

Tuesday, March 13th, 2068; Tracy Island; 1PM

"I tink I have it."

Brains, who had just returned from lunch (Lena hadn't gone with him. She said she was still full from breakfast, and wasn't at a point in her work where she could stop.), hurried over to her station and looked over her shoulder at the computer monitor. She pointed at certain places on the screen. "See, here and here. I changed de program dere, and in tese otter places." She pointed them out, too.

Brains looked at them, and compared the places she showed him to the printout of his original program. "Of course! Why didn't I see that when I created this in the first place?"

"You were rushed. It's easy to miss tings like dat under dose circumstances. But we'll have to test it out from various terminals." She sat back and looked up at him.

"Let's try it from my terminal right now." They got up and went over to his terminal, where he was already connected to the IR server. He tried to access his personal mailbox. What he got surprised him. Lena had programmed it to give a foghorn sound, then a female voice saying, "Ah, ah, ah." He laughed and looked at her to find grinning at him. "Hey, I like it. It's more human, less technological. I think the others will get a kick out of it, too. Okay, that's enough for now. We can test from the others later. You've worked hard on the problem, Lena. You deserve a break. Why don't you go relax by the pool or take a walk along the beach?"

Lena looked at him. "I don't have close for dose types of activities," she replied. "I didn't come here for a vacation, you know. I came to work."

Brains looked closely at her. She looked tired; she'd been working almost non-stop for the past several days; she'd created a program to divert all misdirected messages to one location, repaired the glitch, severed the link between the two servers and now improved his program. She'd had little contact with anyone else on the island, save during meals, and several of those they'd both had in the lab. He felt guilty for not insisting more often that she take breaks and get out of the lab, but he had enjoyed working with her. And his projects had fascinated him to the point of forgetting everything outside of the lab. He said, "Lena, I'm so sorry. I should have shown you around, shown you the amenities. I just get so absorbed in my work, sometimes ..." He paused.

"Brains, I didn't mean to snap at you. I guess I'm just tired. And I miss my babies, too," she admitted. "I didn't realize how much until I was at breakfast wit everyone dere saying happy birtday to Alan. And den meeting de young ones." She sighed. "But I understand what you mean about getting into de project and forgetting everyting and everybody. It's happened to me more dan a few times."

"Well, why don't we both knock off for the day and I'll show you around, inside and outside, if Mrs. Tracy is unavailable. But first," he said, glancing at the clock, "you should have have some lunch."

You've got to be hungry by now."

"Dat sounds good to me. I'm not exactly hungry, but I feel I could eat someting, now." They went to their terminals, saved their work and shut down. Lena did her usual routine check of the electric outlets, then they headed back to the villa.

Post by Hobbeth on 25/09/2004

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