go on a field trip! The human body must move, and move we will. First we'll get a good workout at the discotheque where my lady friend works. Don't worry, she's already arranged for a friend of hers to attend so you won't have to suffer the indignity of being a third wheel. Then, we'll all hit the Hong Kong buffet!"

*Day 06*

*Missed work due to food poisoning. Will continue with transcript as soon as I return.*

*Day 07*

*Still feeling weak, but managed to reach the office late only to find no sign of Professor\_\_\_\_\_. Assumed he also suffered from food poisoning.*

*Day 08*

*Returned to the office and found it empty of all furniture, computer, filing cabinets, and desks. Reported to the dean's office.*

*Dean was not in. Left an urgent note, then raced to my dissertation committee review, but found it had been rescheduled without explanation.*

*Decided to try and locate Professor\_\_\_\_\_ 's residence. Still assumed he was ill. Had no luck, then tried the hospital, but no one under his name had been admitted.*

*It was getting late when I remembered the odd little discotheque we had visited a few days before, where the professor's "lady friend" worked. But I only found it closed.*

*Now I was getting impatient. I went straight to the dean's house and banged on the door. Lights came on followed by the sound of footsteps and the door opened.*

*The dean stood there in a robe, looking down at me.*

*"Jesus, you look like hell. What are you doing here?"*

*He let me in, reluctantly. We stood at the bar in his kitchen.*

*Before I could explain everything, he stopped me.*

*"Professor\_\_\_\_\_ started to widen his focus after he conducted a series of controversial experiments in the 1970s. He published the wrong thing, and quickly became an outcast. He just got caught up in the wrong ideas. After a forced retirement, he only became more entangled in his research. It's true, I'm his friend. I care for him and put up with him. I give him an office. I give him help, and if the conditions are right, and the help can be trusted, as you've proved you could be, I arrange it. But don't get caught up in his research. You're not there to think. You're there to assist. Every now and then he gets nervous, and packs up and leaves without a trace. But he always comes back. He's left several times already, and he'll leave several times before it's all over."*

*Day 09*

*I have to admit that I felt relieved after speaking with the dean, but once I got home, the many fragments of the information that I had been feeding into the computer suddenly started to come back to me with an alarming clarity, although I knew it would be best to put that out of mind, and devote my time to my own research. After*

*all, the dean had managed to convince me that this was not unusual behavior for Professor\_\_\_\_\_.*

*Day 10*

*There was a brown package left at my door this morning. I did not recognize the name above the return address, but the handwriting was a dead giveaway. Especially after I had spent so much time studying the professor's handwriting. Inside there was a note and a key.*

*Dear\_\_\_\_\_:*

*Ok, Bub, let's see how smart you are.*

*I've eaten at Hong Kong Buffet hundreds of times. That was not food poisoning. That was a hit job. Lucky for you, you didn't eat as much kung pao chicken as I did, but none of that matters now. Right now I need you to take this key and go to the listed storage unit and get to work immediately on completing the job we started. Once you're done, take the hard drive you'll find in the storage unit, and meet me at the following location in Mexico City. In the storage unit you'll also find an envelop containing enough cash to make all this a walk in the park.*

*Remember, no word about this to anybody, especially the dean. I have suspicions that he may have gotten cold feet and contacted some of my old colleagues who are now trying to shut me up. This is real. Why else would I be in Mexico? You have any idea how hard it is to travel with two cockatoos, four cats, and an old useless dog? I'll tell you all about it when you get here.*

*Day 13*

*For several reasons, I decided to put all this craziness aside, and focus on preparing for my dissertation presentation instead, and now two days later, I sit here staring at this letter wondering what exactly I should do next?*

*If someone was actually out to stop Professor\_\_\_\_\_, wouldn't they try and stop me also?*

*Day 14*

*Literally minutes after writing that last entry there was a knock on my door and two very stern looking individuals in brown suits*

*stood there waiting for me to answer it. I froze while watching them through the peephole.*

*After waiting for what felt like a full hour, I slipped out of my place and went to the storage unit listed in the letter. There I found a desk, the computer, a printer, an envelope with \$2000 dollars in it, and a portable hard drive along with a stack of the remaining pages waiting to be transcribed.*

*There was easily 500 pages left.*

*In the interest of security, the original notes would be locked into a fireproof safe in the storage unit, and I would only take the hard drive with me to Mexico.*

*Day 17*

*After already being exhausted from the stress and general feeling of being haggard after my dissertation presentation, I decided to work in 4-hour blocks with 30 minute rest periods where I laid down on the hard ground and tried to relax my body without falling asleep. (This is a system I have already used countless times while studying for exams). I did this continually until I would finish the transcription, and somewhere around the third day the mental fog was so thick, I started to hallucinate until I slipped into a weird lucid nightmarish state of mind.*

*Day 20*

*I soon found that I wasn't sleeping at all. I was fully awake within sleep paralysis, which I have experienced before, but somehow this was different in the sense that I was convinced that I was actually awake. After some struggle to free myself, I was able to stand up, and after turning around, I was shocked to see myself still sleeping on the ground in front of me.*

*In high school I had read a few books about astral projection and other esoteric phenomena, and I knew one other student who claimed to have achieved it several times. But for me, this was my first experience.*

*Despite the distorted atmosphere of the storage unit, the stack of fragmented information that I had been transcribing was still on the table, but now the contents of the massive book formed a clear*

*message, and as I read and began to understand the severity of the situation at hand, and after being completely convinced of how much danger the professor and I were both in, I decided to take it upon myself to comply with the listed instructions for: What to do if this operation is compromised. Although I don't believe professor \_\_\_\_\_ had any idea that I would in fact be able to decipher his book, I now believe that unless we call out for backup immediately from your office, the chances of us securing this document from those that wish to destroy it will be nearly impossible.*

*Of course, I'm aware that I'm overstepping Professor \_\_\_\_\_'s authority, but according to the contents I have decoded, and the severity of the situation we are faced with, I know it's of the utmost importance to act now before attempting any travel with the contents of the hard drive in question. To be clear, as listed in the instructions on page 876, I am officially requesting protection for immediate evacuation and safe passage to Mexico City.*

*As is routine, before any further discussion can occur about this topic, you must now pass a test described in section A-7.*

*You are to simply write down the professor's name in the blank provided at the top of this document, then return everything to the P.O. box listed on the enclosed envelope.*

*Rendezvous information will follow.*

