



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Obscenity

Why I Love the Wallace Library

Dear Wallace Library,

I don't understand why you need to entice your patrons with \$100 creative writing contest to have them write good things about the facilities. The exceptional service provided by Wallace Library demands compliments without cost!

My first positive experience with the library came during my sophomore year. I noticed a sharp increase in the quality of service as those seldom-used meeting rooms on the upper floors were replaced with offices. The additional allocation of space to library administration had immediate benefits on the library's quality of service!

The way books are sorted at the library is so clean and clear. It is so convenient to have all the engineering books on the third floor, among ten bookshelves, in the TK68 category. It is so easy that I often skip the online catalog when I need to find something. I also enjoy how the library is well-stocked in the engineering classics from before 1980. These provide great theoretical background to the practical problems I face in my coursework.

Copying documents is never more fun than at the library. Charging sixteen cents onto my RIT card is such an innovative way of handling the pay copiers. It's so incredible that I refuse to use my own depart-



Slander.

10PM when it's natural that we should all leave for better places!

By Adam Preble

ment's copier, just so I can spend those few moments at the library. Getting my card charged up is also a great way of meeting the always-enthusiastic library staff.

Security is always a great concern, especially at a place like a library. We wouldn't want people walking out of there with the wrong kind of information. I am glad the theft alarms works so effectively. I don't mind when it rings up on items I took out legitimately. After all, a little security goes a long way to protecting both my and the library's interests.

As you can see, I am a real fan of Wallace Library. It's always come through for me, especially when I need MIT engineering journal articles. The library makes sure to deliver them to me at least before I graduate. I look forward to spending a good deal of time there during the next finals week. That is, until

Sincerely,

Adam Preble

LETTERS

Editor's Note: Letters received by *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* are unedited for spelling, grammar, length, content, or any of that sort of thing that *Reporter* does.

Date: Sat, 05 Apr 2003 16:11:35 -0400
From: John Smith
Subject: (No Subject)

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre,

Thank you for giving focus to the awful spectacle of death that is being peddled as news. Unfortunately, many people do not understand that satire often communicates the exact opposite of its intended message in order to highlight the absurdity of a situation.

No sane adult would come to the conclusion that you take pleasure in the deaths of our troops. When faced with the futility of war and the inevitability of its attendant deaths, laughter is sometimes the only alternative to tears. A country where we would not be allowed to laugh in the face of death (to rob it of its power) would be a state ruled by terror.

Let us all keep up hope for the swift return of our loved ones overseas and an end to the insulting war-as-entertainment offered by Fox News, MSNBC, CNN, and their ilk.

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." - Beatrice Hall

THE REVENGE OF NEF



Drifting into Insomnia
By Jai Ramachandran

We sit on Broadway in the rain
Shuffling between placards and postcards
In between breaths of our cigarettes
And pennies thrown at the subway cars
We fell back onto the sidewalks
And train stations across the country
We slept on blankets and cardboard

We wake up in Toledo
And Chicago
And Phoenix
And catch our breaths
As we walk between rhinestones and garbage cans
Writing blue poetry on white napkins
And post-it notes
Now I jot down black words
On computer screens
We sleep on pressed sheets and firm mattresses
Drifting into insomnia

So here we are, laying naked on Sunday after Sunday
With IHOP brunches
And Friday night movies
You always said there was something sexy about poets and napkins
Something about the hard blue ink
And the soft white paper
That makes love easy

Poetry

Credo Quid Quid Dixit Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

SUBMIT

gdt@hellskitchen.org

For Human
By Jai Ramachandran

I bleed black blood

I read Malcolm X
And Martin Luther King Jr.
Sat ringside when the lunch counter standoff
Reached day three
And the police came in with clubs raised

I bleed Cherokee blood

I stood and watched
While they raped mother earth's body
Leaving it void of any feeling
Singing "this land is my land,
Not Really your land"

I bleed Asian blood

I walked the streets at night
During Chairman Mao's walk
I saw the righteous put families in camps
So that we could stop
Others from putting families in camps

I bleed Latino blood

I stood and screamed
When they came and took away my people
heard I hear their screams
Through mountains and valleys
Echoing over the roar of oil rigs and sugar mills

I bleed your blood

I stood and watched
As they beat you
Until you would not take anymore
I watched as you woke up
And they never hit you again

~~I bleed black blood
through factions and flags~~

~~I bleed Asian blood
through war and starvation~~

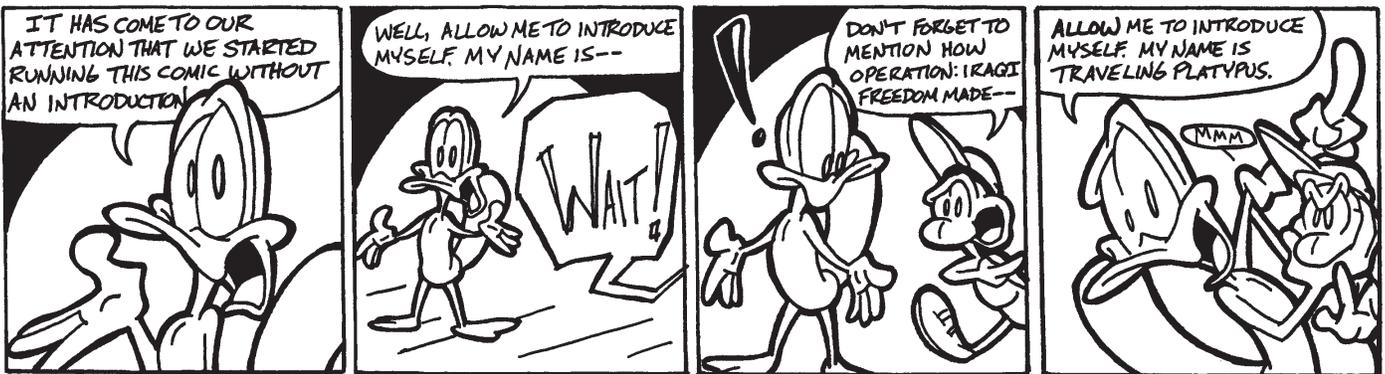
~~I bleed Latino blood
for every cry and scream~~

~~I bleed Cherokee blood
for extinction~~

I bleed human blood
Through factions and flags
I bleed through war and starvation
For every cry and scream
I bleed for extinction
For you

This is our fight

The Traveling Platypus Bob Rutan, Guild of Sequential Illustrators



Cynical A Cappella Criticism: Third Annual Night of A Cappella

Or, "8 Beat Measure is Much Sexier"

Last Friday, April 4th, RIT's Brick City Singers (BCS) hosted Penn. State University Savoir Faire, Boston College Dynamics, and the worst ice storm I've seen in Rochester in twelve years for the Third Annual Night of A Cappella. Despite the weather, hundreds of loyal fans turned up to see the Dartmouth Rockapellas wimp out and decide not to drive several hours through the worst of the storm to perform five songs. But even short a guest group and short all the potential audience members who were too scared of a measly few fallen telephone poles across the road to come to the concert, BCS tenaciously started the concert only 15 minutes late¹.

The concert also suffered a host of technical problems – the microphones had a habit of fading in and out at inopportune times if they worked at all, and when they did work they were often poorly mixed. Indeed, it was often difficult to distinguish where the technical problems stopped and the musical problems began. Given all this, you may want to judge the performance rather leniently. Considering all the difficulties, BCS, Savoir Faire, and (especially) the Dynamics did quite well, and the concert was still fun and well worth the two dollar ticket. But that's up to you. I'm not so forgiving.

Starting the show off hurriedly, presumably to make up for lost time, was BCS with "Basket Case." With the singers slightly too fast and the vocal percussion slightly too slow, the opening song set the tone for much of the concert before introducing Savoir Faire.

The all-female group from Penn State opened with "Breathless," quietly. The soloist began weakly, and this drained much of the energy from the group, not helped by the loss of the vocal percussion microphone. Few of the members smiled at all through the next few songs, practically nullifying their stage presence. Their energy reached a trough in their third song, "Happy Together," with the soloist going flat as the whole group's tempo slowed. To their credit, however, they improved with "Beautiful," although they should not have kept switching soloists. The opening soloist,



Monica Constantino, was the best, and the transitions between performers were awkward. Their final song, "David Duchovny," demonstrated what the group is capable of. Their group dynamic and stage presence improved considerably, and if this enthusiasm had spilled over into their other songs, their performance would have improved several times over.

Following Savoir Faire, BCS returned in (mostly) all-black clothing to sing "Voodoo." David Campbell, soloing, was both sharp and weak through much of the song, and behind him the Singers lacked confidence in their choreography. The energy level dropped again before being brought right back up with the Boston College Dynamics².

The Dynamics, a co-ed group, were easily the most talented group of the three. Their voices were strong, and they immediately took control of the stage with "I Want You Back," continuing with "Goodbye Earl." Katie Klein soloed for "Earl" with an impressive voice and an amazing range³. Their energy stayed high through "Medecine" and "Wishin' and Hopin'" before they finished up with "It's Rainin' Men," in which they notably pulled off the choreography BCS tried to in "Voodoo."

¹ That, or it was really a clever tactic to build the audience's suspense and anticipation.

² Starting to sense a pattern here? If not, keep reading.

³ Feel free to switch those adjectives, too – either way'll work.

Perhaps infused with energy from the Dynamics, BCS rebounded from “Voodoo” with “Hero,” soloed by Damien Cordero. It was immediately lost, however, as they performed “Freshman” flatly and without rhythm. Admittedly, though, it was an improvement from last year. After another sluggish song, BCS performed a skit which brought the energy back up. At this point, though, the audience was simply hoping for some consistency. The skit was well-executed and showed the Singers at their best, laughing and having a good time⁴. This carried over into “In the Air Tonight,” but was – again – lost about half-way through “You Will Go to the Moon,” when the soloist’s microphone stopped working and the group went flat.

Finishing up their regular set, BCS sang an old classic of theirs, “Fat Bottom Girls.” Too slow, energy almost depleted, this should have been their last song of the night. However, they encored with “Enormous Penis,” often a crowd favorite. It was sung reasonably well, and made for a good finish. They had other ideas, however, and went on to sing a second encore with “Sledgehammer.” This was simply a mistake. Their voices were obviously tired, and the effect was to leave the audience with a poor last impression.

It was still enjoyable, but the Brick City Singers have performed better concerts. Blame the weather. Blame the technical problems. Blame the performers. Whichever. At least the party was bitchin’.

⁴ One might notice I didn’t say they’re at their best when singing – interpret the absence how you like.

Dead Israeli Speaks to College President

ROCHESTER, NY (AP): The president of the Rochester Institute of Technology, one of the nation’s leading universities for colleges named after saviors, was given quite a shock this past Friday. Dr. Al Simone was sitting down to eat his lunch, a smoked carp, when it apparently began to speak to him.

“It said wacky things, like, ‘I am a messenger of God,’ and, ‘The end is near,’ in Hebrew. I just wanted to eat,” said the President when interviewed.

The fish then identified itself as Israel’s former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, who was assassinated in 1995. Some members of the Jewish community believe that the righteous of their faith can be reincarnated as fish, though this did



Libel

little to console the hungry administrator.

“I called in [RIT Provost] Stan [McKenzie] to see what he thought I should do. He said that I should kill it, eat it, then fire everyone who were supposed to cook it originally.”

The Provost eventually grabbed a nearby fraternity paddle, explaining that, “You gotta hit it over the head first so it doesn’t feel anything.” It was then bludgeoned to death and cooked properly.

Before his second death, Rabin reportedly gave a long speech on the state of the world, specifically RIT. What follows is a translation of the event, reproduced as closely as possible.

“The end of the world is near! Behold, I have been

sent by HWHY and Jacques Chirac to foretell of the coming of the Antichrist! Oh, and also to remind everyone to turn off their faucets when they're done; fish need places to live too, you know. And those damn Catholics need to chill out; I know it's Lent and all, but will it kill you to eat a freakin' chicken? I mean last Friday Menachem Begin got fried in beer batter!"

The speech then got sketchy, but it appears that the apocalypse will not be brought about by four horse-men, but rather by four undergraduates: Libel, Slander, Obscenity and Ignorance. Upon hearing this President Simone apparently shook his fist at the wall, yelling, "Damn you GDT!"

The second report of a talking fish in as many weeks, the other coming from a Hasidic community in New York City, many are becoming concerned either that the fish actually are portents of doom, or that there's a vast conspiracy slipping recording devices into hapless fish. One RIT student pointed out the similarity between the smoked carp and the Cosmic Fish from *Muppets From Space* as an indication of the far-reaching nature of this conspiracy. Or that Jim Henson was a prophet. "But then, he didn't write *Muppets From*

Space, so I guess Jerry Juhl would be the prophet." The student declined further comment.

"Two men do not dream the same dream," said Abraham Spitz of the appearances. "It is very rare that God reminds people he exists in this modern world. But when he does, you cannot ignore it."¹ You can, however, cook it and eat it. Preferably lightly grilled in Worcestershire Sauce.

"Only 144 students shall be saved, those from the school of GCCIS. The rest shall have their numbers of identification tattooed on their foreheads; and no man might study or learn, save he that had the mark."

-- taken from Rep. 13: 16-17

¹ <http://www.startribune.com/stories/484/3784584.html>

Scars of Hope

By Sean Cuddy

As I now face the dark and lonely path ahead of me, I wonder where it all went wrong. My older scars tell me that they knew this would happen. Opening my heart yet again would only lead to more of their number being formed. Yet I had dared hope that you would be different from the others.

At first you were different from the rest. I was overjoyed, for it destroyed my impression that I would be unable to find happiness in this world. Also because it proved that not all of you were alike, which gave me further hope.

Then slowly things began to change. The times that we talked and enjoyed each other's company slowly faded away. I saw you less and less, yet I still treasured those few times together. Even when we agreed to go about our separate ways, yet remain friends, I still held on to that friendship that was created.

Without warning, you turned into something worse than the others. Silence was the only reply I would get, and it hurts worse than anything else you or the others have done. The lonely, aching silence, the silence that now drives me back into the darkness of loneliness. This silence that has is the coldest weapon of all.

And now I wander about, wondering, "Why?" Why do you feel that this is to be your course of action? Why do you go back on your word? Why?

As my fresh scars join with my old scars, I turn my back on this one chapter and begin writing the next, searching for someone unlike the others. Someone who won't leave new scars. The scars tell me that such a person does not exist.

Yet I still dare to hope.

TEH Part II: The Quest for More Bandwidth**By Adam Preble**

When getting settled in at RIT, the first thing the freshmen tend to realize is “sweet mother of pearls, the Internet connection here is bitchin’ fast!” Yet in the beginning of September nobody’s been really using the connection; there’s still a grace period before the network gets slammed by the entire resident student body. Ken remembers when he plugged into the network for the first time. It was so fantastic that he didn’t bother to finish unpacking. In fact, he was living off his first suitcase of clothes straight through the winter quarter. He wasn’t the only one, it turns out, and the network soon got bogged down in warez and mp3z and pr0n. Most people don’t care about this, but some folks do, and have the craziest methods of getting their point across.

Ken was having plenty of fun using the bandwidth for low-latency X windows sessions and nerd things like that. Most of the other students stayed busy downloading commercial music from the red-hot new filesharing service of the year. Napster started this all off, but it drifted to Kazaa, off to Direct Connect, and then on to God-knows-where. Of course, some folks still kept semi-public FTP servers up a la “The Good Old Days.” Just a few of those servers hog up most of the bandwidth, so the administrators often knock them out. But it’s always game of cat and mouse. If you’re a good mouse, it just doesn’t bother you.

Ken was often called upon to get files for his floormates. He wasn’t a warez guy himself, but he knows a guy that sortof was. They had been introduced by Paul in the CS labs one time. It turns out this man was Paul’s lab assistant for a computer science course freshman year. Ken remembered when he first met this guy. He was tall with dark brown skin and black hair . . . one whiff from his clothes admitted he was Indian. Oddly enough, his English was good. At least it was more tolerable than Ken’s lisp. The guy’s name was Kan . . . Kan Kadamassamaniamurinian. When you hear a name like that, you know you’re talking to Ph.D quality people.

The meeting started out simple enough. Ken needed some help with his “advanced” Java programming, and Kan was an lab assistant for those courses. However, the conversation was a little lopsided. In

summary, Ken would ask, “Is there any thide effects from using therialization on my own objects?” Kan would answer him with a question, “Would you mine keeping one of my servers plugged into the wall in your dorm?” It was obvious both parties came to this meeting with contrasting goals. Paul had to mediate.

“Um, Kan,” he said, “Ken here needs help with his Java stuff.”

“Tough, man; I’m not on shift.” Kan told him, “Unless it’s a simple thing really...”

“It’th a yes/no question, if you bothered listening to me.” Ken said.

“Yeah well, I got my own shit to take care of.” Kan explained. You see, Kan was the kind of guy that likes to salvage stray computer parts and randomly hook them up to the network to perform all kinds of services. Most of these services were “hosting warez.” A lot of the machines he just kept in reserve in case he got into some crap. His most shining achievement was a little intranet he called “Shidapu.”

Ken was a graduate student, which meant he needed a thesis. He decided to make his thesis deal with distributed-clustered-computing. In other words, he got a huge grant to host warez all day. Oh, he’d run some of his thesis code on the computers from time-to-time. You know, to get some “statistics” and crap.

Ken thought he was the shits until he logged into Shidapu one day. His normal log in message was replaced with something so bizarre that he was trying to relocate his computer as a result:

```
Welcome to Shidapu, RIT's greatest loss of bandwidth for the last two quarters! This machine is provided by the same people that brought you "I don't give a fuck if the network runs slow, just as long as my Crazy Diamond mp3's don't get severed from the outside world." These same people also brought you "I like the cock and whore myself just as much as I whore my university's bandwidth!" CONSIDER YOURSELF WARNED, PACO!
```

With many manhugs and mankisses (not gay),

TEH@resnet.it.edu

PS: I know where you masturbate at night.

Kan showed this to Paul one day in the lab Kan taught. Ken saw it laughed and laughed, "That's crap. Probably just some script kiddie. Everybody knows the real TEH is in jail for cyber ethpionage." Paul initially agreed, "Yeah, after all, this isn't even a university, it's a technical institute." Kan was more serious about the matter. The only way into the computer in question was to either: 1. Physically log in to the keyboard attached to the computer or 2. Log in using SSH, which requires an authentication process so secure there are but only rumors that there's a computer powerful enough to break the key.

"That is, unleth he thtole the key when you first authenticated." Ken proposed.

"Well hey then!" Kan scolded him, "That wouldn't make him a script kiddie now, would it? Self-defeating argument!"

"That wath a sthepa-rate argument!" Ken protested, because he didn't like to be exposed as the idiot troll he was. So Kan made his point, but why should Ken bother with this man? The simple answer: 400GB of Drum and Bass mp3's.

A simple transaction was performed. Well, actually there was no transaction: it was pretty much one-way. Ken got to drag home some huge tower computer and a router. The tower plugged into the router with Ken's roommate's computer. Ken's roommate was so oblivious (and rarely home) that it went unnoticed. Ken, however, couldn't help but notice the five fans in the computer buzzing away. He kept it in the corner behind a bunch of stuff in order to shake the noise from his mind. On the plus side, it kept his dorm warm during the winter.

Kan stayed away from Ken for the most part, and they almost forgot about each other. However, one Thursday night, Ken found somebody pounding away at his door.

"Come in! The door'th already opened, for Christ's sake!" Ken hollared. It was Kan.

"Hey man, what's up, do you need Visual Studio .NET?" Kan asked.

"Don't thmall talk me!" Ken protested. Am I the only one getting mixed up in this Kan/Ken thing? We'll get to that later. It looked like Kan was in a panic. Well, that was obvious because nobody really goes out of their way to talk to Ken in the

first place. "Shit, got here just in time; look out in the hall." Kan declared. Ken couldn't bother to stand up, so he wheeled his chair over to the door. There was freshman-looking kid in an RIT jacket walking down the hall. He had a radio on his belt. What gave him



Ignorance.

away as an RIT employee was when he turned around to watch a hot piece of ass walk into the lady's room.

"That kid is Timothy." Kan explained, "He works for resnet. He's their little bitch. One half of his brain is stupid, and the other half is batshit insane. I think somebody tipped off my server to them, so they're sending their lackey to investigate." Kan looked at Ken in the eyes, "Did you hide that machine sufficiently?"

"What's 'thufficienty?'" Ken protested. After all, he wasn't interested in really hiding it, other than getting it out of his face. It turned out that it was surrounded by so much clutter that it was impossible to find it. That is, unless you knew where to look.

Ken and Kan fidgeted inside Ken's dorm for a minute, until Timothy walked by. Kan sighed with relief, "Oh good, he's gone."

"Hey, wazzuh." came a voice from the hallway. It turns out that Timothy pulled a 180 and was now peering into their room. "Hey mates, you look like the types that know a thing or too about 'servers.'" Tim observed. They weren't so sure if this was a compliment, or if he was just being a moron. Tim invited himself into the room, and he stopped somewhere in the middle. He started sniffing the air while looking around.

"I smell . . . burning bandwidth." Timothy observed with a raised brow. He then commented, "Or is something melting in here? Damn it's hot. Kind of heat you get when you have, say, a file server running in the corner." He stroked his chin while Ken and Kan gaped at him. "Something else." he added, "Do you guys hear something like a jet engine? Something's damn loud in here."

"Nah it's just your imagination." Kan told him.

"Oh OK, see you later." Timothy said, waved, and left. Ken and Kan looked at each other and both thought what a moron to be dismissed that easily. In reality, he knew damn well what was going on. They don't just happy-jolly assign internet addresses around the resident halls. He knew which room the offending server was coming from, down to which half the room into which the computer was plugged. But Timothy liked to fool around.

He went next door to a room shared by two girls. The bright colors and sweet smells gave it away. Lily, a cheerleader in her home town somewhere in Oklahoma, was checking her mail before a night out on the town. Timothy barged in and then knocked on the door.

"Excuse me, resnet is here to improve your internet connection." he declared. Lily glared at him and protested, "My roommate and me never complained about it."

"That's that magic of resnet around here." Timothy told (lied to) her, "We can predict the future! Notice your connection running like ass?"

"Umm... not really?"

"Trust me, it is. Can I borrow your computer to do some of the maintenance?" Lily still glared at him.

"Ummm... no..."

"Thanks." Timothy said as he brushed her aside. He established a connection to one of his own computers, and then used the backdoor into Kan's server in the other room. The girl was puzzled what to do – she had been busy reading a long-winded email from her boyfriend from home. It was pretty intimate, and it was blaring out from the corner of the screen. Timothy didn't seem to pay any attention to it. He was busy sending his first warning to Kan.

In the next room, Ken and Kan were interrupted by the sound of a weak electric motor. They looked into the corner, and saw the server's CD-rom drive bay opening up all by itself. It stuck the tray out like it was giving them a big raspberry. "That's odd." Kan commented, getting up to shut the door. He hijacked an idle terminal session on Ken's Linux machine to see what was up. He was greeted with warning number two. As soon as he logged in, a window of the goatman popped up on his computer.

For all of you that don't know, the goatman (aka "The Reciever") is the weapon to use when you want to burn a person's eyes out. Most of you have seen it somewhere. It's the picture of a man, bent over, pulling his ass wide open with his hands. Oh, he has a ring on one of his fingers too. Well, this was what was greeting Kan and Ken.

Oddly enough, they've had to see that image so many damn times that it had lost its touch. So on to step three. Timothy thought he'd start sending Ken some nasty messages to get his point across. He didn't know what Ken's hostname was, but he knew what his IP address was, and used that to scan him. Lo and behold, he had a UNIX talk port open and ready for harassment! Kan paused at the computer for a moment, looked towards Ken, and said, "Hey somebody is trying to initiate a talk with you. He has the username . . . TEH, oh crap, he's mine!"

The chat session went something like this:

TEH: Are you enjoying your evening?

Kan: It's fine thank you. Go fuck off.

TEH: No, fuck you. On behalf on everybody here that can't do anything because you're stealing all the bandwidth, fuck you.

Kan: You think you are so 1337 breaking into other peoples boxes.

TEH: Would you rather I just report you in to resnet for a little love chat?

Kan: I'll get you busted for being a script kiddie. Are you getting off breaking into other people's computers?

TEH: Hell no. If it weren't for self-righteous idiots like you, hosting 324,833 illegal files on your computers, I wouldn't be bothering right now.

Kan: Oh? You just want my files?

TEH: I want you to stop, that's what. The Internet was self-governing before idiots like you came along.

Kan: You are incorrect. The Internet was self-governing until black hat wannabes like you came along. Then it all went to hell.

TEH: Beg you pardon. I have been hearing complaints from people unable to complete work through the network, even with all the damn bandwidth we have. I'm here to tell you to stop, for the good of the network.

Kan: Yeah right, or what?

There was a pause for a moment. "Hah! The fool doesn't know what to say!" Kan declared triumphantly.

"He doesn't know what to 'write.'" Ken told him, "A chat session cannot 'say.'" Ken looked over at the server in the corner. "Hey man, the therver's hard disks are going nuts." He told Kan. The hard disk light was on a constant orange." Kan scrambled back to the keyboard.

TEH: All illegal files on that computer that start with the letter "a" are now gone. Buh-bye!!!

Kan: You're nothing but a bunch of script kiddie trash! You could write a hack of your own if you put years into it!

TEH: Ah OK I'll delete the ones that start with numbers and symbols now. Oh, just to let you know, you were infected with a virus that had a dot at the start of the filename. It was set up to hammer CNN.com. You're welcome for the free fix.

"Shit!" Kan screamed, as he went over to another terminal window. Funny – his remote connections were severed. Meanwhile, Timothy sighed in the other room. "Please leave!" the ex-cheerleader told him. He got up, and declared "Ah OK, all done."

"I don't know what you were doing, but I don't think that was fixing anything! Get out or I'll call the cops!"

"Heh, that's too bad, I thought we'd get to know each other, seeing that you're single now." Timothy said with a raised brow, "If you had read your boyfriend's email, you would have known he just dumped you."

"Fuck! No!" She screamed, scrambling to reclaim her computer. Timothy tip-toed out as she cried at the computer. On his way out, he turned back, lifted his imaginary hat, and said, "Please come again if you have further problems! We can even hook you up with a boyfriend! It's raining men around here, you know."

Timothy passed by Ken's now-shut door, and started heading towards the elevator. He decided to just sit down against the wall there and wait for his quarry. Sure enough, Ken's door opened five minutes later. A very agitated Kan came barging out, carrying

his huge server behind him. The cables to it were dragging behind him. As Kan went to push the up elevator button, he asked Timothy, "Hey you, did you notice any strange people around here?"

"What abouts?" Timothy asked, innocently enough.

"I mean, did any, like, scary/nerdy people go into the room next to ours?"

"No I didn't see anything." Timothy stated.

"Somebody in there just hacked into my computer! You're resnet, you should handle this crap!" Kan lectured to him.

"Well sir, you can issue a trouble ticket, and we can examine that computer for any signature of the cracker." Timothy offered. Kan fumbled for a moment and told him, "Dammit, just forget it, OK?"

"Why? It sounds very severe..."

"Just back off, you couldn't handle it if that fist in your head you call a brain actually worked!"

"Now sir... there's no need to be rash." Timothy told him, and then he said, "Hey! There was somebody odd in that room after all?" There was a pause as the elevator opened. "Yeah, there was a girl in there! She was hot, would you believe it!" Timothy told him, and laughed as Kan flung himself into the elevator. At that point, Kan wanted to be as far away from that incompetent prick as possible.

Word somehow got out that some huge server on RIT got busted. Many of the freshmen moaned over this because they got all their trash from that server. Word leaked out even more that it had originated in Ken's room. So half the people thought Ken was a big warez guy, and the other half that took his explanation wanted to get into Kan's stash. That wasn't gonna happen, or at least not for a long time. It looked like Kan's graduate project had taken a major setback. But after all was said and done, everybody noticed the network speed jumped dramatically. Everybody celebrated by playing games all day.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Musical Inspiration:

Jack Doyle declaring a State of Emergency to distract us from the real problems

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