ORAtips

> On Humor

It Takes All Kinds!

By Michael Brown

Editor's Note: Mike Brown is a member of the ORAtips team of associate editors heading up our humor department. Coupled with running his own small production company of talented filmmakers, entrepreneurs, and business people, Mike brings with him many years of stand-up comedy and a powerful writing style that lends to insightful candor about the world of Oracle technology.

The Phone Ranger aka Oracle® Tech Support

Gear slung low on the hips, ready for text messages, pictures, or a favorite Podcast, The Phone Ranger stands ready for any and all challenges. But if you meet him in the hall and say Hello, shout, because those earpieces block much of what we know as speech.

Anne of a Thousand TARs

Well, she does get work done, but she is always on the prowl for the next greatest and latest release. And if the MetaLink search is running during the middle of an international conference call with the company's most important client – "Wait! Somebody just put my TAR to sleep!"

Don Don't quote Me, Man of La Bloga

Missing the last Oracle Convention because a faulty GPS sent him to Pango Pango, Don now spends most of his "break time" dissing civilization, as we know it on the blogosophere, but always uses an assumed identity.

Desperate Fusion Wives

It started innocently enough, with "Ah, honey, I'll be spending a little more time at work. They want integration, collaboration, interface. It's these Business Intelligence wonks. Maybe just a little overtime." But the overtime turned into weeks and months. Now these wives get more attention from the FedEx and UPS guys, who, by the way, are off weekends.

When a Man Loves a Linux

They meet in clusters (no, not RAC) in the parking lot and share algorithms. "When, oh when will we go mainstream? I'm tired of being an outsider!" is a common refrain. Many have named their offspring Linux, regardless of gender. All despise gazing out of windows.

Joan of SQL

When others ran helter skelter and lapsed into illogical queries, Joan gathered her aggregate functions and manipulated the most towering of Oracle databases. Not presently recognized by Tech Support, admirers have managed to erect a statue of Joan riding a Segway and holding a tablet PC.

The Budget Analyst

Who orders Maalox by the case? Who has turned teeth-grinding into an art form? Whose middle name is Sisyphus? Who is met with loud guffaws when coming within 20 feet of the IT department? Still, he soldiers on; content in knowing that there will always be a next year, with new ADI components to ponder and new releases to scrutinize.

Women Who Run with Oracle Programmers

They huddle in the corners at Starbucks, blood-shot eyes, nervous ticks, and self-help books very much in evidence. And it's there that they share lurid tales of reams of discarded code and error messages. "Oh, why didn't I marry a mailman! At least they have regular hours!" And still they run.

O DataGuard, Where Art Thou?

Headlines scream, reporters interrupt with bulletins, and business analysts raise eyebrows. And it's all about your company, your data, and thirty-seven levels of encryption. Well, it wasn't your fault, but you've suddenly been promoted to media liaison, interfacing with the Entire World! Don't worry, your boss says, because the stolen laptops will probably show up at a garage sale, somewhere.

The Patches of Eastwick

It began as a mission of mercy, like something the Red Cross would do. The kindly ladies of Eastwick would gather discarded code and construct crude Oracle patches to cover embarrassing glitches. But with spyware, malware, worms, and Trojan horses, they are clearly overwhelmed. Who will help these patchers of Eastwick?

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Around the Workflow in Eighty Days

The logo on his coveralls says it all: SPAM-BE-GONE. Combine that with the gleaming truck and hefty hoses, and the picture spells speed and efficiency. "Hold on a minute!" he shouts after taking one look at your email files. Pop-ups, double tags, cloaking, and page-jacking – all of it piling up like trucks dumping at a landfill, when all you want is your workflow notification. And he smiles that belly-full smile, knowing he will have a job for a LONG time.

Planet of the Oracle Code Monkeys

The smell of Doritos and Oreo Cookies float in the fetid air. The women speak of J2 double E and 10g, but chew bushels of gum and dream in SQL. The men throw objects and invade cubicles willy-nilly, like the Visigoths of old. Newer versions of things are a common hope, but expectations are rarely met. If you visit, stick within the yellow lines, and for pity's sake, don't step in anything!

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