

# The Day I Decided to Become a Millionaire

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By Are We There Yet



Photo credit: Will Keightley via Flickr

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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The question was, what were those thoughts?

And like many questions, this one was answered when I least expected it, while I was sleeping.

I hadn't noticed I had fallen asleep. I was at work, nestled comfortably in behind my computer screen, the warm sun pouring through the windows, covering me like a blanket. The only sounds were muffled keyboards clacking and an Oldies But Goodies radio song floating down the hallway.

I felt wonderful. I felt a lot less wonderful when I woke up because my head had jerked backwards and there was a stream of drool winding down my chin onto my neck. On my screen was a long line of jjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjj. As in, ten pages of jjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjj when my finger also fell asleep on the keyboard. Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against the letter j, it just doesn't make for fascinating reading. That's when I realized my co-workers were looking at me.

So I started blinking.

I've found that blinking really helps me to wake up and focus. Not just ordinary blinking, but energetic blinking. It's like exercise to get you going, only you don't have to move too much. Very practical. And if blinking worked for me, then surely it could work for others.

That's it! I had found the answer. I could start a noon-hour exercise class, where you just lie there, and blink. It would be a hit. The next big thing, like hot yoga or Pilates. I could start a school, issue diplomas to Certified Blinking Instructors, while people lined up to get into classes. It would be written up in The New York Times, and I'd design special blinking clothes with matching resting mats and a whole line of blinking gear. I'd be famous, wealthy beyond wealthy, and barely have to work at all.

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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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