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JaR <Nunyobidness@softhome.net> wrote in
news:pan.2004.06.09.16.07.54.458822@softhome.net:

> *Awww, c'mon. Tell us another one about the dot-communists!*

Awright, dammit, but just so's you'll shaddap.

There was once a Ukranian DBA on staff named Alexi, but I called him "Dirtclod" because he made the "Peanuts" character of Pigpen look (and smell) well turned out. We were having one of our daily application-induced crises with one of our Sybase servers, and I was sitting at the server room console with the "head" DBA, who was a native-born citizen. He was tasked with training Dirtclod, as irrational as it seemed, in handling these types of crises. He decided it would be best to fetch Dirtclod so he could see how these types of problems got resolved. He fetched Dirtclod from his desk, who took up a position behind my chair.

You have to understand the server room, though. It was a converted office, totally unsuited to task. Nosferatu (the company owner, in case you'd forgotten) paid a semi-drunken air conditioner contractor to shoehorn a residential-grade air conditioning system into a converted closet, as he was too cheap to spring for a datacenter-grade unit. An example of just how big an abortion this was was the fact that the cold-air vents were in the ceiling, and the hot-air return was down by the floor.

(The fact that the "server room" wouldn't have even had a lock on the door unless I'd gone to Home Depot and bought one out of my own fvcking pocket, I'll leave for another story.)

Anyway, the result of this air conditing insanity was that the room temperature would swing wildly between about 60 and 90 degrees. Residential units are designed to run intermittently, and this one couldn't manage the constant hot-air outflow from the jam-packed server racks.

When Dirtclod entered the server room, it was near the upside of the temperature curve, so the funk he emitted in waves quickly polluted the whole room. Eyes watering, I continued to wrestle with the server issue. It was then that I heard a window-rattling burst of flatulence erupt behind me, followed by a decidedly Eastern-European-accented wail of "ohhhh...my stomach!" Before I could dive for the door, a green-brown haze descended on the room. The stench was what I imagine would result from a dead goat being locked in the trunk of a Miami rental car for a week in August.

I fought down my own retching. The head DBA was curled on the floor with an attack of the dry heaves. Electrical arcs appeared between the wall sockets and the server racks, and the servers themselves began emitting showers of sparks and clouds of thick black smoke. The building fire alarm sounded, and I heard the distant wail of sirens from the first station just down the street. I caught a vague image of figures in bulky haz-mat suits. Just before I lost consciousness, I heard Dirtclod giggling nervously.

As the Dot Commie's diet consisted entirely of Wendy's super value meals and Cup-o-Noodles bought in bulk at the nearby Super Wal-Mart, it's a wonder the whole building wasn't declared a Superfund site.

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<http://www.vigo-alessi.com/images/products/1362.jpg>