
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 01:55:58 GMT
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Tracy Island; Thursday, May 3, 9:30 AM

Brains had already breakfasted and was in the lab. He'd been there for a while, and his computer was analyzing his latest experiment, so he decided to pass the time by checking his email.

There were several messages from colleagues all over the world, and he went through them, replying to this one, saving that one, until he had one left. It was from Lena, and had been sent very recently. He opened it and read:

There have been a couple of incidents in the last few days, and although at first I thought it wasn't necessary to bother you with them, I've changed my mind. Please forward this to whomever you feel should know about what occurred.

Last Friday, I was accosted by a tall, slender, pale man, whom I later realized was a Hightower. He coerced me to get into his limousine, where he attempted to convince me to leave Tracy Industries and join his family's company. When I refused, he threatened me by saying that something bad could happen to a member of my family. I got angry and told him I would retaliate. Then I was able to persuade his chauffeur to pull over -- I won't tell you how. As luck would have it, he stopped just outside one of the Metro subway stations, and I got out, telling this Hightower I never wanted to see or hear from him again.

Apparently the man didn't believe me, because yesterday I found out that one of my granddaughters had been slandered by an anonymous email to the church she attends. I called the minister and advised him generally of the situation, which effectively closed that matter. Then I kept my promise.

You have probably heard of a program that sends useless information, trivia and gibberish to websites, flooding all of their empty space. I have a copy of that program, having used it many years ago to put an end to the harassment from a certain business. I looked it over and made a few modifications, then uploaded it into the Hightower's website. It will continue to send garbage to the site for 72 hours, unless they find the code buried deep within the program that will stop it. That is highly unlikely, even for the Hightower's best computer programmer.

I get the feeling, however, that this will not stop them. That is why I'm notifying you.

Please give my best to the Tracys and to Tin-Tin. I'll be in touch soon.

Lena

Brains reread the message, and thought, I'm sure glad she's on our side. If she teamed up with the Hightowers, no business would be safe. And if the Hood got hold of her, no one would be safe.

Hmm. I think I'd better let Mr. Tracy know about this. And Tin-Tin, too; she has a rapport with

Lena. I'll forward the message to their mailboxes. He immediately did so, adding a foreword at the beginning. By then his computer was chiming to signal that the analysis was complete. He shut down his mailbox and got back to work.

From: Hobbeth Sent: 8/14/2005
