

"Okay... I don't know how to start this.  
Remember that nonprofit I started? 'Mustangs for Humanity'? It's all fake. It was just... numbers on paper. Money going in circles. I thought I was clever—just moving alumni donations around, cashing them out. No one was supposed to notice.

But someone did.

They found me in Binkley Garage tonight, by the elevators. Said they could make it disappear, the audits, the charges... everything. All I had to do was sign. It had the SMU crest on top, but the second page—God, it said CIA.

They said if I cooperate, I'll be useful. If not...

If anything happens to me, tell Mom to move the Zurich account and call Dad's contact at the consulate. Don't let them freeze it. And if I'm gone—go to the lamppost behind Cox Pavilion. There's something taped underneath. You'll know it's from me."