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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 02:51:35 GMT  
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 7/20/2006 3:25 PM

Friday, July 20; 9 PM; Silver Spring (1 PM the next day on Tracy Island)

Lena stared at the computer screen in front of her. I know the answer is in front of me, but I can't see it. Why? She stood up and began pacing around, trying to break through the block that kept her from completing the challenge she'd accepted from Brains.

After the Tracys were well on the way to recovering from the food poisoning, and she'd rested, Brains had allowed her to go down to the lab. He'd showed her a few of the projects he was working on, one of them being a way to upgrade the security of the communications for International Rescue.

"Right now, I've hit a stumbling block. I need programs that will scramble and unscramble transmissions at both ends, but won't allow any unauthorized person to get anything but static, or gibberish."

"What's de problem?"

"The transmission won't unscramble properly, unless it does so before it reaches the other end. It ends up with only every fifth word getting through -- if I'm lucky. Can you help?"

She'd looked at his program. Something there wasn't quite right, but she hadn't been able to put her finger on it. She'd straightened up and turned to him. "I'd like to try. But I don't know dat I could do it right now. So much has happened dat I tink I wouldn't be able to concentrate."

He'd put his hands on her shoulders and squeezed them gently, but comfortingly. "I understand. It can wait a while. We haven't had any compromise of our system, yet. But it's only a matter of time. So I tell you what; I'll send everything I have to your home computer. When you're ready, take a look at it and see if you can come up with a solution. How would that work? Are you up to the challenge?"

She'd smiled and replied, "Dat would be fine. Tank you, Brains. I may not be up to it yet, but I will be, as soon as I can take care of a few tings. And I'll keep in touch to let you know how I'm doing."

It had taken time for her to start working on it. Even after her meeting with her family, it had been several days before she was relaxed enough to concentrate on something as complex as this program. So although she hadn't been working on it very long, she was frustrated that she hadn't made any progress.

She thought back to that day in his lab, and remembered how proud he was of the new "heads-up" program he and Tin-Tin had come up with, so the rescuers in the field could talk to each other and still have their hands free to continue doing their job. Suddenly she looked at the computer screen again. Dat's it! He didn't take dem into account when he worked on dis program.

Dey must have different specs, and dere's probably a basic incompatibility wit dis programming.

Knowing she needed more information from Brains, she emailed him.

I've started working on the upgrade of the communications program you sent me. I couldn't figure out why it wasn't working, until I remembered the day you finally let me go to your lab. I believe the problem is an incompatibility between this program and the way your new "hands free" transmitters are configured. Would you please send me the specs on them, so I can confirm my theory?

She finished with a personal note, and sent it. Then she sighed and, after saving what she'd done, turned off her computer and, making her usual checks, left the room.