

# Dan's Letter™

"Please...let me introduce you to my mind...one article at a time."



## FROM THE DESK OF DAN ANDERSON

### Time Management: Strength or Struggle?

Time management sounds easy—just use a planner and set some alarms, right? If only. The truth is, managing time is a brain-based skill, not a reflection of your character (or your love of chaos).

Some brains handle time like pros. Others, especially those with ADHD or executive function challenges, struggle to perceive, plan, and act within time limits. It's not laziness—it's neurology.

The good news? You can improve. The bad news? You probably won't become a time wizard overnight.

Try leaving extra space between tasks, setting short-term goals, and saying "no" to non-essentials. Use time as a fun challenge: "Can I clean the kitchen before my coffee's cold?" And above all, be kind to yourself. Shame is not a productivity tool.

Whether time is your best friend, mortal enemy, or chaotic roommate—you're not alone. Time flies, yes—but you're still the pilot.



*- Dan A.*

## KEEP LEARNING OR BE REPLACED BY A TOASTER: THE DEVRYPRO SURVIVAL GUIDE



Once upon a time, learning was something you finished—like assembling Ikea furniture or watching a documentary you'll never reference again. But now? Learning is like laundry. It never ends, and just when you think you're done, here comes AI dumping a whole new basket of buzzwords on your professional wardrobe.

Enter stage left: **DeVryPro**, DeVry University's shiny, new AI-powered platform that's part course catalog, part career therapist, and all about making you the kind of person who doesn't blink when someone says, "Let's circle back after the pivot."

### Why Now? Because Robots.

The workplace is shifting faster than you can say "ChatGPT wrote my cover letter." Automation, artificial intelligence, and an overwhelming amount of "innovation" have left professionals scrambling to figure out how to keep up without short-circuiting.

Apparently, employers want us to be technical wizards *and* emotionally intelligent unicorns who can also learn, unlearn, and relearn like it's a TikTok dance trend. And most people? Well, we're just trying to remember our Slack password.

### So what does DeVryPro do, exactly?

Glad you asked.

DeVryPro is the learning platform that doesn't judge you for not

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knowing what “machine learning” actually is. It delivers practical, online, career-relevant courses—minus the boring lectures and plus the ability to learn in your pajamas.

Features include:

- **AI Learning Coaches:** Think of these as the helpful sidekicks you wish you had in college. They answer your questions, guide your learning, and never sigh loudly when you’re confused.
- **Apply-it-now Skills:** Each course is like a power-up in your professional game—relevant, real-world skills you can actually use before your next performance review.
- **Digital Badges:** These let you say, “Yes, I *do* know what I’m doing,” and then prove it with a flashy icon you can stick on your LinkedIn like a proud scout badge.
- **Totally Flexible Format:** Self-paced, 100% online, and designed for people with jobs, families, or a general allergy to 8 a.m. commitments.

- **Goal-Tracking Tools:** Because checking boxes feels good and finishing things without a parade is a tragedy.

## The Data Doesn’t Lie (But It Does Judge a Little)

According to DeVry’s 2024 *Closing the Gap* report:

- 67% of workers are open to getting new credentials (the other 33% are possibly still buffering).
- 42% of employers are scratching their heads trying to figure out how to teach AI skills without needing AI to teach it.
- Only 55% of employees actually take advantage of upskilling opportunities. The other 45% meant to, but you know... life.

**Built for You, Not Your Toaster.** DeVryPro offers up-to-date, expert-led courses designed for real careers—not outdated slideshows. With flexible, personalized learning (and zero existential dread), it’s built for humans, not robots. Upgrade your skills before your smart fridge applies for your job.

Visit [DeVryPro.com](https://DeVryPro.com) to start learning smarter.

## “Hope” Is Not a Plan

Let’s be real...

Most small business and service pros don’t have a marketing strategy.

They’ve got a calendar, a few scattered reviews, and a vague hope that next week won’t be dead.

If your main tactic is hoping someone finds you — that’s not a business. That’s a prayer.

Which is exactly why I’ve built *Mobility Marketer Insider*™ — a monthly newsletter for pros who are tired of random results and ready for real ones.

No theories. No gimmicks.



Just practical, tested marketing strategies designed for people with trucks, vans, tools, and clients who don’t respond to buzzwords.

Every issue gives you direct, usable tactics to attract better customers, more often — without discounting yourself into oblivion.

If you’ve ever looked at your schedule and thought, “There’s got to be a smarter way to fill this,” you’re exactly who I wrote this for.

Look for the first issue. You’ll be first in line.

Stay sharp. Your next customer doesn’t have to be random anymore. They can be by design.



# Gems of Deception

## A Victor Sage Mystery

by Dan Anderson

### Chapter 15 Trials in the Dark

The wind howled across the jagged silhouette of the Deveraux estate as Victor Sage and Clara Simmons arrived under cover of dusk. What remained of the manor was barely a skeleton—walls hollowed by time, its grandeur buried beneath vines and neglect. The land itself felt watchful, as if history had eyes.

Clara stood beside Victor at the edge of the overgrown path, rain misting across their coats. “If this is where he’s led us,” she murmured, “he certainly chose a place that doesn’t welcome visitors.”

Victor’s gaze swept the ruined stone and shattered windows. “He never intended to welcome us. He wants us to prove we belong here.”

They moved silently through the debris, boots crunching over the remnants of marble flooring as they approached the chapel wing, still partially intact. The soot-streaked walls and collapsed rafters bore the scars of fire and time—but the altar, untouched and ominous, remained.

Victor knelt, fingers sweeping across its weathered face. “If he meant this as a crucible, the entrance would be here.”

Clara tilted her head thoughtfully. “Why chapels?” she asked, her tone edged with curiosity.

She gestured at the scene. “The Hawthorne chapel, King’s Chapel. Now this. He’s obsessed with them. Desmond Deveraux doesn’t strike me as particularly devout.

Victor’s expression tightened in thought.

“Chapels are repositories of memory,” he answered slowly. “Families buried their secrets here, quite literally. To Deveraux, they represent sanctuaries of legacy—his family’s fall began in the chapel when the estate was seized. To him, this is holy ground. Reclamation.”

Clara nodded, eyes tracing the dark lines of the vaulted ceiling. “So he makes them stages.”

Victor stepped forward, his voice low. “And he scripts his drama with the same reverence others offer prayer.”

Clara kept watch while Victor’s eyes traced the edges of the floorstones—irregular patterns of dust, the faintest change in the grain of the stone. A slight depression beneath the altar’s base caught his attention

He pressed it gently.



With a low groan, a stone slab shifted, revealing a narrow staircase descending into pitch blackness.

Victor stood. “No torches. Too risky. Light draws attention.”

Clara nodded, following close as they descended into the earth.

The tunnel was damp and claustrophobic, cut directly through ancient stone. The air turned cooler with every step. Clara spoke in a hushed voice, “I don’t suppose Deveraux left a welcome mat?”

Victor’s reply was quiet, measured. “He left a gauntlet.”

They reached a wide chamber—its walls slick with condensation, the floor littered with rubble. Clara swept her lantern across the room, revealing the outline of a heavy iron door at the far end.

Victor held out his hand suddenly. “Stop.”

His eyes moved to a faint glimmer ahead—a thin strand of metal stretched ankle-high across the corridor. “Tripwire,” he muttered. “But not the only one.”

He crouched, scanning the walls and floor. “See the dust here, disturbed in a narrow arc? That’s no accident. There’s a pressure plate three steps ahead. Step too hard and…” He paused, then gently tossed a flat stone onto the center of the pattern. A rapid *click* echoed as spikes shot from the wall—then retracted.

Clara exhaled. “You couldn’t have waited to explain before doing that?”

“No time for a full lecture,” Victor said dryly. “Come—walk exactly where I step.”

He moved with purpose now, deciphering the corridor’s layout like a riddle. When they reached a narrow archway, he froze again.

“There. Look just above—see the discolored brick? The trigger’s set into the lintel. Tilted stone suggests a pivot.” He reached behind his neck into his coat, unsheathing the dagger from the collar.

With expert calculation, he threw.

The dagger struck the upper wall with precision—dislodging a concealed trigger. For a breathless moment, nothing happened—then a faint click echoed through the corridor. A hidden panel sprang open from the ceiling with a jolt, and a gleaming blade shot downward, slicing through the air before embedding itself harmlessly into the stone floor inches from Clara’s feet.

Clara flinched instinctively, her breath catching in her throat as the blade struck stone with a ringing clang. She stared at it for a moment—mere inches from where she stood—looking to Victor with a mixture of shock and awe.

“So glad I came along,” she muttered. “Really… I’m thrilled.”

“Another test passed,” he murmured, reclaiming the dagger.

They moved deeper still, and the path narrowed into a vaulted corridor where the scent of smoke lingered. The light dimmed as they passed into the final chamber—square, symmetrical, and silent.



The far wall bore a single iron vault door, adorned with the Deveraux crest.

Victor stepped forward, scanning the room.

“There’s something wrong,” Clara said softly.

Victor nodded. “This room is too clean. Too empty. He’s funneling us here.”

His eyes followed the curve of the ceiling, then darted to the floor. “Don’t move.”

Clara froze.

He pointed to faint scratch marks circling the vault’s perimeter. “It’s rigged. This entire room is the trap.”

As he examined the wall behind them, searching for a secondary exit or failsafe, Clara shifted her weight—and the floor gave the faintest creak beneath her.

Victor turned sharply. “Clara—don’t step back!”

But too late.

There was a hollow *click*, and the sound of gears turning within the walls.

A square portion of the floor beneath Clara’s feet dropped two inches, locking into place. She gasped, frozen, balanced over the trap.

Victor rushed to her, eyes darting across the floor for the trigger’s release mechanism. “It’s a weight sensor. You’ve activated it—but it hasn’t fully released.”

Her voice trembled. “What happens if I step off?”

“Don’t,” he said, kneeling to examine the seam. “It’s counterbalanced. You move, and whatever’s beneath you drops.”

“And if I stay?” she asked quietly.

Victor looked up, his voice low but certain. “Then I find a way to get you out. Just hold still.”

Clara gave a short, tense nod, her breathing measured.

Victor’s mind raced. There was no wiring, no visible mechanics—everything was internal. The trap would require weight replacement or manual override. He scanned the room for anything of equivalent mass, but there was nothing loose—no debris heavy enough, no counterweight mechanism in sight.

And there was no time.

Above them, a faint hiss began to sound.

Victor’s eyes narrowed. “Gas.”

Clara’s eyes widened. “Victor—”



“Don’t speak. Conserve your breath.”

Victor rose, dagger in hand, and stepped slowly to the wall beside the vault, running his hands over the stonework. There had to be a release. Deveraux was clever, but he had a weakness.

Ego.

Somewhere, there was a mechanism—hidden just where only Victor would find it, if he were worthy.

Then he saw it: an engraving near the corner—barely perceptible—a hawthorn leaf, scratched into the stone. The only symbol not belonging to the Deveraux family.

Victor pressed it.

A sharp *clack* echoed, and the pressure beneath Clara's feet lifted with a rush of released tension.

She collapsed into Victor’s arms just as the hiss of gas stopped.

He held her steady, his own breath ragged.

Clara looked up, her face pale. “That... was too close.”

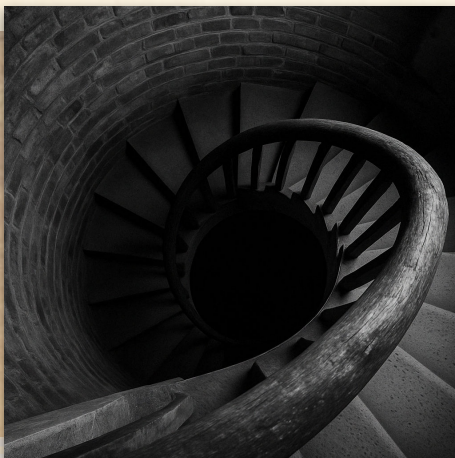
Victor met her gaze, jaw set. “This whole affair is Deveraux’s new message. He’s not just playing with legacy anymore. He’s playing for blood.”

As they turned toward the vault, the thick iron door loomed—unopened, waiting.

And somewhere beyond it, Desmond Deveraux waiting...as well.

(To be continued...)

Missed a chapter? - [Tap here for the Kindle version and audiobook.](#)



**An eerie glimpse** into the descent that awaits Victor and Clara beneath the ruined Deveraux estate. The spiral staircase coils downward into shadow, each step a calculated risk, each turn cloaked in secrecy. This is no ordinary passage—it’s the beginning of a gauntlet, a test of wit and will. The deeper they go, the closer they come to Deveraux’s final, deadly game of legacy, revenge and blood.



## How to Present an Offer That Converts

*Because a great offer won't help you if no one sees it—or believes it.*

Last month we covered how to craft an offer that gets attention. But here's the follow-up question that separates businesses that get clicks from businesses that get paid:

**How are you presenting that offer?** Because even the best offer in the world will fall flat if it's buried at the bottom of your website... tucked into the corner of a postcard... or read off like a disclaimer at the end of a sales call.

You've got to give it a stage.

You've got to **present your offer like it matters**—because if you don't, no one else will.

**Lead With the Hook.** Your offer should be the headliner, not the footnote. If you're sending a postcard, it should be the biggest text on the page. If it's in an email, it should be in the subject line or the first sentence. If it's a voicemail, it should be the second thing out of your mouth (right after your name).

Too many service businesses bury their offers beneath paragraphs of "we're family-owned" or "we care about quality." That's nice, but people buy outcomes. **Lead with the value.**

**Don't Just Say It—Frame It.** A good offer isn't just about what you're saying. It's how you say it.

Instead of:

*"Spring Special – \$25 Off Carpet Cleaning"*

Try:

*"We'll Remove the Spring Mud Stains for Free—If You Book This Week"*



A "framed" discount. Totally different impact.

You're not offering a discount—you're solving a seasonal problem. That's what gets attention.

**Repeat It Like It Matters.** Most business owners mention their offer once, maybe twice, and call it a day.

But your audience is distracted, busy, and skeptical. **They need to see it more than once.** Repetition builds belief. Confidence. Conversion.

So say it in your email. Put it in your ad. Post it on your social. Add it to your invoice footer. Tattoo it on your truck or your forehead. Okay, maybe not the last one—but you get the idea.

### Something big is coming...

Behind the curtain, I've been quietly building **Mobility Marketer Insider™**—a monthly newsletter designed to help small business and mobile service pros attract better clients, increase response, and grow without the usual chaos.

Every issue delivers proven strategies and tools to bring in the kind of work you actually want—predictably, consistently, and on your terms.

If you've ever felt like your next job is random, your slow weeks are frustrating, or your marketing is mostly guesswork... this will fix that.

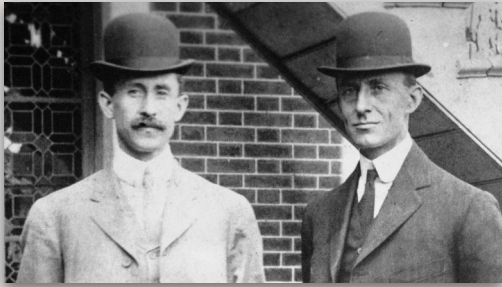
The official launch is just around the corner—and as a reader of *Dan's Letter*, you'll be among the first to see it.

Stay sharp. The good stuff is coming.

# What They Didn't Tell You

Willie had it all figured out. Top of his class at Steele High, a maestro of history, literature, and science, with a future so bright Yale Divinity School was practically pre-engraving his seat. He was a triple threat—brainy, brawny, and bound for a life of holy greatness. That is, until the universe handed him a puck-shaped curveball.

During a high-stakes high school hockey match (because why wouldn't a future theologian also moonlight as a stick-wielding gladiator?), an opposing player cocked his stick back just a little too enthusiastically and *wham!*—Willie's front teeth performed a solo flight of their own. The ice was red, the teeth were gone, and Willie's plans vanished faster than a freshman at finals.



The surgery? Admirable. The recovery? Not so much. Just as his gums stopped looking like a war zone, his body decided to play a medley of medical misfortunes: stomach issues, heart trouble, and a sudden allergy to schoolwork. In the end, academia tapped out. No Yale. Just long naps and long stares out the window.

The family's hopes shifted to Willie's younger brother—the *backup plan*.

Now, this kid was clever, no doubt, but he had the same attitude toward school that a cat has toward a bath. Things hit a bump in sixth grade when his teacher, Miss Bond, finally had enough of his antics and exiled him until a parent showed up. Spoiler: no one did. With only two weeks left in the school year and zero interest in conflict resolution, the boy simply... retired.

They moved. He tried high school again, even earned decent grades, but alas, the education system just didn't speak his language. Right before graduation, he pulled the classic "this-isn't-working-for-me" maneuver and walked away from formal schooling forever.

Their poor father—two sons, both academic escape artists. The boys drifted through odd jobs, tried their hands at printing, repairing, and selling whatever was lying around, all while crafting a life that looked suspiciously like "aimless."

Until one day, with no formal training and no letters after their names, they decided to challenge gravity itself.

And they won.

Because "Willie" was Wilbur.

And his little brother? Orville.

The dropouts who refused to stay grounded.



**Now you know what they didn't tell you.**



## DETAILING MASTERY



SCAN OR TAP BELOW FOR VIDEO



TAP  
HERE

### How to Keep Your Car Looking New Using Ceramic Shine from Chemical Guys

Just got your car looking fresh off the lot and want to keep it that way without turning your driveway into a full-blown car spa? Good. Because in this video, we're throwing the soap opera out the window and getting straight to the point—shine, protect, repeat.

You'll see how a few spritzes of Chemical Guys' ceramic wizardry turns bird droppings, smudges, and that mystery gunk into nothing more than a distant memory. We're talking showroom-gloss that laughs in the face of weather, UV rays, and judgmental neighbors.

Tired of the car wash hustle? Skip it. This is the fast lane to envy-inducing results. And yes, it's so easy even your cousin who once waxed his windshield can handle it. Scan or tap the QR code to watch.



## TAKE A BREAK!



### Chicken and Asparagus Skillet

#### Ingredients

Boneless, skinless chicken breasts  
Fresh asparagus  
Garlic  
Olive oil  
Soy sauce  
Honey  
Salt and pepper

#### Instructions

Cut the chicken into bite-sized pieces and season with salt and pepper.

In a large skillet, heat olive oil over medium-high heat. Add the chicken and cook until browned and cooked through. Remove and set aside.

In the same skillet, add a bit more oil if needed, then add minced garlic and asparagus pieces. Sauté until the asparagus is tender-crisp.

In a small bowl, mix soy sauce and honey. Pour over the asparagus, add the chicken back to the skillet, and toss everything together until well coated and heated through. Serve hot. Enjoy!

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FOR INTERACTIVE PUZZLE

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## A Night When Seventeen Lasted Forever



In the storied elegance of the Royal Albert Hall, Bryan Adams resurrects the spirit of "Summer of '69" with raw, unfiltered passion. Every lyric drips with memory; every guitar riff cracks open the door to a time when youth was fun and music was freedom. The crowd, a sea of voices, is swept into the shared dream—half concert, half time machine. Under the cathedral of lights and echoes, Adams doesn't just perform a song—he summons an era, and for a few aching, beautiful minutes, nobody in the hall is a day over seventeen. Scan or tap the QR code to watch.

*Bryan Adams*



*Check out*

*Dan's Blog™*



*TAP  
Here*