

Evan was the liaison between the programmers and operators. He was tall and thin, wore immaculate dark suits with a vest, was strangely Asian in appearance without a surname or an accent to match, and could be quite animated during any discussion. He didn't like the arrangement I had made with John the lead programmer but he couldn't argue with the results. Still, he wanted to keep his current arrangement intact. If the operators had a situation where the programmers needed to intervene to correct it, the operators must go through Evan. That *I* didn't have to do that really got to Evan... - page 331

By eight-forty-five that morning Evan had been down to the computer room for the third time. Steve and William, the day shift operators, made an extremely conscious effort to ignore him, which was easy for them because Evan was only concerned about finishing the night's work and getting all the ATMs up by nine. That wasn't their expertise. That was mine. As soon as Evan left, though, the two of them would rag on me about getting *my* work done so he won't come back down again.

"I can't understand why you wouldn't want him down here regularly," I explained. "He's great entertainment. You'll see."

Sure enough, during the third visit at eight-forty-five in the morning, Evan *did* provide some of the greatest entertainment I have ever witnessed. Of course when *I* tell it, I certainly embellish it, as I did as soon as he left. He absolutely *had* to know when all those ATMs would be up.

"By nine, Evan," I assured him.

He looked at the tiny machine that showed each ATM and its current status. There were ten and only half showed "OPEN." Having bent down to see it, he stood up and seemed to twitch his whole tall frame and anxiously sway from side to side as he complained, "It doesn't *look* like you can get all of them up. How can I tell Proof to go out and reconcile these machines?"

"By not interrupting me," I said as I made him move away from the tiny machine...I punched in the instructions for the next one, watched the tiny machine cycle the status of the ATM I was working until it showed "OPEN," and, with Evan standing right behind me, I stepped out of the way so that he could see the display on the tiny machine and announced, "Six up and four to go. *Now*, do you mind?"...

Evan's body started to twitch, almost hop off the floor, and twist 90 degrees to one side, back, and twist 90 degrees to the other side. He glanced at his watch by pulling his suit jacket sleeve up so that I could see the watch and complained, "It's almost ten minutes to nine and not all these ATMs are up." He lifted his head to look down at me and added, "You can't possibly be sure that you can get the rest of them up in ten minutes."

I returned his skeptical gaze with double the force and stated, "Then send Proof out to the machines that are up, I'll get the rest of them up..."

"How can you-" he started but never finished because I paid him no attention.

"One through six are up, seven on the way," I said to break the silence. I could hear him pull out his little notebook from his jacket pocket, write the numbers down, return the notebook to his pocket, turn toward the computer door and leave.

Steve approached from the back room..."You've got some balls to talk to Evan like that," he remarked with a slight chuckle.

"Because I know what I'm f***ing doing and he needs to trust me and get out of my way?" I asked Steve.

William...had heard our conversation and said loud enough for both of us to hear, "I hope you know what you're f***ing doing, because if you don't it's going to be unpleasant down here today."

I turned to William...With a look of daring determination, I stated, "The deal is to have *all* the ATMs "OPEN" by nine. *All the ATMs* will be "OPEN" by nine. Watch me!"

At precisely two minutes to nine they were. I grabbed the phone, punched up Evan's number and when he picked up, I calmly said, "All the ATMs are up."

"Really?"

"Really."

I heard an exhalation of relief. "Good job," he said, with excitement that was positive.

"Thank you," I said and hung up the phone.

"You fuckin' did it?" William exclaimed as he walked up to me from the other computer.

"Told ya," I said. I glanced at Steve half-way around the corner and he looked back at me. "Now I'm gonna do this before I clock out so the bank pays for it. Wanna see my Evan impersonation?"

I flailed my arms about with little control and hopped up about a foot off the floor, turning 90 degrees. I continued to hop and turn back and forth with my arms flailing as I lamented in a complete panic, my eyes wide and scared, "It's ten minutes to nine and only *half* the ATMs are up! How can you possibly get them all up by nine?!" When I finally stopped hopping and turning and flailing, which I continued after I stopped speaking for effect, I glanced at Steve, then William, and said, "See ya." I turned and immediately opened the computer door and left the room. Both were still laughing. - pages 334-336