

Before I knew it, the time of the faculty meeting was at hand and I moved to the room. My colleagues were not so delighted to see me as I had thought they would be...I heard someone mutter that nothing would be done today with the old reactionary present...but most of them smiled benevolently and told me how good it was to use my time like this when I could have been golfing. So we began and on we went. Just at the meeting was reaching its peak of dullness the chairman asked Mr. Pakala for a report. I observed that he had a mass of documents to read and a small glass of water with which he occasionally moistened his lips. A brilliant idea came to me. I opened my small box inobtrusively and looked for a "K" pill...I could slip it into the water while the others slept (there are typing mistakes in the communique but the "slept" is not one of them) and I could pick him up later on the planet and no doubt we could have a nice time together as I showed him the library system on Kuisbeighn...one very different from our own and altogether unique in my observation. It would be a masterstroke, I reflected...he would be on his way and when the others no longer heard his voice they would look up and...But then it struck me that in a theological seminary these things are not taken lightly. A new theory of the rapture would be developed and there would be a lot of wrangling among the colleagues as to how it affected us and our theological interests. Several church splits might develop and I would probably never be able to bring him back without causing a pseudo-Messiah phenomenon. So I put the pills back and paid attention. It was a close call and an indication of how easily power corrupts us and how one might take advantage of others if one's conscience were less strong than that of an Editor of the Weakly.

A close call but the day was over. Passing in the hallway a friend asked what I had done yesterday. I did not want to tell much out loud so I noted that I had gone on a long trip. He looked mildly surprised and reminded me that we had talked in my office in the afternoon so he did not know how long the trip could have been. A master of the Dunzweiler dialectic method, I simply turned the question around and allowed him to answer it himself. But I was glad to be finished and glad to go home. I was beginning to feel the fatigue of interspace travel and needed to rest. At home I decided that I should find the fellow who originally had these tablets and return them to him...but the remembrance of my dog, and the quiet life on Kuisbeighn prompted me to at least try to return once. I decided to have a good night's sleep and go back the next morning. It was a very fortunate choice as I may tell you after bit. In the morning, however, I was very anxious to return...no wonder those who have been exiled feel a pull to come back. So I ate a hearty meal...not being much good at chewing stones, placed a snack of so covertly in pocket, mixed up a "K" pill and...before I knew it, there I was...but I had set my mind on the Fulcrum and so, rather than coming to rest in a field of rocks, there I stood in the heart of Kuisbeighn, nonchalant and calm...waiting to see what would happen on this day. And if time allows, I will tell you more about it.