

Great Life Swindle Series

**THE
GREAT
LIFE
SWINDLE**

**How the world has been
stealing your natural
success & great life and
how to get it back**



LAURA TONG

Global Feel Good Company

The Great Life Swindle

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Great Life Swindle Series

*Co-author **Mark Tong***

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Also by the Laura and Mark

The Great Success Swindle

The Great Motivation Swindle

The Bollocks People Tell You

More Bollocks People Tell You

Buggering Around Travel Series:

The Dog's Rollocks

Wild Dogs And Nutters

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Thanks – Laura & Mark

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Disclaimer

No one likes to have their time wasted and we don't intend to waste yours. We believe passionately in everything we say, do or produce. Our aim is to get as many good people like yourself out of the *Great Life Swindle* and into whatever version of your Great Life you should be living at the moment. And we try to do it in a fun, entertaining way because nothing worthwhile was ever achieved, taught or learnt earnestly that couldn't have been better (or more effectively) achieved with a bloody good laugh. So the tone of our books is not always serious, but the message is – please don't confuse the two!

This is a FREE ebook. We do mention other books, blogs and products that we have created to help you recognize and escape the *Great Life Swindle* and then go on to claim that Great Life that's waiting out there for you. If you want to go and check them out (some are free, some are not) then that's great but we do link to them. However this book can be read as a stand alone read as well as an introduction to the series.

Sometimes we use strong language, or swearing, or 'earthy' language whatever you want to call it – this because that's how we think and talk and that's how life makes us feel sometimes. If you don't like it, **please don't read this ebook** – delete it or pass it on to someone who has different sensibilities.

There are no miracle cures, answers, magic spells, incantations to the universe or instant get rich/successful/happy/tall/beautiful/fat or thin schemes inside because we don't believe in any of them and we're assuming you're smart enough not to either.

The ideas here were not passed down through generations of wise old gits, from sage to guru. They are not the result of thousands of hours of meticulous research that proved nothing except what you already knew (that most 'experts' have their own agenda).

If you think it will help others on the first step to being swindle free and happier, then please rate this book, if you have time, review it and if you really liked it, pass it on.

Introduction – Arguments with Yourself

Think of this book as a prequel, a bit like the Star Wars series only less confusing. You can watch the first film which is actually apparently the fifth in the series and then watch the third, which is the first episode without seeing er, but it's that much more er.., maybe I choose a bad example. Okay, think of it as a collection of thoughts and inner arguments you may have had or be having with yourself, all neatly(ish) typed up. It isn't necessarily in a logical sequence because that's not how most people think, usually the brain goes back and forth, randomly attacking problems and ideas from different angles until sometimes you feel like a mad person.

You see, the problem with the *Great Life Swindle* is that it is so cloaked in normality, so universal that when you're caught up in it, it's almost impossible to figure it out, work out what came first... from the inside at least. And that's the challenge because the swindle is outside *and* inside your head. You need to change how you think as well as act, or more accurately, how you were *taught* to think and act. Nine tenths of this isn't new to you at all. So what with the guy you haven't met yet, who rushed to gain a refund as his life was perfectly on track and knew it all already? Does it matter? Does it fuck! It wouldn't matter if the sense of it all was disseminated by black rats sweeping across the nation like a plague – same far reaching, epidemic results, but with less boils and more people left to actually enjoy the awesome alternative that is on offer to everyone, the life they should be living, *their* Great Life.

So this book is a series of imaginary arguments with yourself, half-baked ideas and thoughts that might just be swimming around your head right now about how all this stuff really works – relationships, success, motivation, work, money, happiness, society – you know, *life*. And maybe you've noticed that somehow what you've been taught, shown and told about all these things that make up 'life' is a whole bunch of cock! Which is why you might find yourself disagreeing with some of the thinking in the book – because it is swindle-bound thinking – this is the *prequel* – the antagonists are still caught up in swindle-centered thinking. They recognize it, but don't necessarily see the way out clearly: the rest of the [Great Life Swindle Series](#) is a continuation of the process with the end result you emerge swindle-free, able to hunt down whatever your idea of your Great Life is.

The other problem is that when you're caught up in swindle-thinking you have to give swindle-based-examples, so we mention money for instance because if you're caught up in

the swindle you may equate money with success, happiness, desire and a whole load of other stuff. In truth sometimes none of this has anything to do with money, it's just a by-product or not even part of the equation, but it's universally (mis)understood, so it's a good example. But you haven't got all day, so let's get going...

*

Life Rule for the Common Man no.101

You do not need self-improvement, you need life-improvement

You're fine as you're, it's your life that sucks

*

You're Fucked in the Head.

*

We're all fucked in the head.

*

Your sister's fucked in the head, your workmates are fucked in the head, your parents, school teachers, boss, Government, the whole world's fucked in the head.

*

There is so much head fuckage going on that none of us are getting the Great Life we want.

*

WHAT A SENSELESS WASTE OF WHAT COULD BE A FANTASTIC LIFE!

*

It seems that from the moment you're born, people are telling you crap, they're stuffing crap in every hole, man they are really cramming it in there. It's coming along as caution, advice, opinion, scare stories, panic, worry, aarrghh! If only they'd stopped, you might have had a chance.

But they probably didn't and now you're an adult and crap is pouring out of every hole, (much like when you were a baby). Only by now, you think crap, hear crap, speak crap, watch crap and probably eat crap; but this isn't a book on healthy eating because that would be adding to the crap. Eating's easy, right?

WE DON'T WANT A CRAP LIFE ANYMORE, WE WANT A GREAT LIFE!

You've had a really good idea and I mean a really good idea, a ground-breaking, fortune making, incredible idea, but where did it go? You've had others too, fantastic ones, large and small, business and personal. Some were a bit wayward, some were off the dial of lunacy but supposing you had managed to try some, or even one of them? Life could have been very different. You could be looking at a *very* different future right now. If you piled up all the great ideas that have never seen the light of reality, it would make us all very angry; angry for the lost opportunities to try something, prove ourselves and feel great about something we did. So we're going to find the way and break out, and break out with fun!

Because we know what happens, we've all been there, that masterstroke of an idea, it was pure genius, it had all the hallmarks for success; originality, simplicity, do-ability, there was

probably even a market for it if it was in the business sphere. The truth of all this has been proven, because some other bastard has since done the idea and made it work, sometimes on a scale of international success, sometimes on a smaller stage but either way we briefly despise their very being for having the gumption to do something we didn't manage. We want to be the ones up there, we want our ideas out there, whether big or small, financial or charitable, business or personal and we really want others to see how great an idea we have. But something has stopped us so far and we're looking for an answer, not a scapegoat but an answer.

Sometimes when making the transition from who you're, to being a super-happy, successful person with life sorted, there seems to be a few distasteful stages to go through and blame might just be one of these. Nobody wants to admit to looking for someone to point the finger at, but damn!, it makes us feel better for a while. It eases the disappointment a bit, sometimes quite a lot. Hell, we're as human as everyone else, after all we like fried chicken as much as the next guy, (or maybe fried chicken veggie substitute – each to their own). So maybe if that's the current stage, it needs to be worked through. It does make you bloody tired though, and it would be great to get through it quickly and clamber out the other side.

It's all the conflict, all the bloody earnestness that does you in, it's so knacker. All the trying to do two things at once with three different ideas and having no real idea who the fuck we're anyway and how we're supposed to behave and what to do next. Surely it doesn't have to be like that? There are others you know, other types, weirdos who don't have the same constant monologue of different voices shouting rubbish in their heads, switching ideas and plans at every turn. You've seen them, serene, shiny, successful beings who are getting on with things in their world, and not just getting on with things, but also being successful whatever their version of that is and not just getting on with things and being successful but getting on with things and being successful and bloody well enjoying themselves as well.

WHAT A BUNCH OF TOSSERS!

...maybe we could be tossers too?

How did they learn to do it? What's different about them? How come they can do it and we can't... yet. They've got it though, haven't they? It's almost indefinable but they've got it and we want it and some how we're going to hunt it down and no amount of difficulty or hiding the secrets or wrapping up the truth is going to stop us.

So the hunt is on, we're ready, adrenaline primed and sweaty, with hearts pounding,

although that might be the coffee or the coke, because every great assault on life starts with one, maybe two, possibly three shots just to get the brain in gear and the cogs working. That's how it is isn't it? So we're psyched, because the prize looks huge, it's going to be amazing and we're going to feel like GODS!

BRING IT ON!

Just a quick bit of domestic shit to sort out first, clear the decks as it were. We said we'd do it and blah blah, it'll be much less hassle to just do this one thing first and then sort life out. Got to get your priorities sorted, after all...

*

It's proving quite tricky this sorting life out, in fact it's proving monumentally tricky! We keep making changes, we act on advice, we get mentally fired up and push ourselves to do stuff that we really don't feel like doing, but the results seem quite negligible, there's no real appreciable difference in the way things end up. And then after a while, it seems that has dwindled down, and what the hell was it that was going to be so great anyway? That idea we had was never going to work, another hair-brained scheme, crack-head stuff!! Honestly, we'd better snap out of all this mucking around with crap we don't know about and get on with what we do know. After all everyone else around us is doing that aren't they? Let's have a go at that because they're happy right? They've got a good handle on things, life's looking good and they even have time to watch TV and go on package tours and Hoover the car on Sunday morning. Man! Our lives are a mess of half-finished projects and half-baked ideas and no future at all.

What the fuck is our future?

It's going to take something radical to get from here, to over there, that Great Life where we want to be, but what? Change the way we do things?

Behave!

Maybe we could change, if we had an example to follow? So there's a glimmer of hope, someone we know seems to be breaking out, they're doing something right under our very noses and it is going to be the answer. They are absolutely certain of it. It's going to be just the thing to get them where and what they want, and it's going to happen in time for us all to see it. The party starts, the dreams are brought back out of the cupboard, promises are made and smiles fill every room in the house. We're there. We're right there, faces pressed against the glass, squinting to take in every piece of progress, ready to imitate to the letter. The grass starts to

grow up around our feet as we wait for great news of the new life having arrived. It's getting embarrassing hanging off the windowsill week after week, can't they hurry up and get there. We want to imitate!! We want what they promised each other, we want what they want and frankly waiting any longer is an idea that pisses us off. It pisses them off too and the dreams are hurled, into the garden with the full strength of an angry mob, left to rot. Bugger! That was supposed to be our ticket out, some info on how to do it, how to have an idea, formulate a plan and emerge full of the expectation of life being fun and what we want it to be. Others around try it too, at various stages in the year. It's your year; and they are sodding around taking their time about it!

Can't they hurry up?

We want the answer but enthusiasm starts to be overshadowed by the embarrassment of being the gawping guy, always asking questions, always looking on. But how the hell else are we going to find the answer?

And what happens when it all stops? The energy for trying things disappears from your group, your circle, and then what? The bastards have baled out, they gave up, they talked the talk and then gibbered excuses and then stopped talking altogether and now have settled for a different plan to the one you want, in truth from the one they want, which is no problem except you now have no-one to learn from, no-one to study, no-one to imitate.

The bastards and they said they were mates!

Okay, okay, let's not panic here; there is still an answer. We know we learn by example but the examples we're being given aren't leading to the result we want. We know that for certain, we've been watching them for twenty years! Okay so maybe there's a little bit of panic. They were our hope, our assurance, our promise, they were supposed to be paragons of success for us to follow but they blew it, they blew it right out of their ass and even though we still love them, there's less to say each time we meet. But the truth is the truth, and the truth is that we have lost our examples to learn from. So we're going to have to try something new. So what do we need? Think!

**

"Coffee?"

"Stick with the matter in hand! but alright we'll put the kettle on while we think. Right, think!"

"Biscuit?"

"Lovely, thanks. Right, where the fuck were we?"

"Our mates are bastards and we have a reputation for gawping in windows trying to ponce off other people's ideas for success in life".

"Well that's not too bad a place to be.... is it?"

"There is definitely room for a new plan...a new plan... a new ... plan...another biscuit?"

"Fuck the biscuits! We want a new life, not fucking biscuits. We want a fantastic life, a Great Life and we want someone to help us, to show us how, we want a new set of people around us. The successful sort. The ones who know. The ones that are doing the stuff, actually working the plan, making it happen, and making it look really cool, not giving up".

"Oh yeah, cool. Then we'll be cool".

"Cool and Ciao!"

"Cool and Ciao!"

"Cool, Ciao and Sexy".

"I've don't think I've ever felt cool, ciao or sexy in my life".

"I think we're looking at reincarnation".

"Bollocks! How the fuck do you get reincarnation?"

"Get hit by a truck?"

"But how do you get reincarnation, without being hit by a truck? I mean by staying on this planet and actually come back to a new life as what you want and not a fucking mouse, or a weasel, or someone terminally lost in life who just keeps trying things and runs out of mates and ideas and steam and just fades away".

"Yeah, just falls off the fucking page".

WE DON'T WANT TO FALL OFF THE PAGE!

"We want people to know who we're even though we mostly feel like mice and sometimes weasels and possibly terminally lost types who just keep trying things without any real idea. No, not even though we feel like that, despite feeling like that!!".

*

We've always felt like that, it's just normal – the mice, weasel, lost in life bit, not the wide-eyed, jerky, caffeine junkie, that's new. That's quite new and quite nice really, it keeps us in the game, 'live to fight another day' and all that.

There's a surge of anger as the sugar leaves the system but the coffee lingers in the veins.

*

"But we're tired of living to fight another day, we don't want to fight..."

"... we want to fucking win!" "Where the hell were we? Oh yeah, the way we feel, the way we've felt for longer than we can ever remember. In fact we can't ever remember it being any different. We want to be swamped with sunny memories of triumphs not to be wallowing about in rambling thoughts of wondering what the hell we're doing".

"Wallowing? Really?"

"Well maybe, there's a bit of self-pity in there, discoloring a few triumphs but there's not enough cards in there to play the trump. We want to switch that round, we want so many positive memories and feelings to call on that when we have the opportunity to behave like mice, we shout: FUCK IT! FUCK BEING A MOUSE! FUCK IT ALL!"

"Do you think that will help?"

"Who cares, it's got to make you feel better. Shouting always does. Look at the Spanish, they live longer than almost any other European nation and they're shouting at the tops of their voices 24/7".

"Cool. I'm going there".

"Great plan, except we've moved how many times in the last 12 years? We've lost count, just like we've lost count of the jobs we've had in that time and the amount of projects we've started and the number of hair-brained bloody schemes we've tried".

"Oh no, we know exactly how many hair-brained schemes we've tried. There's a little chip on each shoulder, marking the number".

"Fuck! Is there really, a chip for each one?"

"Yep! a big, fat greasy chip for each one".

"I don't think shoulder chips are the french fry sort"

"Maybe, but that's probably unimportant! They're there and they're weighing us down. They're bloody well stopping us moving on. They're like fucking video tapes of all the times things didn't go well and they play over and over and over".

"Crikey!"

"Yeah crikey! They're keeping right here where we're now - stuck here. What the hell are we going to do about them?"

"Fuck knows".

"But the successful people as we call them, must have had all this crap or at least some of it surely. Can it really be, that some of us are born to flounder around in shit all our lives? Wander around, having no idea how to do things, lurching from one disastrous debacle to another?"

"Debacle! Where do we come up with words like that from! We don't speak like that, we don't think like that, we don't even watch ponsy dramas with stuff like that in, its all in there somewhere though isn't it? Where the hell has it come from?"

"It's head fuckage of the highest order".

"No, no, no; there is head fuckage of a much higher order than filling your brain with useless nonsense. That we could probably cope with, once we'd got over the downright rage we have for all the wasted time spent reading crap, listening to crap, watching crap and then passing on the same crap..."

It's all in there, trust us.

"Right, so back to the shiny, successful people, surely they have been through the same things, disappointments, failures, realizing their idea wasn't even crazy or unworkable but downright, utter bollocks, although, maybe they don't see it that way".

"What other ways are there to see it?"

"Fuck knows but we have seen them all like that and we don't feel like the people we want to so something must be different, wouldn't you say".

"Hmm! good point".

"Right so let's pretend that some of the ideas and plans and so on had been successful, that some of the people we'd met were more like us, that the things we're disappointed about, aren't quite the way we see them".

"Maybe, we'd feel differently about them."

*"Fuck that. Maybe we'd feel differently about everything!! If we stop running those videos and play some new ones, new ones where we're Steve McQueen, James Bond, *Darth-Fucking-Vader* if we want, whatever the result is we're looking for, maybe we'd feel more like the people we want to. What do you think?"*

"I think you're fucked in the head".

"I am and thank you for pointing it out because now we know there is an answer".

"What laud around riding motorbikes in storm trooper outfits, drinking ponsy drinks served at the right temperature, I'm not entirely sure that's gonna help".

"Whatever it takes, my , whatever it takes".

"Have we gone slightly off the point here by any chance?".

"Totally, that's what a head full of crap will do. There's millions of studies to prove it".

"Yeah and there are studies that say if you eat French soft cheeses you're less likely to die in a plane crash but they aren't useful either. We need studies of the people we want to be..".

"But how do we get them? Think, damn you!"

"Internet, everything is on the Internet now, there's bound to be..."

"...loads more shit to fill our heads with. We need to see it for ourselves, we need to do it, try it, taste it, live it, breathe it".

"Have you had a stroke?"

"Looks like that to some people doesn't it?"

"Yeah, it looks like that to me!"

"Yeah me too. But not to the people doing it. It's real to them and I bet people don't take the piss so much when you're happy and successful, living the life you want, the way you want, believing in yourself".

"I bet you can't hear it even if they do, what with all that toughened bullet proof glass they live behind".

"You know if we take the piss out of the people we want to be, we're really in trouble".

"True. Shame though, I'd be sorry to lose the art of ripping the piss. It's taken years to get to the point where we have an opinion on almost everything and everyone, and hold a complete arsenal of outrageously humorous, no... hysterical remarks, ready to pull out at the drop of an aardvark".

"The truth can be such a bastard".

"So about an hour ago we had got to the point that the people we want to be have probably had some of the same kind of things happen to them and we want to know why it hasn't stopped them, like it's stopped us. How come they have managed to carry on and get shinier, more successful and have more fun and do more things and all that stuff".

"I think we were saying that maybe they look at it all differently, maybe just maybe they don't pop out the other side of a failed idea and say what a butt monkey, I can't even"

"Hang on, are we talking about becoming relentlessly cheerful bastards because I read this book once which had a great idea about what to do with people like that!"

"Okay, good example, maybe they are successful people then, but perhaps you're gonna have to have a few failures first. Authors for instance who had an idea and went with it and made it work big time, bestseller list and all that, I wonder if they wrote some others first that flopped and are now propping up wonky table legs in their basement flat".

"Do you think they really care?"

"Probably not I guess, once you've started to be successful on your plan, I suppose you just keep going and feel more fantastic as it goes along".

"Might be a few ups and downs along the way, perhaps".

"Oh yeah, a few ups and downs, bio-whatsit-rythms and all that".

"Okay so we need to be successful at something first then".

"Bollocks we do, otherwise how the hell did everyone start who hadn't been successful at something?"

"Fuck knows, it's a vicious cycle of banging your head on various walls".

"Uhuh, I don't think so, I think they kept going until they had been successful".

"Too deep man. Slow down, your fucked up head is going to explode! We've been told all our lives that if at first you don't succeed; do the same old shit over and over again, hoping for a different result, you know that".

"Yeah and I know it hasn't worked, not for us, not for everyone we know and not for everyone around us who isn't doing things the way they want. It's just more crap on top of the crap: you're told by swindlers and clowns that it will be too difficult, it's a saturated market, it'll be too painful if you fail, you'll look a right twat if you put everything into something and end up falling on your ass!"

*

Life Rule For The Common Man no.1

Failure is success' sweaty bedfellow

If you want to make out with one, you'll have to be make out with the other

*

"Another perceptive revelation. We're working out all sorts of stuff here".

"Yeah and then we're going to do something with it. Honestly don't you feel we've been 'talking' all our lives, sometimes I think I've spouted off more than all the loud mouth politicians on this planet about stuff that needs sorting and things that need changing and when such and such is done I'll get round to getting off my fat sweaty ass and do something!!!!!"

"You've come over all livid again".

"Maybe".

"Look, this'll sort it out; a duck walks into a pub".

"Are you taking the piss?"

"Not in the slightest".

"A fucking duck walks into a fucking pub? What the fuck has that got to do with us being reincarnated and feeling like Gods!"

"Nothing".

"Right, thought not. What about the duck then?"

"Nothing, forget it".

"Forget it! What! Tell me about the bloody duck".

"Clearly, you're not ready for the duck yet".

Is Being Fucked in the Head Terminal?

Because, honestly, we don't see many people breaking out of *Fucked-in-the-head-ville*. It seems far more popular to wallow around wondering what the hell is going wrong or what the hell happened in life than to suddenly spring up shouting 'hooray, for having sorted out how to be happy and successful'. How many people have actually made it; the transition that is from, Fucked-in-the-Head-Bloke to Oh-So-Sorted-Sexy-Guy-or Gal? How many?! Not many, not very many at all. Well we haven't met many anyway. The possibility that this is because of the circles we keep is too impossible to fully consider just at this point in time. But we've firmly established to the point that it cannot be denied, that there aren't very many of them, well certainly less than there are the other sort, you know, *us*.

*

"So what does it all mean? – that natural selection exists today and some are born to success and happiness and that the rest of us are monkeyed? Monkeyed into being monkeys all our lives?"

"Well, fuck that out of someone's backside. We can refuse to accept it."

"Yeah, if even one person has made it out of being a monkey into whatever version their version of successdom is, then that's good enough.

"True, so what you're saying is that every break out from being a member of the fucked-up-head collective, across to the other side, brings fresh new hope"

"Bang on! There may not be that many...

"but technically one is enough..."

"and thankfully there are probably a few more than that".

"Okay, okay, we've probably worked out that in reality there are a hell more in the world at large than we first thought, which is fantastic, because now we have people to believe in, even if we don't know them well enough to follow and imitate up close and personal as it were"

"Cool!"

"So it's decided then?"

"What?"

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