



Project Halloween

Warning! This document is ripe with ghost puns, real groaners.

Project Halloween, teach school kids to enjoy freight, is haunted. What else could explain being plagued by so many problems? Whatever possessed us in the first place? I would have spoken up sooner, but I was scared speechless.

Monsters are everywhere, and no coordination or planning is evident from the **Project Mangler**. All the Project Mangler seems to do is booby trap the path with **GANTT Shards**.

The scariest monster of them all is the **Scope Creep**. The Scope Creep is making giant problems out of the simplest tasks. The Scope Creep was unleashed by his evil master the **Ogre Achiever**. Everyone is being pushed over the edge by the Ogre Achiever.



Gigantic fights have broken out between the Ogre Achiever and her nemesis, the **Creature of Habit**. Most of the battles center around the transition to individual student records. The Creature of Habit is staunchly supported by his side kick, the **Devil's Aggregate**, who condemns anyone trying to collect individual records over the Internet. I must admit that no one wants to be caught by the **FERPA Cop**, who disguises herself with a **Small Cell Mask**.

The **Data Freak** has all the files held hostage. He's threatening to parse them into little pieces until even their own parent files would not recognize them. As of now, no files can be trusted because viruses have caused **Authoritative Data Sores**. Any original documentation has been lost in the **Relational Data Maze**.

Not everyone is dumb and ugly. There's the **Data Model**, who can be both logical and physical. Just watch out for her cat—**Fuzzy Logic**, the only cat that needs a network because she can't **LAN** on her own feet.

The project's **Debugger** is overworked. Any code written is crawling with bugs. Just to look at the code makes you want to **ERP**. We applied **RAID** everywhere, but still lost our data.

The portal is working. Microsoft assures us that **ScarePoint** is not causing users to stay away. But they say the **Firewall** is intimidating. With all the costumes, **Identity Management** is impossible.

The only **Actionable Reports** turned out to be gunfire that sent everyone running in a wild game of **Cache** me if you can.

We tried to teach the students tennis. Those cheaters used a **Proxy Server**.

A wrestling match broke out between the **Thin Client** and the **Fat Client**. Actually, that was very entertaining. Of course the Thin Client was the first to be downloaded. The Fat Client had to be burned onto a CD. Oh that **MegaHurts**. Everyone thought that was over kill.



We narrowly escaped a ridiculous idea by the **Single-Minded Manager** to ship the entire project to Boston and turn it into an Internet dating service to make better use of our **Dater Warehouse**.

The first application developed was stolen by the **Software Pirate**. Then he sold it back to us and added on a brutal maintenance fee. We had to pay it because once those software pirates get their hooks into you, you can't get rid of them. Sue them, but that **COTS** both ways.

No one trusts using the Internet because they are afraid of the evil **Web Master**. The Web Master constantly feeds the **Resource Goblin** who gobbles up all available resources. The Web Master wasted all of the project's money developing a frightening **Ghouly Interface** to replace the **Gooley** mess that users got stuck in and couldn't exit.



Attempts to assign student identifiers have been accompanied by shots being fired. This is nothing more than just **Sibling Riflery** among the directional witches. The **Wicked Witch of the East** accused the **Good Witch of the North** of being **Annual Retentive** because she wants to keep longitudinal information in addition to **Tombstone Information**. No one knows what's going on because of the self-annointed rumor control witch, the **Directionally Impaired Witch of the NEWS**. She rides her broom in all directions at once, and periodically flies off the handle trying to sweep problems under the proverbial **Data Table**.

Since NCLB, all the witches have been driven insane trying to follow the **Spirit of the Law**.

Remember back when President Bush **Cast Spellings** upon every child in the hopes they would learn how to read the handwriting on the wall. Since then, USED's guidance has been mostly cryptic messages about **Grave Consequences**. USED held a fund raiser this year, giving away laptops—**Duncan for Apples** was the favorite event. A kid let some data from an Apple **RAM** down her throat. We administered **CPU** and the **Unit** was **Upgraded**. As in all these projects, getting data in is easier than getting data back out.

Duncan himself dressed in a bumble bee costume—an attempt at levity that he bumbled considering his staff lost the virtual **Spelling Bee**. It seems, just as the administration was winning its battle against sexism, the women flocked to a booth about **Malware** that was mislabeled Mall Wear; and the men slinked over to one mislabeled **ED Facts** instead of *EDFacts*.

The project didn't seem to have a ghost of a chance of being executed, and heads are expected to roll. Will this project be successful? Not bloody likely!



Then, out of the darkness, came this extraordinary insight, “Why not use ESP to look into the future for a solution?” Incredibly, ESP Solutions Group saved Halloween for the kids by developing a **Killer App**. Of course, ESP also suggested that Halloween is no longer a name that is acceptable to all sides in today's politically correct world, so the project activities will be held in the “middle of the road” downtown and be called the **Main Treat Festival**.



There it is again. We hear groaning and moaning every time we talk about this project.



The noose has been removed from around the project's neck—**No Noose is Good News!**

The Eduguru speaks: Don't turn to **Wickedpedia** for answers to this one. Oh, that leads us into the next depressing holiday crisis—**Thanksgrimming**. Then **Christmess**. Then **Hauntukkah**. Then **New Jeers**. Stop, please stop—you're killing me!

