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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 21:20:17 GMT  
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Tracy Industries Washington DC offices, Monday, March 5th, 3PM

Lena sat back after she sent the email. There was nothing more she could do until she heard back from Mr. Hackenbacker. Might as well catch up on what's been happening in de world, she thought as she brought up the CNN website. She checked the local news first, then the national and finally the world. That's when she saw the story about the North Sea rescue work being done by International Rescue. She started to read the story when her phone rang.

"Mrs. Matumbo," she heard as soon as she answered, "What is being done about the email problem? It's been several hours since you sent the message."

"Mr. Wilson," she replied evenly, although she didn't care much for this man, "de problem has been traced to a location outside of dis complex. I have sent an email to someone I believe can work on de trouble at de source and am waiting for a reply from dat person."

"Not good enough. This needs to be resolved immediately. Immediately, do you hear me?" The man's authoritative voice boomed so loudly, she had to move the receiver well away from her head.

I hear you. Probably most of de people on dis floor can hear you. But she merely said, "Dat's not possible when de location of de server causing de trouble is not known to me. But it should be known to de person I'm contacting. I understand dat he is a high level Tracy employee."

"And who would that be?"

"Hiram Hackenbacker."

There was a long pause. "Oh. Well... I guess then that things will be corrected in a timely manner. But I'll expect to be informed the instant the problem is resolved. Do you understand?"

"Of course, sir. Everyone will be notified immediately."

"And Mrs. Matumbo, as I've told you before, the words are the, this and that."

Lena felt a spurt of anger rise, but quickly suppressed it. He was a vice president and it never helped to argue with the man, no matter how pompous he acted. She took a deep breath, and then an amusing thought occurred to her. She replied, "Tank you for de information, Mr. Wilson. I'll be sure to inform de French employees when I see dem. Excuse me, I have work to do. Good bye." And before he could say another word, she hung up and returned to the rescue story on her computer screen.

Post by Hobbeth on 21/08/2004

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