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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 19:27:46 GMT

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Monday, March 5th, 2068, 1:00PM; Tracy Industries Washington D.C. offices

The phone rang, bringing Lena out of her contemplations. She answered, bringing her thoughts quickly back to the here and now. One of the other supervisors whom she had contacted wanted to know if she had made any progress, and she told him what little she could. After she hung up, a rumble from her stomach told her to get something to eat. Might as well. Dere's notting much I can do until de trace is complete. She locked the program from prying eyes, got her purse out of a drawer, grabbed her jacket, and left.

When she returned an hour later, she had phone messages to take care of. She did so, quickly and efficiently, and then turned to her computer. Four more emails had been transferred to her that went to people in error and she added them to the others. She then checked the program and found that the trace was closing in on the source of the problem. So she left her office to check on her staff and see how they were doing.

Few problems had been called in and all had been dealt with very efficiently. She was proud of her staff. They were well trained and creative enough to find solutions to odd problems. They all had a laugh when one of the staff told of a call from someone who couldn't get a particular website to come up. It turned out that the person was misspelling one part of the url, and was getting a children's website with some of the goofiest sounds they'd ever heard. "Imagine, two websites so diametrically different, yet so similar in urls," the employee said, still chuckling.

"It's a mind boggler, all right," Lena answered, smiling. "Well, good ting it was simple to figure out. I'm glad it's been a quiet day for you all. If you need me for anyting, I'll be in my office." She turned and headed in that direction, feeling refreshed by the fifteen-minute interlude.

When she got inside her office, her computer was chiming, signalling that it had tracked down the source. She opened the program and read the codes easily. "Well, isn't dat someting? De problem originated at de Tracy home. Now, tink, Lena. Who do I contact about dis who would be dere to take care of dis?" She sat back in her chair, pondering.

Hmm. I remember someone . . . Hiram somebody. It took her several minutes and rejections of several variations of the last name before she had it. Hackenbacker! She immediately went into the address file and looked up his name. When she found it, she started working on a priority email to him, taking her time to word it carefully.

"Mr. Hackenbacker, I am Lena Matumbo, head of the computer I&M department at Tracy Industries in Washington D.C.," she wrote. "A glitch has developed in the system that has caused several emails to also go to mailboxes other than the ones they were addressed to. I notified all employees here and had them forward any they received. I have received about two dozen, so far.

The program I created to trace the cause has in fact located it in a server at the Tracy home. Since some of the emails contain what appears to be highly sensitive information, I feel that this

should be checked out ASAP. Please respond as soon as you get this.

Lena Matumbo"

Post by Hobbeth on 29/07/2004

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