
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 05:01:04 GMT
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Thursday, March 15, 2068, 6 p.m., local time, Kabul, Afghanistan

Tin-Tin dropped her small briefcase on the suite's sofa and sighed. She flopped down into a chair, kicking off her shoes and unwrapping her head scarf, then leaning back and closing her eyes. Emily shuffled in behind her, immediately removing the offending cloth and moving quickly to her own room. Tin-Tin rubbed her temples. A headache was coming on: a headache born of frustration.

Her afternoon at the plant had not been productive. The engineer she had been assigned to work with, one Siddig al Bashir, was by turns arrogant, patronizing, and desultory. He could not believe that a person as young as she was, and a woman to boot, could come up with a formula as complex as the one they were working with. Tin-Tin bit her tongue and worked as fast as she could. Emily had been sitting in the corner, doing a crossword puzzle from a book she had brought along, but Tin-Tin could almost feel the heat of Emily's silent seething. To her credit, she kept silent, allowing Tin-Tin to deal with this man in her own way.

Every time Tin-Tin felt that she had the answer to the problem, her "colleague" dismissed it as being impossible or improbable. At last, Tin-Tin saved her work and closed her laptop with a decisive snap! She stood regally and regarded the other engineer coolly.

"Mr. al Bashir. Your conduct here has been unbecoming a professional. Rest assured I will be reporting it to Mr. al Kadar. And I will also tell him that your inability to work with me on the problem has made me reconsider doing business with this firm. Now, you will escort me to Mr. al Kadar's office so I can speak with him immediately on this matter."

Al Bashir looked mutinous, and Tin-Tin was afraid he was going to refuse. Then Emily got up out of her chair and faced the younger man. She silently glared at him, daring him to show her any disrespect. Then she said very quietly, "You'd better hop to it or believe me, you'll be out of a job tomorrow."

It seemed that Emily's intervention did the trick. He turned and said sullenly, "Follow me." The two women looked at each other and gathered up their things to follow the sulking engineer to his superior's office.

"There is a problem," he said bluntly.

Fudail looked up at Tin-Tin and asked, "So, have you discovered why your formula is not working?"

"I believe I have. But Mr. al Bashir does not concur. In fact, he has been of little help at all. I have found him to be arrogant and patronizing, constantly insinuating that because I am a young woman, I cannot have developed such a formula," Tin-Tin said coldly. "Every time I have suggested a possible cause for this problem, he has dismissed it. His behavior is making me reconsider doing business with your firm."

"What have you deduced the problem to be?" Fudail asked.

"Temperature. For some reason, the temperature of the mixture has fluctuated from the very specific parameters I set in my formula," she explained. "Either your equipment is at fault or your employees aren't monitoring it well enough."

Fudail turned to Siddig. "Your opinion?"

"Her formula cannot be produced," the engineer stated flatly.

Tin-Tin and Emily gasped at this bald-faced lie. The older woman's face took on a stubborn expression, but a touch from Tin-Tin's hand stayed her angry words.

"Since your engineer seems to think this cannot be produced, I will have every copy of my formula, digital or hard, removed from your premises," Tin-Tin said resolutely. "Now. I am withdrawing my order."

Fudail looked surprised at her forcefulness. He thought about who she was rumored to be representing. I cannot afford to alienate such a powerful possible client. He looked over at Siddig who stood stoically, as if daring him to contradict his conclusion.

"Ms. Kyrano. If before you pull your order, let us give your idea a trial run. Tomorrow we will set up the equipment for mixing your formula. You may be on hand to see our operations, and to oversee the manufacturing process. We will take every care to adhere to your specifications. If it should happen that under ideal circumstances, the formula cannot be manufactured, then you have every right to cancel your order. I shall gladly hand over every piece of documentation surrounding it. And I will purge our files of it as well. But, if it turns out you are correct and temperature is the issue, then would you please reconsider pulling your order?"

Tin-Tin looked from Siddig to Fudail and back again. "All right. I will be here tomorrow to oversee the mixing of the formula. But if I will not work with this man again."

"Agreed," Fudail said, smiling. He rose from his seat and shook Tin-Tin's hand. "Please, let me escort you out."

Emily came out of her room and sat down in a chair across from Tin-Tin. She regarded her "adopted granddaughter" with a critical eye.

"You need a good meal, and hot bath, and some sleep, child. I've ordered room service."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Tracy," Tin-Tin sighed gratefully.

Emily shook a finger at her. "I've told you time and time again, Tin-Tin. It's either Grandma or Emily. Your choice."

"Okay... Grandma," Tin-Tin said with a slight smile.

As the room service came, Emily's sharp eyes noticed a small man, dressed in native garb, cleaning the inside of the windows at the end of the hall. This is an odd time to clean windows. It's dark outside. I think I've seen that little man before, following us. And that Mr. Tallboy was in the lobby, too. I'm sure he was waiting for us. Something's going on here and Tin-Tin's at the center of it all. I'm glad I came along to help protect her!

Post by Tikatu on 12/11/2004
