

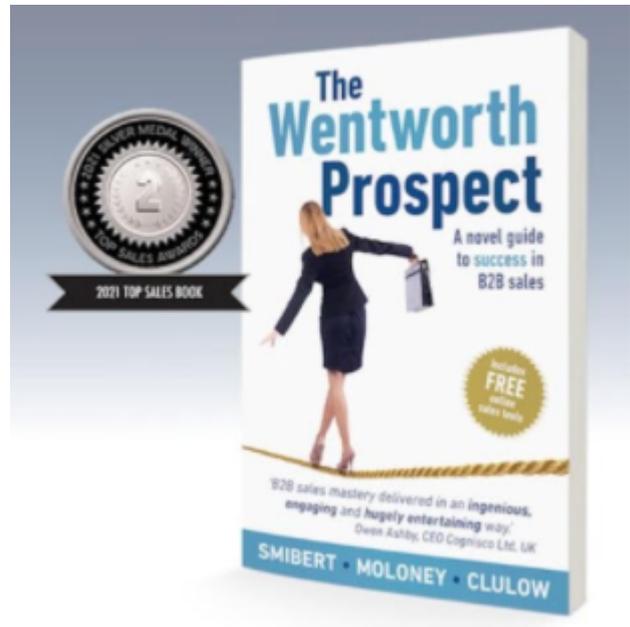
The Wentworth Prospect

A best-selling, international award-winning sales novel

The Wentworth Prospect is a compelling novel written for salespeople and sales leaders. It is also applicable to business executives and owners.

The book comes with free access to an online companion that explains and explores a new framework for complex business-to-business selling. This approach is named EDVANCE.

While the online companion explores the practical aspects of EDVANCE, the novel demonstrates how its theory can be applied in a real-life (albeit fictional) business setting filled with intrigue, power-plays and hidden agendas. In this way, the story within the book will help the reader navigate the more human elements of a sale. The novel and the online companion are designed to be read in parallel.



The STAKEHOLDER ARCHETYPE CARDS mentioned in the book are for use with the character-mapping component of EDVANCE.

Overview

Sue Novak is a fledgling sales consultant for a small but innovative Singapore based cyber-security firm. Her career is progressing, she's got a boss who believes in her ability and she's just made her first address at an industry conference.

Her boss and mentor is Doug Churchill, a man with an uncanny knack for closing deals without apparently trying. He'd begun to coach Sue on his methods but on the way home from the conference the two are involved in a car accident. Sue is badly injured. And what of Doug?

The story then follows the fortunes of Sue as she struggles to land the deal of her career.

Sue feels out of her depth. But she has an edge: a mysterious journal written by her dead mentor. The journal reveals a radical new sales process named EDVANCE.

Can Sue apply its wisdom in a real-life scenario? Can she overcome the internal challenges of her new manager, an old-school, 'just make the number' style sales manager?

Throughout the sale, Sue's path to success is strewn with adversaries, corporate intrigue, power-plays and hidden agendas. Can the wisdom of 'The Journal' guide her to success with *The Wentworth Prospect*?

Take a Look Inside - The First 3 Chapters

1. She Never Saw it Coming

Sue never saw any of it coming.

Not the success of her first speaking engagement.

Certainly not the deal with WestInvest.

She was watching the lashing rain outside the passenger window of Doug's car as they drove back into Sydney from the Airport. She was dreaming; trying to take in the moment and the changes it meant for her—for her career. In her peripheral vision Sue could make out Doug gripping the wheel, staring into the downpour as he drove. The rain fell like a waterfall and he was concentrating hard to guide them safely through it. He looked tired.

For nearly five long hours on the flight back from Perth Doug had busied himself writing emails. Sue began work on a new blog post but couldn't concentrate and gave up. She buried her nose in a book for a while and then slept.

The trip to Perth had been a milestone for Sue. People knew her name now. She'd been invited to speak at a national conference hosted by the Australian Cyber Security Centre (the ACSC). Her address centred on the alarming trend that cyber-criminals were now leading the cyber-security industry. Defence systems had become reactive while cyber-crime was innovating. Everything was back to

front. It was a controversial subject that drew a large audience. Banks, government agencies and the investment sector filled the room, and anyone else concerned enough to keep the details of their online dealings safe. Sue fielded a raft of questions and her speech resulted in a wealth of new contacts.

But this wasn't even the high point.

Straight afterwards, Doug asked her in hushed tones to head back to the hotel, book a room in the business centre and wait for him there. Something was up. She made the arrangements and waited. But she didn't have to wait long. Doug soon arrived with a group from WestInvest, a small investment bank based in Perth. Doug had spent the last seven months cultivating WestInvest as a prospect and had invited them to Sue's presentation. Sue watched the meeting unfold. It wasn't really a meeting at all; just a brief, friendly discussion about the future. Doug hardly spoke a word. A look of understanding passed between Doug and the most senior WestInvest executive. There was the slightest of smiles, followed by a handshake that seemed to signify something more than itself. A few of the WestInvest execs complimented Sue on her address and then they were gone.

It was the softest close Sue had ever witnessed.

Doug smiled his schoolboy smile at her. 'You helped push that one over the line,' he said.

They celebrated with a few drinks in the bar. Doug was full of praise for Sue, how all her hard work generating content was bearing fruit, how it managed to attract the attention of the ACSC and how well her first speaking engagement had gone.

Now, looking out the passenger window of Doug's car, Sue didn't see the rain. She was replaying the scene, holding on to the feeling; that wonderful, heady feeling of achievement. People had listened to her. People wanted to talk with her. They wanted her advice and guidance. Best of all, Doug believed in her more than ever.

Sue wanted to tell him all this. She wanted to thank him for the opportunity and how much it meant to have a boss and mentor like him. She was about to turn in his direction when she spotted the intersection ahead on Botany Road. Where were the traffic signals? Were the lights out? Had they malfunctioned? Doug kept driving.

She turned to warn him and saw, over his shoulder, through the driver's side window, the chromed radiator grille emerge from the rain. The container truck hit them at right-angles, at brutal speed, sending the forward momentum of Doug's car now violently to one side.

Sue never saw that coming, either.

2. Broken

Sue's eyelids were already half-open when she woke. The light flooded in, bringing pain.

Her ears rang like church bells but she could still make out the sounds of muffled conversation, a TV or radio somewhere. Something inside told her to lay still. She'd lost track of time, of place, and now she felt a growing sense that something serious, something monstrous had just happened.

Panicked, Sue opened her mouth to call out but no sound came. She tried lifting an arm but it was held by something: something thin and flexible buried in her flesh. She tried to move her head, to look around but her vision swam and she was dragged down, down, spinning into a black pit of nausea.

When Sue next surfaced into the light she couldn't tell if it was minutes later, or days.

Moving only her eyes, she surveyed the scene around her. Above her a TV hung from the ceiling. It was on. A cooking show. Mercifully the volume was so low as to be almost inaudible. Looking to one side she saw a closed door. Sue's eyes moved to the other side of the room. Flowers. Flowers in vases, flowers in cellophane, flowers in small arrangements and flowers tied in ornate bouquets.

Who the hell were they for?

It was then Sue saw the bag of clear liquid hanging from a stand. She traced the line of tubing that ran from it down to the needle in her forearm. It was held in place with surgical tape. An intravenous drip. She knew where she was now.

And she knew that the flowers were for her.

Sue's returns to consciousness were brief and disorienting. Each time she had to struggle to remember where she was. But as the answer became more fixed in her understanding, another question surfaced. How did she get here?

She tried to remember. She closed her eyes and saw a roomful of people. They clapped their hands, smiling. They were applauding her. She remembered speaking to them. A presentation? A conference? Nearby, Doug stood applauding her too. He was beaming with pride. People asked questions. Lots of questions. Everyone wanted her opinion. After the questions they clamoured around her with even more questions. She remembered one man in particular. He was lean and darkly handsome with thick waves of charcoal hair. Was he Indian? His accent was cultured, educated. Oxbridge perhaps? He held out his business card with a pleasant smile but there was an urgency in his expression. Sue took the card, studied it for a moment and slipped it into the hip pocket of her business suit.

Perth.

Sue remembered Perth.

In the darkness Sue heard a voice.

'... with the arrival of the new moon in Virgo, this month will bring its fair share of mixed blessings ...'

Sue knew the voice well. It was a woman's voice. A friendly voice with an accent nearly as broad as the land it came from. Sue swam towards it through her lethargy.

'... your love-life might take a dive, but your career is definitely in the ascendant.'

Sue's eyelids peeled open. 'Coops?' she said, with a cracked voice, 'that you?'

The reading stopped. A face loomed into Sue's immediate vision. It was a young face, round and pretty, with a faint splash of freckles across the bridge of the nose that told of a childhood spent outdoors.

'It's me alright.'

Sue tried speaking but her mouth was too dry.

'Oh, you must be parched. Here you go,' said Coops, offering Sue a plastic cup of water

with a drinking straw.

Sue took a careful sip. 'You've been reading to me?' 'Though it might help,' said Coops, holding up a magazine. Sue held out her hand. Coops took it.

'Welcome back,' said Coops. 'We missed you.'

Sue squeezed Coops's hand.

'How you feeling?' asked Coops. 'They've been pumping you full of drugs—for the pain.'

'Not too bad,' lied Sue. She was all pain. She couldn't pinpoint any one particular source. It was a throbbing ache that crept down into her bones.

'Good news is you'll heal Sue. The worst of it is that your leg's broke. Other than that, concussion, a couple of cracked ribs and some bruises.'

Sue let out a sigh. 'My leg is broken?'

'Yep, tib and fib snapped clean above the ankle. The doc says it's a spiral fracture. They whacked a bit of steel in there so you'll be up and about in no time. Oh,' added Coops, 'and you've got a broken cheekbone.'

Sue let out another sigh. 'Do you have a mirror, a compact or something?'

'Yep,' said Coops, 'but you can take it from me, you look like shit.' Sue smiled. She could always trust Coops to tell it like it was. She came without a filter, but you always knew where you stood with

Coops. That's why Sue loved working with her so much. 'Do you remember much?' asked Coops.

'I remember being in Perth. I remember the ACSC conference,' said Sue, 'I was speaking to a large crowd. They were all clapping.' In her mind's-eye Sue saw the lean, dark stranger in front of her. She took his business card and pocketed it. 'And there was this guy, Indian, well-dressed, good-looking ...'

'Oh yeah?' interjected Coops.

'I can't remember his name or what he said but I know it's important.'

'Nothing else?' asked Coops.

Sue was suddenly back in the meeting room at the hotel, watching a handshake.

WestInvest.

Suddenly animated, Sue tried to sit up. She let out a cry, feeling the consequence in her rib-cage. 'Coops, there was a deal—we've got a new client—we've got to tell the office ...'

'Calm your farm, you'll do yourself a mischief,' said Coops, easing Sue back onto her pillow. 'We know all about it. WestInvest. It's all being taken care of. Doug sent out all the

emails shortly before ...’

Sue gasped. The memory struck her with all the force of a container truck. She was in the car again. She saw Doug staring into the sheets of rain. Ahead, she saw no lights where the traffic signals should have been. Then she saw the chromed radiator grille.

‘Doug!’ cried Sue. ‘Where’s Doug?’

Coops’s expression saddened. Her eyes showed the first sheen of tears.

‘Doug’s gone Sue. Doug’s gone.’

3. The Trigger is Pulled

Sue was comfortable enough to raise her bed to a sitting position. She thought to read but watching TV seemed less physical. A movie was playing, a romantic comedy. She liked these kinds of films, perhaps because romance was such a novelty; something that simply didn’t fit into her working schedule. It was on her to-do list. Right down the bottom. Below exercise.

‘You just love those crappy rom-coms, don’t you?’ said Coops, arriving with a basket of fruit. She placed it on a table within Sue’s reach and read the enclosed card. ‘Wishing you a speedy recovery, with warm regards from all the staff at WestInvest.’

Coops sat on the edge of Sue’s bed. ‘They seem like a good client.’ Sue forgot the movie and turned to Coops. ‘So how’s it going? With WestInvest?’

‘Oh, pretty good. They’re right into the concept of cloud and the systems architecture is being built.’ Coops turned to Sue with a smile. ‘And they’re a bank Sue, they’ve got the budget and they’re willing to spend to get it right. They’re a great win for us, for Tesico.’

Sue nodded. WestInvest certainly was the kind of client Tesico Australia needed. They weren’t huge, but as a company they were large enough to influence Tesico’s bottom line substantially.

‘So tell me, how’d you land them?’ asked Coops.

Sue took a deep breath. ‘Well, it was all Doug,’ she said. ‘But you worked on that deal for over seven months. You were with Doug every step of the way,’ said Coops. ‘So how’d he push the product?’

‘Funny thing is, he didn’t really,’ said Sue. ‘In the beginning he just asked questions about their online security. Lots of questions. We listened to a lot of people and, it’s funny ...’

‘What is?’

‘He didn’t mention the product or the Tesico name once.’ ‘But he must have at some point.’

‘Oh sure, but that was much later,’ said Sue. ‘By then they were already sold on the

promise of what we could do. They were sold on Doug.'

Sue thought back to the meeting in their Perth hotel. She saw the handshake again. Doug and the WestInvest client. It was such a simple, everyday gesture but somehow this handshake was different. It was more than just business etiquette; something in the two men's eyes confirmed this. It was the handshake worth millions.

'So, he must've had a plan? Did he have some kind of method? Come on Sue, I want to understand.'

'Well, he was teaching me. It was a new way of doing things, something he said he'd been working on for years. He explained some of it, as we went along mostly. He even had a name for it, he called it EDVANCE.'

Coops nodded thoughtfully.

'He told me it was important to find a champion—someone with the power to drive change. And he mentioned the word disruption a lot.'

Coops's brow furrowed. 'What does that mean?'

'Not sure. He was trying to teach me.'

'Shame he didn't write it all down.'

'I think he was beginning to,' said Sue.

'Mind if I change the channel?' asked Coops, nodding at the TV. 'This shit is doing my head in.'

As Coops picked up the TV remote Sue tried to remember what Doug had told her about EDVANCE. It was just fragments of advice that made no real coherent sense. Doug had said he'd train her properly one day. He just needed a little more time to refine the process. Now that day would never come.

'Holy crap,' exclaimed Coops, 'Wentworth's been hit!' Sue broke from her introspection and looked to the TV. Coops had changed to a news channel. A caption ran across the bottom of the screen: cyber-attack on Wentworth. Bank admits losses. A young spokesman stood on the steps of the Wentworth Bank tower with an array of microphones thrust in his face. He smiled with calm reassurance while explaining that no serious damage had been done. Sue recognised the thick waves of charcoal hair and the Oxbridge accent.

'Oh my God, Coops. It's him—that's the guy I met in Perth!' 'Blimey Sue, you could've told me he was a Wentworth bloke,' said Coops, raising the volume of the TV. 'What's his name?' Sue tried to visualise the business card in her hand and shook her head. Wentworth—Australia's largest investment bank. What was his name? Why hadn't she paid more attention? 'Missed it,' said Coops, throwing the remote onto the bed as the smiling spokesman disappeared. The story switched to a team of reporters and financial

analysts in a studio. 'That's gonna hit them where it hurts, smack in the old share price.' Coops wasn't wrong. The next image showed a graph of Wentworth's tumbling stock. 'Look, they're dragging the whole market with them,' she said. Sue and Coops listened to the commentary, engrossed, as they learned a malware attack had gained access to employee computers inside the bank's networks. The bank confirmed there had been losses from central accounts but insisted that individual customer accounts were not affected. Wentworth had issued a bland statement about how important cyber-security was to them and that they had systems and measures in place to monitor and protect customers. It was a weak attempt to calm the shareholders. They had not disclosed the amount of the losses but a spokesperson from the ACSC revealed that Wentworth may have been targeted by a multinational hacking group responsible for the theft of over one billion dollars from banks in over thirty countries.

Coops was already checking a newsfeed on her phone. 'Listen to this Sue,' she said. 'Some industry commentators believe the bank's losses could have run to as much as one hundred million dollars.' She turned to Sue. 'That's no small hack.'

'There's an opportunity here,' said Sue as the station went to a commercial break.

'Too right,' agreed Coops. 'This is one of those trigger events you keep telling me about. Shame you can't remember the name of that fellah.'

Sue saw the handsome Indian man again, smiling but anxious, holding out his business card. She remembered taking the card and placing it in her hip pocket.

'Coops,' began Sue. 'Do you know what happened to the clothes I was wearing—when they brought me in?'

Coops shrugged. 'I'd guess they'd be somewhere. Admissions might know.'

'Can you find out?'

'Okay,' said Coops. 'But you sure that's a good idea? You were pretty messed up.'

'It's important Coops.'

Coops nodded.

'And I'll need my laptop, and my phone. We've got a lead to follow.'

Coops smiled. 'Bloody oath.'
