
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 16:34:45 GMT
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Friday, March 16th; 4:30 PM; Tracy Industries headquarters in New York City

Lena and the Tracys walked into the Tracy Industries building together, and Jeff signed her in at the security desk. He had arranged to have a badge ready for her, so if she ever had to return, she would be able to pass through quickly. The guard gave it to her, and she clipped it on her jacket lapel.

"This is where we part company, Mrs. Matumbo. Will you be okay from here?"

"I'll be just fine, sir. You arranged for de car to take me to de airport, as well as for a plane ticket and a car to take me home. It has been a very interesting experience. I'll be in touch wit you all in de near future."

"I'll be looking forward to hearing from you again. Take care, and if you need anything else, please don't hesitate to ask."

"I won't. You take care of yourself."

She shook hands with him, and Elise, Dianne and Lisa hugged her, then they headed toward the elevator to the penthouse suites. Lena turned to the guard and asked, "Which floor is de I&M Department on?"

He looked it up on his computer. "Eighteenth floor. The elevators to your left will take you there. If you'd like to leave your suitcase and bag here, I'll be more than happy to watch them for you."

"Tank you, young man." She handed them to him, then walked over to the elevators and very shortly was heading up to the I&M offices. When she arrived, she asked the first person she met to direct her to the supervisor's office. Moments later, she was knocking on his door.

She heard a gruff, "Come in," and opened it. A heavysset man with thinning brown hair was sitting at a desk facing her, gathering up some things and putting them into a briefcase.

"Mr. Peterson, I'm Mrs. Matumbo, head of de I&M department in de Washington D.C. offices.

"Oh, yes. I received a memo saying that you would be stopping by. Well, it's late, and I'm getting ready to leave, so I suggest you make this quick and to the point."

"Okay. I was informed you had a problem wit not being advised of de email problem." She walked in, closing the door behind her.

"That's right. I should have been informed immediately. Why wasn't I?"

Although he hadn't invited her to sit, she did so anyway. "Dere was no reason for us to do so. No one knew dat de New York offices had been - or would be - affected; in fact, dey weren't until a

day or so after de D.C. offices were."

"Nevertheless, I should know about things like this. I expect that in the future, you will inform me whenever something like this happens."

"No."

"What?"

"Do you plan to inform me when someting occurs here?"

"Of course not. I am head of the New York offices, Tracy Industries headquarters, not you. Therefore..."

"Derefore you are responsible for what happens to de computer systems in de New York offices, and have no need to know about problems elsewhere. Would you ask de I&M supervisor in London to report to you?" He looked at her in astonishment, then shook his head. "I didn't tink so. Dey are not your responsibility, and neiter are de systems in D.C., or anywhere else, for dat matter. Plus, as I understand it, you don't have de authority to demand such tings. So I and my team will not be informing you of anything, unless we feel it is imperative dat you need to know."

"Mrs. Matumbo, you may have spent time with the Tracy family recently, but that does not give you the right to just come in here and try to ride roughshod over me."

"Is dat what you tink I'm doing? I assure you, it was not my intention. I came here to personally inform you dat if I'd had any inkling dat de New York computers would be affected, I would have notified you. However, because some of de emails contained sensitive information, I felt dat it was imperative to get to de source of de problem quickly.

"And you felt that you were the only one who could do it? Wasn't that presumptuous of you?" he replied disdainfully. "Had you notified me, the situation might have been rectified much sooner. I should have been the one to notify Mr. Hackenbacker, and gone to wherever they live to make the necessary repairs, not you. I do have seniority, you know."

"Your seniority isn't in question. As I said, dere was sensitive information in a few of de emails dat I felt should not go any funder. So I took de steps dat I believed necessary. When I contacted Mr. Hackenbacker, I tought dat he would be de one to fix it. It came as a complete surprise to me when he asked me to go to de Tracy home and do de repairs myself." She shook her head, still somewhat astonished at what had happened during her stay. "As I said, had I had any hint dat de New York offices would have been affected, you would have been notified. I don't tink, dough, dat you could have solved de problem any faster. But dat's neiter here nor dere. What's done is done."

She paused. "But I do mean what I said before. You will be informed of a problem if it is believed dat it will affect de systems in dis building. But tings dat occur in offices in otter cities are not your business. So take care of de computer systems here, and I&M supervisors in dose otter offices will take care of deirs."

He stood up, red-faced. "How dare you!? Do you think you can just waltz in and tell me my job? I have some pull around here, I tell you. I could have you severely reprimanded for your impudence, possibly even fired! The Tracys live in a penthouse upstairs in this building and one of them is there right this minute. If I called up there I could..."

"Actually, more of dem are up dere right now," Lena replied calmly, but there was a fire in her eyes. "Mr. Tracy arrived wit me - along wit some odders - and knows de reason for my visit. So call upstairs, if you wish. But I don't tink any of dem would be interested to hear what you'd have to say. And even if dey did, I doubt dat I would be de one to be adversely affected by it."

He had his hand on the telephone. In fact, he had picked up the receiver. But when she finished talking, he paled, hung up and sat back down. His mouth opened and closed a few times, but no sound came out. Lena leaned over and picked up her purse, then stood up. "I tink we understand one anotter, and are finished here. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a plane to catch."

She walked out, closing the door behind her. She sighed, thinking, Tank goodness, dat's over. Now I can go home. But I wish dat, just once, I wouldn't have to mention someone else's name to get cooperation. She headed to the elevators and was soon back in the lobby. She retrieved her bags from the guard and started toward the chauffeur who was beckoning to her, but was stopped by a man who was vaguely familiar looking. He held a microphone up, and she noticed a cameraman standing off to one side.

Now what? she thought tiredly.

"Mrs. Matumbo, I'm Ned Cook, reporter for NTBS. I understand you just got back from visiting the Tracys. Our viewers are interested in Jefferson Tracy. Would you care to comment?"

"What makes you tink I was visiting dem?"

"I was at the airport when their jet landed and saw you and Mr. - Mrs. Tracy get off."

"You just happened to be in de right terminal at de airport at de right time?"

"Well, I got a tip the Tracy jet was heading here, and its approximate arrival time."

"From whom?"

"I have my sources. Look, I'm the one who is supposed to be asking the questions. Now, what can you tell the viewers about Mr. Tracy's condition? Has he had a relapse and is that why he's returned to New York?"

"Mr. Tracy is improving daily. Dat's all I have to say about him." She started to walk on, but he swiftly moved in front of her again.

"We'd like to know more, and I'm sure you can tell us. Now why has he re..."

"I have notting more to say, Mr. Cook. So please . . ."

"But surely you must have more you can tell my viewers. After all, the people do have the right to know."

"No, dey don't."

"What do you mean by that?" Ned argued. "Mr. Tracy is a public figure, and..."

"Den dey can read or hear about his public appearances. But his private life is none of deir business. It is only for him and dose dat share it wit him."

There was a pause, then Ned, still feeling humiliated from his last encounter with Jeff Tracy, continued. "Did you share it with him, Mrs. Matumbo?" he asked, an unmistakable innuendo in the tone of his voice.

Lena looked at him disdainfully. "Dat was an offensive and intrusive question. It was low, even for you. I suggest you leave now, while I still have some control over my temper. Or I'll have you trown out." She indicated the security guard, who was intently watching them, and looked ready to come to her aid.

Ned turned to his cameraman, making a slicing gesture. The cameraman lowered his video recorder and turned away. "All right, have it your way for now. But I know there's a story in all this, and I'm going to get it one way or another."

"I can't stop you from trying, Mr. Cook, but I suggest dat you consider very carefully how you try to get dat story. De consequences of your actions could hurt your reputation and your career. And don't try it wit me or you might not like what I do - or say. Now, if you'll excuse me," she replied, handing her suitcase to the chauffeur, who had walked over to her, "I have anoter plane to catch. Good bye." He stepped aside and she followed the chauffeur out of the building and over to the car.

Post by Hobbeth on 23/11/2004[
