

2008

The Year in Review

Theme: The quality of pudding just isn't what it used to be.

Summer 2007

In an old house with an overgrown yard, a laboratory has been built in the huge basement and on a metal table lies the corpse of a retired dean (well, it looked kind of corpse-like sitting there in front of the television with its thumb stuck to the remote). Electrodes have been inserted into the head. Dr. Frankendean turns to his assistant, Wenger, and asks if Wenger has the brain Wenger was assigned to find. He couldn't find a brain so he grabbed a snack from Sodexo on the way. Frankendean grabs the pudding and inserts it into the head, bolts the cranium shut. Lightning, coincidentally, strikes at that moment. Electricity flows into the body and its eyes open.

Summer 07: "It's aliiiiivvvvveeee!"

Frankendean shouts. "I have created a dean from completely inert tissue. I have created a thinking, breathing human! Well, a breathing human."

Summer 07: Dean, inert? Does the term redundant mean anything to you?

Summer 07: SFCC: "We'll take it! But only on an interim basis."

Summer 07: The monster sits up and says, "Meeting. Me need to do meeting!" Success!!

And the year begins.

Sept: Tom Hopkins returns as interim dean of the Professional/Technical Division at SFCC.

Sept: Computer Help Tip: Do not allow IT to upgrade to the new Microsoft application or you will spend hours and hours and hours discovering that the old system was better . . . AAArrrrrggghh. Too late.

Sept: Microsoft motto--This powerful new software will make sure you are also powerfully screwed.

Sept: Employees system wide decide to object the new Microsoft application, but they can't figure out how to open a document to write a protest letter.

Sept: Let's see, we'll try help. Ah. (Help message: You, my friend, are powerfully screwed. Have a nice day ☺. Oh, and send us money. Just kidding – we've tapped into your bank account, so WE are having quite a nice day.)

Sept: Gary Livingston's opening day speech excerpt: "We are forming a community to relate to the community in a way that helps us build a new community of community oriented community minded community helpers." (Note, this is an exaggeration – to get a better idea of the actual wording, remove the following words: we, are, forming, a, to, relate, the, in, a, way, that, helps, us, build, new, oriented, minded, helpers.)

Sept: Jim Collen, director of Facilities Maintenance: After parking lot and campus street repairs are completed, we will have parking lots and streets to be proud of.

Sept: When was the last time you were proud of your parking lot? See, things are getting

better. This deserves an emoticon☺. Uh oh. Our cute little emoticon was run over by a parking lot repair truck. :#[

Sept: After the sudden departure of SCC's president, what's-his-name, a search committee is formed. The criteria: We need a president who doesn't care if he and/or she's not really a president, a person who doesn't care if the campus just missed being tagged a superfund cleanup site, a person who doesn't realize that any minute now the place will be paved over and become part of the North-South freeway, a person who can understand when visiting state officials enter Old Main and mistakingly think they are at Eastern State Hospital. In other words, we need a person with absolutely no ambition nor self-esteem.

Sept: Let the search begin.

Sept: SCC: Oh yeah. You people at SFCC are sooooo snooty. Just because you get a fancy new building with windows, you think you can make fun of our campus. We'll show you. We'll find a president who isn't delusional and will stay more than two years. Um, someone make a note of that on the search criteria.

Sept: SFCC: Ha! Our president has remained here way more than two years (don't remind them that he didn't get the jobs elsewhere ... that's our little secret.)

Sept: Another true memo: For those of you looking for forms on the CCS Internet. . . our new Forms A to Z pages unfortunately "crashed" during the transition from the old to new site. However, if you go to Contact Us on the new site, you'll find a Forms A to Z link that currently points to our Intranet page, where you should find most forms. We're almost finished rebuilding the new page and will let you know when it goes live. Again, thanks for your patience.

Sept: Memo from "Us": Patience? Where's the form for letting you know where we can place our highly patient boot?

Sept: Let's see. That would be under "A". Please go to Contact Us . . .

Oct: Preparations begin on the campus for the climate survey. It could be just one question – what really puts a knot in your knickers?

Oct: Clarification: The North-South Freeway will not obliterate SCC until at least 2011. Any fans of The Hitchhiker's Guide To the Galaxy will recall that the earth is destroyed by a construction company from a distant planet in order to complete an inter-galactic thruway. Will life eventually imitate art? Perhaps, except that the aliens here are weirder.

Oct: However! If gas prices rise and people stop driving so much then the funds to complete the North-South Freeway will dry up and SCC is saved.

Oct: Except! If gas prices are so high students who can only afford gas guzzling reject vehicles won't be able to afford to make it to campus and SCC is screwed.

Oct: Of course! So is everyone else. It's a lose-lose kind of situation.

Oct: Enrollments are up! Time to begin the effort to find missing students. In fact, this becomes the issue of the year. They're out there, students who don't finish the quarter, or the first week, and we're going to find them.

Oct: There are some ways an instructor can spot a student who might disappear. He or she will approach the teacher after the first day of class and ask, "Are we doing anything important the rest of the quarter?"

Oct: Or the student who asks for a syllabus – so he or she can use it to clean up the coffee spill at his or her desk.

Oct: At SFCC, plans to complete the new building, Sn-w'ey'-mn, takes shape. The ancient tribe of Social Scientists is restless. The clansmen learn they have to begin the arduous process of abandoning their nests in Building 3 (which, in Salish, is called Sl-'p-'ng-G'-zrs).

Oct: And what might Sn-w'ey'-mn actually mean? We love apostrophes and dashes way too much? Sinning white men? Another place stolen from us? (To give credit to the Salish language, it is, no doubt, sinning white men who love the apostrophes and dashes they use to interpret a language they will never understand).

Oct: Rumor has it that the Frankendean monster is seen at meetings at the SFCC campus threatening to wreak havoc – or at least go on and on during meetings about trivial subjects. He is, frankly, hard to tell from the other deans.

Oct: Dean response: Oh yeah, like faculty don't blab their heads off at meetings just to hear the sound of their own voices!

Oct: Faculty response: Oh yeah? Well, I remember the first time a student came to me with a drop add slip and . . . (not nearly enough room in document to print the entire response – let's just say several listeners were rendered comatose).

Oct: New Microsoft application tip: you have noticed by now that where the window used to have pull-down lists at the top, you now have handy, easy to find “ribbons” and within those ribbons, user friendly . . . hey, stop cursing and at least look at the screen.

Oct: Lesson 1- new Microsoft application. Title – the least you need to know to send death threats to Microsoft programmers.

Oct: The political season is upon us like a bus full of drunken tourists at a discount gift shop.

Oct: To be accurate, the politicians have been at it since about ten minutes after the last presidential election. But now, we have the

pundits making their predictions: The winners will definitely be Hillary Clinton and Mitt Romney, but Mike Huckabee is a possible dark horse.

Oct: And it will be the mildest winter in almost forty years.

Oct: And housing prices will continue their historic rise.

Nov: Rod the God, computer guru extraordinaire, tells faculty to forget about security in regard to in class student essays: “. . . I think the best approach to academic honesty with impromptu essays would be the paper and pen approach . . . if I were really concerned about it, I would bring undisclosed colored paper to class, and have the essays written on that, to ensure no one pulls a pre-written piece out of a backpack. If they can guess the color of the paper ahead of time, I'd say they should quit school and head out to the horse track.”

Nov: Dr. Frankendean, the guy who created the monster, is invited to a workshop on procedures for creating, er, hiring administrators. Surgical thread, bolts, jumper cables and DNA will be provided.

Nov: “Brains!” Dr. Frankendean cries, “I need BRAINS!”

Nov: “Don't we all!” replies the committee in unison.

Nov: Rod the God plans a trip to the horse track. In which race is the green paper running?

Nov: Engineers measure the progress of the North-South freeway and discover it is

moving at about the same speed as the Mendenhall Glacier. And, like the glacier, it seems to be moving backwards. Phew. SCC buys some time.



Nov: Symposium theme: What are the negatives of paving over SCC? A call for papers!

Nov: Objection to symposium title: presumes paving over SCC has negatives.

Nov: Ominous sign: the first snowfall descends upon Spokane. Ah, it's just a fluke. Remember, the prognosticators say this will be one of the mildest winters since the global warming crisis of 32,000 B.C.

Nov: The State Board for Community and Technical Colleges, the organization to which all community and tech colleges belong, decides to again beat the legislature to the punch by devising a "student success" plan whereby community and tech colleges would get a piddling amount of money from some other project and use it for retaining students who might find more attractive possibilities elsewhere, like working at a car wash, a life-long dream for most Americans.

Nov: It's the old do it to ourselves before someone else does it to us idea.

Nov: Aristotle, 400 B.C.: "Screw Thyself."

Nov: No, no. He said, "Know Thyself."

Nov: To-may-to, to-mah-to.

Nov: Doesn't this remind you of, hmm, yes, Common Course Numbering. If this doesn't add up, just sign up for Math Z0104.

Nov: Remember in the movie "Blazing Saddles" when the black sheriff played by Cleavon Little held a gun to his own head to hold himself hostage so the citizens of his fair town wouldn't lynch him. Did the people at the State Board see that film and like the idea?

Nov: State Legislature to us: Suckers.

Nov: The beauty of this plan from the legislature's view is that we screw ourselves and they don't have to pay for it. It's called the "Screw Yourself For Free" program.

Nov: But what about the children? The children! The poor, little children! Er, make that "what about the students?"

Nov: What about them?

Nov: Hmm. Let's see. Oh yeah. If they don't come to class then they fail and then won't succeed. Worse, they disappear. Remember the Reappearing Student Initiative? We've got to bring them back.

Nov: Hoards of mewling, sympathy overdosed community and technical college teachers converge on the local carwash to drag poor, unsuspecting slackers back to college.

Nov: Um, it's November people. Carwashes are likely to be closed even though it's the mildest winter since Hannibal crossed the Cascades with his elephants who nearly died from the heat. Um, except it's snowing in Spokane. Which is why the car wash is closed.

Nov: The committee finds what might be a missing student lying in a gutter in downtown Spokane and haul him back into the classroom. "Hey," he says, "I'm an 83-year-old alcoholic crack addict. Untie me!"

Nov: Not until you read the syllabus.

Nov: At the track, Rod the God bets his paycheck on a blue vellum running in the third. He got a tip from an upstart parchment. (To make sense of this, go back a month or so).

Nov: Okay, so it doesn't make sense. There's no race track in Spokane and paper can't run. Not the way a horse can, unless the horse is Big Brown in the last leg of the Triple Crown. (which won't happen until June).

Dec: We get a light dusting of snow. Ten minutes later we get another light dusting of snow, and five minutes



later another dusting. Soon we are up to our humplocks in snow. We start shoveling. We continue to shovel. Before long, we are trapped in our houses, draining the brandy bottle, watching reruns of CSI hoping for a glimpse of the hot desert around Las Vegas. Why, we wonder, does the desert look so dark on CSI?

Dec: Humplocks? Is that a biological term?

Dec: Somewhere in America, politicians are fighting it out because soon the Iowa caucuses will launch Hillary and Mitt on the “Road To The White House!”

Dec: Wolf Blitzer, whose parents apparently hoped he would be a general in Hitler’s army, adopts the “third grade teacher” approach to conducting debates. “Raise your hand if you own a gun.” “Raise your hand if you hate abortion.” “Raise your hand if you have to go to the bathroom.” “No, you don’t get to go to the bathroom, America just needs to know if your bladder is full.”

Dec: Maybe we ought to use the “Blitzer Blitz” in pursuing student success. “Raise your hand if you plan to disappear from this class.” “Raise your hand if, after you disappear from this class, you will be working at a car wash.” “Raise your hand if you think cooking hamburgers at McDonald’s is a great entry level job toward becoming a famous chef.”

Dec: Raise your hand if you think Wolf Blitzer ought to be lobotomized.

Dec: He already was? Can we do it twice?

Dec: SFCC—the pioneers from Buildings 4, 14 and 3 begin to pack their covered wagons, sell off their earthly goods, stock up on food and provisions for the long trek to Sn-w’ey’-mn. There will be tragedies, burials along the way, starvation and perhaps even cannibalism, but this is how the West was stolen. Er, won.

Dec: But no one better turn off the heat in the old buildings before we get to the new ones. That’s our pioneer creed. Keep us comfortable or we will sue.

Dec: Did you pack the lawyer? There’s room in one of those big cardboard boxes.

Dec: Facilities holds an hour long meeting to explain to the hardy pioneers how to find their way to the new building and what to do when they get there (go north until you see that big glassy looking structure then go in and, oh, sit down. Or something.)

Dec: Included with the oral instructions on how to get to Sn-w’ey’-mn is a handout with the exact same information as the verbal ones.

Dec: Were there any recipes on that handout?

Dec: How many college instructors does it take to make a box out of a flat piece of cardboard that is preformed to turn into a box?

Dec: More than you want to know.

Dec: The winter landscape is littered with the discarded effects of the pioneers – paper clips, post-it notes, handouts from a 1987 Sociology 101 class. It is a heartbreaking sight. Dazed social science teachers, accounting teachers, economics teachers and English teachers wander the snow covered landscape looking like empty eyed refugees from one of the “Friday the Thirteenth” movies.

Dec: Let’s give these poor souls some hopeful words: Don’t worry, Spring will be here soon. Tom Sherry said so.

Dec: And so did George Maupin.

Dec: And the snow continues to fall. Good thing. The faster those Sociology handouts get covered up, the better. Some things are better left unknown.

Dec: The good news is that there is less of a rush to move the computers since only a select few have even been able to use them since the change to the new Microsoft application. Technological Illiteracy are US!

Dec: Microsoft Help Note: if you buy a new computer, it will come loaded with Microsoft’s new Vista program, a user friendly interface designed to make sure all those expensive programs you currently own will never work again.

Dec: Meanwhile, in a room over at District headquarters, a room dense with the humidity born of sweat, the trustees examine each document from tenure committee reports looking for a student comment that might possibly reveal The Truth.

Dec: Such as: “He has a funny accent.”

Dec: Christmas break descends as the prospective residents of Sn-w'ey'-mn learn that the deadline for being evicted from the old buildings was moved back to, oh, January endish.

Jan: A new year, a new building for many, a new layer of snow, a new primary, a new caucus, a new deadline for exiting the old buildings which, so the story goes, will be torn down by the end of February.

Jan: True story in the Spokesman-Review: SCC janitor wins multi-million dollar lottery. And, get this, his WIFE retires, but the janitor doesn't.

Jan: Two possibilities here: Either he gets way too many jollies from sweeping and mopping or he just liked the fact that the janitor is worth more than any other employee in the district.

Jan That's it. Rub it in! Where's the whiskey bottle?

Jan If that isn't bizarre enough, Obama and Huckabee win the Iowa caucus. Huckabee? Maybe it's time to sell Iowa to Canada. We'll take Canadian dollars!

Jan: Dr. Frankendean is asked to look over an ad seeking a new dean. "What do you want to do that for? Look at Hopkins. Hard to believe the man is made from the parts of eighteen different cadavers and a brain made of stuff Bill Cosby used to promote in TV commercials. I can dig up any number of deans."

Jan: SFCC is also searching for a new Vice-President of Students and Other Stuff. The question is, how public should this search be. Apparently, it's a forgone conclusion that whoever we hire will be an incompetent dufus, so if the search is conducted in a semi-secret, confidential manner, the hate mail won't start coming in until well into October.

Jan: A few stray social science faculty are rooted out of their nests like badgers and forced to complete the migration to Sn-w'ey'-mn.

Jan: Sn-w'ey'-mn encounters a few "new building" problems. A college employee

overheats and explodes. Memo from "new building correction committee": We'll look into that thermostat problem.

Jan: The frozen corpse of what may be an adjunct faculty is found in his office in Sn-w'ey'-mn. Memo from "new building correction committee": We'll look into that . . . yeah, yeah, yeah.

Jan: Dr. Frankendean: corpse? Bring me that frozen adjunct. We'll give him the career in death he never hoped to attain in life. And he'll be less nerdy, too.

Jan: Hillary wins New Hampshire kicking off the longest Democratic primary since Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy were arrested after getting into a fistfight at the Chicago Convention Center and rolling through the peanuts and spilled beer and out into the street unnecessarily disrupting the riots.

Jan: New Hampshire Breaking News: John McCain rises from the dead. What is that smell?

Jan: Snow keeps falling. CCS planners dig out the old policies on snow days. This edict from one Terrance Brown: "Snow doesn't actually exist. Social scientists of my acquaintance have conducted numerous studies and have determined that when people claim they see snow, they are actually encountering a delusion caused by little white particles getting disturbed inside the human eyes. These particles usually settle down after the weather gets warm and this whole snow delusion goes away. Hence, we will NEVER EVER have any snow days at CCS."

Jan: Besides, haven't you seen any of those movies about snow days. It just gives young people a chance to do vandalism and get drunk. They can do that in the classroom!

Jan: Small print in snow policy: A little known WAC states that snow days can only be called in the months of July and August so as to cause the least amount of campus disruption.

Jan: Oops. Apparently the little white particles inside the eyeballs have gone berserk. What appears to be snow begins falling on a Saturday.

Jan: Sunday arrives and it appears to still be snowing, but it can't be. It must be the eyeball problem. Note to self: call eye doctor tomorrow.

Jan: His phone rings at three a.m. He has a decision to make. He steps outside and disappears into a snowdrift. On Sunday, winds forty to fifty miles an hour piled up the imaginary snow. He crawls back through the drifts and finds himself in a hole. A groundhog wakes up and stares at the invader. "Dr. Livingston, I presume," it says, but the language was Groundhogian.

Jan: Groundhog: "I swear this has happened to me before. But last time it was a girl groundhog. Let's see, what did I do wrong in the last scenario? I forgot to propose."

Jan: After falling into this hole and coming face to face with a groundhog, he is startled when the groundhog appears to kiss him. This has to be an illusion. The groundhog is down on one knee. The intruder backs out of the hole and by five a.m. is rescued by a guy driving a sled team. Kind of got off course during the Iditarod.

Jan: Back in his house, it is now four a.m. and he still hasn't made a decision. He picks up the phone and calls the emergency hotline to his optometrist.

Jan: Six a.m. Every school and non-emergency public and private institution cancels classes and work, except for the Community Colleges of

Spokane. Invoking the Terry Brown doctrine, classes at CCS will NOT be cancelled!

Jan: It is seven a.m. and his phone rings. It is an emergency: "We're gonna sue your humplocks clear off the back side of your body!" He hangs up. Hmm. Screw the Terry Brown doctrine, we're cancelling school.

Jan: Um, what about the people who are already at school?

Jan: Give them extra credit! And ask them if they would like to shovel a little imaginary snow.

Jan: Tuesday. Jayheesussss H. Jayhosefat! The snow is still there! This is some tough imaginary snow! And it melted slightly and



iced over. Polar bears would slip and die on this stuff.

Jan: It's three a.m. and his phone rings.

Jan: WE SURRENDER! This is the worst snowstorm since '08!

Jan: It is '08!

Jan: Cancel school! We're up to our Humplocks in snow! Cancel everything. Hide. Hibernate! Cancel phone service. I hear the ground hog talking to me. Go back to bed for six more weeks.

Jan: After four days, Wintershocked CCS employees drift back toward the campuses looking like hundreds of Dr. Zhivagos after crossing the Russian tundra in the worst Winter since Dr. Johnson's pipe froze and he spent three agonizing days in intensive care with his pipe wrapped in heating tape.

Jan: That's gotta hurt.

Jan: It was either that or . . . well, we won't go into that. It makes strong men squirm.

Feb: We emerge from the buildings to discover that the state legislature has been in session for more than a month. After a lengthy debate of twenty-two seconds, they decide to give faculty and staff a raise and, generously, raise the cost of medical coverage so it's equal with the pay raise.

Feb: Hey, if it hadn't been generous, they would have raised the medical coverage to double the pay raise. So stop griping. Besides, how much could prices rise?

Feb: It may not seem related, but Nigerian protesters remind the world that their leading politicians coincidentally get all the profits from Nigeria's huge oil exports. What to do, what to do? Ah, say bye bye to Nigeria's huge oil exports.

Feb: President Bush begs the Saudi kings, the ones who we went to war in Kuwait to protect, the ones whose wealthy countrymen financed the 9/11 attacks, to increase the production of oil. They kindly tell the leader of the free world to take a hike. (That's a rough translation from the Arabic but the word "take" in Arabic is quite similar to the phrase "shove it up your" and the word "hike" is disarmingly similar to "upper bowel". Probably just a coincidence.

Feb: President Bush calls for a cut in funding for Amtrak.

Feb: Mass transit is soooo old school.

Feb: The elevator in Sn-w'ey'-mn stops working. Rumor has it no one is trapped inside.

Feb: A noted anthropologist says that one possible translation for Sn-w'ey'-mn is "may all of you sinning white men get trapped in a small, windowless room that you think will go up and down, but occasionally doesn't."

Feb: A noted casual observer observes that the stairwells in Sn-w'ey'-mn are, um, snug.

Feb: A noted anthropologist says that one possible translation for Sn-w'ey'-mn is "may the

rest of you sinning white men get jammed into an enclosure meant for climbing and descending, but is occasionally blocked by fleeing, screaming, panicked pink people."

Feb: Architectural response: the ample stairways in the new building meet all code requirements for the egress of capacity population in the case of emergency.

Feb: Except for the fact that the "population" will, in an emergency, run for the center stairwell since, because of the doors that hide the other stairwells, it seems the smart thing to do.

Feb: Until an actual emergency happens and the "Lemming effect" (as translated from the Salish) results in stairwell meltdown.

Feb: Maybe the "population" can swing from those interesting artistic thingies hanging from the walls and ceiling.

Feb: Dr. Frankendean is asked to create a prototype campus president. "Can't be done," he replies. "You just can't cram that much pudding into the average human cranium."

Feb: A worried mother calls SFCC to report that her son said he wanted to kill someone then headed off to class. At SFCC.

Feb: The SFCC emergency response system kicks into gear. Crack SWAT teams are sent to bus stops.

Feb: Correction-crack SWAT teams are sent to A bus stop. Puzzled students exiting the bus get the idea- the CCS anti-mass transit program has begun.

Feb: Messages are sent to everyone who may have contact with the student who made the threat. Sort of.

Feb: Here's the deal. We could panic everyone by letting them know of the danger, so, instead of creating panic, we will secretly notify selected non-panicky types. Teachers who know this student are likely to panic since, when he made the threat, he may well have meant he wanted to kill, oh, one or more of his teachers.

Wouldn't it make you panic if you were one of those teachers?

Feb: Exactly.

Feb: So the plan is to notify teachers who don't know this guy because . . .

Feb: You guessed it.

Feb: They are the least likely to panic.

Feb: Also, do not send out a photo of this guy. Here's why. A couple of years ago, a photo was sent of a suspect in a theft case and some errant faculty member posted the guy's picture all over the place with snotty notes on them. This is demeaning and the last thing we want to do is . . .

Feb: Yessss?

Feb: Make a person who threatened to kill someone feel bad.

Feb: Letter to the editor of the Year In Review: You are just in a snit because this person who possibly threatened to stab, shoot and maim someone was in your class. Have you not heard of diversity, man! Get over it.

Feb: Sorry. Ignore my personal gripe. I have only one life to give for my night class and . . . hold it, hold it. On reflection, Nathan Hale was nuts!

Feb: A YIR quiz: Who was Nathan Hale? Slacker answer: a dude who was obviously in need of anti-depressants man.

Feb: The notes for the next few weeks of the Year In Review are a bit difficult to read as they were scribbled inside a tiny, windowless, and rather safe, closet. But I believe John McCain has outlived all his opponents in the Republican primaries. In fact, Senator McCain has outlived just about everyone. Just the other day he was chatting about the time when he and Nathan Hale were in spy school together – very pre James Bond. "I'll have that grog shaken, not stirred."

Feb: Hillary Clinton wins the big states but for some reason is still behind in delegates.

Feb: Isn't this a hoot. The guy who might have threatened to kill someone who may or may not be me it turns out is a superdelegate.

Feb: Dr. Frankendean finds a note from a mysterious potential donor: If you can crank out about two hundred superdelegates, you could end up being the Surgeon General. P.S.: make sure they have a distinct fondness for "people" who wear pantsuits.

Feb: Dr. Frankendean replies that this may be possible, but due to the low grade of pudding coming out of Sodexo these days, the "manufactured superdelegates" would no doubt end up being Republicans.

Feb: John McCain's speechwriter crisis: all the keys that type "my friends" are worn completely off his keyboard.

Feb: Letter to the editor: Okay, YIR-boy, let's hear a crack about Obama. Eh? How about that middle name? Eh? And how about that preacher of his? And what does he really mean by CHANGE? I tell you, my friend, you better be fair or you could end up driving a Smart car past roadside bombs in Iraq! Jerk.

March: A secret note arrives on the desk of the trustees: "The tenure committee for person X says she's just great. But I hate her and if she's tenured, I will QUIT! And this place will be one hell-hole without me around to keep things straight. Love, an anonymous department chair having something to do with nursing at a not-to-be-mentioned college that could any day be obliterated to make way for the North-South freeway."

March: It's comforting to know that the trustees put faith in the hard working faculty, students and deans who serve on the tenure committees and . . . uh what? They fired her even though the tenure committee gave her high marks? Um, sorry. The board has decided to dis-in-tenured her?

March: I guess it's not comforting to . . . ah, whatever.

March: How to build a green building: make sure the classroom lights dim to blackness unless some wasteful lout manually hits the switch every five minutes. The idea here is to allow the people enough light to find their way into the room, then make it go dark. They can't be doing anything important once they're in there, can they?

March: Theory- if the lights go dark and no one does anything because it's too dark, then those in the darkened room will be less wasteful because if one does nothing, one wastes nothing. And besides, there's plenty of light from the big windows.

March: Except in November, December, January, February and part of March. Those aren't very important months anyway.

March: An exciting new program is offered just in Sn-w'ey'-mn during the winter months: Braille for Beginners.

March: A noted anthropologist suggests another possible translation for the word Sn-w'ey'-mn: "We let these idiots steal our land? Sheesh."

March: The student-success-program-disappeared-student-recovery-team develops a theory: students are being kidnapped by aliens from outer space. Or are at home playing "Grand Theft Auto IV". Which is, essentially, the same thing.

March: A disappeared student recovery team volunteer posts himself in a field that appears to have mysterious crop circles so as to be kidnapped by aliens so he can rescue the disappeared students who were kidnapped by the aliens.

March: The volunteer is run down by a combine. It might have been an alien combine, but after the volunteer ends up wired inside a bail of hay and sold to a feedlot in Ellensburg, he suspects he has encountered more homegrown sorts of aliens. The best part is that

he fetches more than \$100 a bale. Farming is hot!

March: "How is the temporary dean working out?" Dr. Frankendean asks. Fine except somebody seems to be drinking all the developer in the photo department.

March: News item—a hop shortage could curtail the production of beer.

March: A BEER SHORTAGE? That's just great. What are we going to drink to forget that gas prices are edging above \$3.50 cents a gallon? Maybe we can fly to some country that still has cheap beer.

March: News item—airlines slash flights, start charging for a second bag. Note—bring your own food, the in-flight snacks are made out of discarded wood chips (a nutritional invention first developed in France by the Sodexo "Make Them Eat Dirt alternative-food laboratories).

March: At the CCS Sodexo "food" service cafeterias, managers decide to trim the choices so as to make for healthier selections. It's called the Sudan Forced Diet program.

March: To the streets! We want our hot dogs back!

March: Has anyone noticed that buildings 3 and 14, which, according to "the plan," were supposed to be demolished and are still standing? They look sort of like tombs, or a bit deanish.

March: However, it's comforting to peek in the windows and see O'Neal's old syllabi scattered all over the floor. Just like the old days, except they aren't covered with piles of books.

March: In the new building, a lively underground market in furniture swapping has helped offset the pressures of rising gasoline prices.

March: It hasn't helped the beer shortage one bit, however. We may have to resort to whiskey.

April: Finally, Spring quarter is here after a long, snowy winter. We welcome the bright new term by running outside and frolicking in the snow.

April: Best of all, the hiring committees are forming: we will be hiring new faculty, new deans, new vice-presidents.

April: Dr. Frankendean—"What's the rush? I'm having a sale on refurbished cadavers. Look, aside from that little tic that causes him to ramble on during meetings, Dean Hopkins is a fine example of a recycled, discount dean. Just look at it as the ultimate sustainability program."

April: Larry Massey notices that the students are parking in the Sn 'we y' mn faculty parking spots. Which means they are parking dangerously close to his car and might scratch it. He invokes the "Mary Hyatt Don't Park Anywhere Near My Car Or Your Humplocks Are Toast" rule, and the place is suddenly flooded with faculty parking signs and campus cops creating a blizzard of parking tickets.

April: Oh wait. That's a real blizzard. Again we are gluteus deep in snow. But, heck, it's only April.

April: A few facts from the Disappearing Student Commission as reported by students who, on their college application, state that they plan to disappear: 1. The average community college student with a "high disappearance" potential has twelve grandmothers, one of whom will get sick and die at some point during each quarter of college. 2. Riding the bus is for losers, but "winners" have their own car, a 1976 Yugo in which the transmission will fail on test days. 3. 9:30 is godawful early in the morning to be sitting in a classroom.

April: The hiring committee for the vice-president of student services meets in an obscure motel room near a railroad track with the candidates. This is NOT, repeat, NOT a secret meeting. It's just that no one else knows about it.

April: Dump those Winter clothes, we are in the shank of Spring, especially if your goal in life is to have your frozen body stumbled upon by a passing herd of migrating caribou.

April: Teaching and Learning conference theme: We got nothing new. Take the day off.

April: Computer users discover that Microsoft's new application has fewer features than previous versions.

April: Microsoft memo—we'll look into that if you send us large quantities of cash, unmarked bills.

April: As part of the community college student anti-retention program, several large banks will cut lending programs for community college students. It's part of the federal government's "screw the little guy" initiative since "da gumment" cut 38 billion dollars in support for these kind of programs.

April: It's simple math. The least likely person during his lifetime to donate large sums of money to a political candidate of any party is a community college student. They tend to waste their money on luxuries like food, clothing, housing and have little left over to fund big ticket campaigns.

April: We don't need your stinking money, bank boys!

April: What? We do need your money? Oh. Um, disregard that "bank boys" comment. What? You're foreclosing on my house?

April: Economics lecture on investments: It's been long thought that one could not fail to benefit by purchasing a new home thanks to what we call the law of "everybody's got to live somewhere." As it turns out, "somewhere" could be in a box under a freeway, hence, this long standing "law" was suddenly broken about, oh, ten minutes ago, and that's why there's a mortgage crisis and we are now entering the long, long "Spring of Our Discontent."

April: Isn't that "The Winter of Our Discontent?"

April: Have you looked outside? It's still fricking snowing! And it is a full month past the first day of Spring! The Groundhogs have come

out and can't see their shadow because the snow is deep enough to cover a giraffe's humplock!

May: Three SFCC Social Science dean candidates meet with hiring committees. They also enjoy a half hour of interrogation by the staff and faculty who may or may not be working with them (why, one asks, are all these snarling English department people here?),

May: The top candidate for the dean of the SFCC Social Science department rejects the job offer and . . . (I will pause here for a moment as SFCC faculty and administration take in a deep breath in preparation for a revelation that will have them questioning the very meaning of life) . . . takes a dean job at SCC.

May: SCC????!!!! For God's sake, hasn't anyone told her about the freeway? Has she even SEEN Old Main? The ghost of Maury Ray still walks the halls of the SCC P.E. Department!

May: May we remind all of you who are enduring the five stages of rejection-based grief that Maury Ray is not dead.

May: Dr. Frankendean—"He's not? Oops. Sorry about that pudding enema to the cranium there Maury."

May: Maury: "Ha, I still know where all the budget numbers are hidden."

May: The other two Social Science dean candidates reject our generous offer.

May: Dean candidates to SFCC: "It's not you, it's us."

May: The first stage of grief is denial. We figured these candidates will come to their senses and beg for the job, but we won't give it to them. We will make them suffer for their boneheaded decision to leave us, so to speak, at the altar.

May: The second stage of grief is anger. "Did you see that guy from Nicaragua? Where did he get his suit? At Giant's Wearhouse? And that other candidate. She's one of those soft talkers!

I couldn't even hear her response to the question about whether deans ought to bring coffee to everyone's office."

May: The third stage of grief is an off-putting descent into low self-esteem: "What are we doing wrong? Maybe we ought to merge Social Sciences with, what? English? Oh God, did I say that out loud? I need a drink."

May: And finally its on to heavy drinking and weekend long blackouts.

May: SCC to SFCC: What is with you people?

May: An official proposal emerges to move English into Social Sciences.

May: Get this, to make it more attractive!

May: English Department, SFCC: If we move, what happens to our Wenger?

May: And I quote: "We can't have a loose Wenger hanging around."

May: And the solution is obvious. With a little help from Dr. Frankendean, we at SFCC can get by with just one dean (besides the Wenger, of course). Oh Jimmmmm? Where are you hiding?

June: The great news is that we have managed to retrieve quite a few missing students. Four at last count. They were hiding, but we found them and they are delighted to be back in the classroom chained to their desks.

June: Our new motto: Learn, damn you, learn.

June: But hey, it's June so we can go outside and frolick in the sun and . . . WHAAATT?

June: Groundhog report: Dateline, Spokane. snow fell on June 10, 2008, for the first time since meteorologists began keeping records. It was the coldest June since 08. ANY 08. Hey, about those July and August snow days?

June: But Dr. Frankendean reminds us—cool weather is excellent for keeping recycled deans from, how can I put this? Molting? So it is a good thing. By the way, sorry for that pudding shortage over at Sodexo. Supply and demand, you know.