

Friday, September 14, 2068, 9 a.m., Tracy Island

Jeff read over Kat's resignation again, and sighed. There's no way we can do without a mechanic of some kind. Brains's plate is far too full, and so is Tin-Tin's. And though some of the new recruits are helping with post rescue maintenance, we still need someone for the vehicles we use every day. He put the letter aside. I'll alert Human Resources to this and request that we advertise for a replacement for Kat right away. Let's see; what exactly do we need in a new mechanic? Now that I've seen the scope of what the job entails, I should have a better idea.

A few moments later, he had list of needs and qualifications written in his data pad. "Someone with a background in working with aircraft, marine craft, and automobiles. Body work and fabrication experience a must. Heavy duty equipment experience a plus." He tapped his stylus against his chin. "I hadn't intended for Kat to go on rescues, and there weren't too many rescues where her skills were actually needed. I would expect that for her replacement, but... it wouldn't be a bad idea to have them look for military or volunteer rescue experience as well. Whoever we recruit would then be better prepared to go on rescues if necessary. It's not something I want to actually advertise for, though. People would wonder..."

He looked over the list again, then toggled the switch to the lab. "Brains?"

"Yes, Mr. Tracy?"

"Do you and Tin-Tin have a minute? I have something I'd like you to look over."

"Sure, Mr. Tracy. We'll be right up."

"No need. I'll email this to you." Jeff closed the file, attached it to an email, and sent it to both of his engineers. "Incoming."

Jeff sat back, sighing again, then taking a sip of his cooling coffee. We can't be too long about this; we need Seven back online as soon as possible.

Finally, Brains replied again. "That looks good, Mr. Tracy."

"Yes," Tin-Tin added, "it does." She paused, then said, "Perhaps you could put in as an aside that we need someone taller... with a longer reach..."

"And without a blood sugar problem," Brains amended.

"We can weed that out on this end," Jeff assured them. "Thanks for your input, Tin-Tin, Brains. I'll see you at lunch."

Their conversation closed off, and Jeff shook his head. "Taking Lady Penelope's advice on Kat looked like a good idea at the time. But I wish she -- or Kat herself -- had mentioned the blood

sugar thing before we hired. Then again, we didn't hire her for rescues." He glanced down at the list he'd made, and began composing an email to Human Resources. "I'll just attach this to the email, and let them take care of the rest."

His attention was diverted when the radio behind him crackled to life. "Tracy One to Tracy Island," Elise's voice called. "Requesting permission to land."

Jeff smiled, and turned to the radio, toggling the switch that opened communications. "Tracy Island here. Permission granted, Tracy One. Welcome home."

Posted by Tikatu on August 16, 2007

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