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Scribbler's Orgy

The email arrived early on a bright sunny Friday morning. Jim was in grand form. Today was Friday and Monday was a holiday. He planned to leave work on time today (which he rarely did) because he was bringing his spanking brand new fiancée to a special dinner this evening to meet her parents who had just flown in from D.C. Extra effort would be needed to impress his father-in-law (to be) as he was some sort of bit-wig in the State Department. "Wasn't love a wonderful addition to my idyllic life," he thought. And, Ingebjorg is so lovely.

"Guess I'd better see what Jennie wants," he said aloud as he opened her email. This had been the email he had waited for three days to confirm she had managed his shipment from Israel.

"Confirm shipment receipt," the email blazoned across the otherwise blank page. Jim smiled because Jennie was infrequently the source of small and grave errors in the administration of her paperwork.

Jim's reply: "No shipment" with a cc to his supervising manager and a bcc to his colleague, Candice, who would (hopefully) understand why Jim still hadn't come into her office so they could both manage the logistics and repair of the shipment.

Candice's reply (without noticing she had clicked on 'Reply All'): "Jim, get that featherhead in Miami to get her act together before noon today. My head's on the block and so will yours if this isn't done now. She's been skating on thin ice for a while!!!!!"

Jim's reply: "Candice – you hit 'Reply All'... cool it and send both George [Jim's boss] and Jennie an apology now before this thing goes too wacky... and now they know I bcc'd you!!!! Gawd!!!!"

George's reply to Jim and Candice, "Candice, please come up to my office immediately. Jim, call the shipper's agent and find out what's the hold-up. Call me with info."

Jim's reply: "Right away."

The air in Jim's office was as thick and heavy as munitions dump. He grabbed the phone and called the shipper's agent. "You have reached Jennie's extension. I am either on the phone or not at my desk. Please leave a message and I will return your call as soon as possible," Jennie's low dulcet voice intoned. What now? This military shipment needed to be in Jim's hands three days ago and today it needed to be on the shop floor for repair. Jim tried to quiet the thunder in his chest that had reached his ears. "As long as lightning doesn't strike, I'll be fine" he reassured himself.

Scramble, scramble, scramble. “Where did I put Jennie’s cell phone number?” Scramble, scramble, scramble. Heavy thunder thronged his airways and his hearing. Candice should be doing this. By now, Candice has other problems.

“This is a very serious infraction of company policy you know; and depending on a satisfactory outcome – both our receiving our shipment today and Ms Hardwood’s [Jennie] reaction to your message will determine my actions” rumbled George in a tone of quiet and motionless mastery. “How will you deal with it?” George wished to know.

“Mr. Hernandez, I’m, I’m, I’m really sorry. You know how important this shipment is and it’s late already and it’s not the first time Jennie Hardwood’s shipments have been late and it’s now three days and it’s not here and it’s not looking great to get here today...this morning... or even this afternoon... today... before twelve o’clock.” stammered Candice. (This is about the only situation when having a real speech stammer helps).

“How will you deal with it?” George motionlessly repeated. Candice was still standing, pale faced and trembling when Jim’s email came through.

Jim’s email: “George, Jennie just called. Our shipment is in transit ... expected ETA at our depot 11:30 a.m. today. She apologized for the delay. CBP [Customs & Border Protection] originally held up the shipment for inspection in Miami. Jim”

“The shipment is due here at 11:30 this morning,” said George. “Thank goodness for that,” said Candice smiling broadly and taking off like a rocket.

“Candice, please come back now, tell me how you will deal with your email of this morning to Ms Hardwood?” The lights were on but there was nobody home.

Jim’s phone rang through the upward thundering in his body. He grabbed the receiver with a sweaty hand and mounted the pillar of darkness. “Hello, this is Danny from the trucking company hello, hello, hello, hello.... H-e-l-l-o H-e-l-l-oH-e-l-l-o.... Busty, give me another number for this crowd. I have to tell somebody we’re stuck in Fort Pierce in an accident.” Click.

Jim’s stay in hospital was short. His stay at home was longer. Candice’s stay at home was even longer. George made changes. Human Resources were emphatically on George’s side. IT did a thorough search. Danny and Busty arranged a police escort. A somewhat timely delivery was accomplished. Jennie continued with her low dulcet tones. She knew something everybody else didn’t seem to know – once written, twice shy. Everybody’s got a job to do.

The long weekend – what long weekend? The big-wig from the State Department came and went. His wife stayed. That’s another story. Teamwork should prevail. Love is only an addition.