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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:05:28 GMT

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Tuesday, September 18, 10 AM; Tracy Island.

"Mr. Tracy, have you received any responses to your ad for a mechanic yet?" Brains said as he walked into the lounge. "It's been a week since you received the resignation from Kat, and the work is cutting into everyone's other duties. We need to find another mechanic, and soon."

Jeff looked up from his computer. "I put the ad in only four days ago, and decided to wait a while before I checked. Sit down while I do."

The engineer complied. "If I'm ever going to get Seven rebuilt, and Eight off the design board, I'll need someone who can take over the maintenance quickly."

"I know, Brains. Ah, the responses are coming up now."

"Great!" Brains got up and walked around the desk as Jeff pulled up the ad, to see if anyone had replied. I hope we can find a replacement soon. There's a lot to work on, and I need help if I'm going to get the other things done."

"Interesting. We've had only five responses so far. I'd hoped for more; it would have given us a broader range to select from. I suppose that having to send an application to our Sydney HR office might have put some people off."

"Who's responded?"

"Let's see. Jeanine Laroche, Henry Drake, Sally Miller, Sammy Kyung and William Abbott. One from France - no, she's French, but living in Australia - a," Jeff looked closer at one of the applications, "Korean-Australian, an Australian, and two Americans, one in Mississippi and one in San Francisco."

"Let's see the résumés."

Jeff brought the first one up. "I'm looking forward to the new monitors arriving. They'll make things a lot easier. I'm glad you talked to me about it, and that we ordered them. I can't imagine why we never made this upgrade before."

Several days earlier, Brains had become frustrated one too many times by the fact that he had to keep minimizing and maximizing windows to get the information he wanted. He'd stopped what he was working on, looked up information on double and triple screen monitors, and printed out information on several types. He highlighted the one he felt would work best for him, and International Rescue, and took all the printouts to Jeff and Dianne. Jeff had approved of his choice, with his wife's agreement, and Brains promptly ordered a dozen. They were to arrive soon.

"I agree. But other things kept taking priority, well, until I got fed up, I guess. And even Tin-Tin has commented on it." He peered myopically at the screen. "I'm not so sure about this Jeanine

Laroche person. Her qualifications are merely adequate, and if she speaks and understands English like she writes it, I don't think she'll work out."

"I agree." Jeff closed her application, and brought the next one up. "Hmm. Henry Drake. Interesting. He has quite a résumé, but something about the way he's written it up makes me wary. I can't put my finger on it, but it does." He minimized it and brought the third one up.

"Will Abbott. His résumé looks like he's never written one before."

"True, Brains, but look. After the Navy, he began working for his father. He probably never needed to. Hmm. I wonder what the 'family emergency' was."

One by one, Jeff brought up the last two résumés. "The others look like they might qualify. Sally Miller isn't far away, and neither is Sammy Kyung."

"I think we should do background checks on all four of these people."

"I agree. Tell you what; I'll take Drake and Miller, and you take Abbott and Kyung. Let's get background checks on these people as fast as possible. If we're lucky, we should have something back within twenty-four hours."

"Okay, Mr. Tracy. I'll get right on it." Brains turned and left the lounge.

Posted by hobbeth on August 31, 2007

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