

**Matt Minor** presently serves as a Chief of Staff in the Texas House of Representatives. He has worked as a political campaign manager and is a well-regarded public speaker. Matt has authored official state publications, oversees syndicated editorials, is a speechwriter and district radio legislative commentator.

Prior to his life in state politics Matt was a professional musician and entertainer; his numerous recordings receiving wide critical praise. Matt practices numerous other arts including the craft of poetry; an interest that has brought academic recognition.

Matt Minor lives with his wife Stacy on their ranch property in Wharton County, Texas. He maintains an apartment in Austin.

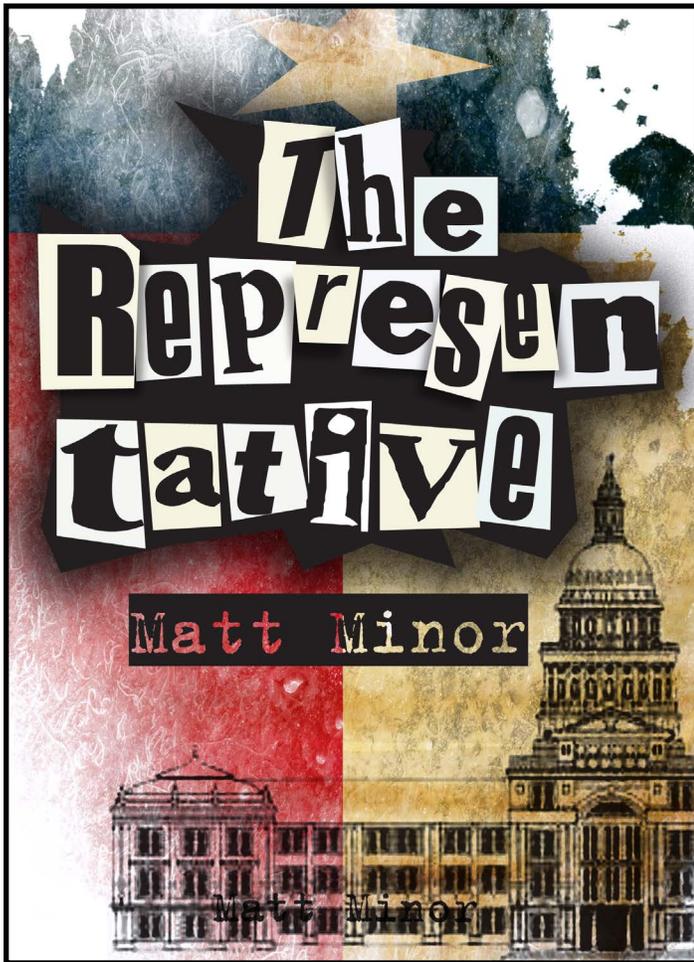
*“Not many authors succeed in mixing genres, but Minor brings in the right amount of romance to offset any cynicism about the political process.”*

—Texas Reader



**dead tree**

2309 Remuda Tr  
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A terrorist attack on the Texas border, attributed to Mexican drug cartels, coincides with the federal government's passage of a sweeping amnesty bill. This becomes fodder for the Texas Legislator, which pressures a weak governor to create a Select Joint Committee on Immigration Reform.

A handsome, charismatic former rocker and poet, John David (JD) Dothan unexpectedly wins his district when the long term Republican candidate goes down in disgrace. The night of the election the representative-elect hires a youthful, inexperienced, Tryphena Taylor as his Chief of Staff.

Quickly befriended by the Vice-Chair of the new Select Joint Committee, the freshman representative finds himself sitting on this prestigious yet controversial body with his "first love," Senator Rachel Logan. Together, JD and Rachael become the public face of the committee's contentious legislation.

Through a maze of liars, deceivers, egos, and the weight of his own romantic emotions, Dothan must navigate. But he is being pulled not only towards the ugly reality of power, but his own redemption as well.

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Before Dothan hit the open road, he found himself taking a detour; almost without thinking. This was Austin after all. And Austin held a special place in the pantheon of his memories. Twenty years ago the University Tower, like the Capitol dome itself, defined the Austin landscape, but no longer. The slim, phallic relic now acted as a homing beacon.

He exited onto Guadalupe, aka "The Drag," and faced another bitter disappointment. The once unique strip of coffee shops and bookstores was now a morass of generic corporate logos, like those seen in any city in America. This disgusted Dothan. But the disgust was overtaken by fascination at how brazenly he was trespassing, despite the generic signs and foreign structures, within the pillars of his Pantheon.

To his right, there appeared something that he had not thought of for two-plus decades: a simple convenience store. Although the name had most likely changed, (he did not remember it), the structure and parking lot remained intact. Indeed, the garbage dumpster itself conjured familiarity. He passed by and then decided to turn around. He pulled into the compact parking lot, got out of his car, entered the establishment and headed for the beer cooler. He experienced a vague feeling, like one sensing himself through a familiar room in pitch-blackness. Dothan exited with his beverage, stopped and surveyed the concrete as cars went blowing by.

It was nearing dark. While not quite the scene he recalled from his youth, with remnants of the day still lingering, it was close enough. Suddenly, he craved a cigarette.