



TWO WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Christmas was so overrated.

Nonetheless, I found myself standing in line for a coveted red cup of coffee, determined to drown my sorrows in white mocha syrup and ignore the fact that I probably shouldn't be paying six dollars for a drink when I'd just lost my job.

Excuse me—was *downsized*.

The aroma of slightly bitter beans wafted toward my spot several people back in line. One of the baristas had tiny bells on her sleeve cuffs that jingled every time she worked the register. The man in front of me wore a Santa hat, and it took more self-control than I'd like to admit not to bat it off his head like a cat.

"Everyone knows 'downsized' is just fancy holiday talk for fired."

I turned my woes away from Santa and toward my favorite co-worker—make that *former* co-worker—Piper Schaulis, who'd joined me in my quest for coffee-induced endorphins. She was just on her lunch break, though. I was on a permanent one.

Who gets fired two weeks before Christmas?

“Holly.” Piper faced me as we shuffled another step in the endless line pouring out of the popular coffee haunt in downtown Detroit. Her long dark hair poured like silk over the shoulders of her ugly Christmas sweater. As always, she somehow managed to look fashionable. And as always, I’d chosen not to participate in the ridiculous workplace tradition. “Look, I—”

“Wait.” I held up my gloved hand. “You’re using your ‘I know you don’t want to hear this’ voice.”

“I know you don’t want to hear this—”

“Aha!” I pointed at her.

“But you didn’t even like your job.”

“That’s not true.” I rolled in my lips as we inched up in line. Mariah Carey’s “All I Want for Christmas Is You” was now stuck in my head because of the social media reel I’d created earlier that morning from my suffocating cubicle. The reel I’d made through gritted teeth. The reel I’d had to remake *five times* because the client wanted more red and green instead of the gold and silver I’d defiantly used.

Piper squinted at me. “You threw away the candy canes someone left on your desk.”

I bristled. “That’s not work-related. That’s *Christmas*-related.”

“This time of year, Christmas *is* your job.”

“*Was* my job,” I retorted.

“Maybe that’s part of why you got let go.”

At least she wasn’t pitying me with the “downsized” lie. “What do you mean?”

“Because you hate Christmas.”

“I don’t *hate*—”

Piper crossed her arms and arched her dark brows.

Now it was Santa’s turn in line. He ordered a peppermint latte with extra sprinkles, which irritated me.

Okay, maybe Piper had a point.

“Fine, maybe Christmas is my least favorite time of year.” I grabbed a handful of my wavy red hair and shook it at her. “But how would you feel if you were a Christmas baby—a *red-headed* Christmas baby—named Holly?”

She shrugged one slim shoulder. “Grateful I had extra gifts at Christmas?”

“Ha. More like *no* birthday gifts, because everyone forgets. Well, except my brother, Ryan . . . but not even my three sisters or parents remember.” Ryan and I had always been close, more so than with our older sister, who was thirty-five, and our two younger sisters.

He never forgot.

“Okay, that one I’ll give you.” Piper dipped into a half squat to peer into the display case of holiday cookies and scones. “Birthdays should be remembered. Isn’t this a milestone year for you?”

“Don’t remind me.” I bit back a groan. “Turning thirty wouldn’t be quite so bad if it wasn’t the same month I also find myself unemployed. And single.”

“You know, those things aren’t so bad individually. You’re just stringing them together with a lot of specific inflection and making them sound worse than they are.”

Right again. But—“I want sympathy, Piper. Not a logical lecture.”

She held up both hands. “Sorry, that’s just how my brain works.”

Santa left. I lifted my eyes from the annoyingly cheerful row of holiday gifts cards to the green-aproned barista, who wore a smile and jingle-bell earrings the size of golf balls.

“What can I get you?”

“A new job.”

Piper’s sharp elbow made contact with my rib cage.

“I mean, a white mocha, please. Grande. Hot.”

The barista picked up a cup. “Peppermint shavings?”

“Heck no.”

Piper rolled her eyes skyward. “Throw in a shot of holiday spirit while you’re at it.”

It was my turn to elbow Piper.

The barista pressed her lips together but her smile still escaped. “Name?”

“Holly.”

Her eyes, laden with glittery green eye shadow, darted to mine.

“I know.”

She scribbled with her black Sharpie. “Six twenty-nine.”

As I pulled my coin purse free of my bag, I mentally calculated how many more mochas I could afford before I crossed the line from charmingly irresponsible to stupid.

“Don’t worry about it. Coffee’s on me,” Piper said, pressing my coin purse back into the depths of my canvas tote.

I hesitated, the numbers I’d been crunching fading. “You don’t have to do that.” I hated pity—but I also really loved coffee.

“It’s fine.” She shot me a wink as she pulled out her debit card. “*Merry Christmas.*”

“Funny. Also, thank you.” My cellphone rang, saving me from the explosion of Christmas cheer around me. “Oh, it’s Ryan. Let me grab this.”

He didn’t call often. Usually, we kept a running text message going, most of which consisted of slightly inappropriate memes and family gossip.

I left the line and maneuvered through the crowd toward the holiday-decaled window. Apparently real snow wasn’t holiday-ish enough anymore. Now we had to default to stick-on snowflakes. “Hey.”

Through the phone I could hear a keyboard clacking. Always

multi-tasking, that Ryan. He worked for Brand Blizzard in Cleveland, several hours from our family home in Point Bluff. “Have you heard?”

I leaned one hip against the stir stick and napkin station. “That I got fired? I did hear, actually.”

“What?” Disbelief coated his tone. “*You*, fired from a job you hated?”

Not disbelief. Sarcasm. “Cute. I’ve been there for almost three years. And if you don’t recall, it’s two weeks until Christmas.”

“Oh, I recall, *Holly Berry*.”

I stiffened. “That’s not funny.” Neither was *Holli-days* or *Holly Jolly* or the myriad horrid nicknames I was labeled with growing up. Kids could be cruel—even at Christmas.

“You’re right. It’s not.” Now his tone held genuine apology. “But this could be a good thing for you. Let me guess, they used the word ‘layoff’?”

“Downsized.”

“That was my next guess.” More clacking, followed by a few mouse clicks. “Sorry, I’m trying to finish this holiday jewelry ad before I leave for lunch.”

“Let *me* guess. Something about five golden rings?”

“Alright, Scrooge, what’s really going on?”

“Just a bad day.” I scuffed my knockoff UGG boot against the tiled floor. I was having a pity party for one, a party I didn’t even want to attend. But it was hard to un-RSVP. I kept picturing my boss’s face as she leaned across the desk, eyes sympathetic but firm. *Downsized*.

Sort of like my plans for the new year. So much for shopping for a new apartment. I was now gifted with figuring out how to pay rent on the one I had.

“You’re really bummed about this job thing, aren’t you?” Annoying Big Brother had turned into Protective Big Brother.

"I just . . ." I briefly closed my eyes. This was so embarrassing, but it was Ryan. "I thought I was going to get promoted."

"Ouch." *Clack, clack.* "That's awkward."

"To put it mildly."

A little girl wearing a faded pink jacket, at least one size too small, skipped past the window, her unmittened hand clutched by a woman wearing thin leggings and no coat at all. It had to be thirty-something degrees outside. The girl gazed longingly into the coffee shop, but her mom tugged her along with a slight shake of her head.

I shouldered my phone and fished in my coin purse. All I had was a ten.

"Ryan, hang on." I dropped my cell into my purse, call still connected, and pushed open the door. "Ma'am?"

The woman turned on the sidewalk to face me, bagged eyes wary. The little girl stepped behind her leg. "Yes?"

"I'd love to treat you and your daughter to a hot chocolate." I held out the bill, then gestured behind me to the warm store. "If you'd like."

She looked down at her daughter, whose eyes pleaded. Then the woman slowly accepted the cash. "Thank you," she said hoarsely and smiled. "Merry Christmas."

I only nodded, holding the door for them as they walked inside and joined the line. Then I returned to the napkin station and my call. "I'm back."

"Right." *Clack, clack.* "So, you were saying . . . bad day?"

"Yeah . . . but apparently not as bad as it could be." I took a deep breath. "What were *you* saying? You asked earlier if I'd heard? Heard what?"

"Heard I was coming home for Christmas."

Piper joined me then, both our coffees in hand. I accepted mine, mouthing, *Thank you.*

“I hadn’t heard.” I scooted out of the way for Piper to grab a napkin.

“You’ll be there, right?”

I hesitated. I had been debating the trip, dreading the big 3-0. It’d be much easier to handle my family forgetting my birthday long-distance than in person. Plus, I wasn’t sure I was up for the endless questions from my well-meaning sisters about my relationship status (still single) or my job (what job?) or my haircut (let them try taming curls in this humidity) or pant size (one higher than last Christmas) or anything else they loved to give advice on.

But with my recent job situation, going home for a week or two meant I could save on utilities—and groceries. “Maybe.”

“Well, plan on it. I don’t think anyone else in the Sinclair crew can make it this year, so it’ll probably just be us and Mom and Dad. We can’t let them be alone.”

I hated obligation almost as much as I hated pity, but I really loved that Ryan thought of me and him as a team. Not that I would let him know that.

Besides, if it wasn’t the *whole* family, that’d be a lot less pressure. Fewer questions. “Do you think Mom is still going to have that annual neighborhood block party?”

Ryan chuckled. “Is the Grinch green?”

Ugh. That might be a deal breaker. I wasn’t in the mood for fifty well-meaning locals quizzing me on my love life. No thanks.

“I promise you’ll be taken care of,” Ryan pleaded.

Taking a long sip of mocha while I considered, my eyes locked on the mother and daughter placing their order. The little girl bounced on the balls of her feet, so happy to be there. Her mom smiled down at her, tired eyes shining.

My brother was right. We couldn’t let Mom and Dad holiday alone. I sighed. “Fine. I’ll be there.”

Ryan let out a whoop. “It’s going to be a good Christmas, Holly.”

I offered a noncommittal grunt as I hung up.

Was there such a thing?



TWO WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

If Nick Kinsley never saw another red-suited man with a white beard, he'd be happy. He fought the urge to press the Delete key on the entire jewelry project as he adjusted the font size down. The client had demanded they incorporate five golden rings along with Santa in the new campaign, which made Nick's left eye twitch. They wanted social media graphics, billboard mock-ups, a new campaign logo . . . It all screamed Christmas, which made Nick want to scream back.

Everything was due tomorrow, and Nick's co-worker and friend Ryan Sinclair had passed the template to him before lunch for his "sharp eye" to look over the samples one last time before submitting.

Which meant Ryan was sucking up.

Which meant Ryan needed something.

"See? What'd I tell you? *So* much better." Ryan clapped him on the shoulder, jostling Nick's hand holding the computer mouse. "I knew you'd know what to do," he said and slurped the soda from his to-go cup from his favorite sandwich shop down the street.

Nick spun in his chair to face him as Ryan rested on the edge of his desk. Brand Blizzard opted for open workstations rather than cubicles, which had its pros and cons. Though lately, everything about marketing felt like a giant con. “Uh, I went from Garamond twenty-two to nineteen, man. I’m not a genius—you did the work.”

Ryan shifted his weight, hooking one leg over the other. The motion revealed his Buddy the Elf socks, ones he’d probably wear year-round if his new wife would let him. The faint strains of “Jingle Bells” drifted from the overhead speakers, adding to the tension headache climbing up Nick’s neck. “Well . . . it made all the difference.”

“Okay, what gives? You’ve been weird since you got off the phone earlier.” Nick tossed him the yellow stress ball that he always kept in reach of his computer.

Ryan snagged it with one hand and gave it a few pumps. “No weirder than usual.”

“Yes, weirder.” Nick caught the ball Ryan threw back, then paused. “It’s nothing with Lydia, is it?” The two had been married six months now, but the way Ryan talked, you’d think it had been six hours. “Don’t tell me the honeymoon stage ended already.”

“As if.” Ryan scoffed. “She’s obsessed with me, man.” He flexed one arm as if to explain why.

Nick raised his eyebrow.

Ryan managed to hold his straight face for about three seconds before his love-sick smile broke free. He shoved his glasses up on his nose. “And the feeling’s mutual, as you know.”

“As the entire office knows.” Nick threw the ball again, this time aiming at Ryan’s head. It ricocheted off his temple and bounced onto Nick’s keyboard. Thankfully, he’d already saved the template.

Though honestly, nothing about this campaign would feel

like a loss. If it had been his ad, he'd have tried to get the client to veer a different direction. Less cheesy, more genuine. Less commercialism, more family oriented.

But what would he know about that?

Ryan returned the ball to its designated spot by Nick's keyboard, between his AirPods charger and his favorite SHH, NOT YET coffee mug. "Three more days, and Lydia and I will be going home to Point Bluff for our first Christmas together." He spread his hands wide. "Freshly fallen snow, Dad's secret-recipe sausage balls, fifty rolling acres of my childhood. Lydia's going to love Christmas there."

"Nice. You got a good gift in the works?" Nick gestured to his monitor, which was probably the only one in the office that got dusted regularly. "I know where you can find a sale on jewelry."

"Funny. We just did the ring thing at the wedding. But I've got the gift covered, don't worry." Ryan took the last drag from his paper cup. "What are you doing for Christmas?"

"Good question." Nick leaned back in his chair. "I'm trying to decide."

"Oh yeah?" Ryan's voice pitched with way too much casualness, which meant he was up to something. Which meant Nick's assumption was correct—Ryan was sucking up.

Ryan cleared his throat. "Decide between what, exactly?"

"Which TV show to binge while I eat ramen noodles."

"Man, I know you're not into Christmas, but that's taking it kind of far." Ryan's forehead scrunched. "It's just one day a year. Family, good food . . . what's so bad about that?"

"Nothing, if that's your experience with the holiday." Nick snatched a sharpened pencil from his desk and twirled it between his fingers. He and Ryan had become better friends the past year. Ryan had even gone so far as to connect his parents with Nick about potentially investing in his dream—one out-

side of the advertising industry. But that didn't mean Nick had to explain why he morphed into the Grinch one month a year.

"So tell me"—Ryan tossed his cup into Nick's wastebasket, then hopped up on the edge of his desk as if settling in for story hour—"what's your experience?"

Guess they were doing this.

Nick hesitated, craning his neck to glance around. The rows of unoccupied desks, laden with twinkle lights and mini desktop Christmas trees, proved most of their co-workers were still at lunch—or already using well-earned vacation time to start their holiday early.

"My Christmas experiences . . ." Nick settled back in his chair. "Let's see. Last year, I played sick in order to avoid my parents, if that tells you anything." He cringed as he remembered getting sick for real a week later, which felt like a sign from God about lying.

Ryan crossed his arms, as if waiting for more.

"Okay, the year before that featured eating at a Chinese buffet alone while my parents were with a client in England." Nick snapped his fingers. "No, *Ireland*. And the year before that, I made it through 'family' dinner"—he made air quotes with his fingers—"but decided to bail about the time my mom, wearing pearls, mind you, toted 'homemade' cream puffs from the kitchen." More air quotes.

Ryan blinked a few times. "I don't get it. That sounds delicious." He leaned in from his perch, dropping his voice to a whisper. "I'm hoping Lydia grows into her baking ability. Don't tell her that."

"I'm sure they *were* delicious. The clients my parents were trying to impress at the time sure thought so." Nick grunted. "Probably wouldn't have if they'd seen the bakery box in the trash can like I did."

Ryan shrugged. “Doesn’t every mom try to pass off baked goods as her own at some point in her life?”

“Sure.” Nick returned the pencil to the holder on his desk, pausing to align it evenly with his calendar. “Once or twice. But *every* holiday meal for my entire childhood?”

Ryan winced. “Yeah, that’s a flag.”

“I couldn’t relax in my own home. Christmas for the Kinsleys was just another photo op, strategically arranged to help them climb the corporate ladder. Everything always had to be perfect.” Nick swallowed. Including him.

Until the one year he wasn’t.

The sheriff’s firm grip on his shoulder, the echoing ring of the doorbell. It all lived in Nick’s head rent-free, when he let it. Ice crunching under his boots on the porch step, waiting for his parents to open the door. Mom’s horrified face when they finally did. Nick’s pacing in front of the decorated mantel as Dad created a verbal symphony of curse words and threats. The snow globe Nick spun around in his hands, desperate to look anywhere but at the disappointment and anger on his father’s face.

Even now, fifteen years later, when Nick closed his eyes, he could still see the floating orbs of snow drifting around the globe. Tiny scraps of his epic failure.

He shook off the dark memories. “Long story short, I don’t have any cozy, come-home-for-Christmas memories like you do.”

He hadn’t mentioned the deeper reason for his hating the holidays, but that wasn’t anyone’s business. The point was, Nick had learned his lesson and intended to give back, so long as he could find investors for his dream. Ryan’s parents, Thomas and Grace Sinclair, had expressed interest—so much so, they’d called him privately last week after the conference call with Ryan and told him they were praying about a big opportunity

that might be just what Nick needed. Then they asked him to do two things.

Pray about it too.

And not tell Ryan.

“So, anyway, Christmas Eve ramen noodles it is.” Nick turned to his keyboard, busying himself with uploading the revised campaign files, hoping Ryan would take the hint and head to his own desk. Nick hated keeping secrets, especially from a friend, but he wasn’t in a position to argue with potential investors. Besides, the Sinclairs seemed like wholesome people. Surely they had a good reason for their request. Maybe they just preferred keeping financial matters private. Nick could respect that.

“Dude!” Ryan shouted suddenly, startling Nick. “You should totally come home with me for Christmas.”

“Aha!” Nick spun to face him, pointing. “That’s why you were acting weird earlier!”

Ryan scoffed. “I wasn’t weird.”

“Fine. What are the kids saying these days? *Cray-cray?*”

“First of all, never say that again.” Ryan slid off the desk, his pants finally covering his stupid socks. “And secondly, that phrase is already outdated.”

Nick spun back to his computer. “Thanks for the update.”

“I’m serious, man.” Ryan’s face, lit up like the overly decorated tree in the corner of the office, popped into view in his peripheral. “You should come.”

Nick dragged both hands down his cheeks, feeling his five o’clock stubble emerging several hours early. Did hair grow faster under duress?

“Nobody wants to be alone on Christmas. Not even you.” Ryan spun Nick’s chair back to face him. “Admit it.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me.” Nick wanted to pretend Christmas didn’t exist—not spend it on a picturesque family

farm like the Sinclairs'. Besides, being alone in his Cleveland apartment would give him the opportunity to spend his days off tweaking his nonprofit proposal. There were so many stages to incorporate, the biggest being acquiring the actual property and getting it bunk-ready for multiple teens. There were also other things he wanted to eventually include on the property, such as therapy dogs and horses, and a basketball court to properly channel aggression.

Once he got all the details typed out, *then* he'd be ready for the Sinclairs—or anyone else who might want to contribute toward helping troubled youth find their way.

Ryan pressed harder. "It'll be low-key, I promise. None of my siblings can make it, except my sister Holly. You met her once, last year."

Red hair and beautiful green eyes flickered in Nick's mind.

"Remember, when she surprised me for lunch that day she came through town?"

He remembered.

"Look, I'll be honest. Holly's bummed out. She just got laid off, and she's single. She pretends like she's not lonely, but I know she's got to be, in Detroit by herself." Ryan stopped his rambling long enough to draw a breath. "If you come home with me, it'll solve two problems."

Nick sighed. "Which are?"

"Giving you somewhere to go for Christmas . . . and cheering up my sister."

Nick frowned. "How will the presence of a near stranger cheer up Holly?"

"Because if you come it could be . . ." Ryan coughed into his elbow, the rest of his sentence morphing into the garbled sound.

Nick tilted his head. "One more time? Without the loogie?"

Ryan released a resigned breath. "If you come, you could be a date for Holly."

Nick blinked up at him. Once, twice. But neither the speakers blaring *Feliz Navidad* nor Ryan's sheepish, pleading expression changed.

Then Ryan's face brightened. "She hates Christmas too, man. It's perfect!"

"Sure. Two people with holiday trauma. Talk about a match made in heaven." Nick rolled his eyes. "Hard pass." He hadn't dated in a while, and honestly, until he got his nonprofit off the ground, he didn't have any business distracting himself. First things first.

"Look, my mom throws this big holiday block party. Holly always gets picked on at these things, and this year will be the worst for her."

A twinge of compassion flicked his heart like a guitar string. But . . . no. Holly seemed nice, but this wasn't his problem to solve. He had too many others as it was.

Ryan squinted. "Promise to at least think about it?"

"I promise to think about varying creative ways to keeping saying no." Nick's cell buzzed in his pocket as he turned back to his monitor. "No. *Non. Nein. Nee.*" He pulled the phone free and checked the display.

Grace Sinclair.

He kept the screen shielded from his friend. "Sorry, bro, I've got to take this."

"Fine, fine." Ryan backed out of his workstation. "But until I hear a no in Klingon, I'm going to assume you're still thinking about it."

Nick waited until Ryan was several desks away, then accepted the call. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Sinclair."

"Hello, Nick." The woman's warm, motherly tone startled him as much as it had the other two times they'd spoken. Definitely opposite from what he'd known growing up. No wonder

Ryan was so well-adjusted. “I just wanted to check back in and see if you were following request number one.”

“Praying? Yes ma’am.” Nick probably prayed more about starting his nonprofit than he did anything else—mostly because he figured the Lord wouldn’t mind hearing about something unselfish.

“That’s great to hear.” She cleared her throat. “And I trust you’re keeping this conversation confidential?”

He dipped his head. “Of course.”

“We feel this idea to start a teen camp is something special. I thought it only fair to give you a more specific heads-up of what Thomas and I have been discussing.”

Nick’s heart accelerated. “Oh?” Maybe they planned to contribute more than Nick requested. Based on research, he’d divided up the amount he needed to get started into sizable portions, looking for donors and sponsors to reach those smaller, individual goals. But maybe the Sinclairs had been praying about doing a double portion.

Hope shimmied in his gut. Could this ranch actually be happening? Could his career in marketing finally be nearing an end?

“We’re praying about not only contributing to your cause, but helping you find the property too.”

Nick leaned back, confused. “Um, sure. That’d be great.” He’d figured once he had the start-up funds, he’d use a real-estate agent to seek out the ideal location. Right now, he wasn’t anywhere near ready for that step. Still, it was a nice offer.

“I don’t think I phrased that well.” Grace sighed. “Thomas is always telling me my communication is lacking.”

Nick opened his mouth, unsure how to respond.

“What I’m trying to say, quite poorly, is that Thomas and I are considering moving when he retires after the New Year. We might be able to sell you *our* farm—for a song, of course.”

He shut his mouth with a snap.

“We’ve been blessed with a paid-off property these last several years, and we made a decent bit of royalties from an oil and gas lease on the land, and, anyway . . .” She paused, as if flicking away the details. “We’re set up now to retire and we’d love to pass that blessing forward.”

Wow. Nick cleared his throat. “That’s very generous, Mrs. Sinclair.”

“We really don’t want you to share any of this with Ryan. Until we’re certain—all of us involved—that our property is a good fit for you and your vision, we don’t want our kids to know we’re thinking of selling their childhood home and running off to Florida.” She let loose a nervous chuckle. “Especially right here at Christmas.”

“That’s . . .” Nick swallowed. The hope that had shimmied moments ago had broken into a full-out conga line. “That’s so generous, Mrs. Sinclair. I don’t know what to say.”

“I’ve been racking my brain for a way to get you out here to view the property without Ryan being suspicious.” Like her son, Mrs. Sinclair’s voice pitched higher when she was obviously nervous. “But so far, I haven’t come up with anything.”

“I’m sure after the holidays we can figure out—”

The holidays.

His heart leapt into an even faster rhythm. This was perfect. Sure, it meant he had to do Christmas on the ranch with Ryan’s parents—and Holly—but it would just be for a week or so, right? Besides, hadn’t Ryan said it would be low-key out there? He couldn’t pass up the chance to progress on his dream.

He might be one Christmas away from never having to design another holiday ad again.

“You won’t believe this, Mrs. Sinclair, but your son just invited me to come home with him and Lydia for Christmas.”

Nick lowered his voice, keeping one eye on Ryan's headphone-covered scalp across the room.

"Oh, that's perfect!" Grace's voice warmed again like fresh coffee. "What are the odds? Must be a God thing."

"Maybe so." He wasn't sure how that worked, but the coincidence was definitely something to consider.

"Well, we'd love to have you, and this way, we can get to know you and your vision a little better. We can make sure this is a right fit for everyone." Her voice wavered a little. "Just remember, Ryan can't know. None of the kids can."

Might be a little tricky, but doable. Besides, their reason made sense. "I understand."

After they'd hung up with the promise to see each other in a few days, Nick picked up his landline. He hesitated a moment before punching in Ryan's extension.

It rang twice before Ryan answered. "Dude, if you're about to say *ghobe*, you're definitely going to pronounce it wrong."

Nick smirked. "Hang on." He pulled up a search engine and hit a few keys to google Klingon. "What about *Hija* instead?"

"Wait. What?" Ryan let out a whoop. "Yes!"

Looked like Nick was going to Point Bluff for Christmas.