

27 March 2022

Dear Sir or Ma'am,

My name is Jon E. Marquette and I am willfully employed as a course instructor, among other duties including a recording artist, simulated patient and copy editor, at the UoP, Medical School, Languages for Biomedical Purposes and Communication. My First Line Supervisor is Dr. Alexandra Szantone-Csongor and our Director is Dr. Vilmos Warta.

I am writing in response to entering the Creativity Contest hosted by the Directorate of Connections, UoP.

My submission consists of **vignettes** used to front my Lecture Notes and are intended to boost and strengthen my students' use of adjectives. In this means, students enrolled in my courses receive an additional bonus in the art of creative writing.

The protagonists and characters are loosely based on individuals I have encountered here at Medical School these past eight years, however, I've given them USA names. The names of the supporting cast are my actual students. Students often snicker when reading various paragraphs a loud. The events are highly fictionalized and any similarities are largely coincidental.

Respectfully submitted,

Jon E. Marquette

Narrative #001 – Mr. Belmont Kinkaid

Mr. Belmont Kinkaid respectfully greeted the freshmen as they clambered aboard the elevator.

"It's cozy, snug, and I guarantee you all will comfortably fit, but only if you don't breathe," Kinkaid urged the three young women, all of whom were bedazzling in their starched-white lab coats and dangling stethoscopes.

"Floor, please?" Kinkaid gently asked.

"Fifth floor, MediSkills Lab, if you will, please, sir?" **Virag** replied.

"Alrightee then. Thirteenth floor, ladies, Perfumery, got it," Kinkaid verified while his ride helplessly cracked smiles.

Belmont Kinkaid was an aging man, yet he graced the floors of the Medical School as if he were in his twenties. His silver locks **pristinely** combed, sharply dressed including dazzling spats. Kinkaid was considered iconic by many professors, and characteristically was best described as **debonair**, routinely anointed with a trace of fine cologne, definitely French and expensive. Long past retirement age, he held onto his assigned post with grace, dignity and an old-fashioned sense of pride.

As the elevator slowed to a stop arriving to the uppermost floor, Medical School, Kinkaid announced to his ride, "Sixty-sixth floor, Harley Davidson Motorcycle Dealership. Enjoy your afternoon, Mademoiselles."

"Thank you, Mr. Belmont, for the express, we do appreciate the ride," **Diana** remarked.

Silently, the elevator doors opened and the three young women disembarked, sprinting down the corridor to the MediSkills lab. As the doors shut, Kinkaid responded to his next calling, riders patiently awaiting his arrival on the second floor.

"Girls, Mr. Kinkaid is the best smelling man on this campus, trust me, and you might recommend spreading the word," **Fanni** wisely chimed in.

Belmont Kinkaid was among the very last in a dying breed and he knew it, yet combated mortality and struggled in staying willfully employed as the Medical School's sole Elevator Operator and Maintenance Officer.

Belmont was well admired by the Vice Deans, some of whom fondly remembered him in the very same role during their academic era, some forty years ago. He was kept on board, although the days of an Elevator Operator were but a thing of the past. Kinkaid's ultimate responsibility was in maintaining the safe and effective operation of the three elevators within the Medical School.

In addition, Mr. Belmont Kinkaid was richly appreciated for his superb sense of humor, often releasing student tension resulting in unleashed rip roaring belly laughter.

Admittedly, all three lifts were antiquated visages of yesteryear, the last of the living dinosaurs. Two elevators were intended for the disabled, or those needing an alternative to climbing **(fill-in-the-blank)** flights of stairs up the fourth floor. The third elevator was unknown and rarely used, save for Belmont and the requesting party.

The third elevator was characteristically, more as in the form of a freight elevator, but Kinkaid kept it immaculately polished and gleaming. It operated upwards from the floor of the Aula down to the deepest bowels of the Medical School, a total of five floors, three of which were beneath ground level.

Once the Aula's stage was pulled apart and positioned to the sides, a distinct, thin dark line could be seen in the Italian marble tiles.

Virtually, only a small number of fifth year medical students knew of its existence and only fifth year med students were given authorization to use it, sworn to secrecy and naturally, under Kinkaid's operation.

The **Ticklelite Piano Moving Company** was indeed, an elite team of fifth year medical students who excelled in academic English, far beyond their peers and the standard norm. Professors clandestinely nominated their favorite students, including **Luca, Team Captain, Vivien and Kira**, based solely on their use and comprehension of Advanced Strategic English.

Once the number of nominated students reached fifteen students, they were informed through NEPTUN to meet Professor Jerome Combover, their new leader and trainer regarding the art in successfully moving pianos.

All participating students were given deep black velveteen overalls, with the name, "Ticklelite Piano Moving Company," embroidered across the back. Each students' first name was embroidered over the left breast and all students were cautioned to wear their new overalls and immaculate white gloves on days in which Professor Combover requested piano movement.

Graduating seniors took with them the veiled secrets associated with their weekly adventures serving as piano movers, a stunning achievement and the **vanguard** of their fifth year at medical school.

The massive trap door had but one function, which namely, was to transport the vast number of pianos from storage to the Aula. At last count, Belmont **reckoned** some seventy-seven pianos were warehoused in the tombs below the Medical School and the collection spanned some two hundred years. All were carefully stored on one of the various subterranean floors.

The exception was one floor, which revealed the tunnel complex, stretching from the new Dental Faculty connecting both the old and new medical schools, the 450 bed clinic and ultimately up to the Science Building. Along the vast corridor was a lengthy international food court, global retail shops, fashion boutiques, a vast college bookstore, a Yoga Center and a three-lane bowling alley, all secretly under construction.

It was the Dean's secret surprise and only planned for opening corresponding to the official opening ceremony of the newly constructed Medical School.

Narrative #002 – Mr. Darren Frappasclinsky

Frappasclinsky handsomely **espoused** collegiate **brinkmanship**, an academic steward who responded to the sways and squiggles of the Medical School, yet in the opinion of Professor Dittmeyer, this was a subject of debate and purely speculation, depending on one's perspective, encased and congealed in a vat of cosmic goo.

Reality versus imagination **duked** it out in Darren's brain, the later too often the victor. Darren Frappasclinsky clearly had one foot cemented in this world while the other **swoned** and **shimmied** in a private realm, only known to him, manifested in his **innocuous, insular** mannerisms, behaviorisms and temperament, frequently clashing with time and matter.

Frappasclinsky **inconspicuously** shifted from one lazy dimension to rocket fueled **labyrinths** in which his English vocabulary left listeners in a fog, perplexed at the essence in what he conveyed, **tethered** only by the faint **erratic** signals of a sole transporter beam emitting from a lonely desolate patch of land known as Szent Gut, a ghost town overlooking the western side of Pecs, high up on the Mescek ridge.

Darren **epitomized** the essence of a genuine academic scholar. Absent minded in most things normal, such as wardrobe and general appearance, too often aloof, a day behind and a szaz forint short.

Frappasclinsky's professional domain was the campus library, to which he steadfastly maintained with bedazzling **tenacity** and effectiveness. Its shelves were full and neatly organized periodicals and journals current and patrons were impressed with the wide swath of medically themed textbooks, all truly impressive in the era of ease of use, online immediacy.

Professor Dittmeyer was in desperate need of a researcher, someone capable of quickly and accurately **skimming** through sheer volumes of medical research. It was a rare talent, as most were prone to fatigue and exhaustion. Frappasclinsky was rich in spades in committing time and effort doing so, yet the two personalities were as diverse as salt is to sugar.

Darren's crowning jewels were clandestinely shelved in the R-Section of the library and only rarely checked out. Mostly, professors and what few students knew of its existence visited this holy **sanctuary** and portal of wisdom dedicating hours while thumbing through some of the world's oldest, rarest medical textbooks.

The Reserve Section featured a private and well-hidden reading lounge in which researchers **plunged** themselves into scouring through decades of medical history depicted in ancient scripts and narratives including ultra-rare hand painted anatomical illustrations on **parchment**.

In Frappasclinsky's opinion, which, interestingly was rarely sought, the most valuable book in the library was, "A Treatise on Navigating the Labyrinths of Sopianne," of which, only one, hand-written text was in existence, its secret existence known but to a handful.

Surprisingly, it was not an ancient text but its secrets were scattered over the former millennium and its **hubris**, or bravado, was highlighted in its mysterious maps detailing the innermost **sanctums** of the vast network of tunnels beneath Pecs, just east of the Medical School and northwest of Szechini Ter.

For hundreds of years, Hungarian Kings, dynasties and later parliaments had relied on this immense underground network to conceal precious governmental relics from invading armies, safely **ensconced** deep beneath the buzzing city, intent on stealing Hungary's precious national treasures.

During the 1956 Revolution, the Hungarian Government **clandestinely** stored countless historical artifacts in these tunnels, logged in the form of a ledger, **meticulously** itemizing each icon with its own personal ID number and assigning its POC.

Some of the trove of artifacts were later reclaimed and resurfaced inside the parliament and other stately rooms.

Only Frappaskrlinsky and Dittmeyer knew differently, in which **bajillions** of historical icons were still quietly stored, inventoried and preserved, gathering layers of dust, in

the Pecs' underground tunnels and the only clue to the whereabouts were registered in the book, including the only known source to thoroughly access the secret protective caverns.

Each year, this time of the month, as we approach 15 March or shortly afterwards, Frappasclinsky and Dittmeyer **corral** an eclectic group of specially chosen Medical Students, handpicked by the Dean himself, to attend a special tour of the tunnels.

The students were blindfolded in the very beginning to hide and preserve the **sanctity** of the true whereabouts of the mysterious entrance. Then shortly upon entering, the blindfolds removed and the lengthy tour begins, all on board screaming gas-guzzlers **careening** through the tunnel networks on quad ramblers, while meters above, citizens of Pecs faintly sensed vapors of gasoline, perfume and only traces of a whiff of male cologne.

Narrative #003 – Mr. Drew Cappastrinelli

The Medical Schools' Shipping and Receiving Department was sweating it out the first week of school. With the 450 bed clinic's parking lot demolished, a new one in the works with cement trucks on heavy rotation, trafficking and parking spelled catastrophic **mayhem** in the **sphere** of the Medical School.

Local automobile traffic was far more congested as worried souls circled the Medical School looking for a **vacancy**. Some unknowingly drivers found themselves helplessly hemmed in at the loading docks, backing up and snagging outgoing trucks while others with timely delivers impatiently waited access to an empty loading dock.

Pure chaos reigned.

Mr. Drew Cappastrinelli, First Officer Forklift Operator, busied himself with offloading "Urgent" and "Prioritized Deliveries," some likely **perishable** goods intended for delivery to the new Medical School's International Café. Specially prepared foods in deep freeze including unusually potent spices and herbs shipped in from all four corners of the globe.

Other pallets, cartons and boxes went to High Security Laboratories, shipped surrounded by dry ice. Contents were aptly labelled, "Classified, Urgent," and demanded responsive attention. Drew knew this protocol well and effortlessly off-loaded the secret stash consisting of who-knows-what to whomever the **POC** was.

Sidebar: POC used here is defined as "Point of Care." In Medical English, it refers to Products of Conception, referencing tissues, fluids, placenta, umbilical cord or uterine contents resulting from a pregnancy. POC does not include a fetus or fetal body parts.

Despite the worth of goods shipped on palettes, Drew saw to it nothing was **pilfered** and inventory management was squeaky clean, airtight. However, Drew was not always on the docks and could be drawn away doing deliveries, in which his

assistant, Jay, took over and it was during Jay's shift at running the forklift in which the accident occurred unleashing a fury of mystery and **circumspect** on students.

Jay had eased his forklift deep inside a semi-trailer and **deftly** positioned the twin forks beneath the wooden palette, then slowly elevated it to the standard operating height. What Jay, nor anyone else for that matter, could not see was one box on top, centered to the skid, meaning it was nearly out of sight while on the ground, now absolutely beyond anyone's vision.

Jay backed himself out of the trailer and while crossing over the threshold at the rear doors onto the loading dock. While navigating all this, Jay's uppermost box was knocked off the load and crashed to the bottom of the trailer's floor, bursting open.

The contents, marked **Top Secret/FYEO**, are as follows (Lecture follows).

Narrative #004 – Mr. Earl Hayes

The sublime, **sangroid** and **indefatigable** Earl Hayes, your **quintessential** Head Custodian, Medical School, is charged with maintaining the functionality, cleanliness and smooth operations of the Medical School, while keeping its presence sparkling, warm and inviting. Hayes and his staff regularly clean rest rooms, polish floors, feather dust stairwells, adjust heating and air conditioning temperatures and keep the lights on throughout the **cavernous** hallowed and revered school.

During the warmer seasons, one might spy Hayes mowing the campus yard, trimming back overgrowth in bushes, shrubs, hedges and trees. The Medical School's superb Rose Garden was Hayes' pride and joy, a testament of a proven landscape artist whose brilliance shines through the varied shapes, forms, colors and scents nature affords us. Hayes routinely pruned the vast rose garden, snipping away dead glories while artfully selecting those in their prime, arranging a suitable bouquet Hayes thoughtfully delivered to the Dean's Office Suite, Executive Assistants, each Tuesday morning, when in season.

In the fall, Hayes and the boys are out raking leaves and winterizing the campus outdoor property.

During snowfall, Hayes is onsite sweeping the sidewalks, shoveling and plowing snow along the walkways and in the parking lots, before many had even woken from their peaceful slumber.

Buried deeper in Hayes' JD (Job Description), was mere mention of yet another tasking, **albeit** lesser known and little appreciated, specifically, Inventory Control Officer, Lost and Found Department. It was in this capacity in which Hayes discreetly amassed a vast collection of lost paraphernalia, dispirited victims who long lost the vital connection between themselves and their former owners, spanning some four decades.

Two floors below the earth's surface, deep in the bowels of the Medical School, down dreary, darkened corridors best described as a labyrinth, was an **impregnable**

fortress, sealed and heavily locked by a menacing steel door, unmarked and **incognito**.

It was inside the musky, windowless room in which a large number of massive steel shelving stood upright, pristinely organized and upon these shelves Hayes collected and catalogued lost items long since forgotten and likely never to be claimed.

Upon the sole aged oak desk was perched a reading lamp and a thick ledger, in which every lost item was assigned a tracking number, matched to its assigned position on one of the many shelves, and the date it was turned in, very much like the index system of a library.

Hayes, bushy **mustachioed** and sporting thick graying locks, parted down the middle, was sometimes characterized as **quixotic**, True, he bore the responsibility of this sacred museum of sorts with an uncanny form of chivalry and Hayes prided himself on maintaining order regarding the **eclectic** inventory, proved himself **diligent** and embellished the highest form of integrity.

He alone knew the worth of the sacred treasures sitting on these silent shelves but never once selfishly pocketed an item nor even thought of **pilfering** its booty.

Sometimes students greeted Hayes, but mostly the throngs of students **traipsed** by him as if passing through a vapor, on their way to class. It was far more common to see Hayes independently making his way through the corridors, or conferring among his staff on the marbled floor of the Aula.

Hayes rarely accepted visitors and few among the schools' leadership knew of its existence. Its valued contents regarding wealth, however, was considerably priceless and the general opinion among senior leadership regarding the Lost and Found department was strictly on a need-to-know-basis.

The Bone Necklace ranks among the most peculiar items catalogued in the Lost and Found Department. It was made from aquatic animal bones, such as otters and beavers, and was verified in Forensics, ruling out the obvious fear, which was, of course, it consisted of human remains. Embedded into the bones were slivers and specks of amethyst, quartz and wondrously rare Lake Superior Agate.

Several authentic pearl necklaces, a delicate golden medallion with glistening **filagree** and other expensive female enchantments were carefully laid out upon black velvet across numerous shelves, assigned a number which corresponded to the Ledger, based on Date Lost & Reported Found.

Hayes protocol was to reportedly check in amongst staff and the Student Council to determine what woman might have lost a diamond studded earring, a cameo, a brooch, several oversized, mismatched hoop earrings, a variety of finger rings, charm bracelets with embedded gems, plenty of bangles, a plethora of ankle bracelets, wrist bracelets and necklaces and many loaded to the gills with Fool's Gold. But not in every case. The reason for tight security was to dismiss the likelihood of theft, since Hayes collection did include precious diamonds, rubies, emeralds, scarlet, silver and gold.

Some of these adornments were considerably rare and valuable, such as the eerie **amulet** containing precious minerals including Zircon, whose prism formed surfaces glistened with unspeakable beauty and was discovered in BioPhysics, on a lab table, late one afternoon in October, 2003, by a lab technician charged with opening doors and ensuring everything functioned properly in the lab.

Other misplaced and found items were best described as frivolous **bijoux** and **baubles** festooned with gooey, syrupy decoration, heavily saturated with love from mom and dad, or maybe a long forgotten high school lover.

Strangely, none came forward to report a loss.

Next protocol was to pay Security a visit in which Hayes expected a panicked student to report a highly treasured loss, such as a treasured gift from parents, but once again, no one claimed its loss.

Despite some forty years of collecting Lost and Found items at the Medical School, it was mostly skulls which students misplaced, forgotten its whereabouts or simply abandoned. Obviously, the majority of these were artificial or plastic, preferred by anatomy students, save for one.

The life-sized, monolithic jewel-encrusted Crystal Skull was a large single piece of crystal, adorned with precious polished metals encapsulating genuine gems including dazzling jade, emeralds, brilliant rubies, sapphire, scarlet, opal, rare onyx (healing stone), and turquoise and inexplicably, had a distinct eerie glow about itself.

The Crystal Skull was discovered by Janitorial Staff in the late spring of 1977 and was found underneath a **sanguine** windbreaker heaped over the sprawling tabletop, fourth floor foyer, in the wee hours of a Friday morning, the last day of teaching in the Spring Semester.

Undeniably, it was one of the world's *rarest* marvels.

No trace of its owner ever came forward and its discovery only fueled mystery and speculation. Later, as the year was winding down, a professional jeweler was asked to value its worth in the form of a written appraisal, now both, including the windbreaker, in the sole possession of Hayes. It was speculated its wealth was over one million dollars and this was late in 1977.

Today, it is but long since forgotten, save for Hayes.

Various fountain pens, laser pens, pen drives, notebooks, textbooks, memos, day planners, pad folios and a single tarnished English Language Trophy, First Place, 2014, all represented the massive inventory of the Lost and Found Department, nameless and unidentifiable with no clear link to an owner.

Unclaimed clothing and accessories ranked amongst the most popular lost items. A coonskin cap complete with a striped tail, several fox pelts (now illegal) and a pair of slightly worn Adidas Track Shoes, mid-80's era, lined the shelves. Several pairs of

eyeglasses, an aging MAC book laptop, various Dell laptops and old-fashioned pocket calculators all lined the shelves in the Lost and Found Department.

Trinkets, such as rhinestones, a man's copper bracelet, loose change, some paper money and a **potpourri** of humankind all graced the shelves inside the tomb Hayes aptly referred to as the Lost and Found Department.

Amongst the most peculiar items was a worn, used Duluth Back Pack, Yucca model, in which several cassette tapes featuring the Monkees, Moody Blues, Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple were uncovered, along with its Sony Walkman. Additionally, the backpack yielded a rare Rawling's Southpaw's First Base mit, a Wham-O 160g Glow-in-the-Dark Frisbee, a chrome hip flask half filled with white lightning, a railroad switch key and an aging Swiss Army Knife nestled into a secret flap compartment, a shoe horn, a slinky, various carabiners and a rare antique musical instrument, an aging **Vibraslap**, circa 1969.

Lastly, a sheaf of vellum papers bound by a soon-to-be **breeched** paraffin seal inside the lost forever backpack were covered with hand written notes, ideas hastily jotted down, meandering concepts scrawled every which way over the semi-transparent paper, the contents of which, follows below (Lecture follows).

Narrative #005 – Professor Magnolia Davenport

The newly constructed, recently opened Medical School's Hat Boutique, Fez Gallery and Wig Salon was located in the vast tunnel beneath the new Medical School, and ranked among one of the most popular visited retail environments. Students given a short break between classes dropped in with clock-work regularity and sales aptly substantiated the number of walk-ins.

It was owned, managed and operated by Professor Magnolia Davenport, Department of Forensics. Headwear, customized wigs, **toupees**, hair pieces and extensions were but a sidebar in Professor Davenport's portfolio, a side hobby if you will, however, her inventory was immense, widely known and appreciated throughout Central Europe.

Her clientele rivaled the logical mind. Political figures, actors and actresses, the prominent and wealthy all sought her wise consultation. Her sales rocked accountants and kept Posta deliveries, both incoming and outgoing, and at an astonishing pace.

Prof Davenport cared for all her customers and nurtured students who privately sought her wisdom and consultation. Young women who were in desperate need of a hair extension eagerly praised her attentiveness.

Women's wigs ran a proportionate amount of business and Prof Davenport duly took note of this immensely popular, yet clandestine form of contemporary fashion, in which Female Medical Students rotated wigs on a weekly basis.

Reportedly, several male professors were known to sport a rug, however, Prof Davenport kept tight-lipped regarding sensitive customers ID, professionally discreet

and considerably private. Still, rumors sparked speculation and one semester, a male professor removed his “beard” mid-way through a lecture, exhibiting his clean-shaven baby face!

If you ever were invited to the races (as in horses), you might have felt hopelessly out of place and your stature diminished. Why? It is likely due to your naked head.

In the hat category, male students easily discovered elegance, in the form of a **fedora** (nearly the house favorite), a **derby/bowler** or fashionable **beret**. Conservative and expected, its inventory was always plentiful and if and when a spike in sales sent Prof Magnolia reeling, within days shipments arrived from Paris, Hamburg, London and New York.

The Medical School’s Dean, lean and swank, was often seen handsomely presented in a **Panama Hat**, but only during the summer. In February, the highly respected and admired Dean arrived to the Medical School’s Balls adorned in the finest **Top Hat** witnessed by human kind, customized to his features, and a site to behold.

All freshmen were encouraged to wear their **Beanies** the entire first week of the Fall Semester and their pledges were discreetly tucked inside, concealed from view, lest they need it as a quick reminder in the event an upper classmen called them on the academic carpet.

The American English Instructor looked dapper when sporting a summery **Porkpie Hat**, but only during the warmer seasons. Another hat worn by the American included a genuine **Ten Gallon Cowboy Hat** custom-made in a little ma and pa Western Wear store, Austin, Texas. His wintery choice of headwear was a cross-mix, Norwegian Folk (Sami) and Northern Minnesota, affectionately referred to as a **Norwegian Earflap Hat**. I suppose he chose function over fashion, and students worked hard at containing their outbursts.

The American English Professor from the Faculty of Humanities could be seen in the autumn sporting a **Coonskin Cap**, custom-made from a mom and pop Western Wear store deep in the heart of downtown, Lewisville, Kentucky. During the winter, he was seen in a **Canada Goose Arctic Tech Shearling Co-Pilot Hat**. Sometimes he could be seen in the corridors of Humanities in a duster and a Stetson Cowboy Hat, which some students found surprising.

Female Medical School Students were fond of Prof Davenport’s collection, and sometimes she loaned her stunning hats out to fifth year Medical School students. One day in mid-October, Liza arrived to the Medical School in a gorgeous **Velvet Lace Fascinator**.

Reka caused male heads to spin when she entered the Medical School adorned with a **Crinoline Fascinator** complete with exotic feathers, dainty flowers and rhinestones.

One Friday in mid-February, near Valentine's Day, Georgia arrived to Medical School wearing a genuine vintage **Leopard Skinned Pill-box Hat**.

A well respected female professor in Anatomy, Dr. Aurora Oneota, was often seen in early May wearing an authentic **Sombrero Cordobe (Cordoba/Cordovan)**, of which, drew both attention and adoration from several Medical Students.

Professor Juan Ortega, Spanish Language Teacher, could be seen wearing his gorgeously adored **Sombrero**, the kind one wears during the famously popular, Mexican Hat Dance.

The Medical School's very own **Sauna Cap** was seen around the world, proudly worn by alumni now living abroad, who, like you, once haunted the Medical School's renowned thermal baths.

Turbans ranked among Prof Davenport's most popular form of head dress regarding the female Medical School population. The most frequently seen were the satin and silk varieties, both printed patterns and solids.

Elegant Male Indian (and other) **Turbans** including the **Keffiyeh** or **Kufiya** were also available at the campus Hat Boutique, and these including **Fez's** were obviously popular, mostly seen during extracurricular events hosted by the International Student Council, but not exclusively. All were worn with distinction and were said to possess hypnotic powers, so stated several third year female students.

The All-American Baseball cap was overly popular, born both front and back, and Prof Davenport maintained a steady inventory, shipments arriving from the States on a weekly schedule.

Narrative #006 – Mr. Wayne Shervlinski

Professor Wayne Shervlinski, the Medical School's Document Shredder and Operations Officer, probed the academic nebular for a clue.

Files associated with the highest form of Security, labelled FYEO, were generally, single copy and referred to as the "Master Original." These files, albeit rare, were shredded and incinerated, erasing for the last time, their secret contents.

Digital traces of such sensitive matters were the business of IT- Security and sometimes Shervlinski worked in parallel with the IT gurus to ensure safekeeping and/or destruction of highly sensitive files.

The fact in which Shervlinski was summoned to the Vice Dean Chambers struck a somber chord deep within Shervlinski in which waves of paranoia were reverberating off his inner sanctum and the **fevror** had nearly reached its crescendo.

Upon entering the hallowed Office Suite of the Vice Dean's, members of Senior Leadership articulated the reason for his immediate presence. A highly personalized document originating from the newly constructed International Food Court had escaped the shredder and its contents included a National Recipe, which had been kept secret for over one hundred years.

Shervlinski's job was to find it, commit the contents to memory and destroy it.

He looked no further than **surreptitiously** unmasking my Lecture Notes, Week 1, of which, continues below (Lecture follows).

Narrative #007 – Mr. Carl Hendrickson

Mr. Carl Hendrickson, Microscope Maintenance and Adjustment Officer, **sauntered** throughout the lonely, desolate corridors of the Institute of Physiology one week before the Spring Semester began. His task was to maintain and assure operational efficiency in every microscope in use throughout the Medical School, a **daunting** task. His office and work lab was in the Physiology Institute, in which he serviced the majority of microscopes students used.

Carl mostly kept to himself and his equipment but he, like so many others aligned in the Institute, *thrilled* at the parade of young medical students gliding through its **revered** corridors, their white lab coats flitting in the breeze created by the **vortex** at the front of the moving mass, marching to their next class.

In the assigned microscope laboratory, students were met with several rows of benches on which sat no fewer than twenty **impeccably** clean and operational precise microscopes, courtesy of Mr. Carl Hendrickson.

Hendrickson was considered highly skilled regarding his work, to the point in being described as "gifted," specifically, his **dexterity** and eyesight, making him the nation's ideal candidate for this type of assignment. He routinely serviced relics and antiques with tender, delicate attention. Some of the equipment had seen its glory days past long ago, and so Hendrickson effectively created his own **arsenal** of replacement parts using tool dyes, a mini drill press, various metal lathes, grinders and polishers.

In contrast, the Institute of Physiology was home to several new microscopes considered the very best throughout all of Central Europe. Naturally, the rosters were full with hopeful users and the high-end equipment was in use some 12 -14 hours per day, which meant they needed frequent adjustment and cleaning, keeping Hendrickson jumping from one **volcano rim** to the other.

One class in particular differed from all the rest and **inexplicably**, the freshmen routinely greeted Hendrickson whenever their paths crossed, which was seldom. One autumn day in October 2021, this same class arrived to the Institute of Physiology in preparation of their class, "Microscope Use and Operation, 001."

Due to an unexpected illness, the regularly assigned instructor was going to miss class but had made previous arrangements with Hendrickson to sub for her. His "lecture," was to run the class of twenty students through all the operational functionality of their microscopes, identifying key parts and highlighting routine cleaning and light maintenance.

Amazingly, the students were **enamored** with Carl's stunning delivery, much in the form of a musing, or **soliloquy** regarding their assigned microscope. And, Carl did something else to sweeten the pot. He played **Korai Orom's** Greatest Hits over the laboratory's speakers. Students never forgot the **scrupulous** ingenuity, which aptly characterized Carl's mastery in controlling his microscope, and he freely shared helpful hints in refining their microscope use to the point of sheer wizardry.

Clearly, the students all benefitted from his demonstration and it positioned them far ahead fourth year Medical Students regarding their newly **honed** microscope techniques.

Hendrickson enjoyed the ninety minute lecture and course discussion. He promptly answered all the questions raised by a handful of students. As class ended, Carl thanked them all by name, as he stood near the doorway of the laboratory, bidding them farewell. This was a rarity for Hendrickson and he genuinely enjoyed sharing his tricks of the trade with the freshmen.

Time passed and autumn faded, heralding the arrival of a howling winter. On the last day of class, Fall Semester, November 2021, Hendrickson left his office for the Microscope Laboratory. A class had just ended, the students filed out the door many heading to their Advanced Preparatory English course, and Hendrickson set himself to task gently cleaning each microscope and fine-tuning it back to perfection.

Carl moved up and down the aisles, **meticulously** ushering normalcy back to each microscope. At the very end, Hendrickson found an A4 sized envelope leaning up against the microscope which read, "Attention: Mr. Carl Hendrickson, **FYEO**," and inside was a **sheaf** of papers, of which, the contents follow below (Lecture follows).