

# The Diary of a Test Manager

## Introduction

### Setting The Record Straight

The story of our end of project disaster has been fairly well documented and in some circles it has become legend, but all reports of what happened are missing something. That something is called the “Truth”.

It’s with a heavy heart that I tell this story of my time as a Test Manager, for I now find myself on the job market awaiting my next role. A role I suspect is only going to come from someone who does not know of me and my linking to the disasters that happened at CBPBOS. Despite the heavy heart I can be proud of the staff I managed, despite only being there for just 3 weeks.

In that time all of the test team resigned, the software was shipped with over 9000 known high severity bugs and I don’t think I managed to successfully upload a single test report to the ridiculously complicated systems. Saying that though, I believe I handled my role with integrity, approached the job with passion and dedication, at least in the first two days, and handled myself with professionalism at each turn.

Despite all of this I still find myself being blamed for the debacle that happened on release of the software. Sure, 300 people received incorrect summonses, 150 people had their accounts deleted, 927 people were incorrectly marked as “illegal alien” and the British Industry took a whopping £8.7 million loss due to our system taking out part of the banking infrastructure...but it wasn’t my fault. I was only there a few weeks. I had barely sat down before I left. Yet I find my-

self being blamed for it all and have released this diary to prove my innocence.

As the details are becoming even more farfetched in the news I feel it is only right I give my version of events. Throughout my time at CBPBOS I had been keeping a daily diary of events. Partly as a record, partly as therapy for myself. The diary let me vent my anger, empty my head of negative thoughts and be a constant source of inspiration and creativity.

Each day I sent a copy to myself and my wife to timestamp it. I also published it anonymously online.

Initially, even my devoted wife believed I was wasting my time. Upon telling her of the diary she proclaimed “Not one single person will read your diary. It’s a waste of time” or words to that effect. She was wrong though. It’s wasn’t a waste of time to me and I got at least 5 unique hits to the blog.

I’m having to publish this via The Software Testing Club to avoid the truth being edited or sensationalised. It’s a sad state of affairs but people want guts, not the truth. I just hope those who do read this realise that I, as A Test Manager, should not have taken all of the blame. In fact, I should have taken no blame at all. The company and project was already doomed before I even got sat at my desk.

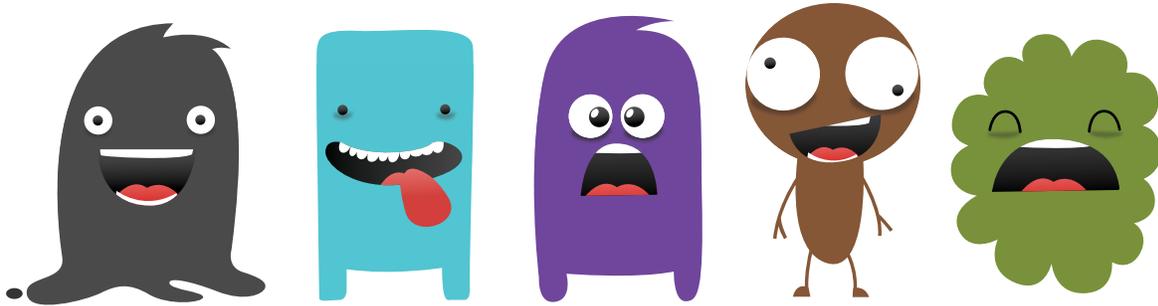


**“It’s a sad state of affairs, but people want guts, not the truth”**

***“Not one single person will read your diary. It’s a waste of time” or words to that effect. She was wrong though. It’s wasn’t a waste of time to me and I got at least 5 unique hits to the blog.***

# The people in the story.

I feel it only right to introduce the people I mention in this diary. I have used their fake names for legal reasons.



## HUGO

Hugo preferred to be called Bear on account of his size and appearance. I must admit he didn't look much like a bear to me but he is quite large. Bear's main skills were in something he called Exploratory Testing. Some sort of new fangled term given to random clicking. He mentioned phrases like "sapient" and "evolutionary learning" and "charters". I don't understand young people's slang so throughout my short time at CBPBOS I humoured him. It sounded logical but I couldn't help thinking this was a generational thing.

I get the impression that the "yoof" of today like to make things sound more important than they really are. They like "cool" words that offer no value to anyone outside of their youthful circuit. Like "tweet" and "social media" and "innit".

It turns out it's not a generational thing at all and I really could have learned a lot from Hugo. Only now do I realise why Hugo got so frustrated with running tedious test cases and ticking boxes.

## SABRO

His first words to me were "out of the way, I'm going to be sick". After which he was indeed sick; in the kitchen bin to be

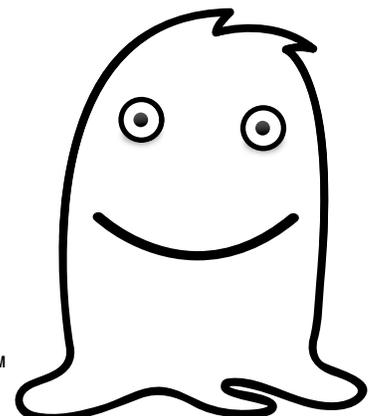
precise. It was an interesting and challenging start to my working time with Sabro.

Sabro introduced himself as a communications expert; someone who championed good communication.

His communication skills were indeed second to none, a point he took around 10 minutes to explain, expertly of course. His use of TLAs (Three Letter Acronyms) was incredible and at one point I don't believe anyone knew what he was talking about. A sign of a real communications expert.

## MELANIE

Melanie is an incredibly animated tester. She lives and breathes software testing. Melanie seemed to be quite experienced in testing, however she was also a member of the "yoof" and so used slang terms in everyday conversation. On my first day she pounced on me and talked about something called "scum" and extolled the virtue of testing before the coding was done, about working in small "sprints" and about automating as much as possible. Some form of agile development or something like that. It's a shame she never really got to complete her ideas at CBPBOS.



## DAY 1

A bit of a strange day today. I was obviously feeling fairly nervous about starting at a new company, especially in a senior management role, but nothing could have prepared me for the horrendous first day.

It seems that they simply weren't expecting me to start so I was left to sit in the reception area all morning until one of the junior office staff nervously told me I could go home. To say I was furious and disappointed would be an understatement. I'm seriously hoping tomorrow will be better. I'm beginning to have doubts about this job move after all.

To make things worse I was quickly handed a document whose title made little sense to me; CBPBOSA . It was only when I got home and read through it that I realised the horror of the systems I would be encountering at my new place of work; that's if I ever get to see the inside of the office.

On a positive front though, my awful neighbours have put their house up for sale.

## DAY 2

Thankfully it seems they were expecting me today at work as the Managing Director was there to greet me this morning with lots of apologies about my first day. It seems they had some "filing" to do which meant they were too busy to look after me. A bit of a lame excuse if you ask me.

It was still a disappointing day at work as I had no computer on arrival and the only desk they had free was a rickety old piece of wood propped up against a bank of filing cabinets. Not only that but it's right next to the main stairwell and there isn't enough room to open the stairwell door without it hitting my desk.

As someone opens the door roughly every 5 seconds it wasn't long before I was starting to get tetchy. The lovely picture of my wife that I have always had sat at my desk has had to come back home with me as it kept getting knocked over and I was worried it might break.

I must admit I also don't really trust anyone there. They all seem to look shady. A fact that was re-enforced by a constant "bleating" noise whenever I walked past the water cooler. The kind of noise a goat would make. Strange.

## DAY 3

During a non-descript conversation with Sabro this morning I was reminded of how I first got in to software testing.

I used to always question things as a child, much to my parents annoyance. I questioned everything. Not to be annoying but

just to seek out the truth...to find out more. I was curious. I was sceptical.

I had never really heard of software testing before that fateful night on 5th June 1994 when I had had far too much to drink and got embroiled in a serious game of "poker" in the Jolly Sailor pub in Whitby with a few locals. I had been questioning everything all evening when it all came to a climax over the last hand of cards.

I had obviously questioned the group too much and I ended up with a punch in the face along with those fateful words "You are even more annoying than the guy who tests my software". From that point on I sought out everything I could about Software Testing and as it turns out I became rather good at it.

I digress.

I finally started using the insane systems they have in place here. It seems massively complicated. I'm actually not at all surprised how little this company is producing at the moment with this many systems in use. I've listed the Acronyms they have in place, which by the way is what the "A" stands for on the CBPBOSA document I got handed on my first day. It should give you a sense of scale about how stupidly complex they have made everything. [See Table on next page]

As you can see, there are many different tools. The horrific thing is that not one of these integrates neatly with any others. This means for every test executed a tester must export their tests to a spreadsheet and import them to the TB9 system. Then export them from TB9 to the TRD system and then manually set the result in the TB9 via the Command Line utility. I'm so shocked and scared about these system; I'm going to go to bed now.

## DAY 4

Rubbish night's sleep last night. Constantly waking up thinking about more TLA's. I think my mind was trying to draw mind maps linking the systems together. I feel heady.

Today was a first for me regarding Melanie's cakes and I'm a little upset that no-one warned me about them. To be fair Melanie did the very gracious thing of baking cakes for us all today as a "welcome" present for me joining. At first I felt honoured. Apparently she likes to bake.

However, I've never known anyone make such a monstrosity from flour, eggs and sugar. I've had my fair share of bad food, like the pasta from my local Magic Pasta Masta van to the vile contents of the staff vending machine at my last place of work, but nothing could prepare me for the gut wrenching cakes baked by Melanie.

## CBPBOSA - Acronyms Document

<b>CBPBOSA</b>	<b>SYSTEM NAME</b>	<b>SYSTEM PURPOSE</b>	<b>LISTED OWNER</b>
TB9	The Test Badgerer 9000	Test case tool to distribute tests to testers	No-one obvious
TH3	The Test Hoarder 3000	Test case management tool	No-one obvious
TRD	The Test Report Deluxe	Test case results reporting tool	Product Management
SH3	Safety House 3.20	Source Code Control	Testing
TSSS9	The Super Support System 9000	Support tool	Support
TSS44	The Sales System 44	Sales Team Tool	Development
TCCS	The Compliance Conformity System	Compliance management tool	Marketing
SNB	Sticky Notice Board	Digital agile sticky board	Reception
DoSAGE	The Document Storage Advance Gold Edition	Document management	Test
DD4	Defect Deposit 4400	Defect Management tool	Development
CASSIUS	The Intranet	Not an acronym but a code word for the intranet	Cleaning and Maintenance
PPCC	Pitter Patter Chitter Chatter	Internal communication channel, a bit like twitter	No-one obvious
Cmail	Email client by CBPBOS	Email	Development
MMMSDE	Meeting Micro Monitor Super Deluxe Edition 9930030	Meeting scheduling tool	Directors
TMWYD	Tell Me What You Did	Online Timesheet	Directors
CCC8	Config Control Controller 8000	Configuration Control System	Cleaning and Maintenance
CBPBOSMM	Can't Believe People Buy Our Software Maturity Model	Maturity model for project maturity and compliance	Testing

The faces on the rest of the team told a telling story of horror and woe as they false smilingly took a cake each and broke pieces off to hide in their pocket, or drawers or to throw out of the window. Upon “eating” all of the cake they declined more on the basis it would make them feel sleepy in the afternoon. At this point I was trying my hardest not to pass out. The smell alone was enough to render an elephant immobile.

At one point I thought I had lost a tooth but was unable to tell through a fog of confusion and fear. I was sweating profusely, my left eye started to twitch and I started shaking violently. I’m still amazed now, as I write this, that I managed to avoid being rushed to hospital. Melanie reckons these recipes have been handed down through 15 generations. It tasted like the cakes had too.

I remember a holiday I had a few years back where the head chef at the hotel must have been a relative of Melanie for everything he served tasted like sun dried plastic and cinnamon and made your face hurt.

After I had recovered from the cakes I got talking to Hugo who was in a kind of “sad” mood. I almost instantly regretted asking him “how he was” as he went on and on about how he missed his girlfriend and that his life was over until she came back to him.

No-one had every trained me in how to deal with this situation so I swiftly offered him one of Melanie’s cakes which quickly drew this conversation to a close. I know I need to be able to cope with my staff coming to me for advice, but I can’t stop thinking about these systems and how much of an overhead they are adding to these people’s daily work.

This evening I was surprised at how polite my neighbours were, only to realise they were showing people around their house. I was obviously very polite as I can’t wait for these people to move out.

## DAY 5

This morning I started receiving emails from the TB9 system about testers not completing their 20 test cases from yesterday. Upon further inspection I found out that this system allocated 20 tests for each tester per day and if they didn’t do them, it sent the administrator (now me) an email “telling on” them. This seems absurd.

I tried to look up the policies on this but couldn’t find anything in the SH3, TB9 or DoSAGE systems. So I checked the CASSIUS, the Cmail system and the MMMSDE. I finally resorted to asking on the PPCC system but to no avail. After much searching it turns out it’s stored in two systems. Chapter 1 (installation) in the TSSS9 system and Chapter 2 (compliance rules) in the TCC. This is mad and it’s starting to drive me nuts. The senior management didn’t agree with me that we have too many systems. Apparently “I will get used to them”.

At the weekend I bought some cheap cartons of fruit juice in a concerted effort to save money. However at lunch today, my

carton of pineapple juice exploded all over me leaving me dripping wet. The smell of the pineapple juice and my “super sports” deodorant combined to create a rather nauseous smell. Something Sabro commented on immediately.

It was this embarrassing act that finally got one of the lazy contract testers off his backside to help me source some paper towels. This lumbering giant, Pete, decided now would be a good time to tell me about his lost loved ones and missing pets.

It seems the people here are not used to having someone who listens and as such they are seeking me out like a moth does a flame. I’m quickly becoming the CBPBOS social worker.

I told a really hilarious joke in a meeting today after a series of heated arguments and finger pointing by development and project management.

I said “It’s not a blame culture but it’s definitely your fault” and pointed at the dev lead Ivan. Me and the support manager Tom were in stitches. Not sure anyone else laughed though. Difficult to tell I was crying so much.

There were still several of Melanie’s cakes left from yesterday. A day of maturity did little to make them more appealing. I took them home after everyone had left the office and threw them in next doors garden for their awful little dog to chew on.

Fairly dull evening. I spent it surfing the web for a new car whilst listening to next doors dog howl with horror at those horrid little cakes.

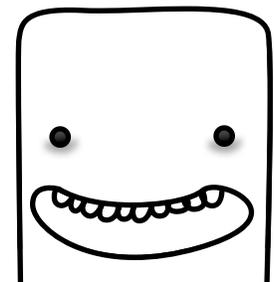
## DAY 6

I had a nice long weekend by the seaside where the only really eventful thing was when a seagull attacked me and stole my fish and chips.

I have to admit that the blame culture joke I told on Friday was indeed hilarious. So funny in fact that I woke up 3 times every night over the weekend in stitches, much to the annoyance of my wife. I’ve been fairly sleepy today.

Got stuck in a dreadful meeting this morning about encryption. The meeting seemed to have been hijacked by the techies who sought to out-do each other in how complicated they could make the security of a log on page.

The discussion ended in a design including biometric access and retina scanners, until someone pointed out that it was only a KPI page that was read only anyway. The discussion then entered the realms of quantum physics and particle displacement theories. All of which was noted and stored in the MMMSDE system except for the diagrams which were stored in the DoSAGE system because the MMMSDE doesn’t accept images.



If they become a requirement then they obviously go in the RRR system until they become developed and end up in the CB-PBOSMM system and the CCC8, CASSIUS and TSS44 systems. All of which duplicate the document meaning changes need to be made in each one. Madness. I was so confused with where to find the document that I started to get a headache.

It reminded me of the time I tried to ponder what it would be like to have perfect software on first delivery to test, that not only functioned as envisaged but also performed exceptionally well too. At first the thought seemed logical but the more I pondered it the more my head hurt. After four hours of thinking I retired to bed only to be off work for the next two weeks with a constant migraine and partial blindness. I vowed never to ponder such gigantic things that my tiny head can't grasp.

I'm writing this before tonight's impromptu night out. Not sure what to expect to be honest as most people seem really cagy still. It should be a good opportunity to get to know people.

We found out this afternoon that one of the developers, who has since left, checked out a rather important piece of code and didn't check it back in. As the SH3 system was so cheap in the first place, it seems there is no admin override, to force any kind of check in or check out.

The developer's machine has since been re-commissioned as a live piece of kit and hence no longer has any of this elusive bit of code on it, but the system still thinks it's checked out. As such, this feature has been "not working" for some time now. It seems there is no plan to make it work. Just like everything here, it's left to rot until some poor soul has to do code archaeology to work out what's happening.

I'm looking forward to tonight. I won't be writing anything else tonight as I shall hopefully be merry on a glass or two of wine.

## DAY 7

I'm fairly sure someone kept ordering me high alcohol content beer last night. I've not been that drunk in a long time. Felt awful this morning. I'm sure I only had three drinks too. I'm beginning to think that someone has taken a dislike to me.

I did get talking again to Sabro; whether through natural ability or environmental responsive learning, he's mastered the unique ability of being completely immune to spoken instructions and orders.

In one way perfect for testing in another though, his lack of compliance has resulted in three small fires and electrocution of the entire sales team. Something many are calling "Payback" for all of the extra shiny features they have sold over the last 6 months. He is a remarkable character and one I will be looking forward to working with closely over the next few years.

This afternoon my hangover was made worse by the incessant aggression from everyone in the office. This aggression stems from them having to use these ridiculous systems. All across the

office you can hear them shouting at their computers and cursing the systems for losing this and losing that and not accepting this or that format.

Again, management seem to be rejecting all of my proposals to streamline the systems and are instead piling more and more testing work on my shoulders.

## DAY 8

I've been feeling a little put out to be honest. A few weeks back I sat a testing certification course. I was annoyed that it was being delivered by a project manager who had never actually done any testing, or even worked with a test team. I felt cheated somehow that I was being taught a course about testing by someone who had no idea what testing is about.

On day 2 of the training I got in to a little verbal disagreement with this chap which ended in him phoning the official certification board and demanding they explain to me why it's fine for him to deliver my training. He was a "trained trainer" and hence could train, even though he could not test.

On the call I got a little agitated as the official certification person also had no idea what testing was about. It all ended with a speakerphone argument in which I declared I would not pay for the certification.

They summoned me to pay. I sent a rather sarcastic letter back to the trainer and the certification board explaining how I was grateful for being taught by such an expert in the field but that I valued my own experience over his and thanked them for the nice course.

I thought they would see the sarcasm in the letter and be infuriated by it. Instead I received a letter in which they thanked me for my apology and were glad they could help me enhance my testing career but they really did need that payment. I was furious. Not only did they miss the sarcasm but they thought I was apologising. So I wrote one back outlining my fury.

On a positive note my neighbours appear to have sold their house, which is fantastic news. For the purposes of this diary I will fill you in on a rather horrific episode I had with my neighbours, which is why I will be glad to see the back of them.

I used to own a nice, fast, convertible sports car. Every day in summer I would put the hood down and set off for work. Every day at the T junction I would get hit square on the nose by a water bomb thrown by my neighbours kid. What initially intrigued me though, was that he managed to always get me square in the face.

I used to move my head around whilst sat at the T junction, yet every time, with the most amazing accuracy, I would take a water bomb on the nose.

I obviously didn't keep suffering for long and ended up putting the roof up until I got to the main road. But they too moved with me until I actually never put the hood down at all. I reported them to the police but that night my waste-bin caught fire. I reported this too and the following night my beloved garden gnomes got lined in the middle of the main road and crushed.

I was actually unaware of how my gnomes got crushed until I got sent a YouTube video link. Anonymously.

I have to say I was quite sickened by what I saw as my poor gnomes got lined up in a row and crushed by a passing supermarket delivery lorry, whilst my neighbours kid stood there laughing. The whole sorry event was made even worse by the fact the video became that weeks most viewed video on YouTube.

Today the test team have done nothing, as we have a problem uploading test results back to the system. I've suggested we just use a spreadsheet for now, which has gone down well.

## DAY 9

Didn't get much sleep last night due to some bizarre animal in the local woods making a noise that sounded like a cross between a parrot and donkey. Very tired today and dreading working on this infernal set of systems that saps every last bit of my creativity and passion.

It seems our new international sales manager, Dave, has dropped us in it again. A large deal he had been chasing for us on the Isle of Ventara Paradise has fallen through after Dave called the buyers wife something I shall not repeat in this diary. Dave's excuse is that there is a subtle difference in emphasis on the letter "o" in the word Ormassical (Dave claimed to be a fluent speaker). More emphasis meaning honourable and less emphasis meaning something all together more sinister.

He admits he may well have got the emphasis wrong and accidentally caused an international outrage. The PR and Legal teams are working around the clock to rectify the problem. Heavily discounted licences seems to be the price we will have to pay. This is the fourth time he has done this. The last time apparently resulted in a court case, a hefty fine and his picture on the front page of every Tabloid in Britain.

I managed to lose 5 documents today and received about 10,000 emails from the TB9 system. It seems it has a feature where at the end of each week it sends an email to me about every testers who didn't achieve 20 test per day. But it send me

one for each test they failed to run. For each day. I now can't open CMail at all.

I tried to use the MMMSDE system but failed miserably and was referred to the CCC8 and CBPBOSMM systems for more information.

I'm at the end of my tether and now management have decided to release version 3.5 of our own software next week and none of it has been tested. This is a huge surprise to me. This system they plan on releasing seems vast from what I can make out from the documentation in the CBPBOSMM, CCC8, RRR, CASSIUS, DoSAGE and SNB systems. I'm not even sure that tells the whole story as I think there is some information in each of the testing systems as well as the TCC system. I'm so confused.

## DAY 10

Extremely exciting morning. At around 10 am about 2000 angry animal rights protesters surrounded the building shouting "Testing on monkeys is cruel". A sentiment I whole heartedly agree with but what's that got to do with me?

At first I thought they were referring to myself being a Test Monkey but it soon became clear they had the wrong building. They were after the company across the road who specialise in animal testing for perfume companies.

I remember first becoming aware of this company a few years back when a rather large chimp escaped followed by around 10 scientists all giving chase. The chimp headed towards the local shopping centre. It made the national papers with a rather ironic photo of the chimp stood outside a perfume shop waving a shopping basket around. I never did find out what happened to the poor chimp.

I'm still swamped and management have lined up the marketing and sales teams to get the release sorted. They've moved the date forward to 2 days time and have demanded I get it tested. First estimation from the team suggests that there is about 6 years worth of work for a team of 5 people. Oh how I hate this new role. I also hate these systems which is why the team are now flying below the radar and using a shared spreadsheet.

Our first round of testing has raised in excess of 500 bugs. Yes, 500 bugs in one day between a team of 5 people. Although we can't work out how to get them in the DD4 system. We raised a whopping 300 of these from exploratory testing alone, guided by the expertly talented Hugo.

The neighbours have finally sold their house. On a sad note though, their dog has been really ill recently.....

## DAY 11

I received an email from the certification people explaining that they fully understood why I was furious and that I shouldn't be so hard on myself. They suggested I take the practitioner exam to combat my low feelings of testing value. Somewhere along the line my message has been lost and it's now beginning to look like I really cannot win this one.

One of the junior testers, Ruth, let slip about rumours that they were going to close the office or condemn it. To be fair the office is in ruins and apparently there are ever decreasing budgets available for things that make the office tick.

Apparently we nearly failed our ISO 99937772663880000000001 audit when the auditor attempted to open the Test Case storage cupboard and instead pulled off the handle, which caused him to punch himself in the face and then fall backwards over a bookshelf. Only a free flowing supply of tea and cakes (not Melanie's) persuaded him not to condemn the building.

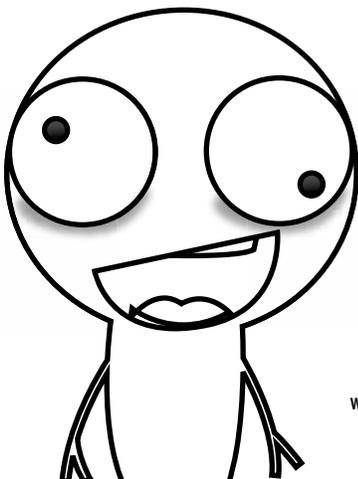
We are living on borrowed time in here. Every night when I get home my wife brushes off plaster dust from my shoulders. The ceilings are falling in and the walls are crumbling. I really wish I'd never set foot in this building. And who-ever is "bleating" when I walk past the water cooler is really starting to grate on me.

Me and the team are now blocked with our testing because the build is too buggy. I have no idea who is a developer or who can help. I haven't even seen the development team. Judging by the latest release I'm not entirely sure there is one.

It also seems no-one knows what the system should do.

And no one knows how to escalate the need for a new build. I've spoken to management but apparently it requires me to raise a "ticket" in the DD4 and then raise a request in the TCC system followed by a "issue" in the Compliance management tool. I also need to move some stickies around on the SNB before they will even talk to me about project work.

These systems are insane. Each and every person I ever meet is driven mad by this archaic and overburdening process. It frustrates me because I believe the people here are talented and creative. They are just oppressed in to doing things wrong. Proc-



ess is forcing them, rather than their needs guiding the process. This whole place feels wrong.

Realised my diary was getting a little sombre. Will really try to make it more upbeat. On that note, I've worked out how I can do this. Get another job. So I've started looking for new work.

## DAY 12

I'm really not sure why they don't seem to be fixing any of the broken stuff in the office. It's as though they are having a closing down sale.

They are lucky I'm not suing them too after I tripped over a loose floor panel and put my head through the partition wall between the office and the meeting room. I was unharmed but it was embarrassing, especially as I had put my head in to the main meeting room where the management were discussing yet another new system. For the rest of the day I had "plaster dust white" hair and I kept sneezing.

Writing about it now I am positive the loose floor board was put there on purpose. There is someone in this office who has taken a real dislike to me. I'm sure it's the same person who sent me that vile Valentines card last week and spiked my drink at last week's night out. I've never felt so violated. On both occasions.

This same person has also written unflattering comments on the toilet wall about me. I feel hemmed in by this lunatic and I've only been here just over a week.

I've got to get out of this place.

## DAY 13

I had the most terrible meeting this morning. It was the Test Strategy review meeting where the whole project team go through my test strategy for the next year (which I rushed through yesterday) and offer feedback. I'm confused as to why I produce this thing anyway. No -one will pay attention to it.

The meeting was fairly constructive with the exception of Davis Danielson, the documentation manager. He is somewhat arrogant and incredibly aggressive. He got all fired up about a sentence Mikel Mikelson, The Communication and Marketing Manager, had added in regarding "the code being the documentation".

What started as a discussion soon spiralled in to a heated debate. This too soon spilled in to a full on fight where fairly soon the whole meeting and all in it were embroiled in a giant fisticuffs. At one point during the fight I got slapped in the face. I can't be sure who did it but I bet it's the same person who sent me the vile Valentines card. When the police and ambulance turned up it was fairly clear that Mikel Mikelson wouldn't be coming back to work anytime soon.

It seems this whole office hate each other's guts. This is no place to work. I've got to get out of here. Preferably not in an ambulance.

Later this evening it seems the management are releasing the latest version to the live platforms even though it doesn't work. I'm dreading tomorrow. I really am.

## DAY 14

I really didn't sleep much last night worrying about today. I was right to worry though. The release was a disaster.

The support desk has been rushed off its feet.

Here's some of the initial major issues I've been informed about:

- 300 people received incorrect summonses,
- 150 people had their accounts deleted,
- 927 people were incorrectly marked as "illegal alien"
- 12 customers reported dodgy internationalisation issues causing international outcry amongst their customers, especially as the translation wasn't great
- Some customers have reported that their Cmail systems went mad and started spamming people
- 1,345,253 customers reported that they couldn't install the product
- 13,227 of our hosted customers reported they could not log on
- The 475,663 that could log on to the hosted system saw other peoples data as our multitenant system had a massive security flaw
- For some unlucky few the system was so slow that it took over an hour for them to log in.
- Due to a dodgy configuration and blatant security hole we also took down much of the British Banking systems.

It's estimated that the British Industry took a whopping £8.7 million loss due to our system.

Tomorrow will indeed be a very interesting day.

## DAY 15

This morning all of my test team handed in their notices and all of the contractors were "let go". This didn't come as a shock and I've been busy drafting my letter of resignation too.

It seems the management thought we needed a new system

to cater for this disaster we've caused so they rolled out the AEDRCS (Accident Emergency Disaster Recovery Compliance System)

I've been called in to a meeting. This isn't going to be good. I'll write more soon.

As suspected, it wasn't good. I was sacked and it appears the blame has been squared at my feet. This is completely unfair, especially as a press release has already gone out blaming me, with a fake admission statement by me. Here's what it says:

"I, as The Test Manager, accept full responsibility for the poor quality of our software. It was on my decision that we released the software knowing full well that it had not been tested. It is therefore my fault."

I've yet to see what the outcome of this will be. No doubt there will be some form of law suit, court case and media circus. I just hope my dear wife and my beloved family can see past the lies and understand I had no part in this scandal. One day I may pluck up the courage to publish this diary or publicise this blog. Up until then I guess I am the scapegoat. I did wonder why certain parts of the business were making goat bleating noises when I walked past. It seems they had me pinned on day 1 for all of this.

I guess I'm the most hated person in the country right now. Maybe all of this is because I didn't pay for my certification. Karma and all that. Maybe I would have learned something about scapegoats and blame cultures had I sat the certification. Given me a heads up.

I should have followed my instinct and jumped ship the moment I saw the systems of doom. The systems that strangled the poor people of CBPBOS. The systems that brought chaos to the project. The systems that infuriated and complicated everything. The systems that ultimately forced process on to people. The systems that I knew to be bad, but could do little about.

I just hope I can recover from this and find a new job. A job with fewer systems. A job where the environment aids productivity, not hinders. A job where people don't make goat noises and I get a computer on my first day.

A job where I can just be, The Test Manager.

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## About The Author

Rob Lambert is a software tester with a passion for communications, social media, creativity, the semantic web and ethnography.

He is Creative Director & Testing Planet Editor at the Software Testing Club

You can find him in many places. Perhaps start with Twitter: @rob\_lambert

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