

Tracy Island; Thursday, March 16th; 7:30 PM

"Lena," Jeff said as he wheeled himself into the lounge after dinner, Brains and Lena following him, "I'm sorry we didn't get to chat the other night like I said we would, but..."

"Dere was an emergency, a rescue to be done, and dat must take precedence. Now dat tings are back to normal, so to speak, it's as good a time as any to have our talk." She grinned. "Especially since you don't know when de next call to action will come."

Jeff chuckled. "You are so right. So let's get down to business."

They spent the next hour going over the details of Lena's becoming an agent for International Rescue. They decided to upgrade both her home and office computers, and give her a state-of-the-art laptop. Brains pointed out that it meant her home would also have to have a security system installed. Lena wanted to protest, but realized that it was necessary. But it doesn't mean dat I have to like it. She sighed as they continued.

One point of contention was his insistence on paying her extra for her services as an agent. Lena was adamant, stating that she didn't need more money, nor did she want it. Finally, an idea came to her, to establish a trust fund for her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Jeff like the idea and agreed to set up an account in the bank of her choice. The money would go directly into it.

Finally the details were worked out, and they shook hands. Jeff asked, "Is there anything else you need?"

"Well, my work here is done, and..."

"And you want to go home."

"Not dat I haven't enjoyed being here and working wit Brains, but I miss my family."

"Of course. I understand. Well, we do have to go to New York to pick up Gordon."

He noticed Lena's inquiring look, and added, "Another son. He stayed there to look after the business, while the rest of us came home." He fell silent for a moment, remembering how he felt upon returning to Tracy Island. "Yes, I really do understand your desire to go home.: He suddenly remembered an earlier conversation with his wife. "A thought just occurred to me. Dianne will be going to South Carolina for a memorial service and I'm going to accompany her. Perhaps we could all go together. We could spend a few days in New York before heading south. And stop in DC to drop you off when we go."

"Dat brings me to anotter concern, Mr. Tracy. De employee dat had been taking charge of de DC group in my place sent me a few emails telling me dat de I&M supervisor in your New York offices has been complaining vociferously dat he wasn't informed, or kept informed, about what

happened wit de glitch."

"Should you have, prior to coming here?"

"No, sir. I tought de problem was limited to de D.C. offices."

"Then there was no reason for him to be notified, and none for him to be complaining."

"Well, perhaps I could go see him in person, to explain to him why he wasn't notified and maybe smoot tings over."

Jeff turned to his computer and brought up the employee roster. "Here he is. Leonard Peterson." He read the reports on him. "Do you really want to talk to him, Lena? From what I've read here, he isn't the type to be easily appeased. He may even be jealous of the fact that you came here to fix the problem, and not him."

Lena hesitated. "Well," she mused, "if I go, I might be able to make him realize he has notting to be jealous about."

"I doubt it. You're far more qualified than he is to do such work. He is an adequate supervisor, good for going to meetings and taking care of his department. His computer skills are fair, but not out of the ordinary; in fact his people do all the work in that area. He seems to use his terminal mostly for writing his reports, and sending out memos via email. He doesn't seem to have any initiative." He looked at her. "In fact, I'm beginning to think he would be better used in another department. The problem would be replacing him."

"I'm sure one of de people under his supervision would do very well in his job. Dere usually is one who would qualify. And I tink dat I should be de one to talk to him. It might be easier all around if he hears about what happened wit de glitch from a peer, instead of higher up. So I'll talk to him."

"Okay, then. You have my approval. And I'll take your suggestion under advisement, Lena. Thank you."

"Once I got tings straightened out with Mr. Peterson, I could hop a commercial plane. I am anxious to get back home, to my family and my," she grinned, "regular job."

"You wouldn't mind? You would be welcome as our guest."

"Not at all. But tank you for de offer."

"All right, then. I'll arrange for transportation to the airport, a first class ticket - no arguments, Lena," he added as she began to protest, "and transportation from BWI to your home. I always take care of my agents."

She was chuckling. "Apparently you do. But I'm not about to take advantage of it. Even dough it wouldn't be hard to get used to dat kind of treatment."

He laughed along with her. "Okay, then. I'll make the arrangements. We'll probably be leaving in

the next day or two." He sobered and said, "You know, I'm going to miss you around here. I've enjoyed our talks."

"So have I. Well, I'm sure dis isn't de end of dem. We'll be seeing each otter again."

Jeff smiled. "I'm sure we will."

Post by Hobbeth on 12/11/2004

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