

THE  
PORTFOLIO

OF

ALEX  
NGUYEN

## Education

Texas Christian University, Class of 2010  
Bachelor of Science, Strategic Communications  
*Magna Cum Laude*

## Work Experience

**Red Bull** — Communications Intern September 2010 – December 2010

- Drafted press materials, like media alerts, for regional events
- Researched and tracked media activity for Red Bull to measure the success of an event, promotion or branding opportunity
- Conducted follow-up calls and outreach to regional media regarding upcoming events
- Produced a media alert and conducted outreach for an event featuring NFL running back Reggie Bush and the Make-A-Wish Foundation®.

**Zag IMC/GCG Marketing** — Copywriter May 2009 – May 2010

- Developed marketing concepts and solutions for a diverse portfolio of clients
- Responsible for writing short, headline-driven and long-form copy for various media
- Developed public relations materials for a number of Fort Worth mainstays including the Worthington Renaissance Hotel, Kincaid's Hamburgers and Rahr & Sons Brewery
- Awarded a Silver ADDY Award by the Fort Worth AAF in February 2010

## Achievements

TCU Scholar December 2009, May 2010  
Awarded to students that earn a 4.0 GPA during a semester

Dean's List, Schieffer School of Journalism December 2006 – May 2010

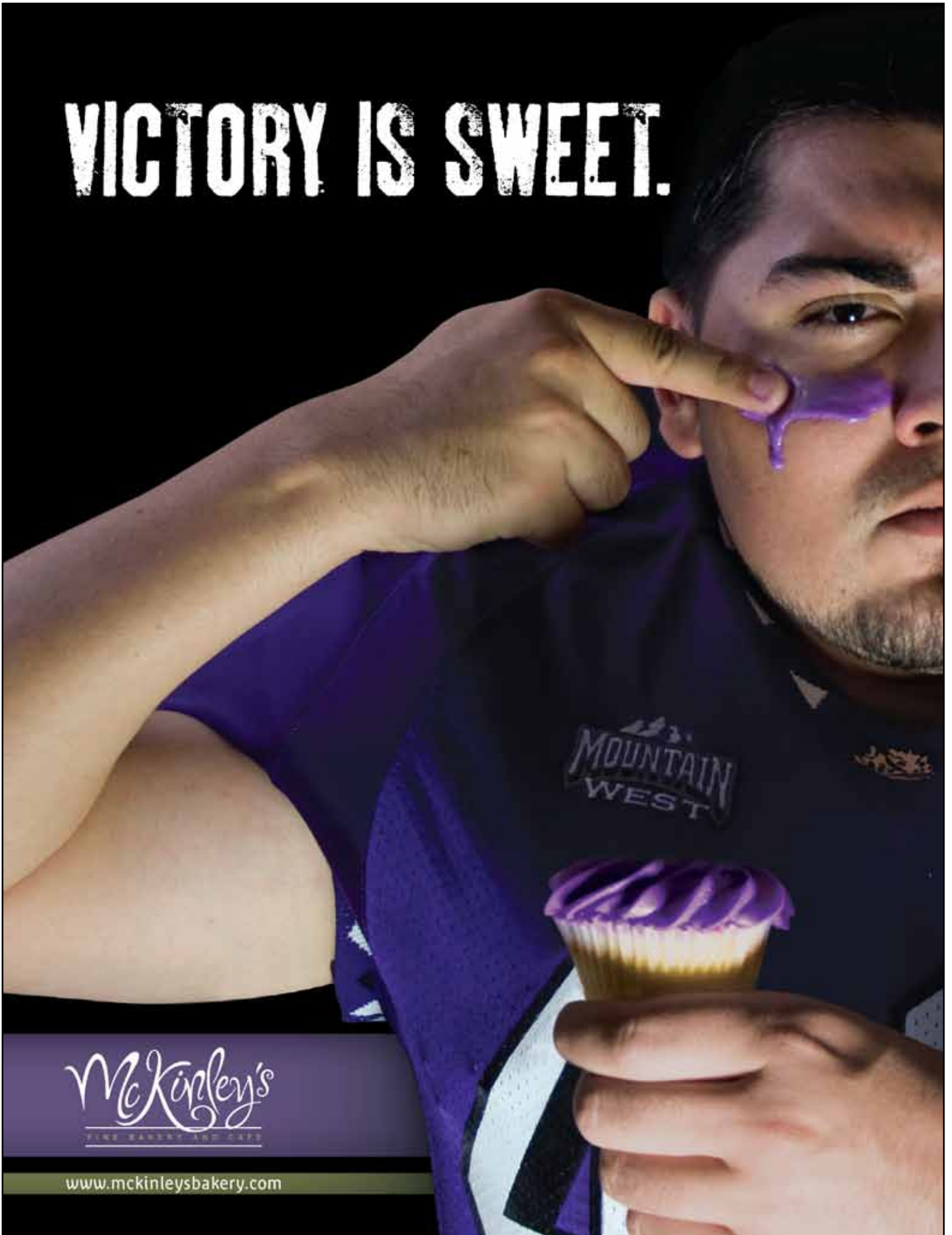
Alpha Kappa Delta April 2009  
International honor society for sociology students; elected secretary

Judge's Prize, Addran Festival of Undergraduate Study and Creativity April 2008  
Awarded for a project regarding the environmental effects of the city-wide Paris bicycle rental program

## Skills and Interests

- Seven years of Associated Press style writing/editing experience
- Vast experience with blogs and social media
- Proficient in Microsoft Office and Apple iWork Office suites
- Intermediate knowledge of Adobe Creative Suite (Photoshop, InDesign, Dreamweaver, Flash)
- Voracious reader—my favorite authors are Nick Hornby and Anthony Bourdain
- Self-taught cook
- Motorsports enthusiast

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*To put Christian principles into practice through programs that build healthy spirit, mind and body for all.*

YMCA Mission:



Step Up for Kids is more than a fundraising campaign – it's the stepping stone that allows the YMCA to carry out its mission in our community. It's also how the YMCA tells its story to the community. By providing funding, Step Up for Kids helps the YMCA build strong kids, strong families and strong communities. The success of the campaign rests in our hands, and this card is here to help you.

**STEP UP  
FOR KIDS** ● ● ● ●



### PROVIDES PROGRAMS FOR ALL

Step Up for Kids helps keep YMCA programs "for all." That has been and always will be a part of the YMCA's mission. The campaign provides direct financial scholarships and supports programs to keep fees low, so everyone can participate in what the YMCA has to offer.



### STAYS LOCAL

The money raised by the Step Up for Kids program stays within your community; this way, you know where your money is going and how it is used. Since every neighborhood is different, community-based funding allows each YMCA branch to respond appropriately to its needs.



### FUNDS VALUES-DRIVEN PROGRAMS

YMCA programs strive to instill the core values of caring, honesty, respect and responsibility in everyone they reach. By supporting those programs, the Step Up for Kids campaign promotes development of these values in youth in order to prevent future societal problems and create a stronger and more solid community.



### BUILDS STRONGER KIDS

YMCA programs supported by the Step Up for Kids campaign creates a foundation for youth to succeed and serve which builds a stronger, more vital community, now and in the future. Continual funding through the campaign helps make the YMCA the largest and most diverse provider of programs for youth.

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## *ECX Team, General Brochure — April 2010*

### WHY CHOOSE US?

EcXTeam is a Fort Worth-based, independent third-party building commissioning company. Prepared to meet the challenges of projects large and small, our experienced team of commissioners will deliver outstanding performance on your project. Our broad experience in the private and government sectors have prepared us to handle your project expeditiously, professionally and with your satisfaction as one of our primary deliverables.

Our professional trade affiliations bring us resources, education, certification and expertise: NEHB (National Environmental Balancing Bureau), BCA (Building Commissioning Association), ASHRAE (American Society of Heating, Refrigeration, and Air Conditioning Engineers, local Fort Worth Chapter), USGBC (United States Green Building Council), AIA-Texas (American Institute of Architects Allied Member), GCA (General Contractors Association of America)

#### Recent Project Locations

- Fort Hood – Killeen, TX
- Fort Sam Houston – San Antonio, TX
- Fort Sill – Lawton, OK
- Naval Air Station-Joint Reserve Base – Fort Worth, TX
- Portsmouth Naval Shipyard – Portsmouth, NH
- US Armed Forces Reserve Centers – Amarillo, Ft. Worth, Lewisville and Seagrville, TX

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### WHAT WE DO

#### Classes of Projects

#### Private Sector

EcXTeam has extensive experience working on projects large and small, along with varied building uses and purposes. Our commissioners have worked on projects for healthcare, manufacturing, office use, aerospace manufacturing, environmental facilities, data centers, correctional facilities, television broadcasting stations and sports complexes. We can provide custom specification, expanded role, limited scope, partial building and specific-equipment commissioning. Buildings in the private sector can also be commissioned to USGBC standards.

#### Government Sector

We have extensive experience with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, working on projects at military bases in Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. Our experience working with the Corps of Engineers, and developing an understanding of their requirements and expectations help us provide the best solutions for your next project. Our experience with the Corps of Engineers includes:

**Design/Build:** We have experience working with architects, engineers and general contractors through substantial completion of projects.

**Corps Spec:** EcXTeam brings extensive experience with various kinds of designs, equipment and control systems to your project. In addition to our work with the Corps of Engineers, we have expertise with projects for the GSA, and in some cases, particular branches of the military that supervise their own projects, like the U.S. Navy.

#### USGBC LEED

Modern engineers and builders are matching detail-oriented owners and clients with modern energy-efficient systems. USGBC Certification assures those owners and clients that their building meets the highest standards of performance and efficiency. Our in-house LEED AP keeps us up-to-date on developing systems, technology and requirements.

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### WHAT WE DO

#### We Make Your Building Work

We have experience in performing the duties necessary for our client's projects to receive USGBC Building Certification points in the following areas:

#### Energy and atmosphere

- Prerequisite 1 – Fundamental commissioning of building energy systems
- Credit 3 – Enhanced commissioning

#### Indoor environmental quality

- Prerequisite 1 – Minimum indoor air quality performance verification
- Credit 3.1 – Construction indoor air quality management plan (during construction)
- Credit 3.2 – Construction indoor air quality management plan (before occupancy)

#### Occupancy

- Credit 7.2 – Thermal comfort verification

#### Additional Services Available

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Experienced in the field, our certified commissioners may be able to assist with your project as you attempt to diagnose challenges with existing buildings.

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## Straight lines are overrated.

True, it's the shortest distance from point A to point B, but in marketing, that isn't enough. Today, you need to get to point B with style – that's where we come in.

Staffed by up-and-coming student talent, we approach marketing differently. Our ideas are non-traditional, cutting-edge and, most importantly, effective.

Welcome to Zag IMC, because when the rest of the world might zig, we zag.



HOME

ABOUT

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CLIENT PORTFOLIO

CONTACT

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*Zag IMC, Home Page — May 2009*

*Zoom*

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**RED BULL ATHLETE REGGIE BUSH TO GRANT MAKE-A-WISH® TEEN'S SAINTS EXPERIENCE**

*Surprise to Cap-off Memorable Weekend for a Teen and His Family*

**WHO:** Red Bull Athlete and New Orleans Saints running back Reggie Bush will surprise Patrick Flournoy, a Los Angeles teen whose wish to attend a New Orleans Saints football game will be granted by the Make-A-Wish Foundation\* of the Texas Gulf Coast & Louisiana.

**WHAT:** After a weekend packed with activities, Patrick Flournoy, 19, will think he's about to head to the airport with his family. Little does he know, Red Bull athlete Reggie Bush is sitting in a limo in front of the hotel, waiting to surprise him. Bush, Flournoy's favorite player, is there to take him out for ice cream—capping off a memorable weekend of his wish come true.

Flournoy, who hopes to one day be an NFL player, will catch a glimpse of the life of a football player during his wish weekend spent with the New Orleans Saints. On Saturday, Flournoy will tour the team's facilities and watch practice. Sunday, "game day," Flournoy and his family will cheer on the Saints as they take on the St. Louis Rams.

About the Make-A-Wish Foundation: The Make-A-Wish Foundation grants the wishes of children with life-threatening medical conditions to enrich the human experience with hope, strength and joy. Founded in 1980 when a group of caring volunteers helped a young boy fulfill his dream of becoming a police officer, the Foundation is one of the world's leading children's charities, with 64 chapters in the United States and its territories. With the help of generous donors and nearly 25,000 volunteers, the Make-A-Wish Foundation grants a wish every 40 minutes and has granted more than 200,000 wishes in the United States since its inception. For more information about the Make-A-Wish Foundation, visit [wish.org](http://wish.org) and discover how you can share the power of a wish\*.

**WHEN:** Monday, December 13, 2010  
1:00 p.m. – Pick up at hotel  
2:00 p.m. – Ice cream at Cold Stone Creamery

**WHERE:** Le Pavillion Hotel and Cold Stone Creamery

Le Pavillion Hotel  
833 Poydras St.  
New Orleans, LA 70112

Cold Stone Creamery  
624 South Carrollton Avenue  
New Orleans, LA 70118

**CONTACT:** For media inquiries, please contact Casey Thompson at (214) 674-9127 or [casey.thompson@us.redbull.com](mailto:casey.thompson@us.redbull.com) or Andrea Dorsett at (214) 957-5990 or [andrea.dorsett@us.redbull.com](mailto:andrea.dorsett@us.redbull.com)



## **MEDIA ALERT**

**Contact:**

Jenny Robertson, for the Worthington Renaissance Fort Worth Hotel  
817-332-4600  
robertson@gcgmarketing.com

### **VIDALIAS TO FEATURE MENU CELEBRATING EARTH DAY, SUSTAINABILITY**

**Who:** Vidalias Southern Cuisine

**What:** Features a special three-course prix fixe “Earth Dinner” menu showcasing locally-sourced, seasonal and sustainable ingredients

**When:** Thursday, April 22 – Saturday, April 24, during dinner service

**Where:** Vidalias Southern Cuisine, in Fort Worth’s Worthington Renaissance Hotel at 200 Main Street, Fort Worth, TX 76102. Reservations are not required, but encouraged. To reserve at table, call 817-210-2222

**Why:** Vidalias Executive Chef James Morris is teaming up with Chefs Collaborative, the Organic Valley Family of Farms and more than 50 restaurants around the country to commemorate the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Earth Day. The special menu provides diners with an opportunity to reconnect with their food, its source and the memories and traditions associated with it. Proceeds from Earth Dinners will support Chefs Collaborative and its continued educational programming for chefs.

**Additional Information:**

There will be an opportunity Wednesday, April 21 to film Chef Morris as he prepares an item from the menu and talks about the Earth Dinner.

Earth Dinner Menu includes:

- Louisiana Crawfish Pie with Texas Greens
- Braised Beef Cheeks on Texas Grits with Warm Slaw
- Texas Tootie’s Buttermilk Pie

###



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact: Kelsey Mize, Zag for Kincaid's Hamburgers  
817-529-5558 (o); 816-536-4873 (c)  
mize@zagimc.com

Allyson Cross, GCG for Rahr & Sons  
817-332-4600 (o); 817-729-8882 (c)  
cross@gcgmarketing.com

### **KINCAID'S HAMBURGERS AND RAHR & SONS BREWING FLIP THE TABLES**

FORT WORTH, Texas – March 4, 2010 – Fort Worth-based Rahr & Sons Brewing Co. will be serving its award-winning beer this Saturday, March 6 at Kincaid's Hamburgers – Camp Bowie as part of its "On the Road" tour and tasting.

Kincaid's has been serving hamburgers the first Saturday of each month at Rahr & Sons' weekly brewery tour and tasting. After the unexpected collapse of the brewery's roof in February, Rahr is "flipping the tables" and holding its traveling beer tasting at Kincaid's this weekend.

All longneck Rahr beers will be \$2 at Kincaid's Saturday, March 6 from 2-4 p.m. In addition to Rahr's presence, there will be live music and a charity of the week that has yet to be determined.

Parking will be available in the streets surrounding Kincaid's, but visitors should avoid parking in the Kite's Dry Cleaners parking lot, at the request of the owner.

#### **About Kincaid's Hamburgers**

Kincaid's Hamburgers is a family-owned and -operated business founded in 1946. Using the freshest natural beef and produce, Kincaid's Hamburgers has received "Best Burger" acclaim from a number of publications, including *Gourmet Magazine*, *Men's Fitness*, *Fort Worth Texas Magazine* and the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. There are six Kincaid's Hamburgers locations across the Dallas/Fort Worth metroplex. For more information visit [www.kincaidshamburgers.com](http://www.kincaidshamburgers.com).

#### **About Rahr & Sons**

With a brewing history dating back to 1847 Wisconsin, Rahr & Sons Brewing Co. made its mark on Fort Worth in 2004, thanks to the hard work of Fritz Rahr and a large group of volunteers. Since then, Rahr has more than doubled its brewing capacity to become Fort Worth's local, award-winning brewery. For more information visit [www.rahrbrewery.com](http://www.rahrbrewery.com).

###

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For more information, contact Jesus Castro-Balbi at [j.castro-balbi@tcu.edu](mailto:j.castro-balbi@tcu.edu)

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# PROLOGUE

“AWAKE”



My eyes are shut and mouth bone-dry. The continuous hum of fluorescent lamps provides a strangely soothing ambiance. I inhale slowly, with difficulty, through my nose, and then exhale. As I repeat the process, I detect a new sensation: a faint waft of coffee. The source must be close.

“Ah-em.” Somebody nearby clears their throat; it’s obviously forced, meant to attract attention.

Soon another sensation emanates: pain—like a thousand nails are being driven into my brain. I begin to feel like 50 pounds of crap in a 10 pound bag.

“Aiden,” a voice calls out with a weak tinge of urgency.

Unmitigated pain dances between my temples. I muster all my energy and sound an unconvincing grunt to ward off the wraith that haunts my state of unpleasantry.

“Aiden.”

I think aloud, “God? Is that you?”

“Aiden. Come on,” continues the disembodied agent. I can tell whoever’s goading me is becoming quite cross, as if I should care.

My senses begin to rouse from hibernation, and I process the sensations around me with my eyes still shut.

That is definitely not God. The voice of my Creator would sound like James Earl Jones’ rendition of Darth Vader. Instead, the assailant reaching out to me possesses a scratchy, almost alto timbre.

I am beginning to deduce my whereabouts, and the identity of the tobacco-tainted Kermit. Now the question is, “Do I open my eyes to make sure? Is it worth it?”

“Shit...,” I grumble to myself.

Time for a plan. My head is firmly planted, face-down, on a disturbingly cold surface that is most likely my office desk. I assume the person calling for me is at the doorway directly in front, so I’ll carefully tilt my head up and bat open one eye to confirm. This way, I’ll baby my fragile senses and pray that this migraine doesn’t get any worse.

I rock my cranium into position, and, like ripping off a Band-Aid, will my right eye to open. Scanning my immediate surroundings, I spy the yellow-ish hue of fluorescent lighting and my obnoxiously large—and regrettably empty—coffee mug. As I roll my eye upward to uncover the nuisance, I see a man leaning against the doorway; the athletic figure stands over six-feet tall. He’s wearing brown burnished wing-tips, trim khaki trousers, navy blue suspenders and a close-fitting white oxford—all topped off with a sloppily knotted bow-tie.

Dammit, I was right. I’m at work. And the bow-tie donning culprit in the distance can only be one person: Pryce, Chad Pryce. He is the only person I know with an affinity for bow-ties—and often ruins a great outfit with one.

I don’t have much more time to process what was going on because—

“Aiden!” Pryce is pissy this morning. Apparently, it isn’t just me.

“What!? Whadaya want dammit!?” My voice strains.

“Were you sleeping?”

“Maybe...,” I stall, trying to find a feasible explanation, but eventually concede. There is never a plausible explanation for dozing off at work.

“Come on man, it’s Tuesday morning! At least wait until Friday!”

Shit. It’s time to get up. All five senses awaken in a flourish and my entire upper-body jolts up from its resting spot. My posture is now as straight as an arrow.

I begin to realize that I was sleeping.

Wait, how did I get here? I don’t even remember coming to work. My mornings are so methodical, so mechanical, that walking into this glass-laden hellhole of an office is something I definitely wouldn’t forget.

Befuddled, I carefully plan my next move.

I speak with earnest, almost whispering. “How did I get here?”

“Jesus, what’s wrong with you!? I know you like to have a drink every now and then, but you can’t be this hungover.”

]



“Dammit Pryce, help me out here. And stop shouting—you’re making this bitch of a headache worse. Did I walk in through the front door this morning?”

“No, of course not; you teleported to your desk the second I decided to walk in and check on you, Sleeping Beauty. Come on dipshit—you’re so predictable! You walked in the front door, at the usual time, like clockwork.” Pryce pauses for a moment to collect his thoughts, and sighs, “You’re really starting to scare me with this ‘I can’t remember’ talk. Did Chloe run you over with her moped last night or something?”

I tilt my head over to the clock on my desk. It’s 10 a.m., September 23, 2011. Apparently I was only asleep for about an hour after getting into the office. And, apparently, I just have to account for one night of confusion—I’ve been in worse situations.

“But...,” I trail off. Right now, ignorance is bliss—the fact is that I fell asleep at work, and I’m pretty sure I have something important to do today.

“Don’t worry. I lied to Wilson, and you’re somewhat accounted for since nine,” Pryce reassures me. “You freaking owe me one.”

“Thanks, but we’re even now.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Remember that time you crept in at lunchtime. You know, after the delightful dame you picked up the night before wouldn’t let you leave her place.” I then manage a gruff cackle. “What’d we call her again? ‘Little Miss Clingy?’”

“Right...totally forgot about that.”

“Dude, how could you forget? She is literally the only woman in the world who would cook breakfast in bed for a drunken lay.”

“Yeah, that was pretty awesome—until she wanted to elope to Vegas and get hitched.” Pryce reminisced. “Getting her phone number blocked was a complete pain in the ass.”

An inevitably awkward lull develops. Time to swap gears, fast.

Still groggy, I ask, “Why the hell are you in here anyway?”

“I thought I’d wake you up because we have that meeting with the bakery in 20.”

Having Pryce find me, and not my boss, was a godsend. I’ve known him since college. We were actually roommates for a while. Back then, if you told me we’d be friends six years later, I would’ve laughed my ass off. We couldn’t be more different, but I’ll get to that later—when I’m lucid.

“What bakery? We work with like ten restaurants—three of them bakeries.”

“That little French one off 14th that you insist on pitching to.”



Oh yeah, now I remember. It's this little place called Lyla's. Their croissants, rolled and baked fresh every morning, are to die for. I would honestly kill a man if it meant I could have one of those flaky, buttery pastries every morning—until I inevitably die from a massive heart attack.

Pryce continues: “You do realize we're wasting our time with them? Do they look like they have any money for ads?”

“Trust me, it'll be worth it. When their business starts to grow, which it will, we'll be sitting on another fat bonus. And what are you worrying about? We're getting paid a consultation fee anyways.”

“Whatever. Is the pitch ready, Snorlax?”

“All taken care of...” Yeah, that was complete bullshit. I'm still hung up on the million-dollar question: What happened last night?

I'm desperate for answers. But first, I need to be alone.

“Now get out of here, I need to finish up.” I tell Pryce. “Make sure you're at the door the second Lyla and Janie get here.”

“Ay ay, Captain. Now clean yourself up; you look like Hell.”

As Pryce slides out of my office, I gingerly rise from my chair and quietly shut the door.

“Well, I feel like hell.” I mutter to myself.

As I trudge back to my desk, I vigorously massage my temples, as if it would alleviate any pain whatsoever. Unfortunately, there's no time to regroup.

The presentation is in 20 minutes. We're going to pitch what our agency is capable of, and more importantly, how much we cost. It's like slugging a hanging fastball—I've done a million of those presentations, which is weird for a lowly copywriter like myself. But then again our agency structure makes absolutely no sense.

Since that's taken care of, I'm going to focus on more important matters: me.

What really happened last night? I stand up once again to walk over to the mirror mounted on the right wall my office—it seems Chloe's knack for interior design isn't completely useless.

I study my ghastly reflection. My eyes are bloodshot, glassy and sunken into my skull. Underneath, there are bags as plump as Kim Kardashian's ass. Upstairs, my hair is disheveled and a little greasy. My mouth is still bone dry—a dose of water and aspirin is in the cards.

Back at my glass-topped desk, I slide open the top-right drawer, sift through a unorganized mass—receipts, boarding pass stubs and business cards—to eventually procure a bottle of off-brand aspirin. Next to the comically large coffee mug, a half-full bottle of spring water stands. After fumbling foolishly with the childproof cap, I tip three white tabs onto my craggy left palm and transfer them to the tip of my tongue. I wash the pills down



with three gulps of water. The weight on my shoulders eases up.

Now, I mull over the possibilities.

Last night, I remember hanging out with Chloe, my girlfriend, for a while, but that's really all I can recall.

There's only three possible explanations for me blacking out, somehow getting to the office, falling asleep at the office, and waking up to Pryce's disgusting voice, not remembering a thing.

First, the the simple explanation: Monday was a rough day at the office, so I decided to delve into my beloved Scotch cabinet while Chloe was over, got a little carried away, and blacked out. That wouldn't explain how I don't remember waking up this morning, following my iron-clad routine, and walking into the office—only to black out once again.

Second—an even more unlikely option: I was roofied. That really isn't possible either. Chloe was the only other person I saw after work, and she wouldn't hurt a fly; hell, she probably doesn't know what a roofie is. That could only mean someone broke into my apartment and slipped me something, which is equally ridiculous. I'm a copywriter at an advertising agency, not exactly the type of job that would attract psychopaths. Scratch that option.

Finally, and most likely, that “thing” happened again. That would surely explain everything—the memory loss, the migraine, and my prickly demeanor. Explanation No. 3 fits.

So what is it? Let me expla—

BEEP! The phone hails loudly—and, oh my God, I mull the thought of another aspirin, maybe the entire bottle of it.

“Aiden.”

That's Liz, our secretary. She's so sweet, so—unlike my interaction with Pryce—I must feign civility. In one swift maneuver, my right hand quickly swoops up the headset and stamps it against my still-ringing ear. I clear my throat.

“I'm here, what's up Liz?”

“The owner's of Lyla's are here for the 10 o'clock.”

“Is Chad out there with you?”

“Nope.”

That bastard. What else could he be doing? Rubbing a quick one in his office?

“Great, Thanks Liz. Tell them I'll be out in a second.”

Well, time for work. I guess I'll have to explain “that thing” later.

