

The Second Million

They say making the first million is the hardest, and so it is. Like I know. But then, you've got to write these articles as if you're an expert, so yeah, the first million was hard, but the second, now that was easy. Want to know why?

Time. Now that I'm a--self professed--millionaire, I've got time on my hands. Believe it or not, after accumulating a lifetime's supply of dough, I quit my job. Flipping burgers for minimum wage seemed sort of silly considering how rich I was, so now I just sort of laze around the house and do whatever I want--say, for instance, writing idiotic essays like this one. Bottom line, if I want to do it, I do... whatever it is that I want to do: painting, woodworking, researching obscure facts, and puttering around in the garage. This is my life. I'm semi-retired at 43, and guess what? I've got time to spare.

Money. The second item on the list is money. Oddly, since I have like a million bucks or something, I've got a certain amount of disposable income, so if I want to learn how to make ice cream, the \$20, \$30, \$50, \$100 or whatever that it's going to take me to set up shop or buy ingredients isn't a big deal. If I want to make a bookcase from scratch, I just go out and buy the tools. It simply isn't a big deal. For the most part, being a millionaire means that in a typical day I can spend what most folks spend in a week or a month. You know, it's like this. If I want to write a travel book, I go on a vacation and then I write the stupid thing. Sure, it might not sell, but actually buying the experience or having the time to do it isn't a stumbling block. Which is all to say, if I have a lark of an idea, I have the freedom (both time and money) to explore it, with basically no personal risk. So what if it fails? Or turns out to be a flop? I've got money to burn.

Experience. This last item on the list is, of course, the big one. It is the aspect that matters the most. Having made a fortune once, you can bet that I'm just the kind of guy who... well, who can make a fortune. I've got the skill, the experience, the drive,

the inclination, and whatever else is required to make money at business, writing, painting, singing, or whatever it is that I do. And, also, by virtue of how I live my life, I already have the kind of contacts, neighbors, and friends that you could only dream about. All of these folks are pretty high functioning (I don't hang out with losers), so when I socialize I'm hanging out with folks who can help me.

And although it doesn't get a separate bullet point, it bears mentioning. My standard of living is pretty sweet. I don't spend my days dreaming about supper or a new car. I eat what I want every night, and I already own the car of my dreams, so my mental energy gets focused into my hobbies... like writing.

The only idea which all of the forgoing leaves out is a belief in yourself--yes, I believe I can make money off of my ideas, actions, and impulses--but not only that, because I've done it once, others believe in me as well and are desirous to get in on my next project--whatever it might turn out to be. There's really nothing like having folks wanting in on your ideas. They have been known to help you with time, money, experience, and so on and so forth, and if you haven't gathered as much already, that kind of stuff is sort of important. It's pretty what it takes to make money in the first place... and the second time? Well, the only difference between the first and the second is that you've already done it once, so you know the ways, and you can be assured that you have everything it takes: time, money, ability, and inclination. And that my friends is why it is so much easier to make the second million.

{Because I know, and now, so do you...}

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