

From the Desk of Dr. Alan Moreau

Entry 2-20-2020

With just a little over one week to go before the start of the Lilly conference, I fear the years spent toiling over my secret brain-enhancing formula have been in vain—a complete waste of my efforts and fortune. When I created my secret formula, Dr. Moreau's Brain Accelerating Drink (BAD), my aim was to set the teaching and learning landscape ablaze with a novel way to help instructors all over the world. Unfortunately, I just received word my Investigational New Drink application was denied by FDA's Center for Drug Evaluation and Research (CDER). They have pinned me into a corner. I have nothing to show for my work and I'm left with no choice. I must test my formula on human subjects. I will sneak into the Lilly opening reception and switch out the drink carafes with my BAD. This is the only way to see if my formula works.

Entry 2-24-2020

In the event anything goes wrong and this diary is discovered, I will be attending Suzanne Larson and Janet Cooley's presentation on Friday, February 28, 2020 in Shutters East 1. The plan is set. There is no turning back—events are already in motion.

Entry 2-27-2020

It has been 3 hours and 24 minutes since the reception ended and the attendees ingested my BAD. I consumed a vial myself last night and was feeling fine until

approximately 45 minutes ago. I'm burning up and freezing cold at the same time. Something is wrong. The animals I have tested my drink on are...no...it can't be. Zombies aren't real. They were fine...what happened? My skin feels like it's crawling...I can't...I need to make an antidote for what I fear is happening to me. I only have enough material for myself and the attendees of Shutters East 1. I need to get to work. I just don't have the...

Entry 2-28-2020

It's 2am and I just regained consciousness. I...I don't feel well. What have I done? Oh, God. I must warn everyone. Those poor souls that will be in Shuttters East 1 at 10am. I will distribute the antidote to the presenters. The occupants must survive long enough to demonstrate their superior intellect. If they can prove they are knowledgeable and haven't succumb to this zombie-like disease caused by my drink, they will be rewarded with the antidote—it can't be wasted on those too far gone. If you are reading this, proceed to:

<http://bit.ly/elaborationroom>

I've hidden the numerical password in this entry to access the evaluation. Good luck. Hurry, some are turning more quickly than others. I fear I didn't take the antidote in time. I'm starting to crave brains...but this time not for enriching or growing...but for eating....oh no....

