

MISSION

What I'm about to show you is a proven way of earning \$\$\$ every day by using the resources in this book. Not only will you see a viable income stream come into your bank account, but you will also see a rise in your social media presence; Also, a natural rise in Twitter followers, without having to buy "Fake" followers, and your "personal brand" will rise in ranking on various search engines, including Google.

The secrets I'm about to show you are well worth the price of this book, as you can research all of these resources yourself and see what's been working for others around the world.

Preface

"The first slightly offensive 'How to' Social Media book."

When I first began my journey online, I was a typical consumer. I watched YouTube videos and laughed along with my father at people doing stupid things, and I ordered CD's and DVD's. I had no idea there was a world bustling out there, communicating, bartering, complaining, exploiting, shopping, buying and selling, all online. Yes, I knew about "chatrooms", but that was as innocent as watching a soft porn B movie late at night on Canadian TV.

Then there was Ebay. I don't need to get into specifics here. We all use it. But, at the time, I thought it was a miracle of sorts. Not only could I sell things that were essentially molding in my home, for almost more than I paid for it, but there was also the feedback and reviews that customers left when they were happy or mad, mostly happy about their purchase. That was my first connection with the world out there: the World Wide Web.

I was determined to get rich, no matter what, at a very young age. The first scheme I devised was to buy and sell a Lamborghini. I read a lot of my dad's car magazines and saw the

classifieds in the back of Road & Track. I was only twelve and thought I could get a buyer for the Lamborghini I was drooling over, somehow work a five day float where I get the money from the buyer and give it to the seller right away. I had never heard of the term “middleman” before, but that’s what I was trying to do.

Soon, there was a call from a guy wanting to buy the Lamborghini I didn’t have. My dad answered the phone and was confused as to why someone was calling about a Lamborghini, until he thought of me and laughed while explaining to the man on the phone that we didn’t own one, that it was his son with a wild imagination at work.

For some reason, I picked up very early in life the sense that everyone was motivated, excited, and driven to earn money. I knew it was the icing on the cake of life and I wanted my share.

Chapter 1 – My Investing Foray

Well, it didn’t start out that way. I was more excited about Rock music, girls and partying. With those three ingredients at play, my dreams of amassing wealth was deduced down to the bleak reality of hangovers, no motivation and poor self-esteem. My role models were unhealthy and so was I. I lost the drive that I had as a child, that sparkle in my eye for a better life, and I crumbled before the starting line of my adult life by dropping out of high school, and telling my parents to kiss off.

After a running around for a few years, I decided I needed to work to get out of the downward spiral. I didn’t have a college degree, let alone a high school diploma, so I had to start at the bottom.

I had been a dishwasher when I was sixteen and worked my way up to being a Line Cook by the time I was eighteen. Looking back, it was not really an accomplishment for getting promoted from dishwashing to cooking. It just meant I could flip a burger and not overcook things until they resembled leather. The pay increases in the restaurant business were ludicrous. When I received a raise it was usually in 25 cent increments. But, there was still a sense of accomplishment, even if I did hide my pride from the other co-workers, who were too busy smoking pot in the freezer to care anyway.

I realized that I could get bigger checks if I worked two jobs, and get Overtime by asking hungover co-workers if they wanted to give me any of their shifts. Pretty soon, I was working fourteen to sixteen hours a day. I could eat for free at work and my rent was next to

nothing. I hadn't gotten into credit card debt yet, so this was an easy time of life for me, even if I was on my feet sixteen hours a day.

I was bringing home sizeable checks, but I had expensive tastes, like my father, and of course I wanted things like a four thousand dollar high-end stereo. I burned through money, shoes, and clothes from the greasy kitchens I worked in.

As I got a little older, I was tired of working like a slave laborer, so I discovered "saving money". I had never in my life saved more than a thousand dollars at a time, but I was now working at a restaurant that was next door to a stock broker.

I would drop in and ask about certain stocks. I felt rich being there in the first place. The broker and his secretary were nice and respected me, so I thought. At least I felt like they were there for me, and I had never felt like that before. It felt like they were working for me.

Soon, after a long week flipping burgers and making waitresses mad, I would bring the broker my cash as soon as I cashed my paycheck across the street. It was like the Bermuda Triangle for my money. I earned it at Point A, cashed it at Point B, and invested it at Point C, all within 20 minutes.

When I would go home at night, I studied the brochures they gave me, and in the morning before work, I would swing by and ask them how the stock market was doing. I was excited that my greasy broke ass was getting smiles and feedback from fancy stock brokers.

Soon, my \$12 an hour income was contributing to a sizeable portfolio. I was very proud to see that my portfolio was now \$17,000! I was so proud that on days when I was depressed driving to work, I would grab my statement from the glovebox and look at the numbers, especially the daily gains column. It made flipping burgers tolerable, and it gave me a sense of purpose, a sense of pride outside of the restaurant business.

I was giving the broker everything I had for a few years. Unfortunately, this was in 2004 or 2005, when the DOW was over 14,000. My portfolio had some stocks that were going to crash, along with the stock market, like Citigroup.

When the stock market crashed, Citigroup went from \$52 a share to \$1.93 a share, at the very bottom. I was very scared, but the risk-taking side of me wanted to buy more Citigroup at 1.93 to bring down my original purchase price of Citigroup of \$52 a share. I had learned about "averaging" out a stock by buying on the dips and selling on the highs. It took about \$4000 to bring my original purchase price of Citigroup from \$52 to \$32 in a year. It still looked bad, I had lost about half of my portfolio value.

I was furious that my broker had recommended Citigroup and other stocks that had crashed, and one day while he was eating a BLT I had made him, I asked him why the hell he recommended it to me. He mumbled that he didn't recommend that stock to clients while chewing on some bacon, his mouth full of sandwich and pieces of bacon landed on the table. It was kind of symbolic, his spitting out pieces of something I had made in the kitchen for him.

I took a couple years off from doing anything foolish with my money, besides buying tons of useless things on several credit cards with my newly established credit rating. After working and going home every night like an automaton, I was getting restless from being listless and decided to inject some endorphins into my bland life. I discovered Pennystocks!

You might be asking by now, "What's this have to do with making money on Twitter?" And, I would kindly reply, "Good things happen to those who wait," Or, "Life is a waiting game," Or, "F*** OFF!" So, hang tight my lightning quick thinker, processor person, savvy & chic metrosexual consumerator.

Pennystocks were a whole different ballgame, with quickening light returns, peaks & valleys, and huge payoffs and losses. It was my cup of tea. Being only twenty five, with nothing to lose, I put every penny I had into these unregulated demons.

There were the OTC stocks, meaning "Over The Counter", which were passed around without any concern from the normal investors who stuck to the big trading houses and stocks. OTC stocks were not the worst, though. Pink Sheets were the dregs of the market. Hell, anyone could practically create a PinkSheet stock for their company.

With no real data on these companies, these stocks were basically driven by news. The news could be "made up" from the owners of the companies themselves. Then, Pennystock groups and chatrooms got into the game and helped promote these stocks in waves. The whole game was called "Pump & Dump." The traders on the inside would load up on the shares of a particular company, wait for the news to release monday morning and sell by the end of the day when the price had peaked. Some waves of gossip pushed the buyers into a frenzy and a peak could last a few days. If the company turned out to be the "real deal", the price kept moving up for a few months.

Out of desperation to make serious money, I loaded up on a Pennystock that was going for .0007 a share. That's right! .0007 That's 7 Ten Thousandths of a penny! So, a hundred bucks could buy you 142,857 shares! Ridiculous right? Some people made a few thousand dollars in a day on these pennies, others lost their house, just like gambling.

I bought in just on the hype of the company. I felt like it was legit when the president responded to an email on the status of the company. He said everything was great, they just needed more investors and capital. It was an IT company, which is scary in itself, because a lot of the IT business needs were met with the creation of apps & downloadable programs. The evolution of the internet squashed a lot of these companies, just like the Tech Bubble of 90's did.

Anyways, I watched my total investment of \$5000 turn into \$135 dollars in the course of a year. The stock split a few times, then did a reverse split and then farted and died. That was my second big loss in a few years, all funded by a \$12 an hour job flipping burgers. I guess you can say I was thick headed and a martyr for idiots everywhere. Instead of Jesus up on a cross, I was holding a burning piece of worthless stock while holding an apple fritter in-between my legs.

I felt so defenseless, watching my hard earned cash shrink into single digits. What was more unnerving was that the CEO of the company was recommended as a "follow" on some social media sites, like LinkedIn. So, his face appeared once in awhile, this wonderful bright smile emitting from his carcass of lies. It was a slap in the face, like other defeats in life, I was beginning to expect these hardships at whatever cost, but it was hard. I couldn't afford to keep playing with the big boys, at least thinking I was, with \$5k here and 5k there.

As I ignored my ETRADE & ZECCO portfolios with screaming red negatives, I looked on the internet for more opportunities. My mindset was still stuck on investments, like stocks, and ETF's, when I discovered HYIP's. High Yield Investment Products were the shiny whores of the night, promising pleasures of the flesh on a discount. They were elusive, not owned by anyone, and disappeared after you gave them money.

I was taken by these shady investment products. I wanted to research these HYIP's and get in on the game. I found a site that ranked HYIP's, and I diligently took notes in my yellow notebook and circled the winners with the highest yields. Some of these shiny whores were promising 2-5 percent a day! Compounding!

I was mesmerized & repulsed at the same time with HYIP's. Some of the websites were poorly designed and had typos on their Homepage. They were obviously crafted in some shithouse in Nigeria with a bunch of greedy tribesman standing around one of the first Apple computers.

Then, there were the ones that had bright colors, pictures of Lamborghinis and girls with guns, more like video game graphics than a financial product. I didn't care. I wanted my money in one, working for me as I slept and dreamed about money.

I was bemused to find that these HYIP's didn't use regular money. Money had to be transferred to an overseas processor (think foreign Paypal), then converted into "e-currency", then transferred to a HYIP. I quickly found out that it was hard to get a large amount of ecurrency at one time. These processors were small, so circulation of ecurrency was limited. If

someone made a lot of money in a HYIP, they would have to use several methods to get their funds out of the HYIP's. Liquidity was for shit.

I signed up with a processor that I won't mention, and transferred funds to them using my debit card. It took about a day or two to see my funds in my dashboard of that processor. When it was available I was relieved that it worked and was excited to start buying my shiny whore HYIP's.

I bought about five of them. Some were transparent in giving me a daily summary of my money working, and others were silent & bitchy. I wanted more. So, I transferred more funds until I had about 2k in the processor and the HYIP's. I was buying into so many HYIP's, that my processor pointed out to me that if I checked a certain box in my dashboard, then the HYIP's and I could deal directly from within my account, meaning they could get access my funds without me logging out and back in again. Essentially, I relinquished my security to make it quicker and easier to purchase these whores, I mean HYIP's.

I was so excited about making 2-5 percent a day, that I went to my parents house for dinner and told them the news with glee and sweaty hands. I then sat down to watch TV after dinner and act like a BMOC, sipping on Chai tea watching 60 Minutes with my dad.

It had been an hour since I had checked my balance in my processor. I was excited because I had just bought ten new HYIP's, but I had 1500 left in my processor to spend. I ran upstairs to check on their computer. My heart dropped when I logged in to the processor and saw a giant 0 in my balance. My funds were completely gone. Not one cent left behind. This couldn't be! I logged out and back in, as if rubbing my eyes to wake from a bad dream. 0. Again, 0. Again, 0.

Apparently, by checking that box allowed one of the shiny whores, now a terrible ugly whore, to wipe out my account. My money was free for the taking. The Nigerian Tribesman were laughing, as they moved their computer from one shithouse to the next to avoid detection. Okay, I will stop using the words Nigerian & whore. I'm into Law of Attraction, not Flaw of Subtraction.

I was thoroughly crushed. This was bad. I felt violated and robbed. My personal information was everywhere, entwined in this corrupt underworld. I felt like a drunken businessman in Shanghai. I looked at my dad and whispered that I had been wiped clean. He didn't really understand what I meant, but he saw the water welling in my eyes and felt truly sorry for me. He didn't tease me about anything for a few months after that.

After the heist, I tried contacting the FBI's fraud department. I left the name of the processor and the HYIP I believed took my money. Of course nothing happened. I was S.O.L. I couldn't look at my e-currency account anymore. It was like returning to the scene of a crime

where someone was stabbed, like me, right in the Frontal Cortex where these stupid ideas were formulated.

So, when the dust settled of my hard-earned cash burned to ashes, I had no immediate plans for my future. I was stumped. I couldn't go back to booze because that took something else of mine: my spirit & soul, not to sound too R&B-ish.

Chapter 2 – The Digital Revolution, or Devolution

After licking my wounds and gaining some false sense of importance, I discovered the InterWebs. They were frolicking about with Digital 1's & 0's, and people were playing with them. I wanted to play also.

I discovered that a lot of people had control now of their content, and they could bypass the large conglomerates that used to control what the public bought, listened too, read, etc.

I was excited to get in on the action. For years, I had been trying to record my music and get it out there, just like millions of other musicians. The thing is, I wasn't that tech savvy. I had the drumset, the keyboard, the guitar, but no fancy software or any recording setup.

I researched ways to sell my music. I hadn't even recorded a full song by myself before, I was always the dude behind the drumset in some garage playing covers with stoners. No, I was playing guitar, keyboard and drums because friends come and go, and it was more reliable to do it myself. So, I laid down a drum beat, then a guitar part, etc. It took a few tries to synch everything together. It was still sloppy. I didn't use any software to play any instruments. It was my weak attempt at creating songs, like a poor man trying to cook gourmet with a can of beans and a 40 ounce bottle of malt liquor: Impossible.

When I completed my first song, I was excited to send it out into the world. There were these distribution websites, a.k.a aggregate services which acted like a go-between for the musician and the big distributors, like iTunes & Spotify, where the musician pays something like \$9 dollars a song to be added to the music catalog, a fee that usually reoccurs annually. These aggregate services will publish almost anything for a dollar, including my music & quirky Ringtones which I produce later.

After uploading my music, via a MP3 or WAV format, I then upload a picture and a title and it's ready to launch into the world in 24 hours. Musicians came in droves to do this and what

a lot of experts feared was a dilution of quality of music, when the big pile of shit from the masses began spewing out of consumer's speakers. Musicians feared that their "space" of musical genius would be tainted by their fugly next door musicians. It didn't happen. There was enough digital "shelf space" for everyone, but the music industry faltered any ways. No one knew who to turn to anymore for great music recommendations. Everyone had their own way of downloading, or buying music they liked. There was no more "expert" in recommending great songs. The music industry was handed down to the consumer in a triumphant ceremony, where RiRi kissed Chris behind the speakers, OMG, really?! OMG!

Thus, ERIK NARCISSIST was born:



ERIK NARCISSIST

BIRTHDAY: 10/11

DIED: 10/12

I was so excited to be heard that I looked for any outlet where I could sell my music. Of course, every site charged something. I spent hundreds putting my songs on "internet radio", and other storefronts. I waited for the sales to come pouring in.

It seemed like a year before I got my first sales report. I was ready to brace myself for a big surprise. I tried acting like a humble sage who didn't care about money as I downloaded the report. But, then I saw it. A big "1" behind my song. 1 download in two months!

Okay, I was just too experimental sounding for the U.S., I thought. I will turn my normal named Twitter account into Erik Narcissist and Spam the shit out of the Japanese. Not only did they have to worry about Tsunamis, they now had to worry about the Erik Narcissist Explosion.

I had the brilliant idea of Direct Messaging every cool Rocker-looking Asian by using Bing Translator. I came up with a message, like "Get ready for the NEW Alternative Rock." I couldn't just DM every person I saw, I would be suspended on Twitter, I would be sent to Twitter jail, so I would leave the message as a reply in their tweets.

I'm sure the majority of them were offended, especially after discovering that Bing Translator sometimes completely fudged up the translation. I showed a sample to a buddy of mine who was Mexican. I made a note in Spanish to show him that I was an expert in translating messages. He laughed after reading it and told me that I wrote something referring that I liked men.

I spent three to five hours a day dropping these Japanese translations into reply boxes of every Asian "Rocker" I could find. Once in awhile, I got a "cool", or I got a copied message of the Twitter rules. For some reason, I didn't go to Twitter jail once.

After awhile it felt like I was hitting my head on my desk. I was trying so hard that every minute seemed like an hour with no results. There was a little voice in the back of my mind that told me that I didn't spend enough time with my music, to get it to the best it could be. I slapped it together, and I knew it deep down. But, at the time, I was driven by the dollar, not my true calling, and in the end I didn't get both.

The moment of peace came when I finally let go. It was a "fuck it" feeling that evolved into an inner-calm. Pretty soon, life got back on track and the obsession of my music dissipated. It was liberating to climb out of the trenches of Twitterville and breathe some fresh air. I could leave the house without feeling like the Unibomber.

When the bad taste dissolved, I needed to switch it up and take more risk. Having been dissed by the music industry, I switched to Ringtones.

Ringtones = 30 seconds of outlandish, zany tidbits, like commercial jingles. I had my keyboard and special effects on my microphone, so I thought the creative possibilities were

limitless. Soon, I created timely classics, such as “Dog Ate My Face!”, “My Butt!”, and “Don’t Fall Down with a Beer in your Hand.”

My earnings went up to two dollars a month, because Ringtones were a dollar a download, and two people out of 7 Billion liked my shit! After six months I barely had enough to pay the yearly fees to the digital publisher.

Soon, I had the realization that none would sell. I had created 25 of them, not fully realizing that the annual dues would be \$250. I would surely lose money. I spent the next year unsubscribing each song manually from my Dashboard. The means to unsubscribe were as difficult as going through a muddy bootcamp course.

Again, you’re like, “What the Hell does this have to do with making money on Twitter?” Well, hmmm, would you like a doughnut? No, seriously, this book will offer a secret that’s worth at least ten bucks.

After my dismal results from my first attempt in the digital marketplace, I went back to self-loathing, then to brainstorming. For there was an entrepreneurial spark deep inside that would not extinguish.

I soon discovered KDP, Kindle Direct Publishing. I didn’t discover KDP right away. There were many false prophets exclaiming their expertise in the digital publishing realm and they wanted to help me. The fees to publish with these false prophets ranged from \$200 to \$2000, depending on the bells & whistles of the package.

When I discovered KDP, it was magical. I had a whole suitcase in my parent’s attic of poems, snippets, journals, diaries, old college essays, etc, that I could regurgitate. The possibilities were unlimited.

Little did I know that I was two to four years behind the self-publishing craze. I think as a rule of thumb mainstream is two years behind “cutting-edge.” I was uncomfortably sardined together with the Mainstream and I wanted out. That was the first regret of my life, wishing I hadn’t partied all those years away, then again, those years signified my youth, so fuck it!

Like many other wannabe authors, I wanted to create a “memoir”. Today, I think most literary critics and agents cringe when they hear the word: Memoir. But of course, I thought I was a unique snowflake, and my story would be different.

Besides the tacky connotations associated with memoirs, it was a blessing in disguise (cliches remaining:2) to uncover the skeletons in my closet (Cliches remaining:1). I would write

about my drinking and the downward spiral associated with it, and not to mention the heart-attack at the age of 32.

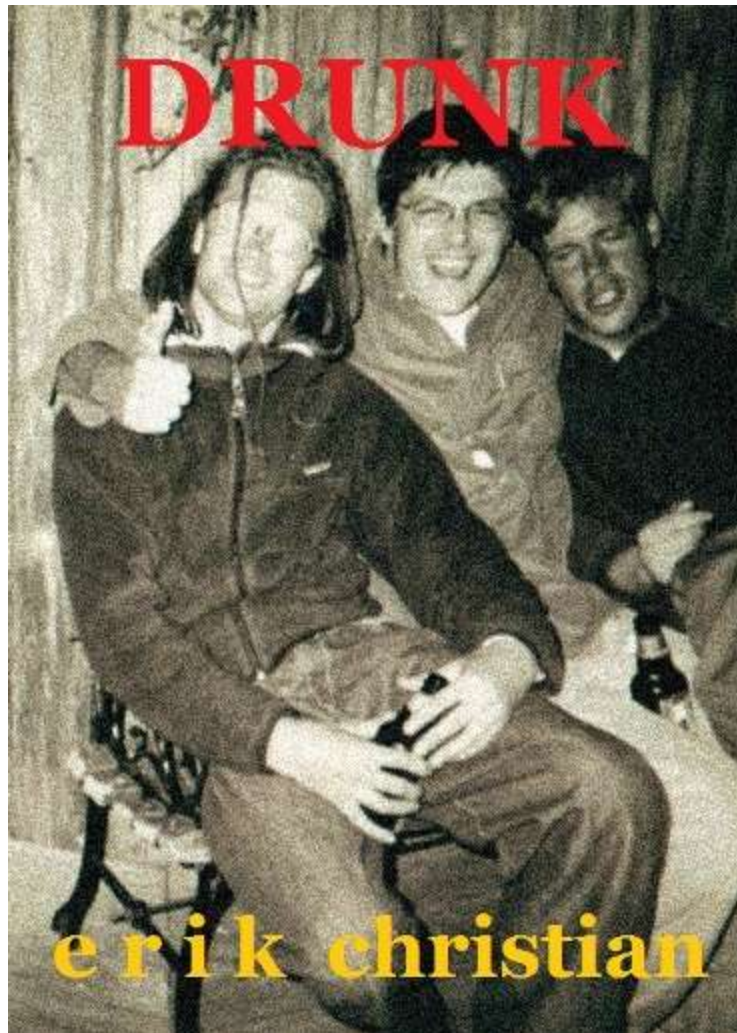
I began to write 2k words a day. After a week it was exciting to see 14k words, and after two weeks 28k words. It reminded me of saving for my IRA, flipping burgers to create a 20k nest egg, which I then lost on those other whorish investments.

Discovering KDP was a Godsend. All it took to publish was to write a document in Word, Save as a Doc., upload a quality book cover (yours, of course), 500x800 pixels, set price and click "Publish". Yes, your title matters, and add popular key phrases and words in your "tag" area. The book will be live in 12 hours roughly, if you didn't steal your content from anybody else. Plagiarism is just as bad as stealing a baby from a supermarket, if they still sell babies at supermarkets I don't know.

After a few months my novel was complete. I had researched for editors online and the one I wanted was a fancy lady editor from NYC, for \$1400. I felt bankrupt just thinking about it. I ran out of money contemplating editors, so I was left with the risky choice of editing myself, or wait until I found a cheaper editor. I chose publishing it. I wasn't the perfectionist type and I was antsy to go "live". I had a great photo where I was wasted with some friends, which was the story of my life for sixteen years. It was perfect, since I was covering Alcoholism in my book. I used Paint in Windows 7 to add the text. I was pleased with the result:

Erik Christian reveals truths that everyone can relate to. It's a look into the fast times and the downside of binge drinking, of heart aches, heart-attacks and heart-felt honesty.

This is a story of a young man experiencing life on life's terms, and his experiences with the highs and lows of Alcoholism. Here is a man who starts out with an immortal ego of youth and promise, then begins his descent into the dark underworld. Unable to hold a job, will he climb back up to the safety of society, or will life close the door?



I was nervous about negative reviews. My first review was about three months later. I wasn't aggressive in promoting my book and hadn't heard about Goodreads, critique circles, review exchanges, etc.

I was relieved to find a five star review one morning and discovered it was from a friend on Facebook. Luckily, he read it and enjoyed it of his own discretion, because I hadn't told him about the book.

Then, the other reviews trickled in from my blog followers and everything was hunky dory, until the "Real Public" started leaving negative reviews. The unbiased reviewers let me have it. "No Proofreader", "Not My Favorite Recovery Book", and my favorite: "Don't get it!" were among the 2 star reviews that threatened to drag down my 4.5 star rating. It was humbling. That book was my baby. I hadn't even looked through it after I published it for six months,

because I was too afraid to find typos. But, I cracked open the document saved on my computer and read through it. It was such a piece of shit, and mostly still is, but I had to come to terms with it and start taking out the glaring mistakes and useless words, like “Really, Like, Always, Never.” It sounded like I was a cheerleader on Crack. I could hear my reading voice popping bubblegum in the background as I read it over.

Publishing that book, basically blind, had its obvious detriments, but paradoxically it allowed me to let go of something dear to me, and if that flourished then great, if not, I learned a valuable lesson. It seemed like the book did better when I wasn't hovering over my monitor, slamming my fists on the table because my rank was going down.

I used Twitter to promote my book. It does make a difference in sales. That's why it's imperative to build your Twitter followers. Without Twitter, my sales were 5 books a month. I know, disgusting right? I can't believe I'm revealing this, but for the writers struggling with numbers like these I love you with all my heart, because you're doing it!

Sales were slow also because drunks are taboo in our society, and some Americans are just too conservative. When I tweeted my Amazon book link on Twitter, followed with hashtags like, #amwriting, #Kindle, #Author once an hour, deleting the older tweet so your timeline, Wall, or whatever you call it doesn't make you look like a spammer, my sales went up to 20 books a month. If you write in more popular genres obviously your sales will eclipse these pathetic numbers and I applaud you.

I took time off from the book for lack of sales, and from the subconscious blow to my ego every time a day passed without a sale. The ego is a funny thing, it makes you believe you are the best at everything. My ego had me up there with Bukowski, Hemingway, Whitman & Updike. So, I peeled off my costume and climbed off the float in a parade of deception and became myself: humble, vulnerable, angry, dissatisfied & manic.

I began posting on my blog again. This time I spat it out without a filter. It was risky putting it all out there, but something miraculous happened: people loved it! The more I showed, the more they loved. It was a refreshing form of writing that is hard to find in the heap of “social media experts”, expounding their untested theories. Here's my post on it:

VULNERABILITY MARKETING

“We don’t need to be a Social Marketing Specialist to know we are slaughtered and inundated by slogans by marketing gurus on the internet, that promise traffic, recognition and profit, if you just follow them, read this, or try that.

If you look closer, these same marketing specialists have very little followers on their various social platforms. Why is that? Because they are faking it! They’re faking it until they make it, or until there is a solid, predictable marketing method in place that they can stick to. No one really knows what truly works yet to drive traffic and sell products from your site.

It’s time to get back to basics, back to good wholesome feelings that people still use in their social activities during the day. No one wants to listen to a know-it-all dressed in a business suit at a neighborhood barbecue, or a person who comes into a room of strangers and tries selling something to everyone. He/She becomes instantly despised, and that’s the same for the internet.

The most successful people are the ones that wear their heart on their sleeves and is not afraid of expressing true feelings. People can smell fake a mile away, so be real. Stop bragging about your credentials and listen to your clients. Listen without thinking about what you’re going to say next. Stop placing dollar signs on the faceless victims that just needed your help.

When I first started writing books I thought about all the things I thought people would like. I talked about sex, drugs and Rock n’ Roll. I was so engrossed with my idea of cool, with what I thought my audience wanted, when in fact they were patiently waiting for me to grow up. They wanted a solution to the madness. They wanted to get a nugget of wisdom that floated somewhere deep in the bile that I was producing.

It took a few years for it to sink in. People wanted the guts. They wanted to know the real me. I didn’t write that way. I was looking to be the next Jack Kerouac or Chuck Palahniuk. I thought my audience would be so entertained with my memoir about drunken theatrics, that they would propel me to stardom. I lived a lie, and my sales reflected it.

The World is changing fast. I don’t see a lot of people drinking and smoking anymore. It’s not like the seventies, or the HBO series Madmen, where every scene someone is holding a drink and a cigarette. People want healthy, and they want to extend their life as long as possible, not destroy it.

When reality slapped me in the face, I stopped running with my ego, sat still and looked within. The noise slowly disappeared. The money schemes subsided, and I was able to listen to my real heart. The true voice came out and wanted to reveal what I had been doing wrong for all those years. People began to listen. They wanted to see my face and know my name. I began to write without thinking about the outcome, about the dollars and laughs. I wrote without thinking about how I could benefit from others. The more selfless I became, the more people listened. It was miraculous, the simple act of letting go produced some of the best stuff I had written.

It seems that the majority of people who use the internet to market themselves are fixated on SEO, branding, backlinks, tags, adwords, and a million other tricks. Some people hire ghost writers to add content to their blogs so that search engines can find them better and drive their Alexa rank up. It's a mad dash to the invisible finish line and feelings, especially vulnerable feelings are squashed. Don't people realize that everyone is writing about how to market content. If everyone is talking about marketing content, who is writing the content?

What I believe people want is HONESTY. They want to know you are just as scared about life as they are. They want to see your grief, your happiness, and what makes you tick. They don't want another data report about SEO, or how to "go viral." They want Bob to walk out of salesman mode, sit down and really talk. If Bob doesn't, he is just another bullshitter.

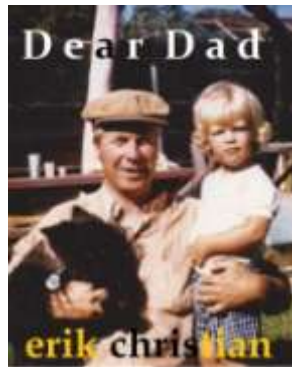
I wrote an article awhile back that was called, "Ten Ways In Being Man." It was meant to be satirical, clever and marketable, I thought. No one liked it. I pulled it. What people really like are the posts about how insecure I get in life, how I made it out of a downward spiral. They didn't want comedy hour, they wanted Erik to be Erik. There is a lot of value in letting go of the façade, and in today's lightening quick world, people are starving for real more than ever."

Yes, it's not the most polished, but the feeling is there. I left it unedited for all you Motley Crue Uncensored fans looking for another bootlegged item: "Come on and dance!"

The more I wrote these type of posts, the more people commented and followed. They were suddenly engaged. It was like my voice finally reached the surface from the depths of incomprehensible babble. I felt alive and just as important as other popular authors who had a voice. I demanded a spot in the invisible Arts & Letters department of the Interwebs.

After a year of these outpouring posts, I had the idea to compile them into a book. What an idea! Blog Books were already blogged down, but what did I know. The first title the book received was, "In the Blink of a Blog". Somehow sales seemed mysteriously nil, so I changed the tags and the name to, "Dear Dad", shortly after its release.

The most powerful post was one about my dad and I, hence the name and cover of the book:



“I know you were under stress, raising my sister and I and starting a new life in a new town. It just seemed like yesterday when mom christened the boat, with a thick bottle of Champagne at the launch dock, your five year labor of love built from scratch in the backyard, which joined other boats floating in the harbor. You worked with your hands day and night, maybe trying to forget your own past with your old man, who drank a lot and napped in a dark corner of the house with a shotgun. You wanted a semblance of normal, which exceeded Normal and went into that little sneaky devil: abnormal. Our family floated through hundreds of hours of Television on automatic pilot, as mom got breakfast, lunch and dinner ready and a silence fell on us at the table. You wanted to throw the ball with your son, who had the curly little blonde locks of hair, which you had mom cut and save in an envelope because it was precious to you. It was that day when you tried throwing the ball to me and it hit me in the mouth, that we never had that innocent chance at play again. We both became adversaries with our ego, to see which one would crumble first. Silence filled the house except for mom, who begged me to speak to you. Your anger was built upon a deceptive family legacy, patched up on the falsities of manners and forced laughter. We tried and had moments of true Father and Son, watching the geese migrate overhead, from the loveseat in the living room. You tried coming to school events when I begged for you to stay home. And when it was your turn to share something personal with me, I looked away. Never eye to eye, until one day I left and didn't return. It broke you. You and mom went to counseling. Mom had nightmares I was dead. Two years passed as I, unknowing to you, lived two blocks away. A dread filled me and it sobered me to come home and reconcile. Our Big-headed game of Chicken with our egos was finally over. You opened the door as I came back to you and there was peace and it's been that way ever since. I love you.”

If you're starting to think that I'm shamelessly plugging my products, you're absolutely right. . .No, this is not about promoting my content, but rather a guide to show the evolution of my marketing attempts, my failures and near successes.

Dear Dad was surprisingly becoming a success. They say let your product do the talking, and if it's crap no one will listen, or something like that. Sales began to gradually increase, and all the reviews were unsolicited, genuine and filled with praise. I believe that's what you get when you let go and reveal your heart, without the ego yelling in the background, "Look at me! Poor me!", Or, "Let me talk your ear off!" Anyways, this concludes my personal story thus far in the creation of musings and dark fictional truths, my oxymoron mind you, gotta get one in there somewhere.

Chapter 3 – Online Income

It's going to be a great task to add entertainment to this next chapter, so bear with me if my tone completely changes and my eyes glaze over, as my head tilts into silent reflection of the last drink I drank.

Here's the appetizer to great Online Income:

I'm not going to Julienne fresh basil, squeeze lemon and pan-sear your shrimp. I will give you a head of Iceburg and a couple of raw prawns for you to create with: think Chopped of the internet variety.

First, I want to start with Microjobs. These are great for the short-attentioners, like me, who want to make a little here and a little there. The most popular one being: <http://www.fiverr.com> Go there and browse through jobs, some are comical and some make complete sense, like "why didn't I think of that!" sense.

Create an account. It's easier if you click "Log on using your Facebook." Then, fill in a username and password, and you're set! Most Social Media platforms these days let you register

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