

---

Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 15:59:48 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: Hobbeth Sent: 8/23/2006 3:00 PM

Friday, July 27; 1:15 PM; BWI Airport (5:15 AM July 28 on Tracy Island)

Lena stood in the waiting area, watching for Brains to come from the arrival gate. When he'd answered her email, requesting the specs to the heads up display, he'd told her about his trip to Paris. She immediately wrote back and suggested that he return to Tracy Island via Maryland and spend a weekend with her, checking out what she'd come up with. He agreed and sent her a revised itinerary a few hours later.

She thought back to last Sunday.

She'd been in her home office trying to work the specs of the heads up display into the security program. She had gotten only so far, and kept running into walls. She finally sat back and closed her eyes. Everything is becoming a blur. I tink I'd better quit for de day. Dis keeps getting more and more complicated. It's one of de most difficult challenges I've ever had. Good ting I have time to figure it out. Maybe when Brains gets here, I'll be further along.

She'd opened her eyes and looked at the screen once again. "I'm not going to let you defeat me. I'll figure out how to integrate de specs into de program, no matter how long I have to work on it. And I'll get it to work for data as well. But I'm not going to do it today. So," and she reached out to save her work, then shut down her computer, "I'm going to put you out of my mind and enjoy de rest of de weekend."

She'd stood up and stretched, then did her checks of the outlets in the room. As she left, and just before she closed the door, she said, "I've got a murder mystery waiting for me to finish, but I tink I'll make some tea first."

Returning to the present, she checked the board again and saw that the plane had arrived ten minutes previously. She was amused -- but not surprised -- that he hadn't shown up yet. He probably kept checking to see if he'd forgotten anything, or de attendants called him back to get someting he did forget.

She soon saw him pass the security checkpoint area, juggling his cell phone, his laptop and his carry on bag. Chuckling silently to herself, she moved forward to meet him.

"Hiram Hackenbacker, welcome to Maryland."

He looked up when she spoke and, pushing his glasses back up his nose, grinned at her. "Hello, Lena. You look well, much better than the last time I saw you."

She smiled back at him, grabbing his carry on as it slipped from his shoulder, and swinging it onto her own. They hugged, then she turned him in the direction of the baggage claim area. "How was your trip?" she asked as they walked.

"Fine. The conference went well, the plane trips to and from Paris were smooth, and I have a lot of notes to go over."

"I bet you do. Did you eat on the plane?"

"Eat?" Just then they both heard a rumbling noise coming from the general area of his abdomen. He looked slightly embarrassed, then they both laughed.

"I'll take dat as a 'no'," she said. "And since it's past my lunchtime, after we get your bags, we'll stop and have someting to eat before we go to de office."

Brains agreed, and they were soon in her car, heading to Washington D.C. They stopped for lunch at a small cafe type place she knew about. They chatted and she made sure he ate everything he ordered, saying, "You look like you've forgotten to eat a few meals, young man." An hour later they were at Tracy Industries and heading toward her office.

As they stepped off the elevator, they heard a booming voice say, "Mrs. Matumbo."

She rolled her eyes at Brains, then they turned to see a fairly large man heading toward them. "Yes, Mr. Wilson. What can I do for you?"

"I tried to see you over two hours ago, and they said you had gone out for an extended period of time. What do you mean by taking company time for personal business?"

"I went to de airport to pick up--"

"And that's another thing. How many times must I tell you the word is 'the', not 'de'?"

"I find her way of speaking charming," Brains piped up, a defiant look in his eyes.

Mr. Wilson looked startled to find someone else was there. He looked the other man over, dismissing him as someone unworthy of his time, then turned back to Lena. "I must tell you, Mrs. Matumbo, this blatant misuse of company time will not be tolerated. I don't care who the person is you went to see, you should--"

"Mr. Wilson, dis is Hiram Hackenbacker. Hiram, dis is Don Wilson, one of de vice presidents here."

"As for your sudden absences like the one a little over a month ago, I don't think...." There was a pause as her words suddenly registered. "Who?"

"Hiram Hackenbacker."

Wilson turned white, then several shades of red. "You are Hiram Hackenbacker?"

"Yes, I am." Brains's face was solemn, but the look in his eyes showed that he was enjoying Wilson's discomfiture -- a lot.

Wilson looked back at Lena, who nodded at him. He hemmed, hawed and harrumphed, then finally said, "Well then, carry on." Then he turned and walked away, faster than she had ever seen him move.

A moment later, she heard a quiet chuckling and looked at Brains. He said, "I hope there aren't many like him around. How do you put up with him?"

"He's irritating, loud and pompous, but harmless. And he's good at what he does. He isn't around here dat much, fortunately. I avoid him as much as I can when he is. Well, let's get to my office."

They entered the I&M work area, where she introduced him to her staff, telling them that she and "Hiram" would be working in her office, but she would be available to them, if necessary. Five minutes later, she was showing him what she'd come up with so far.

"So the specs for the 'heads up display' was the missing piece of the puzzle."

"Yes. I'm still working on integrating it into the program. I haven't been working on it here, so I put what I've done on a disc, for us to be able to work on it in my office dis afternoon. But I have to say it's one of de most complicated programs I've come across."

"The heads-up display or the security program?"

She glanced at him with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Yes."

He laughed. "Well, let's see what we can do if we put our heads together."