

**I Don't
Want To
Be A
Millionaire!**



by
"Mr Salesmanship"

More than twenty years ago these very words were shouted at me most vehemently by my very closest friend Richard, who was always either Rick or on occasion Ricky. I remember so well my reply, rather sheepishly, as the out burst was so unexpected, I retorted “don’t worry about it, as long as you know, you don’t want to be, then you won’t”. So now, here we are twenty years later and he is not a millionaire. He has in fact made quite a lot of other people so, but yet not himself. He did not want to be one anyway. Had he in fact wanted to be one, the few, who can actually want this distinction, then this classification would have been his by now. You who read these words now, can make the same decision that my dear friend did, or simply read on as to how quite unknowingly, he made so many other people wealthy, whilst he just made a living for himself.

My friend Richard is a builder, apprenticed trained and by his own choice a perfectionist. He thrives on a job done properly, which in turn means his customer referrals are to such a volume he needs no other advert. The thing which for me at least, does not completely add up, is that his work has made so many who he has worked for a fortune, whilst he has just made a living. He takes on jobs that transforms all kinds of buildings the end result common to almost all of them being the value that is added to the properties. Some of which I have personally observed to be spectacular.

In that vein none more so than my own, where the shout, the title for this short story occurred. I first met Rick about the time I bought this, can I say, home that is now semi famous as my residence. To lend clarity to the proposition of my dear friend and his personal view of wealth, I will describe briefly the property as I first bought it, before an extremely ambitious and complex restoration plan was put into operation.

A group of several very small farm workers cottages, which had been converted to a single small holding immediately before world war one. At the time of my purchase, three beds, one bath, dinning room and kitchen, one reception room. At that time the rest of the property, being farm buildings, conversions from the original group of small cottages all of which were under the one roof.

Now add Ricky, who first came, (as I now realise) his reputation is built on exactly this, and did quite sizeable piece of work to the property. Efficiency stood out a mile, in every possible aspect, the obvious result being the discussion of further work. Before I tell you the, for want of a better term, end result, to all this work. Let me say that quite regularly, I comment to those around me, just how much better off they could be, if at least they thought about being so. This in technical language is referred to as motivational skills, which I have always been amazed are not taught in schools, or at very least in special classes.

Over the years at least some of this as rubbed off at last on Rick, and though by no means could the title millionaire be attached to him, he is at least quite well off. Taking into account that Rick and I have spent over twenty years working a bit at a time on this house, then to some extent I can say that he as not been the easiest of my students of personal wealth creation. There has been I am happy to say, been very many more than Rick who have been a whole lot easier to work with and did not start out saying the loudest possible “no” to personal wealth.

Working on this house along side Rick, as a student of civil engineering, has nevertheless been a great joy, for me. As to which of us has learnt the most from the other, I don't think worries either of us. What over the years we worked together became of the house? A short description

today is, five bed rooms, three bath rooms, two reception rooms, ballroom, freezer and laundry, double internal garage with an external further garage and workshops of considerable size, professionally valued three years previous to this date of writing at well in advance of seven figures. Rick himself did not want to become a millionaire, but instead, he made me into one.

This story is but one small part of that which I have observed all life long. There's lots of ways to tell it and scores of implications, but the bottom line reads the same no matter which way you come upon it. Which is that most people just want to earn a living, they gave up having big dreams when they gave up believing in Santa Claus. (see:- "[Do You Believe in Santa Claus](#)").

No matter who you are in this life, certain words said to you some time in the past will have stayed with you. Maybe you do not remember any of them right at this moment, but they are there nevertheless. For me a short statement I heard almost a life time ago, is one of them "Good people are busy doing some thing, and they do that until they find some thing better to do". Let me say I believe these words still to this day as much as I did the first time I heard them. In practice however, that I observed over all these years, people are slow to make a change, even frightened to do so, for every reason you can possibly think of, all of which when examined more closely, are in fact excuses. Staying with only the part story of building my house, I can describe quite literally scores of people, who by listening to my advice have improved their performance many times over and thereby their personal worth. For thirty years I drove Rolls Royce motor cars, on at least two occasions I had three of them at once (see pictures at www.mrsalesmanship.com). All over this country and abroad, people have said to me, "I wish I was a pound behind you". It wasn't until the house

was completed before I ever took this comment seriously and gave any thought to teaching my principals. Since which time, I have printed thousands of books, lost count of the lectures and personal classes given. Now in retirement surrounded by wealth, the only thing I still really want to do as time permits is to show others how to do it for themselves. This of course will only apply to those who want to be richer, not those anymore that as this title depicts have to be forced into it.

At which point I believe I should return to the main story line, my regular readers being quite familiar with my ramblings that take me away from the story as now, so then I have to find a way back. As the building of my home progressed and many more people and indeed crafts came along so indeed did many more business people, including those who would decorate and even furnish. This hive of activity, where in the first instance my only interest was that of constructing my home, started to show me a wide array of business opportunities that could not be ignored. Practically every craftsman who worked on or inside the house came to look upon me to find them other or further work. As a result of this, I became almost an agent for some and what amounted to a major distributor for others. Now, at this point if you find difficulty in earning money, let me assure you that like anything else it is only difficult when you don't know how. Try to think of just how many different trades are involved in the full undertaking of the whole thing, the number of people. Now if I am not going too fast for you add this to the mix; about the time the house was completed, I was introduced to a Mr Donald Moore, an expert in the field of self publishing. At which point I had not so much as heard the term let alone know any thing about it. The story of both me and my house fascinated Donald. Who firstly wrote me up in his magazine he published, after which, as a result of requests from his readers, he not only wrote more about

me but persuaded me to write articles for him and his magazine. The success rate of which opened the next door, where I came to write all the stories of the people who built my house in books that sold thousands of copies.

At the time all this came to pass, I wrote all my magazine articles under my own name, but far more was happening in my life than just simply that what is written here on these few pages. I adopted the, what at first was a pen name that later through popularity became a title “Mr Salesmanship” The more complete story of, can be seen under the web site of the same name.

When I started this writing I was tempted to entitle it:- “Stop It! Stop It! You Will Have Me Making Money!” Believe it or not, I have actually had that said to me before, in fact, does not the title I have used, what Rick, shouted at me, amount to the same. So, now what’s your excuse, what are you going to shout at me when I tell you I could make you, rich if you want to be, or, better off, especially if you can tell me how much better off you want, or at least would like to be.

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