That's enough," interrupted Vannevar. "My time has passed. I shall return you to your bedchamber now."

Cobat found himself back at home, trembling slightly from his journey. "Just a nightmare, I imagine," he said, shutting his eyes once more.

The clock struck two. "Cobat, Cobat," another voice called. "What is this?" Cobat cried out.

"I am Jerry, the Spirit of MIT Present. Let us see what your alma mater is like today."

Cobat discovered himself floating above a multi-colored, oddly-shaped ironwork next to the familiar ivy-covered walls of his former residence. "Look carefully, Cobat, at this deteriorating bastion of technology."

Paul tells me we have almost reached the point where we can no longer raise tuition. We are even forced to save scrap metal to pay off our creditors. It's the least I can do."

"Oh, nonsense," Cobat protested. "Yes, Cobat, only there it is worse," Jerry explained.

"Look carefully, Cobat, at this deteriorating bastion of technology."

"Paul, Paul," he exclaimed, entering the hallowed fieldhouse. "Take me home."

The hooded figure pointed to Cobat's right. Cobat exclaimed, "Where is Walker Memorial?"

"The Spirit of MIT Future joyfully shook his head and whisked Cobat away to Memorial Drive, from where they viewed the Great Dome in splendor.

"Oh, no!" Cobat screamed, breaking down in sobs. Wordlessly, the specter lifted him up and deposited the pitiful weeping miser into his bed.

The morning sun streamed into Cobat's bedchamber. He awoke a new man, determined to donate his life savings to the MIT Leadership Campaign. Cobat walked to the window, opened it, and breathed the fresh air as he had never done before. Constable O'Livieri spotted the smiling gentleman in the window and waved a cheery hello.

Good morning, officer," Cobat shouted joyfully. "Pray tell me, what day is this?"

"Why, it's Christmas Day, gov'nor!"

Cobat, who did in some ways resemble Francis Sargent, threw on his clothes and raced, clutching his checkbook, to the bedecked portals of Twenty-Sixth Century Cambridge.

"My God, where am I? How can this be?" said Cobat, surveying a barren plot where once the Sloan School of Management proudly stood.

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