

**Excerpt from**  
***On Message***  
**A Jillian Hillcrest Mystery**  
by Joyce Strand

**Chapter 1**

Oh, damn, damn, damn.

“So sorry.” Jillian did not believe what she was seeing - her boss, Brynn Bancroft, and the CEO in bed together - naked, of course and, well, breathing heavily. Of all the hotel rooms in Geneva, the reception desk had to give her the wrong key to THIS ONE! The appropriate end to a cantankerous day of travel, and definitely career-limiting.

Damn. She backed out as unobtrusively as possible, dragging her one roller bag with her, half-running to the elevator as fast as her slender, 5-foot 7-inch frame would carry her after being cramped on an airplane and shuffling between connecting flights for at least 15 hours between Geneva and San Francisco.

At that very moment - of course - her mobile phone was playing its “answer me” tune, and the display indicated that it was a key reporter she had been trying to reach for days. She had to talk to him. She continued to make her getaway from the violated hotel room and walked as quickly as possible toward the elevator as she answered her phone.

“Hello, this is Jillian Hillcrest.”

“Jake Durham from the Wall Street Journal, here. Got your call. What can you tell me about the trial results?”

Jillian reached the elevator and pushed the button, deciding to risk losing the connection in order to get off this floor as soon as possible. Hopefully cells were strong enough in Geneva that she wouldn't lose him. However, just in case, “Hi, Jake. Thanks for calling back. I'm in an elevator so can I call you back if we get disconnected?”

“Sure, no problem. Use my cell number, which you have. In the meantime, what can you tell me about the timing of your new drug, and will it actually cure lupus? And will you be able to use this drug for other indications besides lupus?”

Jillian reviewed her prepared pitches in her mind - how to keep on message and entice Jake to write a story on the preliminary data that her 200-person biotech company was

preparing to announce. “The data look promising, but, of course, the product candidate has only completed the first part of Phase Two trials. And, as you probably know, but just to be sure, we are conducting Phase Two trials to assess whether the product is effective, and early results suggest that it is. However, the FDA, as you know, is the only one who can say upon approval whether the product is safe and effective. Given all this background, we would like to offer you an advance on the data. If you are interested, I'll send you a copy of the press release within the next half hour, assuming, of course, that you'll embargo it until we release it tomorrow.”

“Sure. Do you have any idea yet when you'll start Phase Three trials and when you might file for approval with the FDA?”

“We think it's too soon to know when we might file. However, as you'll see in the press release, we are going on record to say that, assuming the Phase Two trial results of the two hundred patients continue to be as positive as they have been to date, we would start the more comprehensive Phase Three trials with approximately two thousand patients in the middle of next year.”

“Cool. Good job. Two things. Assuming that you announced the Phase One results to assess human tolerance to the drug, can you send me that press release as background - unless you included information about the Phase One results in the current press release you're sending me? Then that will suffice. Second, can I get an interview with Tim today?” Tim Wharton was the CEO of Jillian's company, who she'd just seen in bed with her boss.

At that moment, the elevator door opened in the lobby and Jillian was face-to-face with Tim's wife.

Jillian quickly greeted her and motioned for her to wait a moment hoping to stall her long enough for the elevator doors to close, preventing the wife getting anywhere near her boss's room. Given that her boss and the CEO were in what was definitely a compromising position, Jillian doubted that even the most understanding wife would appreciate the situation. She told the reporter on her phone that she would send him the press release shortly, promising that the Journal would be the only business publication to get the advanced information and trusting that he would embargo it until time of release. She also would arrange an interview with the CEO.

She turned her full attention to the CEO's wife.

“Hi, Stephanie. How are you? I didn't know you were coming to Geneva.” Jillian hugged the attractive 50-something brunette. Although Jillian herself was in great shape, with a layered V-line

cut displaying her thick dark hair, probably 15 to 20 years younger, and professionally and stylishly dressed as her position of the head of corporate communications required, Stephanie Wharton always made her feel dumpy, fat, frumpy, and like she was dressed in hand-me-downs. Why Stephanie's husband was not faithful was a mystery to Jillian.

“I decided to surprise Tim. We haven't had much time together what with the latest financing road trips for the company and the clinical trials - which are so exciting, by the way! I can hardly believe that we might actually have a product that works for lupus. You may not be aware that both Tim and I had family members with lupus. You don't happen to know where he is, do you? He wasn't in his room so I was just heading up to Brynn's room to see if she had seen him.”

Of course. Brynn was Jillian's boss. Jillian didn't want Stephanie anywhere near that room, as she pondered what Stephanie might see if she knocked on Brynn's door and encountered her husband and the very attractive Brynn together in bed. Somehow she suspected that Stephanie would not exactly understand, no matter what excuse they might muster. And that did not bode well for a successful announcement; the CEO and the CFO both were needed to provide interviews and Jillian did not want them any more preoccupied than they already were.

So she hoped she sounded normal. “Actually, I just got here myself and I still need to check in. Believe it or not, they gave me the wrong room key,” that in response to Stephanie's inquisitive nod at the room key in Jillian's hand. “We are all scheduled to meet in about an hour to prep for tomorrow's announcement. Let me call Brynn to see if she has seen him.” Jillian quickly pushed the pre-programmed button to call Brynn, before Stephanie could object. Thankfully Brynn answered quickly and Jillian professionally asked her if she had seen Tim, as his wife was in the lobby. Visions of Tim's bare white derriere popped into Jillian's head. After a moment's hesitation, Brynn responded with equal professionalism that Tim was probably in the bar, as that was where they were to meet shortly.

“Oh, look, there's Archie,” said Stephanie as she headed toward the company's VP of Business Development and Strategic Planning, in response to his wave. She called to him as she approached, “How are you? It's great to see you. Have you seen Tim, by any chance?”

There seemed to be multiple bars in the lobby, but Jillian followed Stephanie to let her know that the most likely place to find Tim was in the bar. Stephanie and Archie decided to go there -

Jillian was still not sure where “there” was - but she had done as much as she could.

Now, to the front desk to get her room sorted out.

## **Chapter 2**

The conference in Geneva was being held for biotechnology companies to showcase their latest drug research results. It was an annual affair and well attended by reporters and investors eager to keep current or get a scoop on the latest “next best thing.” Deals were often struck here between companies, while analysts and investors gathered information for investment decisions. Everyone benefitted by companies having a platform on which to present their latest data.

Jillian's company, Harmonia Therapeutics, was there to present some encouraging results from Phase 2 clinical trials on its newest product candidate as a therapy for lupus, one of the more difficult diseases to diagnose and treat. Lupus is an autoimmune disease of unknown cause in which an over-active immune system results in myriad detrimental symptoms, such as kidney disorders, arthritis and other joint swelling, seizures and/or psychosis, skin disorders, and cardio-pulmonary involvement, frequently mimicking rheumatoid arthritis and occasionally resulting in death. At least 1.4 million Americans have been diagnosed with lupus, 90 percent of whom are women, and a disproportionate number are women of color.

After completing Phase 1, in which they established that their drug candidate was tolerated in 35 healthy subjects, they proceeded to Phase 2 trials in approximately 200 lupus patients to determine if the drug was effective. They were in the process of presenting preliminary results from 180 of the 200 patients from this Phase 2 trial at the Geneva conference.

Once they completed the Phase 2 trials and assuming that the data from the trials indicate that the product candidate is effective, they planned to proceed to the larger and more comprehensive Phase 3 trials, which they had determined would be 2,000 patients, most of whom would be women, divided into proportionate numbers of Caucasian, African American, Hispanic and Asian. By the conclusion of the Phase 3 trials the company's investment would be six years and millions of dollars into the product candidate. However, they still would have at least a year to go before approval, as they would need to prepare the data in accordance with Food and Drug Administration (FDA) requirements, and then submit an application to the FDA which, once they accepted the application, has an approval process lasting

at least ten months that includes a review by an independent Advisory Panel as well as by the FDA itself.

What this long approval cycle meant to the company, in addition to the expense and resource investment, was that every step of the process would be analyzed, reviewed, and judged by investors, patients, and physicians. So how the company communicated the success and/or issues associated with a drug's progress would influence investment, employee recruitment, partnering, and potential customers.

Therefore, Harmonia was pleased to be announcing these preliminary results from the Phase 2 trial of its new lupus product candidate because it appeared to slow the advancement of the disease; this news would be perceived as a positive indication of its potential. With the exception of a recently released product, most of the current standard therapies for lupus were inadequate, and, until recently, no new therapy for lupus had been approved since 1955, when corticosteroids and an anti-malarial drug (Hydroxychloroquine) were approved by the FDA for lupus.

Harmonia researchers hoped that their therapy would combine with the recently launched new medication from a major pharmaceutical company to help suppress a lupus patient's over-active immune system without the typical side effects of immunosuppressants endangering patients to various infections. Many companies had tried and failed to develop such a therapy, and Harmonia was potentially risking its very existence - and investors' funds - in its attempt to make it happen. Investors, the media, and patients all had high hopes heightened by the previous success of the founder, a patent holder of a marketed AIDS therapy from a former company. AIDS is also considered an autoimmune disease although it is somewhat the opposite of lupus, given that the AIDS problem is an under-active immune system.

When Jillian got to her room - which she entered gingerly, to assure that it was empty - she immediately pulled out her computer so that she could send the press release to the reporter. Of course, it was highly likely that in the next 24 hours the press release would be altered - it was Jillian's experience that CEOs had a habit of tweaking the words until the very last minute. Hopefully, she had incorporated as much information as possible into the current, already-reviewed draft to enable any re-writes without the need for additional scientific scrutiny. She again briefly wondered how to minimize the last-minute tinkering beyond the multiple steps she had implemented since starting at the company a year ago.

Yes, yes, she was willing to hock her most valuable whatever to pay for the link to the Internet service offered by the Geneva hotel.

Just make it work - PLEASE! She again marveled that the more expensive the hotel, the higher the cost of Internet access. At the local Motel 6, it was free. Here, the price was outrageous. Fortunately, the computer gods were generous today - the connection came up immediately, and she e-mailed the draft press release to the reporter with a message offering an interview with the CEO that evening.

Now on to the preparatory documents for the meeting with her boss and the CEO. A knock on her door alerted her that the printer she had requested was being delivered. The front desk was being especially solicitous to offset the mistake they had made putting her in the wrong room, and so had offered her access to an in-room printer free of charge. Given how incredibly uncooperative this day had been, she was surprised at how easily she connected the printer and how quickly it spit out enough copies for the meeting.

She took one last look at the presentation, grabbed her laptop and the printed copies, and headed for the conference room she had reserved for the meeting. A bit apprehensive about greeting the compromised CEO and her boss - she could only hope they had been preoccupied and not seen her when she opened their hotel room door - she approached the conference room with quiet and efficient professionalism.

Only Archie was in the rather ornate conference room with its walls of tapestries, and deep red velvet tied-back drapes at the floor-to-ceiling windows. The presentation screen at one end of the table intruded into the ornate room, as did the projection equipment. However, the trays of food laid out on the buffet looked incredibly inviting, and Jillian realized how hungry she was as she helped herself to a plate of prosciutto-wrapped white asparagus, a variety of cheeses, shrimp, vegetables, and freshly baked baguettes that called out to her. She mentally patted herself on the back for having the forethought to order food.

Archie Linstrom was working patiently at his computer expecting that the other participants would be late. Punctuality was not a key attribute of Harmonia's senior executives. "Hi, Archie. The food looks great. How was your day? Did you line up any meetings for tomorrow?"

He nodded. As head of the company's business development efforts, he was constantly on the lookout for new deals. He was also in the process of considering whether to sell off or partner the new lupus product to a large pharmaceutical company for commercialization or build the company's infrastructure so that they could do it themselves. "Not as many as I would have liked. One big one, though." He finished typing. "How much time have you allowed for briefing Tim on specific meetings?"

Jillian checked her agenda. “Actually, as much time as you need. Unless Tim has some concerns, we're well prepared with no last-minute issues so we shouldn't need too much time for review of the press release or to prepare responses to questions.”

Archie returned his attention to his laptop. Jillian often wondered why he gave up his VP of Corporate Development position at a large pharmaceutical company to work at a small biotechnology startup. But he seemed to really enjoy his work, so perhaps he just preferred the entrepreneurial aspect of always being on the edge of the next financing to the bureaucracy of fighting for financial and human resources.

Jillian connected her laptop and projected the agenda for the meeting on the screen just as Brynn, her boss, entered the room. Brynn Bancroft, a Harvard MBA, had started at the company as the comptroller and was promoted within two years to Chief Financial Officer. Brynn's measurements were only overshadowed by her intelligence. A well-endowed, perfectly proportioned woman, she was blond and blue-eyed. What was atypical was her IQ - she was extremely bright, a MENSA member, knew her numbers, was a clear-thinker, able and willing to make decisions when needed. Jillian just couldn't figure out why Brynn felt the need to sleep with the CEO. Brynn's husband was equally bright and good-looking and seemed to be an attentive partner.

“How are we coming along? Were you able to get the Wall Street Journal lined up?”

Jillian held up her phone. “I'm waiting to hear. I connected with him and sent the press release. Can you and Tim do an interview this evening?”

Just then Tim walked in with Stephanie. “Hi, everyone. Look who showed up to surprise me!” Tim Wharton did indeed look the role of a CEO. His lean 6-foot, 3-inch frame and graying hair gave him a distinguished air of competence and reliability, and his self-assured approach inserted him into the room. He was in great shape since he worked out regularly. Although definitely an entrepreneur interested in reaping the profits of building a business, Tim was also dedicated to finding a cure for lupus; his sister had died unexpectedly in her teens of the disease. A Stanford MBA with a BS in biochemistry, he chose biotechnology as his career specifically to make a contribution. “How long do you think this will last, Jillian? I'm kinda tired.”

Jillian pointed to the agenda being projected and handed out copies of the press release and the list of anticipated questions with some proposed answers. “The press release is final, right? No more changes? Then let's get to the Q's and A's.”

During the next hour they reviewed potential questions and discussed how best to respond to them to assure they were not divulging any proprietary information prematurely, particularly material or contractual information. During the process, they made five or six changes to the press release, which Jillian noted. She figured it would only take an hour to finalize the release with no need for additional review, and the changes were easy to explain to the reporter, who was reviewing the earlier version. It allowed a full day of advance notice to the Journal, which she wished could have been longer - but the presentation was late tomorrow afternoon and the data was too material to hold.

Just as they were finishing with the questions, the reporter called and asked for an interview. Maybe Jillian's luck was changing. She arranged for the CEO and her boss to talk with him right then and called him back using the hotel's telephone to assure a clear connection and to use the speaker capability to enable the group to participate, if needed.

The reporter began with some background questions about the company. “Before we get started, can you tell me how your company got its name? What does 'Harmonia' have to do with lupus?”

Tim laughed. “Actually we develop and manufacture drug products to curtail the harmful attack by the immune system against its own cells, know as autoimmunity. Phil Montgomery, our founder, sings tenor for a nationally competitive barbershop quartet, and he named the company. He compared balancing the human immune system with singing in harmony. In Greek mythology, Harmonia is the goddess of harmony and concord.”

“Interesting. I guess that's as good a name as any. Thanks for explaining. I often wonder how companies get their names, particularly in biotech. I'll add that story to my list.”

Jake continued to ask questions, which Tim and Brynn answered thoroughly and without hesitation. The interview was going swimmingly when all of a sudden the reporter asked a zinger. “I hear that several patients in the trials became very ill and had to be removed.”

Jillian jumped in - as any protective PR professional would - and asked, “Where did you hear that, Jake? You saw in the press release that we reported the adverse events that we've seen to date. Are you looking for something beyond that?”

“Yes. I heard that some patients reported kidney failure.” The reporter was sure he had a scoop. However, kidney failure was a common problem with lupus patients and the trial patients could



have had kidney failure with or without the drug. Jillian looked to the others in the room, who all shrugged. “Well, kidney failure is a common problem with lupus patients. We’ll have to get back to you whether there were any in the trial. The adverse events that we’ve seen so far are clearly stated in the press release, which you have. Did you have any additional questions?”

“No, that’s it for now. Get back to me on the kidney failure.”

Jillian looked at the others and shrugged. “I’ll do my best. Thanks for the opportunity.”

After the reporter hung up, Jillian looked at everyone and again asked if anyone was aware of any renal failure among the patients. “O.K., I’ll get in touch with Reboto to see if there were any, and we can decide how to handle it.” Dr. Leonardo Reboto, an independent clinician, was the lead trial investigator. He was in Geneva to present the results at an event scheduled by the biotech organization responsible for the conference as part of their annual meeting. “If it was someone on placebo, it is a no-brainer. If it was someone on the drug, we’ll have to think about our response, especially since it will be way too early to determine if it was drug - or disease-related.”

This was more how Jillian expected her long and convoluted day to end.

## Chapter 3

Jillian weaved her way slowly through customs at SFO returning to San Francisco following four days at the conference in Geneva. She was exhausted. The Wall Street Journal article had turned out primarily positive. Jillian had discovered from Dr. Reboto that there was only one incidence of a patient with renal problems, and it was a patient from the group on the placebo, or non-drug, group participating in the trial for the sake of comparison. The reporter wrote a brief but basically positive story.

The other activities surrounding the conference also were productive. Dr. Reboto did a comprehensive job presenting the preliminary data from the Phase 2 clinical trial at the conference to a room full of scientists, investors, and reporters. Jillian was still gathering the results of any audience activities, such as articles or analyst reports, although the net-net was that the company's stock value had risen. Archie lined up several pharmaceutical companies interested in considering a deal to join in the commercialization of the new drug. The CEO and CFO presented the company story to a dozen or so investors while in Geneva and then Zurich. Jillian herself talked to a half-dozen reporters, and the data was well reported in articles in daily and biotech journals throughout Europe and the United States.

Jillian was also pleased with the number of new contacts she made. In addition to meeting several new investors and analysts, she spent some time with a particularly savvy financial advisor, Mr. John Bowersox, a CPA from San Diego, who seemed very astute about investing in biotech companies. He was very knowledgeable about the most recent genomic research, and also up to date on the latest deal making. He sat at Jillian's table at a lunch gathering along with several other investors and reporters, and the conversation was quite lively. Jillian was pleased when he agreed to consider speaking on her panel at an upcoming conference, if he was available and visiting Silicon Valley at that time. If nothing else, Jillian was convinced that he was now familiar with Harmonia and would follow the company, possibly even recommending it as a stock purchase to his clients.

However, despite these successes, Jillian was somewhat disappointed that Harmonia had not secured more coverage in the business media, particularly on television outlets. The company's PR agency had warned her that the data was not far enough along, and that lupus itself was not perceived as a "newsworthy" disease, so it was not likely to get broad coverage. However, both she and the agency had tried to alert potentially interested science and medical reporters. At least they had familiarized an increased number of reporters and bloggers with the name of the company

and the lupus drug candidate in anticipation of future announcements.

Regardless, Jillian returned from the conference somewhat exhilarated; she truly enjoyed the rush afforded by the discipline of effective communications. She wasn't about seeing her own name "in lights." However, she appreciated the intellectual exercise of putting together the pieces of a news item to position a key message that a company wanted to share. For her, it was all about "C2", i.e., Comprehensive Communications, or telling the total story like painting the whole picture with the individual news items filling in the picture, much like an Impressionist painting where the brush strokes combine to form the whole picture.

Perhaps she had first come to realize the importance of the relationship between the individual bits of news to the whole story when she studied political science, her major at Berkeley. Trends were an important component of reaching conclusions. Without understanding the influences of the world or the country, policies were less likely to be effective and citizens less likely to be engaged. At any rate, she loved to practice the science and art of communications in its broadest context addressing all of the relevant audiences.

Of course, there were caveats. Jillian thought of herself as extremely ethical and she practiced her art strictly within the rules of the regulatory bodies, such as the SEC and FDA, which she studied regularly to assure her strict compliance. As an employee and as an executive, she also required that her company be ethical and respectful of its employees, patients, investors, and partners, or else she would seek employment elsewhere.

It had taken Jillian years to gain this perspective, and she was wise enough to understand that it would continue to evolve. Reared in a small town by a single mom, she had arrived in Berkeley relatively unsophisticated socially. She quickly learned about great food by dining at the many fine restaurants in the Bay Area when she could afford it; fine wine by visiting Napa and tasting wine at the many wineries there; classical music by attending concerts by the San Francisco Symphony conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, known by symphony aficionados as MTT; drama (and comedies) by seeing plays performed at the Berkeley and San Jose Rep, the ACT, and Broadway touring groups. She even learned to appreciate the unique San Francisco Victorian architecture.

So it was not a big surprise that she decided that she wanted to stay and work in the Bay Area, especially given the many high-tech and biotech companies in Silicon Valley. After a year of job-hunting following graduation from Cal, she had secured an entry-

level position at a high-tech company writing its marketing newsletter. There she met a fellow communications enthusiast who was head of that company's corporate communications function who recruited her to become part of the public relations department. This was where Jillian first experienced the rush of seeing an article in print and on blogs that incorporated a press release she had written. She quickly embraced the discipline and spent time attending conferences and seminars to learn more about the science of communications.

One day after eight years of progressive promotions to senior director at the high-tech company, she received a call from a recruiter. Would she be interested in interviewing for a position as Senior Director of Communications at a new biotechnology company, which was listed on NASDAQ but was basically a startup? At first she was not interested, but the more she investigated the company, the more she was intrigued. She was startled to learn that although listed on stock exchanges, the majority of biotechnology companies are not profitable. Given that biotech products have such a long development and approval cycle, these companies need to raise capital to fund the research. Therefore, the typical indicators of earnings per share, or profit margins, were not as relevant for the majority of these companies. So, in order to invest early in biotechnology companies, both institutional and retail investors required knowledge of the field. The result was that there were institutions and banks that specialized in biotechnology finance. They followed companies by marking their progress with clinical trials and other announcements that corroborated their potential.

Jillian was also enticed to biotechnology by the relatively recent use of DNA to develop drug products that would make a difference in people's lives by giving them much needed therapies, such as cures for cancer, diabetes or lung disorders.

Jillian was hooked. To her it seemed that communications of the steps of progress was very important to the success of a biotech company. So she enthusiastically interviewed for the position brought to her by the recruiter after doing significant research to enable her to speak intelligently about biotechnology in general and the company specifically. Following the first round of interviews, she prepared a mock communications plan for the company to illustrate her skill set, painting the broadest picture possible. She was rewarded with an offer of Senior Director of Corporate Communications and a large number of stock options pending the fulfillment of certain performance requirements. That was just over a year ago.

The Geneva conference was her first real test since starting at Harmonia, and she was basically pleased, despite her desire for even broader results. Now it was time to consolidate the company story and prepare for the investor conference coming up in two weeks in New York. In addition, Jillian was to speak at a local conference of her peers where she was to lead a discussion about the merits of public relations and the ethics of being “on message.”

First, however, after the long flight from Geneva to San Francisco, Jillian was looking forward to a shower and at least 100 hours of sleep - well, at least six hours. She decided that she deserved a cab from the airport and headed for her newly refurbished flat in the recently redeveloped Mission Bay Area near AT&T Park, the home of the San Francisco Giants. After paying the cabbie, she grabbed her purse and one overnight bag that included her computer - she prided herself on being a frugal packer and it was one of her rules never to travel with more than she could lift - and entered the building, picking up her mail from the concierge on the way to her large, modern one-bedroom-plus-loft abode that she called home.

Jillian had moved here following her divorce last year from Chad Bradbury, a marketing VP at a local biotech company. They had met while at Cal and married shortly after graduation. However, after ten years of trying hard to remain excited about being together, they called it quits. They divorced with no animosity or offspring and remained friends, often consulting one another professionally. He lived across the Bay in Alameda in a Victorian house that he took great joy in renovating. The last Jillian had heard he was regularly dating an executive at an Alameda biotech company.

Jillian, on the other hand, was content to live a simple life in an apartment or, in San Franciscan nomenclature, a flat. Her four-story, redbrick building was designed to mimic San Francisco Victorian architecture with protruding bay windows and balconies, and wood trim painted blue and white. The lobby's double doors were also painted blue, with stained glass above. There was someone at the front desk to take care of her mail and deliveries, park her car, call for cabs, and even take messages if she wanted. And it was great to be able to walk to many parts of the city for dinner like in South Beach or Potrero Hill, or to take the Muni to a play or concert without having to drive in the congested city traffic.

Although she was incredibly tired, her curiosity was piqued by one unexpected package in her mail. Other than Amazon.com, the only source of her packages was her mother who lived in southern California near San Diego. However, this package was not from either Amazon or her mother. There was no return address. She

smiled. If she were in a Robert Ludlum or Stieg Larsson novel - Jillian was an avid reader of spy and mystery novels given her great appreciation for solving puzzles - she might have been nervous about opening an unmarked package. But this was real life, so she cut open the box and peered inside to discover a packet of papers and a flash drive.

She couldn't easily discover the origin of the papers, but in her tired frame of mind quickly determined that they weren't anything that would be interesting to explore, like a gift certificate to a new restaurant from her ex-husband. So she decided that maybe it was some kind of ill-conceived marketing campaign, aka junk mail that she would check out later just in case it was more than that. Plus she could always use another flash drive. She threw the package onto her dining room table and headed for the shower.