

Tracy Island; Wednesday, March 14, 2068; 3:00PM

"De diagnostics on Mr. Tracy's computer is complete, and shows dat everything is in optimum condition," Lena told Brains when they met once again in his lab. "And so is yours," she added.

"The other terminals are also in perfect shape," he replied with a relieved look on his face, "so the only one left to check is the one aboard Thunderbird 5."

"Tunderbird 5?"

He looked surprised. "Oh, that's right! You know that the Tracys are the founders of International Rescue, but you don't know about our vehicles. We call them Thunderbirds. Thunderbird 5 is our space station. It monitors the transmissions from Earth, and alerts us here when we are needed."

"Den I presume it is in geostationary orbit wit dis island, so it can contact you at any time of day?"

"That's correct."

"Den how does it get transmissions from de otter parts of de world? Satellites?" She stopped him from answering with a gesture. "No, I don't need to know dat. And unless it's someting I need to work on, I don't want to know."

Brains smiled at her. "Well, it could happen some time in the future, you know." He looked at her speculatively, then seemed surprised that she didn't react. She grinned at him.

"I've already had a conversation wit Mr. Tracy." She filled him in on some of her chat with Jeff.

Brains nodded. "I understand. Interesting, the ideas you gave him. I've had a few notions along those lines, but the time never seemed right to bring them up. I guess I'll be trotting out those designs and ideas very soon. He isn't one to put something like that off for very long."

"Dat's good. Your luck in not having to rescue a disabled person can't hold forever. Well, I tink I should upload your program back into de system now." She turned to her terminal. "I doubt dat dere's any problem wit Tunderbird 5's computers, so it should be okay."

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Forty minutes later the program was uploaded and tested. There were no hitches anywhere, and both of them breathed a sigh of relief. "Lena, you're a wonder. You've done a terrific job, and I'm glad to have you on the team." He sighed. "But now I've got to come up with a new code for people to use to switch from one server to the other."

"I've had an idea about dat. What if instead of a series of digits, we used a word or a phrase for each user? Dat way, it will be easy for each one to remember and, in case of any problem, you

could identify which terminal was having it, just from de code used."

Brains looked thoughtful. "That's worth considering. What kind of phrases did you have in mind?"

Lena grinned. "Well, I'm sure each user would like to come up wit deir own, but I could see some song titles, or phrases describing de person."

"Such as?"

"Did you ever see any of de original Star Trek television show from de 1960s?"

"Yes. It fascinated me, especially since NASA adopted some of the helm and navigation control configurations for their space vessels."

"Well, I keep tinkering dat Dianne could use de phrase 'I'm a doctor, not a space jockey!'"

Brains laughed. "That's a good one. And for me, 'Highly illogical.'"

They started trying to come up with funny descriptive phrases for different people, topping each other until they were breathless from laughter. "Ah, dat was good. I'm as refreshed by all our laughter as if I'd just had a nap," Lena said, wiping her eyes.

"Yes, me too, but will people want to type a phrase each time they want to switch?"

"Dat wouldn't be necessary. I can write a program trough which dey can 'record' it and have de computer type it for dem just by hitting one or two keys whenever dey need to switch."

"Really? I've heard of something like that being used in some companies, but never saw a need for it here, until now. That's a good idea. And it sounds like it wouldn't take long to show everyone how to use it."

"Right. Den I'll get to work on de program now."

They each turned to their computers and, re-energized, got back to work.

Post by Hobbeth on 08/10/2004

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