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Day in the Life: Asaf Alkoby

Interviews and Profiles





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Ramat Hasharon, Israel

6:31 am: I'm awoken by Ice, our kitten, licking my face. I desperately cling to a few more moments of sleep, appreciating the cuteness.

7:02 am: Taking a first look at my inbox, I digest a long thread of emails on an Asian tax structure while sipping my strong-as-hell morning coffee and fixing breakfast for my four kids and three pets. My brain is slow in the morning, so I fail to appreciate that my nine-month pregnant wife Gal fulfilled most of our morning routine tasks by herself. I answer an urgent copy approval item and start paying attention to my surroundings.

I am the head legal advisor to Corporate Treasury and Corporate Communications, and it presents a unique duality — working on highly complex financial instruments and multi-billion-dollar banking facilities and simultaneously handling “softer” aspects related to social media, ESG, and PR. I am also a transactions person by heart, supporting several large corporate business development projects each year, and counseling other units such as Security and Tax. If this unusual combination of responsibilities is making you uncomfortable, you may reach out to our Global Internal Audit unit (guess who the counsel is...).

7:30 am: Time to sweat. As a past professional volleyball player, sports are a huge part of my life. Unfortunately, we are now in a lockdown, and training at a house full of kids presents an entirely different challenge. So, I have to innovate: I bench-press 13-year-old Liam; carry an enormous pile of laundry while lunging; and hold a deep squat while clearing the dishwasher.

9:02 am: After a quick shower, I'm in a video discussion on an LPA draft for a sizeable investment in a global ESG-related fund. Since I didn't have enough time to shave, I only join by audio. I feel uncomfortable about my lack of lively presence on the screen, but on the other hand, I enjoy a true sense of freedom in being able to multitask. Such freedom allows me to be properly shaved and present for the second half of the meeting.

10:22 am: Order lunch with the work app and dive into emails. Three copy approval items, two MSAs with communication vendors, and a guarantee letter for an Irish affiliate. I mute my surroundings, completely disregarding 12-year-old Mylee right next to me, who is appearing to have some involuntary arm movements while standing in front of her phone, trying to lip-sync Drake's “Toosie Slide.”

Whenever I work on agreements, I enter a focused mental state. The effect is so deep that residues of contract language are left hanging in my brain for hours later. For example, I tell nine-year-old Liroey to clean his room, “including without limitation the snacks landfill next to his X-box, and without derogating from any of his other past and/or future obligations.” Obviously, he didn't take it well.

11:11 am: I review proposed language for a new Corporate Security appendix and acknowledge the fact that it's a cool hour. Mylee is still TikToking next to me.

12:03 PM: Lunch time with the tribe while my unread emails keep growing by a basic reproduction rate of $R\{1.8\}$ per minute. I grab some bites and clear dishes while being astonished by the state of my kitchen — it's as if a stage 5 tornado casually passed through.

12:43 pm: I lay back and try to relax, as I have 17 minutes until my next call on banks KYC forms. Four minutes later, the sound of Liam playing basketball disturbs my peace. Coincidentally, the sound of a pounding basketball generates the same effect on my brain as discussing KYC forms.

1:30 - 3:02 pm: Video conference with the digital channels team on some proposed updates to our social media policy. Unsupervised, seven-year-old Yali emptied a huge stash of Skittles and is running around the house, blue-tongued, and madly sugar-rushed.

3:02 – 4:11 pm: Video conference with external lawyers to review one of our debt facilities. I try to see if any of them, who all appear extremely dressed-up on the screen, are actually wearing shorts. The edge of a knee sticking out confirms my suspicions about the senior partner.

4:11 – 5 pm: I clean one part of the house together with Gal, while the kids mess up the other part, and so forth, until we give up.



The

Alkoby Family

5 - 5:55 pm: A management presentation where a lot of words like “cadence” and “adaptability” are heard. I also heard “disruption” and “digitization” — it was so 2018.

5:58 - 6:25 pm: Dinner time: flipping eggs and pouring some water, then enjoy a five-course meal prepared by my wife and claim the credit for dinner. Kitchen has now been officially declared a nuclear fallout zone.

6:30 – 7:11 pm: Call with the accountants to review some aspects of our securitization program. We are productive and finish early, so I use the time to complete some of my company-mandated trainings. I intentionally disregard my long overdue Travel Policy training, as I refuse to waste seven whole minutes while my passport is gathering dust.

7:13 – 8 pm: I complete some assignments for a notary certification course. I think that Mylee is still

TikToking somewhere.

I am always a student. In 2020: I completed my NY Bar Certification, mastered carpentry by building a treehouse, learned Italian pizza baking, and most importantly, became a wife and Zoom technician.

8 - 9:24 pm: Shareholder agreement discussion with counterparts. I try to keep my “serious” poise, although I’m constantly being nagged by copy approval items. They never stop coming. Weekend is just over the hill, so I endure.

9:24 - 11:59 pm: The kids are quietly sleeping (or are they?). I enjoy the comfort of my bed, read financial news, and clear some mail items while watching the Barcelona soccer match. Gal is trying to induce me to a binge of *Bridgerton*. I respond that it’s a breach of our evening TV non-solicitation arrangements... and receive a chilling stare.

12:01 am: Push notification regarding lockup extension by another week. Damn.

Note from the author: Any connection between events depicted herein and real life, is merely consequential, incidental and/or indirect. Nothing in the foregoing shall be deemed a factual representation without the addition of a grain of salt.

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