

'Orville Odocoil's WADD Popcorn'
By R.S. Dawgstein.

Like a fall Hurricane in the Caribbean, a new drama storm swept through ZackuraTech in the form of the company's announcement to cleave Building Facilities operations into two separate departments; Facilities for building maintenance and the WADD technology division.

Building Facilities would soldier on as before. WADD techs were now responsible for maintaining not only the complex machinery of the WADD program, but all attendant building facilities immediately adjacent to said equipment.

Part of the company's new Mission Statement to increase efficiency and improve security as only authorized WADD personal would attend the laboratories, IT workstations, electrical conditioning, power wiring and even lighting fixtures directly associated with WADD program.

Yet in some areas, there remained disputed territory. The basement break room for WADD technicians for one. Though the depressing concrete room with a table, coffee maker, dust coated refrigerator of mystery and various old chairs clearly occupied the same basement levels as the accelerator ring. Like the Western half of Berlin during the Cold War. The WADD break room became an isolated island that belonged to Building Facilities. The spoils of a ruinous corporate scuffle.

Changing a light fixture in the break room required one to navigate not one, but two separate departments.

Not unlike the clumsy dance of the bygone Cold War era between West and East; complex diplomatic negotiations between two departmental superpowers were required to facilitate the simple task of upgrading the break room's fluorescent fixtures to T-8 lightning standards.

Along with the official negotiations, came the 'unofficial' communiques and skullduggery between techs from both departments. Including a cloak and dagger substitution of T8 ballasts approved by meddlesome Company Security for used, but unbugged NEC ballasts.

Finally, the work had been signed off and completed. Head WADD technician Puff Odocoil found he now had the entire room to himself! A hoofed ballet like dance over to the refrigerator, plate removed and slid into the rusty microwave. Door closed. The cervine flopped down in the reclining chair within a now brightly lit room of pitted concrete, right arm on an armrest, feet propped up.

Puff whickered a happy sigh, content to watch the microwave like a television screen as it wheezed and messily heated up an impromptu snack...popcorn and WADD test subject.