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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 23:58:32 GMT

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Tracy Island; Wednesday, March 7th; 1PM

When Tin-Tin and Lena returned to the lab, Brains looked up, grinning. "I just had a call from Mrs. Parkhurst. She told me that if I didn't bring you two back to the villa for lunch, she'd personally see to it that I'd never get a piece of Grandma Tracy's apple pie ever again."

Tin-Tin laughed. "Oh, no. A dire threat indeed." She turned to Lena. "Grandma Tracy is famous for her apple pie. It's been an award winner at the fair, and everyone here who's had it loves it. In fact, she's always had a very hard time keeping the older Tracy boys from eating it up, straight out of the oven."

"Sounds like something worth checking into, while I'm here," Lena replied. She noticed the clock on the wall. "Oh my, no wonder she called. It's one o'clock already." She looked at the others. "When I get into something as interesting as this is, I forget about the time."

"We're that way, too," replied Brains. "Ladies, shall we go to the villa? We'll be better able to work after some nourishment."

"Just a minute," Lena replied, as she went over to her desk. She checked behind the desk, and then looked around at the various electrical connections in the room. Brains and Tin-Tin looked at each other, puzzled.

Lena turned and saw the look on their faces. "A habit I've had for a long time, since my home burned down due to a frayed wire, many years ago. I never leave the house now without checking all the electrical connections."

Tin-Tin nodded understandingly. "I'd probably do the same thing, if something like that happened to me." Brains agreed with her.

She continued, "Well, if you're ready, let's go have some lunch."

They headed out of the lab and into the monorail. Soon they were back at the villa, eating another delicious meal. But they were all eager to get back to work, and ate quickly, talking very little.

An hour later, Lena was back in the lab. Brains had brought her back, then left, saying he needed to show Nikki and Dom the procedures for cleaning Thunderbird 7, the medical unit. She told him she'd be fine working alone, and he showed her how to contact him, should she need to.

Lena was now working on the computer, attempting to get different things done at the same time - revamping Brains' program, working on a way to sever the link between the two servers and repairing the glitch. Prior to that, she had checked her Tracy Industries mailbox and found several more misdirected emails forwarded to her. Fortunately, none of them had anything to do with International Rescue. But some weren't forwarded from people working in D.C. Then she found an email from Tom.

"I learned through channels that the problem you are working on spread to the New York offices. I sent an email to their I&M head, asking him to have all employees there do what we've been doing with the misdirected emails. I presume they are doing so.

If you want me to change the procedure, just let me know. Hurry and get it fixed; we all miss you already. Tom."

She smiled briefly, and then looked grim. Dis needs to be repaired fast, before it spreads to de wrong places, or before anyone else is able to figure out de same ting I did. She quickly checked her other messages, replied to Tom's, sent one to her son, daughter and three of her grandchildren, then closed the link. She made a mental note to advise Brains of the new development, then worked on establishing a trace that would stop misdirected emails from going to anyone other than the person for whom it was intended and herself. She completed it and started running simulations to check it out. Once she'd run several, and all were successful, she began getting it online.

She had just finished, when Brains returned.

She brought him up to date on what she'd learned and done, and he approved. "It will buy us some time and minimize the risk of someone else finding out more about International Rescue. Well done, Lena."

They started it and watched as it picked up three messages. Lena checked her TI mailbox again and saw the messages were there. She moved them to her special file and smiled in satisfaction.

Then Brains got a call from the villa. "Time to stop, Lena. Dinner is ready."

"Brains, maybe I should skip dinner, or it could be brought here. De sooner we get dis fixed, de better."

"You've made good progress today, but you can't get it done in one day, or even two. I couldn't get it fixed that fast. And look at you; you're exhausted. Let's have dinner, a relaxing evening and start refreshed tomorrow. Come on, you've done more than enough today."

Lena sighed heavily. She was tired and knew she wouldn't be at her best. "Okay, you're right. I'll shut down for de evening."

She saved her work and shut down the computer, and then did her usual check of the electrical connections. Finally, she picked up her bag and said, "I'm ready."

They left the lab and headed back to the villa.

Post by Hobbeth on 01/09/2004

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