
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 19:25:30 GMT
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Monday, March 5th, 2068, 7AM EST; Tracy Industries Washington D.C offices

Mrs. Lena Matumbo always enjoyed arriving in her office an hour early. The quiet allowed her to get into the rhythm of the workday. She first checked her voice mail for messages. There were only two this morning, a reminder of a meeting of department heads and a call from one of her employees, letting her know he would not be in, due to a family emergency. She then turned on her computer and went to her email.

The program she had developed that automatically scanned the messages for viruses (and set them aside for tracing) quickly checked her inbox, then chirped at her, letting her know the scan was complete and as usual, no viruses were found. Once the program was in place and the viruses already detected were traced to the source, no one has dared try to infect the Tracy computers, she thought with great satisfaction. She opened the oldest message and began reading, taking notes and sending replies.

Thirty minutes later, she sat up in surprise. In her mailbox was an email addressed to Jeff Tracy. Quickly she scanned the rest of the messages and found another one, also addressed to the CEO. She set them aside in a private 'For Eyes Only' type file, and continued to check the rest of her messages. Near the end of them, she found a third, addressed to one of the VPs. She shook her head and added it to the file, then finished checking her own messages.

When her staff arrived at eight, she called them into her office for a quick meeting. When they settled down, she said, "I found some emails in my box not addressed to me. I want each of you to check your boxes as soon as you get to your desks and the scans are complete, and see if you find any of the same. If you do, don't open them. Just forward them to me, then delete them."

One of her staff spoke up. "I found one yesterday, while you were out. I saved it, and forgot to tell you when you returned."

"Okay, Michelle. Forward it to me and any others you may have gotten since then. Has anyone else gotten any such emails so far?" Everyone shook their heads. "Then your first order of business is to check your boxes. Once you have done that and forwarded any misdirected messages you find to me, start your normal day." A few chuckles greeted her last statement, and she grinned at them. "I know, I know, normal isn't an applicable word to this job, but since unusual is normal for us, it works for me. Now, get to your desks and make the rest of the departments happy; and do me proud, like you 'normally' do."

Once her team had gone to their desks, she turned to her computer and wrote a priority email to everyone in the building, asking them to do the same thing she told her staff. An hour later, she had twenty more emails, some addressed to Jeff Tracy, some to his immediate subordinates and the rest to various members of the Tracy family. She opened them only to see to whom they were sent. She frowned as she found different addresses on them, but only one on each email.

Why would this be happening? It makes no sense. She started by arranging them in order from the

oldest to the newest, and noticed the first email was sent two days after the crash that put Jeff Tracy in the hospital. The first emails were sent to the Tracy's personal email addresses, then to their business ones and finally to other people at Tracy Industries. Hmm. Something happened with the Tracy personal mailboxes, linking them to the mailboxes at the business locations? This is strange. Well, I won't solve this just sitting here.

She got to work, writing a program that would trace each email to find the source of the diversion to other locations. She also called some of the VPs to see if they had gotten their emails.

Each one she was able to contact had replied in the affirmative. She told them she was tracking down the source of the problem and would let them know when the trouble was located and corrected. Then it was time for the department head meeting.

When she returned from the meeting two hours later, she decided to quickly check on the progress of the trace, before heading to lunch. She found five more emails that had gone to five separate locations as well as - probably - to their intended destinations. She opened them to check the addresses, and some words in the messages leaped out at her. She gasped, her appetite gone, as she read the emails and realized the truth.

Jeff Tracy is the head of International Rescue!

Post by Hobbeth on 29/07/2004
