A Dwarf's Issue
with SAP

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Chapter 1, Encounters of SAP

The early morning light crept into Orek Ironbeard's warehouse, casting a soft glow over the rows of neatly stacked crates and barrels. The dwarf walked through his storeroom with a pleased grunt, his heavy boots echoing against the stone floor as he inspected the wares. Mithril ingots, fine steel bars, and bundles of rare ores gleamed in the half-light. Each piece told a story of hard work, trade, and craftsmanship—things Orek deeply respected.

The warehouse bustled with activity as dwarves hefted crates and dragged pallets containing boxes of gleaming mithril ingots across the stone floor. The air was thick with the sounds of heavy boots clanging against the ground and the scrape of iron-bound boxes being slid into place. The cavernous space was lined with towering shelves carved directly into the rock, each labeled with meticulous dwarven runes marking the material, batch number and storage location.

He paused in front of a shipment of freshly delivered mithril ingots, running his hand along one of the smooth, silver surfaces. "Aye, perfect as always," he muttered with a rare smile. This part of the job made him proud—overseeing the flow of goods in and out of his warehouse, ensuring everything was accounted for. He relished the feel of metal in his hands, the sight of his precious stock, the knowledge that all was in its place.

Satisfied, Orek turned and made his way toward the corner of the forge where a peculiar contraption sat: the Steam Brew 2000, a marvel of gnomish engineering. The polished brass and iron coffee machine hissed and gurgled as if it were alive, steam puffing out from its tiny chimneys. Orek thought by himself, "The finest brew, for the finest folk."

With a content sigh, Orek grabbed a handful of fresh coffee beans, ground them with precision, and loaded them into the hopper. A flick of a switch sent the Steam Brew 2000 into action, the smell of freshly brewed coffee soon filling the air. He closed his eyes for a moment, savoring the rich, dark aroma. The rhythmic clinking and puffing of the machine seemed to echo the beat of the forge—steady, reliable, comforting.

Moments later, a thick stream of coffee poured into his mug, black as the depths of a mountain cavern. Orek took a sip, the bitterness waking him like a splash of cold water. "Ah, that's the stuff," he murmured, feeling the warmth spread through him. The world seemed right when his warehouse was in order, and his coffee was strong.

Just as Orek was sipping his coffee, the clang of hurried footsteps echoed through the storeroom. A younger assistant dwarf, Buri, his face flushed with urgency, came skidding to a halt in front of Orek.

"Orek! The planning lads just sent word—seems we've got a few large customer orders comin' in, bigger than we expected!" the assistant panted, wiping sweat from his brow. "Physically we already have the mithril on stock, but the purchase order was not created yet! Maybe something went wrong in the planning."

Orek scowled, setting his mug down with a heavy thud. "Ah Blast it all...the system should have done that automatically" He muttered under his breath, then turned toward his terminal. "Looks like I've got to draft another bloody purchase order by hand."

Orek Ironbeard, furrows his brow as he clutches a well-worn mithril ingot in his hand. Grumbling, he went to his computer, sat down, his fingers already moving across the keys.

Then came the reminder of his greatest nemesis, the foe that had plagued him for days: SAP. The thought of the system, with its endless cryptic codes and potential errors, soured his mood almost instantly. How he wished his trade union never accepted it and how he wished he never learned it.

Orek let out a heavy sigh as he opened the transaction code for creating a purchase order, ME21N. The screen opened slowly, as if taunting him, but the dwarf was well-practiced by now. He entered the familiar details for the purchase order, his thick fingers surprisingly nimble over the keys.

The supplier number went in first, then the purchase organization, followed by the material code for mithril ingots, and the plant and storage location. He then carefully entered the required quantities, delivery dates, and checked all the other order details. When clicking the PO checkbox, a green message blinked in approval, confirming his inputs were correct. For a brief moment, Orek allowed himself to relax. Finally, something was going smoothly.

With a satisfied grunt, he hit "Save," and the system responded with a soft ping, displaying the confirmation: PO 348-DWRF successfully created.

"Aye, at least that part went well," he muttered, leaning back in his chair.

Next came the goods receipt—time to book the ingots into stock. Orek navigated to the MIGO transaction code, as his gut tightened with familiar apprehension. He entered the purchase order number, inspected the document, and hit "Post," bracing himself.

The screen flashed red.

His heart sank as the error message appeared:
"MIGO_C67: Unable to determine GL account for material type."

Orek's jaw clenched. "Of course," he muttered darkly, staring at the message. "Why'd I think it'd go smoothly the whole way?" He slammed his fist on the desk, muttering a string of curses aimed at the system.

Orek grumbed to himself, "Blasted mithril's in stock, but no one knows it 'cause the SAP system can't handle a simple booking! How can a dwarf work with this kind of incompetence?"

The forge lay shrouded in shadows as the early morning light struggled to break through. Orek Ironbeard sat at his cluttered desk, a steaming mug of dark, bitter coffee clutched in one hand and the SAP screen illuminating his furrowed brow. He could feel the weight of the world pressing down on him—mithril ingots sat in the storeroom, waiting to be booked in, yet he was trapped in this bureaucratic nightmare.

He glares at the crystal-powered communicator on his desk. With a reluctant sigh, he realized he had to do the inevitable. He leaned forward and punched in the helpdesk number. The thought what he had to do with him caused anger as well as stress.

The communicator buzzed as it connected, and a gruff voice answered.

"SAP Helpdesk. Thag speaking. What's the issue?"

Orek's frustration bubbled over. "The issue is yer system won't let me book in mithril ingots with MIGO! They're in stock—I've held 'em in my hands! Checked the Purchase Order number, checked the material, everything's fine! But the system spits out some gibberish error!"

Thag's irritation was palpable as he replied, "Did ya even check the right material code? Or are ya just slamming the keyboard like you swing that hammer? What's the purchase order number?"

Orek bristled at the barb. "Of course I checked it! The PO's 348-DWRF. Stop talkin' to me like I'm some cave-dwelling goblin!"

On the other end, Thag shuffled some papers, his growl reverberating through the line. "Alright, error says 'MIGO_C67: Unable to determine GL account for material type.' Looks like the Purchase Order, the PO, 's fine, but there's a config mismatch on your material. Happens all the time with new materials."

"A config mismatch?!" Orek exclaimed, incredulous. "You mean to tell me I'm sittin' here with half a ton o' mithril, and yer system can't even tell me where it goes?"

Thag answered, "Yep, that's it. Now, make a ticket in ServiceNow."

Orek's eyes widened with disbelief. "A ticket?? For this?! By Moradin's beard, ye expect me to write it down like I'm askin' fer a favor!"

Thag said, "No ticket, no help. Create it on the portal."

Orek grumbled. With heavy hands, he begrudgingly typed out the request, selecting the correct user group, problem category, blah blah he thought. Then in the ticket he selected an impact of 1 and an urgency on 1. These two selections set the ticket priority to 1 and clearly marking it as "URGENT" while detailing the shipment and location. He then submitted the ticket and the status became "in progress".

A moment later he called the helpdesk again, his frustration gradually boiling as he had to wait for minutes until someone answered the communicator.

Thag's voice cut through the air, unyielding. "Alright, saw your ticket come through. But listen, priority 1? Just fer one PO? Prio's gonna be a 4. This isn't world-ending—no orcs are stormin' the gates."

"Yer jokin'?! Mithril waits fer no one!" Orek growled, his temper flaring.

"One of our barbarian consultants will take a look, probably in one or two days, or if yer unlucky, later this week. Patience, dwarf. Patience."

Orek slammed the communicator down, his frustration morphing into dark mutterings. He glared at the unstocked ingots, the weight of inaction hanging heavy in the air.

"Patience? Ye've never had to swing a hammer with a deadline, have ye?" he snapped, feeling the frustration well up inside him like a bubbling forge ready to erupt.

Chapter 2, Another Day another Try

The light of dawn barely penetrated the forge, casting long shadows across Orek's cluttered desk. The air was thick with the scent of coal and burning metal, yet the dwarf's focus was far from his forge today. Instead, he sat hunched over his terminal, staring at the SAP screen in front of him. He had a restless night that was fueled by strong dwarven coffee and frustration.

He realized he had to book in the goods for some purchase orders again.

"Another day fightin' systems instead of foes," he muttered to himself. "SAP, bah! A dwarf should be swingin' a hammer, not clickin' through menus like some pointy-eared bureaucrat."

He took a long, scalding sip of the coffee and winced. It was strong enough to wake a stone golem but barely enough for the weary dwarf. He glared at the terminal in front of him, cursing under his breath.

"MIGO this, MIGO that... PO here, PO there... I don't even know why I bother. Mithril's in the storeroom, yet I'm stuck trying to book the blasted thing into this damn system."

Reluctantly, he navigated to the SAP MIGO transaction screen. The blinking cursor seemed to mock him as he stared at it, contemplating his next move.

"Should be simple. PO number, material, quantity... but no, always some infernal error," he grumbled.

His fingers hovered above the keys, hesitation clear on his face. He knew what was coming—he had been through this enough times to anticipate the impending frustration. With a resigned huff, he entered the purchase order number and attempted to post the goods receipt. The screen flashed red with an error.

"MIGO_C67: 'Unable to determine GL account for material type.' Whattt...again??? Bah! Of course! Why'd I think this time would be any different?"

He slammed his fist on the table, causing the mug of coffee to rattle precariously. Realizing he had no choice, Orek grumbled even louder and called the helpdesk. After several agonizing rings, the line clicked open.

"SAP Helpdesk, Barbarian Thag here. What do you want?" Thag's voice sounded irritated even before Orek had spoken.

Orek said, "I need these mithril ingots booked into stock now, but the system's again spittin' out an error about GL accounts!"

"You sure you've got the right material code? The right purchase order number? Or are you just grumpy because your coffee's stronger than your patience?" Thag replied, his tone dripping with skepticism.

Orek growled, feeling his temper flare. "Of course I've checked it, the PO, checked the material code—it's all correct! This damn system won't cooperate! PO 349-DWRF. Mithril ingots. All ready to go!"

Thag sighed, the sound heavy with resignation. "Alright, fine. Lemme look... Ah, here we go. It's that same old config issue. MIGO_C67—GL account can't be determined. Someone's gotta to enhance the material master data accounting tab. Until then, the system won't post it."

Orek's frustration bubbled over. "So, I'm stuck because someone didn't do their job, eh? Great. Can't you just fix it?"

"Nope, not my problem. Create a ServiceNow ticket.", Thag said

"A ticket?!" Orek exclaimed incredulously. "I've got ingots in the storeroom, and you're tellin' me to fill out paperwork like I'm some scribe?!"

Thag boomed with a heavy voice, "I said—NO TICKET, NO HELP"

Despite his grumbling, Orek begrudgingly opened the ServiceNow portal, hammering away at the keyboard as he filled out the details. "Priority 1, mithril stock issue, PO 349-DWRF. Urgent. If this ain't urgent, I don't know what is."

He slammed the "Submit" button and folded his arms, expecting immediate action.

"Priority 1? For one PO? Yeah, no. That's gonna be a 4. One of our consultants will get to it when they can. You're not the only one with problems, dwarf," Thag stated flatly.

Orek clenched his teeth, feeling the heat rise in his chest. "Priority 4?! Mithril waits for no one! If yer not careful, neither will my axe."

"Yeah, yeah. Our barbarian consultant will sort it out," Thag replied, unfazed.

Hours pass by...

Orek finally received a notification that the GL account issue had been resolved. Reluctantly, he returned to his terminal, anticipation mixed with skepticism.

"Let's see if this thing works now," he muttered, glancing at the still-unfinished ingots in the storeroom.

With hesitant fingers, he entered the PO number and the material code one more time. This time, the screen flashed green—a successful post.

"Hah! Finally!" Orek exclaimed, leaning back in his chair, feeling a rare sense of victory surge through him, the remnants of frustration disappearing somewhat from his mind.

"Never thought I'd miss fightin' trolls," he grumbled, shaking his head. "At least they don't need a ticket to be dealt with."

As he took another sip of his coffee, he knew that tomorrow would bring more battles in the realm of SAP, but for now, he could enjoy a moment of victory, however fleeting it might be.

Chapter 3, More Errors

Orek Ironbeard slumped over his desk, eyeing the cold grey light of dawn filtering into the forge. His eyes were bloodshot, and his beard looked more tangled than usual, remnants of last night's restless tossing. He took a deep, exasperated breath before reaching for a steaming mug of what looked like tar but smelled strongly of roasted beans.

"Another day, another fight with SAP," he grumbled to himself. "A dwarf should be in the mines or the forge, not dealin' with this blasted system."

He reached for his mug of nearly-black coffee, the only thing keeping him from storming out of the office and smashing the terminal with his hammer. Taking a deep gulp, he sighed, hoping that today would go smoother than the last. Reluctantly, he entered the purchase order number again, praying that yesterday's issue had been the last.

"Alright, let's see if this cursed thing works today," he muttered, his fingers trembling with anticipation.

The screen flashed a red bar with a new error message: "MIGO_C99: No goods receipt possible for purchase order."

"What in Moradin's name now?!" Orek exclaimed, his voice rising in disbelief. "Yesterday it was the GL account; now it's some nonsense about that receiving the goods is not possible? The ingots are right there in the storeroom!"

Orek said, "Why… WHY does it never work"

His hand hovered over the communicator for a moment before he slammed the buttons in frustration, dialing the helpdesk number yet again. It rang a few times before the familiar, gruff voice of Thag answered.

"SAP Helpdesk. Now what, dwarf?" Thag's tone already hinted at his annoyance.

"Now what?! I'll tell ye what! I've got another blasted MIGO error! I've done everything right, but now the system's claimin' it is not possible to post the goods in the stock.' There's mithril in the storeroom! I can see it with me own two eyes!"

"Dwarves and their mithril…" Thag sighed deeply. "Did ya even check the confirmation key in the purchase order? Or are you just slammin' keys again and hopin' it works?"

"I checked everythin', you fool! PO number, material code, quantity, plant, storage location—all of it! Yer system's broken, not my process!" Orek growled defensively, his patience wearing thin as anger bubbled beneath the surface.

Thag's voice took on an exasperated tone. "Right, right. That's what you said yesterday, and it turned out you didn't even check the material properly before makin' a ticket. Did ya even look at the purchase order this time?"

"I told ya, I did! Ye think I'm daft? I'm not some surface-dweller who doesn't know his way around inventory. The problem's on your end, not mine!" Orek nearly shouted, his frustration spilling over.

On the other end of the line, Thag flipped through his system logs, barely containing his own irritation. A long pause stretched out as he typed.

"Yeah, looks like the quantity got a mismatch. The ingots quantity was reduced in the PO and that quantity was already booked. Did ya miscount, or was this someone else's mistake?" Thag finally said, a hint of sarcasm creeping into his voice.

"Miscalculated?! How dare ye suggest a dwarf would miscount his mithril!" Orek snapped, his face flushing with anger. "If anything, it's yer system that's countin' wrong. I've got fifty ingots in stock, same as what the PO says!"

Orek's hands clenched into fists as he gripped the edge of the desk, his knuckles turning white. His mind flashed to the hammer resting on the workbench, itching to smash something.

"Just adjust the PO quantity manually again, dwarf," Thag said. "Next time, take it easy! Check your details before callin'. Make sure everything matches, dwarf, or you'll be wastin' more of my time."

Orek glared at the screen, sarcasm thick in his voice. "Oh, I'm so sorry fer interruptin' yer peaceful day, Thag. I forgot how much yer helpdesk enjoys sittin' around doin' nothin'."

Thag grunted in response, the line falling silent for a moment as Orek made the necessary adjustments. Orek drummed his fingers on the desk, fighting the urge to smash the terminal into pieces.

"Alright, I see you have updated the PO quantity. Try again. Should work now," Thag finally said, breaking the silence.

Orek clenched his jaw, muttering under his breath as he re-entered the information into MIGO. Tension coursed through him as he watched the screen with a mixture of hope and dread. The terminal blinked, processing the request, and finally flashed green, indicating a successful post.

"About time," Orek said, a mix of relief and lingering anger coloring his tone. "If I'd known gettin' help was this painful, I'd have figured out how to do yer job myself."

"Next time, dwarf, make sure all the details are right before you call. You save me time, I save you frustration," Thag replied flatly.

Orek grumbled darkly, "I swear, if this happens again tomorrow, I'll be sortin' it with an axe, not a ticket."

He slammed the communicator down, his face still red with frustration. Leaning back in his chair, he rubbed his temples as the heat of his anger slowly faded. He took a long sip of his coffee, the strong, bitter taste grounding him again.

"How'd it come to this, fightin' with machines instead of orcs?" Orek pondered aloud. "Should be in the forge, not dealin' with the nonsense of stock and numbers. Maybe tomorrow will be better..."

But deep down, Orek knew it was only a matter of time before SAP threw another wrench in his day. He couldn't shake the feeling that the battles fought with paperwork and systems were somehow worse than those fought with steel.

Chapter 4, Boiled Over Frustrations

The next day, Orek returned to his desk, bleary-eyed and tired from yet another sleepless night fueled by too much coffee and too little sleep. He clicked through the SAP interface, hoping to finally resolve the mithril issue. But as he navigated the system and tries to create a new Purchase Order, the screen crashed immediately and flashed with a new error.

"ABAP Runtime Error: ZDWRF_PO_46 - 'Too Many Line Item Changes Detected: Internal Table Overflow.'"

"What in the nine hells is this now?" Orek bellowed, his voice echoing off the stone walls. "ABAP error?! Haven't even gotten to MIGO yet, and even the blasted PO crashes on me!"

With a deep breath, he picked up the communicator again.

Thag answered almost immediately. "SAP Helpdesk. Thag here - NOW WHAT, DWARF?"

"Now what, ye ask? I've got another ABAP error this time, before I even touched MIGO! Yer system's claimin' I made too many line item changes and now it's crashed!"

Thag's voice held an edge of impatience. "Did ya even slow down to think before ya clicked? I told ya to take it easy last time."

Orek bristled, the heat rising in his chest. "Clicked too fast?! I've been workin' with hammers and anvils me whole life—I'm not used to this pokin' and proddin' at screens! I just re-added the line items, same as always!"

"Yeah, but you deleted and re-added too many times, and the system's layout got limits, dwarf. It's tryin' to keep track of all your changes, and now it's overflowed. What did I tell you about working slowly and double-checkin'?"

"I'm not some novice to be lectured by the likes of you! Just fix the blasted thing so I can get back to real work!", Orek said

Thag growled, clearly losing patience. "Alright, alright. I'll clear the error now by reprocessing the update error in transaction code SM13, but if you screw this up again, you'll have to deal with the consequences."

Orek scoffed. "Consequences? What, ye think I'm scared of a little paperwork?"

There was a brief silence before Thag replied flatly, "You will be if this keeps up."

With that, the line fell silent as Thag worked his magic on the backend. After a tense moment, he returned with a hint of irritation in his voice. "Alright, you're good to go. Try not to break it again."

Orek couldn't help but retort, "Thanks for the *kind* help, Thag. You've been a real joy, as always."

Before closing the communicator, Thag said, "Next time, check your details *before* you call. You save me time, I save you frustration."

The communicator clicked off, and Orek set it down with a sigh, taking a long break.

Orek then went into the MIGO transaction code to post the goods into stock. This seemed to go okay. However, when he checked the plant and storage location stock with transaction MMBE and found that no stock has been booked in.

Orek hurried back to the communicator snarled to Thag. "I've done what ye said! Moved the steel, booked it in! And now, it tells me there's no stock!"

There was a deep, rumbling sigh on the other end. "*I'll be there. Hold your bearded temper.*"

Orek blinked. "What do ye mean, 'be there'? Wait—"

But the line had already gone dead. Moments later, Orek heard the heavy thud of boots approaching. Before he could react. the door to the forge swung open with a crash, and in strode Thag, his massive frame casting a shadow over the room. His presence felt like a storm cloud entering the forge.

Without a word, he strode over to Orek, grabbed his helmet, and slammed it down over his head with enough force that it stuck firmly over his eyes.

"Oooof!!! What in Moradin's beard?!" Orek shouted, his voice muffled by the helmet.

"The stock is there, the update just needed some time to be processed. Just remember to slow down next time," Thag said, a smirk playing on his lips as he patted the dwarf on the shoulder. With that, he turned on his heel and left, the door slamming shut behind him.

Orek muttered some unintelligible words and sighed, the weight of the helmet pressing down on him as he fumbled around blindly, trying to find his coffee mug. Finally, he managed to lift it to his mouth and take a sip through the slight gap in his helmet.

"Maybe I'll just stick to fightin' dragons," he muttered, feeling the frustration dissipate slightly with the warmth of the coffee. "At least they don't mess with me helmet."

Orek sank back into his chair and sighed, contemplating the chaos of the day ahead.