

The Sad Guru

The Guru wasn't sure if he'd actually helped anyone in years, maybe ever, and wondered if it was because he hadn't received the last three of the thirteen teachings that led to supreme enlightenment from his own guru, who had unexpectedly died. He had several students now and he didn't want to let them down, so he persisted in giving advice on meditation, posture, and breathing techniques along with the correct texts to read and seemingly unanswerable questions to ponder, just as his mentor had done for him.

A middle-aged man, a new student, entered his modest meditation space and The Guru sighed, but hid it as a deep contemplative breath, and closed his eyes. The student had a heavy conscience because he was a programmer for a company that designed games and machines to sell to arcades and he could no longer live with himself because each game was essentially unwinnable. He explained that there was only the illusion that any skill was involved and a relatively simple algorithm, which the arcade owners could control, actually decided the outcome and not the player. The Guru's eyes flashed open and his heart rate quickened as he contemplated what the man had told him. He started laughing uncontrollably and almost ran out of breath as the programmer joined in, suddenly finding it quite funny.

"Thank you, oh thank you!" said The Guru, who had now attained supreme enlightenment.

"Now, let us begin with the first of the thirteen sacred stages."