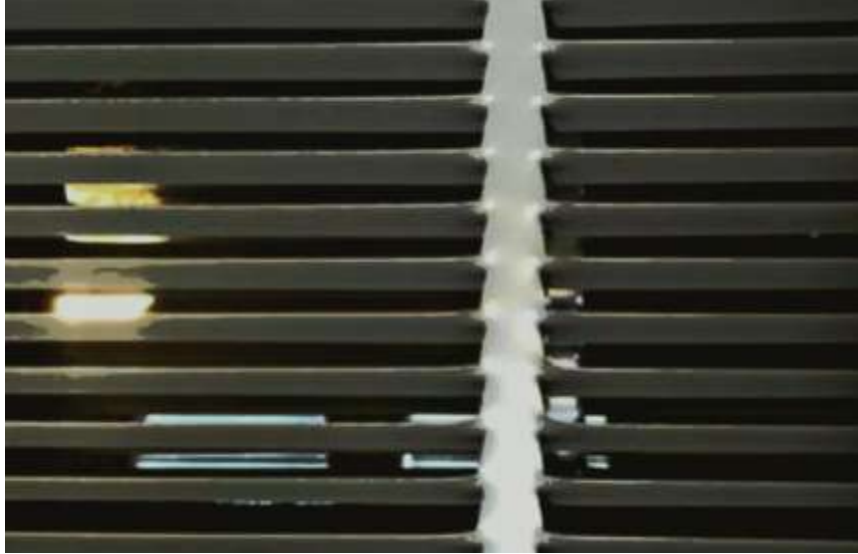


another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Pass-Through Paradox by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | Sept. 2017

Pass-Through Paradox

by Mike Bozart

© 2017 Mike Bozart

Front Range International University (FRIU) had decided to move its universal waste storage area from a leased warehouse near downtown Denver (Colorado, USA) to the basement of its new IT (Information Technology) Building in Arvada (11 miles – 17.7 km – northwest). Donald, a 36-year-old Caucasian, eight-year veteran in the Facilities Services Department, had been assigned the task of preparing the vacated 409-square-foot (38-square-meter) storeroom for incoming blown fluorescent lamps of various lengths and types, burned-out incandescent light bulbs, used batteries, empty aerosol spray cans, unused/recalled pesticides, and spent printer cartridges.

After working on the project for the better of three days, blonde-hair-receding Donald had all of the metal shelving assembled, the forklift pallets strategically placed, and the cardboard boxes made. His supervisor then inspected it, and was satisfied. After the boss left, he thought to himself: *Mission accomplished. All done. Well, this sure is a nice place to disappear and take a nap. Or, have a sip. Or, something else. I'm the only one – with the exception of Ted in Maintenance and Campus Security – who can open the door. Will definitely make the most of this private space.*

Two weeks later on a crisp October Monday in 2016, Donald was in the new universal waste storeroom sorting through a box of assorted batteries that had just come in. After placing the lithium-ion ones safely in their designated box, Donald's eyes noticed a ventilation pass-through duct high on the far wall. He could tell by the glow that the light was on in the adjacent bunker: the e-waste (outdated/broken tower computers, laptops, tablets, printers, scanners, etc.) storage room. *Hmmm ... Never noticed that before. Wonder who works over there. Probably some IT nerd.*

He walked towards the pass-through vent. Donald then began to hear noises that sounded like items being placed on pallets. *I guess some Dell desktops finally bit the dust. I guess he – or she? – hears me knocking around in here, too. Glad I haven't done any of my bad singing.*

Due to the labyrinthine layout of the basement, Donald and the employee who worked in the e-waste storeroom never crossed paths; their respective entrances were on different corridors.

As the weeks went by, Donald noticed a pattern: The light in the e-waste storeroom would be switched off around 3:00 PM. After that time he would sometimes hear noises in there, like someone was bumping into things due to the darkness. And then, eight to ten minutes later, the door would slam shut. It was perplexing. *Why in the world is he or she working in the dark in the late afternoon? Working? I sincerely doubt that.*

The very next day, Donald decided to do a little experiment. After hearing the worker in the e-waste storeroom at 2:54 PM, he turned off the overhead lights in the universal waste storeroom and exited. Then he very quietly re-entered the storage room at 3:03 PM, but didn't switch on any lights. He sat down on his makeshift chair of crates. Donald noticed that the pass-through vent was dark; the light in the next room was off again per the usual routine. Then two short minutes later, he caught a whiff of an unmistakable odor: marijuana smoke. It was wafting through the open vent in the wall. *Ah, so my fellow coworker on the other side of this four-inch [10 cm] sheetrock wall is a burner. [marijuana smoker] Well then, I guess it's ok to fire up my little bowl, [marijuana pipe] too.*

While marijuana was now legal in Colorado, it was against college policy to smoke it on the job, whether on or off the clock on campus.

Then at 3:12 PM, Donald heard the sound of an aerosol spray can being discharged in the e-waste storeroom. The light came on. But, it was switched off just three seconds later. Then he heard the door shut. *I smell a pine scent. Must have been an odor neutralizer. Damn! I don't have an odor neutralizer in here. What to do? Lucky for me, no one will be dropping off anything. Oh, let's just get the hell out of here. It was a dumb idea to smoke weed in this room. Dumb – very dumb. Mustn't do it again. Need to buy some odor killer and come in early tomorrow morning – before anyone can smell this room. No, wrong; must go right NOW and buy some. Just can't chance it. Can't afford to lose this job.*

At 4:44 PM, Tim, the 27-year-old Amerasian e-waste coordinator, returned to his storeroom to make sure that the weed odor was gone. He still smelled marijuana smoke. *What the hell?! This room still reeks! It's like I didn't even*

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

