“Coder Cody”

1399 Words

“I don’t know about you Cody, but I’m already starting to feel pretty exhausted on this new project that management assigned to us,” Michael Gordoon said, a friend of mine from work as we started to walk out the front doors of the office building we were in. “Yeah I’m starting to feel the same way. All of this was pretty demanding work already, until CaxiCo decided to hit us with a project around ten times the size of our previous one, and have it done in the same timeframe? I can’t say I’m complaining because I can’t do it, we just need to sit down and work. What I am complaining about is the fact that they’re *only* assigning us to the project, and when we requested for more personnel to be put onto it because of the workload, they said that processing the request would take a week and a half, when the project is due in two!”

Let's back up just a little bit so you can get to know what's going on here. My name is Cody Richardson, and I’ve recently started working at a computer software and development company just after graduating college. You’ve also just met my friend Michael Gordoon, shortened to Mike, who works with me at this company, CaxiCo. Mike and I are both software engineers for CaxiCo, and we’re also on the same subteam out of the hundreds of others. He has been working here for roughly nine months, and I’m going on three. He’s been helping me a lot get used to how the company runs their organization systems, and what I should do to not mess that up and get my first write up like he did. Which was exactly that; misformatting a file that he uploaded to the company cloud. What you just saw us talking about was the fact that we just got assigned a new project a couple of days ago, and it’s one of the largest ones that Mike says he’s ever gotten. He says he asked a couple of his other friends in our team, and they hadn’t ever seen something this large get assigned to us, and it had always gone to some of the other teams that had people who were more experienced and knew the efficiency of the algorithms. But somehow, this one got assigned to us, and us, alone.

“How about we head over to Donnie’s and get something to eat? I need something to get this off my mind for a bit.” I say to Mike as we start walking towards where our cars were parked.

“I’m 100% down for that. I’ll call Richie and see if he wants to meet us there. I think he gets off work soon also, and doesn’t work far from Donnie’s.” Richie is a friend of Mike’s that I’ve gotten to meet a few times going out to various places with him, including Donnie’s.

“Sounds like a plan then. Let me know what he says and I’ll see you over there.”

As we started to walk away from each other to where our individual cars were parked, I started to feel my phone buzz in my pocket. My boss from CaxiCo, Christian, was calling. Which only could mean one thing in reality. Something was either personally wrong that he needed help with, or something went wrong with the company.

“Hey Christian, what's up? Everything going alright?”

“Well, for the most part, yes,” Christian said, sounding stressed and angered. “But something just happened with CaxiCo’s internal servers, and nobody can get a reason why. I know you just left not too long ago, but do you have time to come take a look? You were the first person that I thought of when this happened because of how well I know you can operate your way around our system.”

“Let me bring Mike along and we’ll be right there.”

“Deal. Just get here quick. Around 60% of the teams’ server racks are having this issue, and we don’t know if their files are lost.” Christian hung up as I was saying I'd be there as quickly as I could. I called Mike right after I started my car, and explained that dinner would have to wait. We could buy 5 times the amount of dinner we’d be about to eat with the pay we’d get from this after hours call. He instantly responded with “Thankfully I still have my work bags in my trunk. I’ll be right behind you when you leave.”

As we made our way towards the exit and got onto the road, I started getting texts about which server racks were having issues. Once I was stopped at a red light, I forwarded that information to Mike, so that when we got to the building, he’d know right where to meet me. As I pulled into the parking garage and scanned my badge, the gate arm swinged up to the left and let me through. Once I got parked, I started walking towards the elevators, right when I saw Mike’s car pull into the gates and go to park. As I walked into the elevator, I scanned my badge and selected the second to most-bottom floor, where the first of these servers that I needed to take care of were. While I was riding the elevator, I logged into my phone to mark that I had punched into my timecard, and confirmed that I was working overtime.

As we approached the floor and the elevator slowed, I picked up my bags from the floor and began to walk out immediately towards the closest server that I knew was being reported to have problems. I plugged in my diagnostics cable and opened up my laptop with the data analytics program to see if the problem could be easily found and solved. After the program had around 45 seconds plugged into the server rack, it threw the code “SRC-3559,” meaning that there was a software glitch in the system. To my knowledge, this was one of the more uncommon errors that exists. I knew of one code that worked on it, but I didn’t have it saved onto my laptop. I knew it was on my desktop upstairs, but that would take me a while to get up there and back down with a thumb drive of it. As I was thinking that, the elevator doors opened. Mike carried a few of his bags out, as he said “Which ones haven’t been touched yet?” Which I responded with “All except for this one,” I say as I’m pointing to the one my laptop is plugged into. “Hey, you remember that call that you got when I was out of town that something similar to this was happening? With that ‘SRC-3599’ error code that I sent you a quick-fix program for?”

“I think so, let me see if I have it on here, I think I do.” Mike opened up his computer and took out his analytics cable.

“Well, that’s the code that this server is throwing, too. I haven’t checked any of the others yet, but if it’s across this many of the servers, I’m worried it’s all of them.”

“Yeah, last time I had to run that call, around 20% of the servers were throwing that code, and it was all of the ones that needed it. I wonder if these are the servers that hadn’t thrown that code yet and were just waiting to fail on us. Aha! Here’s that file you sent me!” Mike says as he’s pointing to a file strip on his screen. He instantly plugged his data cable into my laptop and hard transferred the file to my drive. I tried it, and it worked like a glove going onto a hand. Mike went to scan another server, and it threw the same code. We both started going around and fixing all of the server racks, tower after tower, making sure all of them were having the same problem. Now that the problem was found, we could safely make our way to the next level below us and kink out the rest of the servers. As we went upstairs and walked towards our vehicles, Mike and I clocked out of overtime, and sent it to be approved by our supervisor, which in this case, was Christian.