

# The Meridian Institute Grows Up

*A Short Story*

Robert G. Eccles

The London campus opened in September 2031 with 47 students and a space in Clerkenwell that had been a design studio and before that a printworks and before that something nobody could quite document, which Priya had decided was either a good omen or irrelevant and either way the light was extraordinary.

47. Not 150. She had modeled 150.

*the cohort is the thing*, she thought, on the Heathrow Express at 6:47am, 12 days after the launch, headed back to California for 10 days before she had to turn around and come back. *47 is real. 47 learns. but 47 at \$70K barely covers the Clerkenwell lease and the Campus CEO and the practitioners flying in from Brussels and the unit economics don't work until you're north of 90 and we are not north of 90 and i knew this going in and i did not know it would feel exactly like this going in.*

Paris was 6 months behind London. Berlin 3 months behind Paris. The recruiting had been harder than the model, the runway longer, the cultural translation more complicated than she'd expected. Not the pedagogy, which traveled, but the founding company model, which required a particular kind of institutional trust that took longer to build in rooms where she wasn't already known.

In France it was something else. She'd grown up in California, never lived anywhere else, didn't speak a word of French, which she'd thought wouldn't matter and which in Paris was mattering in ways she hadn't predicted. The grandes écoles tradition meant prestige flowed differently. HEC and INSEAD carried weight she couldn't approximate, and the Campus CEO she'd hired, Étienne, knew everyone and seemed to believe in nothing, and she'd been filing her unease about him under fix later for 4 months.

Later was arriving faster than planned. For more than one reason.

She was 10 weeks pregnant. She had told Marcus. She had not told the board.

Whit had been—Whit. When the doctor said twins, he had looked at her in the car afterward with the specific expression she'd learned in 8 months of marriage meant he was doing rapid internal calculations and arriving at fine. Not performing fine. Actually fine. Which was either the most useful thing about him or the thing she loved most about him and probably both.

*he's not a meridian character*, she thought, somewhere over Greenland on the way back from the 4th London trip in 6 weeks. *he's the rest of it. i keep forgetting there's a rest of it.*

The real estate had cost more than the model. Clerkenwell, the Marais, Mitte Berlin. She'd assumed she could negotiate the way she'd negotiated in Redwood City, where she'd traded program visibility for favorable terms with a landlord who understood what she was building.

She had no relationships in European property markets. She was paying market or above in 3 of the most expensive cities in the world. Combined: \$1.8M annually against \$600K budgeted.

The founding companies were mostly American. The global ones felt they'd already given a lot. European companies were slower, more brand-conscious, skeptical of something without accreditation. Berkeley carried less weight in London than in San Francisco, which she had known intellectually and was now experiencing as a specific daily texture of exhaustion.

The practitioner-adjunct model, the thing that made Meridian, was deeply American in ways she hadn't fully theorized before deploying it across the Atlantic. In France the grandes écoles tradition meant the prestige architecture was completely different. In Germany credentials and titles mattered in the specific ways Meridian explicitly rejected. She was building the faculty base from scratch in cities where she had no network, which meant the pedagogy was running at half power because the pedagogy required the right people and she didn't yet have them.

The U.S. was fine. Redwood City generating \$10M surplus annually, the research contracts running at \$4M out the door to Columbia, Chicago, Stanford. Not revenue, never revenue. Capital investment in the intellectual infrastructure that would make Meridian irreplaceable in a decade. She knew this. Marcus knew this. The model knew this.

*the model also said 150 students in London, she thought. the model and i are in a complicated place right now.*

By February 2032 the Veritas \$8M was almost gone.

She did the arithmetic on a Sunday night in the Redwood City office, alone. *Can they tell if it's wrong?* still on the board behind her.

London setup and operating deficit: \$2.8M. Paris setup and partial first year: \$1.9M. Berlin sunk costs before a single student enrolled: \$400K. Campus CEO costs above budget across 3 cities: \$300K. Real estate premium: \$900K. Her own travel, the constant transatlantic grinding that was the only thing holding the European operation together: \$400K.

Remaining: \$1.3M.

Monthly international deficit: \$220K.

Runway: 5 months. Maybe 6.

*okay, she thought. okay. this is the thing. i have been not quite looking at this for 4 months and now i'm looking at it and this is the thing.*

She called Marcus.

"I've been looking at it since Thursday," he said.

"And."

"Timing was right. Execution was right. London is real and it's going to work. Paris and Berlin are behind, but they're not broken." A pause. "The problem is the research contracts."

She'd known this too. Had been not quite knowing it for 4 months.

The European model had run into reality in ways the spreadsheet hadn't captured. In London the cohort was less than a third of what she'd projected. In Paris and Berlin it hadn't started. The capital Veritas had provided was doing the work it was supposed to do but doing it slower, the costs were running higher than modeled, and the 2 board members Veritas had placed, careful people, genuinely aligned with the mission, not adversarial, were going to ask on Thursday what the revised timeline looked like and she was going to have to tell them she didn't know yet.

*i fucking hate not knowing yet, she thought. i can work with hard. i can work with wrong. i cannot work with i don't know yet and right now i don't know yet.*

She called Marcus.

"The U.S. surplus doesn't cover it. Not at this deficit rate, not without touching the research program."

"We're not touching the research program."

"I know we're not. So it's a bridge conversation."

"How much."

"3.2. Maybe 3.5 to give us room."

"Veritas."

"Veritas," Marcus said. "But not equity. They know you have other loan options and they're not going to try to buy more of this company at a valuation that's probably double what they paid in the Series A. A straight loan at a fair rate. Clean for both sides."

She looked at the spreadsheet. At the \$1.3M doing nothing except getting smaller.

"There's something else," she said.

A pause. Different from his usual pauses.

"I know," Marcus said.

"You know."

"3 weeks ago you got off the London call and your voice was different. Not worse. Different." A beat. "How far along."

*he is never wrong. it is the single most infuriating and necessary thing about him.*

"10 weeks. Twins."

A longer pause.

"Does the board know."

"Thursday," she said. "I tell them Thursday."

"Numbers first. You tell them at the end."

"It's not a disclosure."

"It's a material operational fact," he said. "In 4 months you physically cannot maintain the schedule that is currently substituting for a functional European management structure. They need to know that before they vote on the bridge."

She didn't say anything.

"Priya."

"I know," she said. "You're right."

*i fucking hate it when he does that.*

The board call was Thursday at 10am Pacific.

Before it she texted Whit. *board call in an hour. telling them today.*

He wrote back in 3 minutes. *you've got this. I'll have dinner. text me after.*

She looked at the phone for a moment.

*the rest of it, she thought. right.*

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The board call ran 40 minutes. She opened with the numbers — \$1.3M remaining, \$220K monthly deficit, 5 months of runway — and named the cost overruns without flinching. Andrew Hartley, the Veritas partner who had led the Series A, made the case for the bridge loan before she finished asking for it. At the end, before anyone could raise the question of how she planned to hold the European operation together, she told them about the twins. Hartley congratulated her. The loan terms were good.

MERIDIAN INSTITUTE – BOARD CALL – FEBRUARY 19, 2032

P. VENKATRAMAN · M. WEBB · A. HARTLEY (VERITAS) · C. MOORE (VERITAS) · T. PARK (INDEP.) · R. OSEI (INDEP.)  
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VENKATRAMAN I want to start with the number everyone has seen and say what it means before anyone else does. We have \$1.3M remaining at a monthly international deficit of \$220K. 5 months of runway. That is a fact. Here is the context.

HARTLEY We've read the memo, Priya.

VENKATRAMAN I know you've read the memo. I want to say it out loud because I want everyone on this call to hear me not flinching from it.

*[pause]*

MOORE Go ahead.

VENKATRAMAN The pedagogy is working. London cohort retention is 96 percent at month 5. The research contract delay is a timing problem, not a structural problem. The question is whether we have the runway to let it resolve.

HARTLEY What does the runway look like.

VENKATRAMAN 7 months at current deficit. Possibly 9 if we slow Berlin.

*[pause]*

MOORE And if we slow Berlin.

VENKATRAMAN We lose 6 months on the recruiting cycle. Third cohort in Berlin starts 2034 instead of 2033.

WEBB Slowing Berlin costs \$2.1M in present value over 3 years. The alternative is a bridge loan.

HARTLEY How much.

WEBB 3.2. Maybe 3.5.

*[longer pause]*

MOORE This is a conversation about whether Veritas does the loan or whether we find another source.

VENKATRAMAN Yes.

*[longest pause]*

– continued –

Part 1 of 2

HARTLEY Can I ask you something off the model.

VENKATRAMAN Yes.

HARTLEY The London students. 96 percent retention at month 5.  
Do they know this conversation is happening.

*[pause]*

VENKATRAMAN No.

HARTLEY What would they do if they did.

*[pause]*

VENKATRAMAN Most of them would stay. A few would try to help in ways  
I'd have to decline. One of them would already have a  
solution I haven't thought of and would be annoyed I  
hadn't asked.

*[pause – laughter, partial]*

HARTLEY Which one.

VENKATRAMAN Not relevant to the bridge question.

HARTLEY No. I'm just paying attention.

*[pause]*

VENKATRAMAN There's one more thing. I'm pregnant. Twin girls. The  
board should know because in 4 months I will be  
physically unable to maintain the transatlantic schedule  
that is currently substituting for a functional European  
management structure. I have a plan. Marcus has reviewed  
it. I wanted you to hear it from me.

*[longest pause]*

OSEI Congratulations, Priya.

VENKATRAMAN Thank you.

*[pause]*

HARTLEY The plan includes a change in Paris.

– continued –

*[pause]*

VENKATRAMAN How do you know about Paris.

HARTLEY I've been paying attention.

*[pause]*

HARTLEY We'll do the loan. 3.2 million. Fair rate, 5-year term.  
We'll need the board to vote.

WEBB I'll circulate the resolution today.

*[end of transcribed excerpt]*

She called Marcus from her car after the call.

"The one who would have the solution," he said immediately. "You were thinking about Andrei."

"I was thinking about the loan terms."

"You were thinking about Andrei."

*i fucking hate it when he does that.*

"Yes," she said.

"You can't tell him."

"I know I can't tell him."

"He'd want to help."

"I know he'd want to help."

"And you can't let him because—"

"Marcus." She started the car. "I know. I worked it out before you did."

A pause.

"Did you," he said.

*yes. at 6:02 this morning. the first thing i thought was Andrei and the second thing i thought was no and the third thing was i need to make sure marcus doesn't suggest it because if he suggests it i might say yes.*

"Yes," she said.

"Good." A beat. "He graduated in January. Technically no longer a complication."

"He graduated in January and he's teaching for a thousand dollars a year and I am not going to ask him to bail out the institution he's giving everything else to."

"That's not what I'm suggesting. I'm suggesting Hartley already knows about the original loan. Has known for a while."

She held the phone.

*how does he know that. marcus. marcus told him. didn't tell me he told him. and i need to decide if i'm angry about that and i'm not actually angry about that because if our lead investor has known about Andrei since the beginning and still did the bridge then that's information and the information is good.*

"You told him," she said.

"I told him."

"And he still did the loan."

"He still did the loan," Marcus said. "Which tells you something."

*i'm not a fucking idiot and he knows i'm not so why in hell does he keep doing this to me?*

She almost smiled.

*Can they tell if it's wrong?* she thought.

"Paris," she said.

"Yes," Marcus said. "Paris."

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She flew to Paris in March.

She met Étienne for 2 hours in a café near the Marais campus. Charming, well-connected, and at the end of 2 hours she knew 3 things. He had relationships she couldn't replicate, he had used them to build his own reputation rather than Meridian's, and he had been describing the program to prospective students in a way that smoothed over the parts he found inconvenient—the no-credential, the examination, the whole reason any of it worked.

She fired him in the same café. Paid for both coffees. Was back at Charles de Gaulle by 4pm.

*i should feel worse about that,* she thought. *i don't. either i'm getting hard or i'm getting clear and i'm going with clear.*

She needed a new Paris Campus CEO. She started making calls that night.

Sophie Marchand came through the London Campus CEO. A recommendation delivered with the brevity of someone who didn't recommend people lightly. Sophie had run a foundation, taught at Sciences Po, declined board seats at 2 grandes écoles on principle. She arrived with 3 pages of questions about the pedagogical model and wanted less money than Étienne.

*oh,* Priya thought, an hour in. *there it is.*

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The research model broke open in London in April. Not slowly. Fast, the way things that have been building finally move. The London Campus CEO had been quietly working colleagues at the Judge School at Cambridge and Saïd at Oxford for months. On April 2 conversations became proposals. On May 3 more. By June London had 6 contract proposals in the pipeline. Not Redwood City. A start.

*oh,* she thought, reading the numbers on a Sunday morning. *it's the same thing. it just needed the same amount of time. i built something that runs on trust and trust takes the same amount of time everywhere and i forgot that.*

She filed it.

Paris followed in July, Sophie moving faster than anyone had predicted. Her first research contract came in October — a project commissioned by a French asset manager with over \$2 trillion in AUM to assess the portfolio effects of different levels of global warming beyond the Paris Agreement. The kind of client, and the kind of question, that had no obvious home until Meridian.

Of the \$3.2M loan authorized, Meridian drew down \$1.7M. The rest stayed undrawn.

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In August, the girls were born. Kavya and Nila. 3 weeks early, both fine. Whit texted Marcus from the hospital and Marcus wrote back: *good. rest. I have it.* She wept laughing when Whit read it to her, which was also the moment she understood that Marcus had been carrying the operation for 6 weeks and had not mentioned it once.

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She called Hartley in November.

"We're not going to need the full 3.2," she said.

"How much."

"1.7 was the final draw. We're done."

A pause.

"Priya."

"Yes."

"The Romanian. The original loan."

She looked at the board.

"It was never a complication," she said.

"No," Hartley said. "It wasn't. That's the point I've been making."

*i'm not a fucking idiot and he knows i'm not so why in hell does he keep doing this to me?*

She smiled this time. Actually smiled.

"I'll send you the final summary," she said.

"Do that. And Priya, the Paris contract. The first one."

"The French asset manager."

"\$2 trillion in AUM. Global warming portfolio analysis. Through a California education startup with a French campus that opened 4 months ago." A pause. "That's the model working."

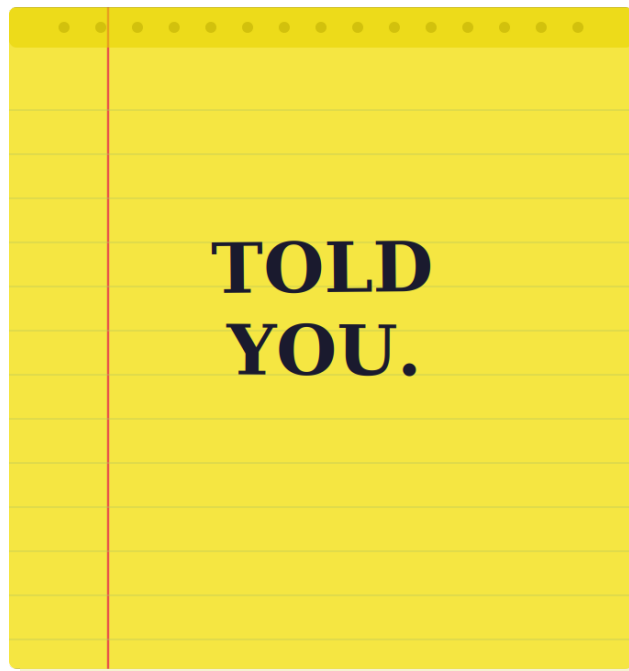
"Yes," she said.

"I know," Hartley said. "That's why we did the loan."

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The 3rd cohort arrived in Redwood City in September 2032. London's 2nd the same month. Paris and Berlin 6 months behind and on schedule.

Marcus was in the parking lot with her on the first morning, coffee, legal pad. He wrote something. Turned it around.



*insufferable*, she thought. *completely insufferable*. *never wrong*. *i would not change a single thing*.

"Yes," she said. "You did."

She went inside. She had a session to run.

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By early 2033 the international expansion had survived, scarred and real. Clerkenwell had acquired the lived-in quality of rooms where people work hard on something that matters. Paris was running, Sophie having recruited 8 European founding companies in her first 6 months. Berlin had found its footing. 61 students. Not 150. Real.

Andrei taught *The Certainty Problem* every semester and his class was always oversubscribed. General Beaumont had started teaching too, *When to Act*, which filled just as fast. He sat in on Andrei's session in October and texted Priya afterward: *he's better than me. don't tell him. (tell him)*.

She did not tell him.

There was something else she was letting herself enjoy, quietly, in the way she allowed herself to enjoy exactly one thing at a time. The research contract roster. She pulled it up on a Sunday morning the way other people read box scores.

41 contracts active. 63 named researchers. Columbia, Chicago, Stanford, HBS, MIT Sloan, NYU Stern, Judge at Cambridge, Saïd at Oxford. She knew these institutions. She had sat in their corridors at conferences while people were polite to her in the specific way people are polite to someone they have decided not to take seriously. She had watched them look at Meridian the way you look at something cute.

The names on the roster were not cute. Full professors. Endowed chairs. One former dean. People whose home institutions had spent decades and hundreds of millions building the reputations that were now, quietly, doing 2 jobs. One for the place that paid their salary, one for Meridian, which paid between \$50K and \$250K per project depending on complexity and team size, and gave them a question they actually wanted to answer and a room that could use it.

*we are feasting*, she thought. *exactly as planned. absolutely feasting.*

The faculty had taken the Fellow designation on their own. It went on their faculty page. Nobody asked permission, nobody needed to. That was the point. Faculty had the autonomy and they'd used it. Now the elite schools were trying to figure out what to do about it. One institution—she had a guess which one, the one across the river from the square, and she was probably right—had raised the question of whether this was appropriate. Whether faculty should be permitted to hold Meridian Research Fellow designations. Whether the association compromised institutional independence or something of that kind. There would be a working group. There would be a subcommittee. There would be a report. She had not heard from any of their researchers about an intention to stop.

She called Whitfield.

"They're going to try to restrict the research contracts," she said. "Some of them."

He was quiet for a moment in the way that meant he was actually thinking.

"They'll form a committee," he said. "There will be amendments. Task forces. By the time they arrive at a decision, if they arrive at a decision, it won't really be one. And it won't matter anyway." A pause. "You can't turn back the tide, Priya. You can only hold meetings about it."

She laughed. Actually laughed, which Kavya, on her lap, attempting to dismantle a board book, looked up at with the expression of someone filing new information.

*can't turn back the tide, she thought. no. you cannot.*

She was a new mother of twin girls and the founder of a multinational education startup with 4 campuses in 4 cities and a research model producing work nobody else could house and she was exhausted and fine and not done.

The question *Can they tell if it's wrong?* was still on the board. Still not an answer. The same question, lived with long enough to become more exact.

She went back to work.

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The 5th cohort arrived in Redwood City in January 2034 and Priya watched them come in from the window of her office the way she had watched every cohort come in, which was to say with the specific attention of someone who knows that this is the thing, this has always been the thing, everything else is infrastructure.

198 in Redwood City. 163 in London. 141 in Paris. 119 in Berlin.

621 students. She had modeled 600 by year 5. She had told nobody she'd modeled 600 by year 5. She told Marcus.

"I know," he said.

*of course he knew.*

Sandra Okafor had been Chief Administrative Officer for 14 months. She had come from The Carver School of Business—had run Carver, in fact, in its final difficult years—and had arrived at Meridian with the particular focus of someone who had spent a long time watching a thing not work and had decided, finally, to go find a thing that did. She had reorganized the administrative infrastructure in her first 90 days without drama and without asking permission for anything that was clearly hers to decide, which was the quality Priya had most hoped for and had not been certain she'd find.

*i knew she'd come eventually, Priya thought. i didn't know it would feel this much like relief.*

AIPSRN (the AI-Integrated Practitioner and Scholar Research Network) had launched in March 2033) and was already attracting work that had no obvious home anywhere else. The submission guidelines ran to one page. The disclosure requirement was a single line. *Please disclose if you did not use AI in any form.* Beyond that Meridian didn't care. Human warrant would come from the quality of the work. It always had.

The research roster had grown. 73 active contracts now. Researchers from Columbia, Chicago, Stanford, HBS, MIT Sloan, NYU Stern, Judge at Cambridge, Saïd at Oxford. And newer names, people who had heard about the contracts through the specific grapevine of people doing serious

work and not finding the right room for it. Contract values ranging from \$50K to \$250K. Total annual research expenditure was \$6.2M and climbing.

She pulled up the roster on a Tuesday morning and let herself look at it.

MERIDIAN INSTITUTE ACTIVE RESEARCH CONTRACTS — Q1 2033		
41 contracts active	63 named researchers	\$4.0M deployed
INSTITUTION	RESEARCH AREA	VALUE
Columbia Business School	Stakeholder value	\$250K
University of Chicago Booth	Financial materiality	\$200K
Stanford GSB	Organizational decision theory	\$175K
Harvard Business School	Institutional trust dynamics	\$250K
MIT Sloan	AI and organizational learning	\$150K
NYU Stern	Portfolio ESG integration	\$125K
Judge School, Cambridge	European governance	\$100K
Saïd Business School, Oxford	Practitioner knowledge systems	\$100K
+ 33 additional contracts		\$50-250K each
DESIGNATION		
● Meridian Research Fellow		
<i>All investigators hold designation on home institution faculty page</i>		
Meridian Institute · Research Infrastructure · CONFIDENTIAL		Q1 2033

*we are still feasting, she thought. we have not stopped feasting. this is a genuinely wonderful situation.*

Meanwhile 2 schools—good schools, serious schools, not in the top 10 but doing real work--had reached out directly. A few of their faculty already had contracts and had the Fellow designation. These schools saw opportunity. Could they talk about something broader? A partnership. Meridian providing research funding for their best faculty and explaining their curriculum. These schools would benefit from being seen as innovators and making them more competitive with the elite schools who were too protective of their brands to affiliate with Meridian. Meridian would benefit from getting institutional recognition and even faculty, such as visitors.

There was already reason to see this as a real possibility. As of last month, 3 professors from elite institutions who were retiring and had asked, carefully, through intermediaries, whether Meridian might have room for them on the faculty. They understood the \$1,000 annual salary. They understood that research contracts were available but not guaranteed. They asked anyway. Priya had referred all 3 to Marcus, who had referred them to the faculty intake process, which

Andrei had designed and which was characteristically unimpressed by credentials and characteristically precise about everything else.

And then there was the letter from AACSB.

She had read it twice. Put it down. Picked it up.

The Association to Advance Collegiate Schools of Business—the the accreditation body she had explicitly, publicly, on the record declined to pursue—was writing to inquire whether Meridian would be open to a conversation about a potential accreditation pathway. Given Meridian's growth. Given its research output. Given the level of institutional interest it was attracting.

*given*, she thought. *given. they said given.*

She called Whitfield.

"AACSB," she said.

A pause. She could hear him smiling.

"What did they say."

"They'd like to have a conversation. Given our growth. Given our research output."

"Given," he said.

"Given."

He laughed. The genuine laugh, not the dry one. "They'll send a team. There will be a site visit. There will be a rubric. The rubric will not have a category for what you've built." A pause. "But they'll try."

"Should I take the meeting."

"I would take the meeting," Whitfield said. "I would take the meeting and I would be absolutely charming and I would let them explain their process to you in full and at the end I would thank them sincerely for their time."

*yes*, she thought. *obviously yes. that's exactly right.*

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Brazil wanted to talk. China wanted to talk. Japan wanted to talk.

Not India.

She had thought about this more than she'd admitted to anyone. Tamil Brahmin, Berkeley, built something in California — India should be obvious. The IIMs were no Meridian but they weren't nothing. The companies were global. The talent was extraordinary.

Not India. Not yet.

Her mother called on a Sunday morning in February, which was not unusual. What was unusual was that her mother, who always had something to say, opened with a question.

"Have you been to India yet?"

"No."

A pause. The kind that meant her mother had been thinking about this for a while.

"They'll come to you," her mother said. "When they're ready. India doesn't go to things. Things come to India." Another pause. "Also they're watching to see if you succeed. Indians are very practical about this."

*oh, Priya thought. oh that's exactly right. that's the whole thing and she worked it out in 30 seconds.*

"You're right," Priya said.

"I know," her mother said. "I have 17 opinions about this. Do you want the other 16?"

*no, Priya thought, smiling. i really don't.*

"Later," she said. "I'll call you later."

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Marcus ran the business. He had always run the business. The business was now 4 campuses in 4 cities, 621 students, 73 active research contracts, a staff of 47, an annual research expenditure of \$6.2M and a surplus that had recovered fully from the crisis years and then grown past it.

He did not say well done. He never said well done. He sent a message in January, the day the 5th cohort numbers were confirmed, that said: 621. you modeled 600.

She wrote back: *you knew.*

He wrote back: *yes.*

That was the whole conversation.

*i would not change a single thing, she thought. not one single thing.*

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Whit was raising the girls.

He texted her on a Tuesday in February while she was in a research contract review meeting: *Nila said her first full sentence today.*

She stepped out of the meeting.

*what was it, she wrote.*

*I want the other one.*

She stood in the hallway laughing for longer than was probably appropriate. *yes, she thought. that's exactly who she is already.*

She went back into the meeting.

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Sandra sent the board report in March. Priya read it on a Sunday morning the way she read everything important. Alone, no notifications, coffee, start to finish.

The numbers were what they were, which was extraordinary. That wasn't what she was reading for.

She was reading for the one paragraph Sandra put at the end of every board report, under a heading that said simply *Observation*. This month's read: The institution is now large enough to have people in it who did not choose it the way the first cohort chose it. This is the first organizational challenge that is genuinely new.

*oh, Priya thought. oh she's right. she's completely right and i hadn't seen it yet.*

She called Sandra.

"I know," Sandra said, before Priya had finished the sentence.

*there are 2 of them now, Priya thought. there are 2 people who do this to me. i have done this to myself entirely on purpose and i would do it again.*

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She was in the Redwood City office on a Thursday afternoon in March 2034 when she stopped what she was doing and looked at the board.

*Can they tell if it's wrong?*

*not yet, she thought. but closer.*

She went back to work.

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*This story was inspired by the author's work with Professors Trevor Harris and Shivaram Rajgopal of Columbia Business School on the implications of AI for business school education. The story was written collaboratively with Claude.*