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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 22:13:53 GMT  
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Tracy Island: Wednesday, March 7th; 8AM

Lena had been up for some time when Brains arrived to take her to breakfast. She'd showered, dressed, made her bed and unpacked by then. There was a chime, signaling someone was at the door, and she went over and tapped the panel alongside it to open the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Matumbo. I hope you slept well," he greeted her, smiling.

"Good morning, Brains. Tank you, yes. And please call me Lena, since I'm calling you Brains."

"All right - Lena. Now, shall we go have some breakfast before we get down to work?"

She grinned at him. "I tought you'd never ask. I'm famished."

He laughed and they headed to the villa. When they arrived, Lisa was fixing breakfast, and there were a few people at the table. Brains introduced Lena to them and they all greeted her with smiles, but since their mouths were full, said nothing. Lisa told her to sit down, and her breakfast would be ready in just a few moments. "I hope you like pancakes."

"I love dem," Lena replied, "and orange juice, please, if you have it."

"Of course. Coffee?"

"I prefer tea, if dat's not too inconvenient."

"Not at all." Lisa bustled about, and soon Lena was eating a very satisfying meal. She chatted with Brains and the others, telling them all to call her Lena, but did not waste time, as she wanted to get to work on the reason she came to this place. She sipped the last of her tea as Brains finished his breakfast, then they excused themselves and headed to his office.

They headed to an elevator that, to Lena's surprise, took them not to his laboratory - where he told her his office was - but to a monorail. "This will take us to my lab. It's the fastest and easiest way to get there." They got in and headed out.

"I'm impressed," Lena said. "Dis is certainly a big place. It would take a multibillionaire to create and maintain it." Then she lapsed into silence as she watched through the windows until they arrived at their destination.

When they walked in, he said, "Lena, I've set up a workspace over here for you." He handed her a card. "Here's a list of sites you might need to use, and temporary passwords to get into them. This computer is not connected to the IR server, so if you want to access your personal or work mailboxes, you may do so."

He then indicated a pile of papers. The printouts of the diagnostics are here, along with one of the

original program, as you requested. Is there anything else you need?"

She walked over and sat down, putting her bag - which she had brought with her when she left her room - on the floor under the knee-hole of the desk. She replied, "I believe I have everything I need, for now. Why don't you show me what you found when you compared these diagnostics? Den, I'll try to figure out why it happened."

Brains pulled a chair up to her desk and took one of the printouts. He had her open the other and indicated to her the places that showed him where the computers linked. He found her to be a quick study - which he expected - and left her alone to look over the original programming specs, while he worked on another project. About an hour later, Tin-Tin walked in and went over to her workstation. They worked in companionable silence until Lena finally sat back and sighed.

"Brains, I think I've found the reason for the deterioration."

He jumped up and went over to Lena. "Where?"

She explained, pointing out the place in the specs that she felt caused the problem. "You put a limit on the threshold number of 'hits' on the block, and it was reached, even exceeded. Why did you do that?" she asked quietly.

"At the time, the best program I could come up with in the time I had required a specific number. I put the highest number allowed. I didn't think it would ever be reached."

"Well, it was. So what we have to do is to alter the program to allow an unlimited number of hits. Too bad we can't alter a program on the person - or people - who kept trying the most." She had a mischievous look in her eyes, as she pointed to the code indicating where the most hits had occurred.

"Oh, no! How am I ever going to tell Mr. Tracy?"

"I'll tell him, if you like," she replied, chuckling. "I have less to lose than you do, should he not take the news too well."

He laughed with her. "I may just take you up on that offer. So, the next step is to alter the program to allow unlimited hits on it. And then repair the glitch, to stop emails from going anywhere but to whom they are addressed."

"I think I know how to do both things, but it's going to take time. And right now I need a short break. Where can I go to, um, go?"

"I can show you, Lena," Tin-Tin answered, turning to face them. "I need a break, too."

"Thank you, Tin-Tin," Lena replied, and the two women left the room.

Post by Hobbeth on 30/08/2004

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