

The Day I Decided to Become a Millionaire

By Are We There Yet



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We all want it, we all need it. No, I'm not talking about sex. I'm talking about money. Lots of it.

It hit me the day I realized that with one easy step, I could solve most of my problems. I just needed to become a millionaire.

Money hopes are everywhere. We fantasize about money, buy lottery tickets for it, start home businesses on the side and look for different jobs. What we all want to know is how to get it. And as much of it as possible. We also want to know how to get this money without slogging away in the beige labyrinth of cubicle land, staring out of a window that doesn't open.

I came up with a few standard options – robbing a Brinks truck, but that would inevitably end me up in jail, which was not going to get me rich either. And while I was five bucks ahead with my big lottery win, I'd need to add several more zeros after the five for it to count. So lottery tickets were out, too.

Then I thought of a technique – Train Your Brain. Train Your Brain to Be a Millionaire! Hey, it worked for Napoleon Hill. He thought and grew very rich. No reason it couldn't work for me. I could just train my brain and become ridiculously wealthy. I would find the kinds of thoughts that would get me rich, put them in my brain, and then I would be rich. Seemed pretty straightforward.

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I started blinking very energetically, trying out my new skill that was going to make me a billionaire. My co-workers were now openly staring at me. Maybe I shouldn't practice in the office. Someone might steal my fantastic new idea. I wiped the drool off my chin and tried to remember what I was supposed to be doing.

Oh yeah, I was proofing a piece written by a journalist who doesn't speak English and was paid astronomically. "She wears the family jewels with the jeans for a casual look." Hmm... So is she referring to the massive sapphire necklace the model is wearing, or did she mean the model is a transvestite who likes jeans? I looked at the clock. Five to five. Transvestite it is. I let her keep her family jewels, complete with jeans, press save, send, shut down the computer and run out the door. I had a lot of work to do.

All the way home, I practice my blinking. I think I'm getting good at it. Millionaire stardom, here I come.

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