Project Halloween

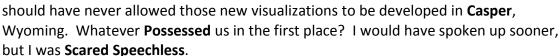## *Mystery of the Ghost Images*

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

Project Halloween had several objectives but only one **Ghoul**: To get the **Bugs** out of our client's **Web App**. What else could explain the screens being plagued by several persistent **Ghost Images**? We should have never allowed those new visualizations to be developed in **Casper**, Wyoming. Whatever **Possessed** us in the first place? I would have spoken up sooner, but I was **Scared Speechless**.

Monsters are now emerging everywhere, and no coordination or planning is evident from the **Project Mangler**. All the Project Mangler seems to do is identify risk in the plan 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 personally identifiable information (PII). 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**. She advocates caution with PII. She doesn't push PII in the face of the privacy proponents' objections.

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 **Network** to land in 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 **Back Up** when we see the bugs.

The portal is working. Microsoft assures us that **ScarePoint** is not causing users to stay away, but who would blame them? All a user has to do is go through a **Firewall.** We're hiding their data behind **Dark Clouds**. To get to their data requires a trip through the **Web** to the **Amazon**.

The **Reports** turned out to be gunfire. At least they were **Actionable**—sending everyone running. In fact, they could be said to be **Dashboards** since everyone dashed immediately into a wild game of **Cache** me if you can.

When we engaged everyone in a friendly game of tennis, the CTO used a **Proxy Server** to manage the **Net**.

For insight, the **Thin Client** and the **Fat Client** sought a mountain-top experience and had to be rescued. Actually, that was very entertaining. Of course the Thin Client was the first to be downloaded. The Fat Client had to be transferred several times. Oh that **MegaHurts**.

We narrowly escaped a ridiculous idea by the **Single-Minded Manager** to ship the entire project to Boston. She wanted to turn it into an Internet match-making 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 **Bounding 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. An evil but admirable **Grass Hopper** ate our COBOL code.

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 **Gooey** mess that users got stuck in and couldn't exit.

With all the Halloween costumes, **Identity Management** is impossible. We contracted with Sigmund to help find **Freudulent IDs**. **Egors** and **Super Egors** were messing up our computer labs.

Shots were fired among the directional **Witches**. This is nothing more than just **Sibling Riflery**. 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-anointed 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**.

With ESSA, all the witches will be 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**. Under President Obama, USED held a fund raiser 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.

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!