

10 Quick & Easy Strategies For Successful Living

by David B. Ledoux

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From the desk of David Ledoux....

Congratulations on figuring out how to download this ebook! Seriously, I mean it. I've been on the interwebs since 1994 and believe me, it wasn't always this easy. It's so tempting to take things for granted. I want you to know that what you reading right now can make a difference in your life.

Promise me you'll at least skim through this. I urge you to digest it, absorb it, meditate on it. I have put 10 of my essays in here to shock you, rock you, and knock your brain about. Don't panic, it will be painless, I promise.

I'm going to assume that somewhere deep inside you burns a flame that desires freedom, independence and adventure. I hope my words can fan that flame just a little bit for you. How long have you known that you're different from the snoozing masses of sheep that are moving all around us all day long?

Your entrepreneurial journey will not be easy. But I promise you, it will be worth it. When I was starving, homeless, alone and destitute I managed to stay alive on the dream that one day I could make a difference in someones' life. If you find any inspiration in this book, please let me know. On the very back page I have secretly slipped in a special website address just for you.

Courage. The best is yet to come!

I appreciate you,

David Ledoux
Author/Coach/Entrepreneur
<http://DavidLedoux.com>

p.s. if you are an entrepreneur and are struggling, I suggest you either join a Mastermind Group or seek out a coach. My practice is currently full, but I have a special page if you are serious about getting on a waiting list. <http://davidledoux.com/private-coaching/>

So What Do You Do?

When I was a kid, my 6th grade teacher told me, ***“you can be anything you want when you grow up.”***



Can You Really Be Anything You Want?

My buddy Gordo got straight A's in high school. So he became a medical student. In 2nd year he wanted to quit and open a bicycle shop. He wanted to repair exotic and custom bikes. His passion was bikes. His professors made him see a *“counsellor”* who convinced him of the error of his ways.

I still vividly remember the look in his eyes that night when he came home from his residency shift at the Emergency Room. He had a few drops of blood on the toe of his shoe. Over a beer he shook his head, and hoarsely whisper, *“Just lost my first one.”*

Last night at a party a nice lady asked me, *“What do you do for a living David?”*

For the first time in my life I said, **“Writer.”**

I thought of Gordo. 19 years with blood on his shoe. 22 to go.

What's Working Now

Yesterday was a hard day.

Foul mood. Heaviness, malaise. Grey sky, damp, cold, rain.

Melancholy.

You know those moods that are hard to shake? It had me in it's insidious grip. I asked myself, "**Why so glum, chum?**".



Be Careful Who Lives Rent Free Within Your Mind

[Thinking like a scientist](#) pays off. My old journals held the answer. Stuff I wrote a long, long time ago.

Twenty years ago this week I lost my first two businesses. My ex-partner stole my van to buy coke. My ex-girlfriend ran off with my employee and a bag of my money. The bank repoed my car. I ended up in a boarding house in Winnipeg in December slowly starving to death. I had to line up for welfare after my bankruptcy to find something to eat. I spent Christmas 1991 utterly destitute, broken, and alone.

I'll spare you the truly gruesome details, at least today. I had to relive them about a dozen times yesterday. Sometimes when you're writing deeply personal stuff old wounds get a little aggravated. I'm in the final stretch to self-publish another book. It should be out next week in the Amazon Kindle store. It's a very autobiographical self-help book called [**How I Went From Welfare To Millionaire Without Winning The Lottery.**](#)

It's astounding how the mental movies keep playing and playing even after the lights go on and the theatre is empty.

Luckily I had some help shaking the blues away last night.

It can be very reassuring to read about a fellow citizen of Planet Earth who had faced tough times and pulled through. I have an [acquaintance on Google Plus](#) who has been very generous with her encouragement in helping me to learn yoga. Turns out that Claudia's husband is a former hedge fund manager and dot com mogul who has personally experienced losing a million dollars a week and has still bounced back to smile again. [James Altucher's blog](#) on overcoming adversity yesterday was incredibly powerful. I'd encourage you to add him to your rss reader.

James Altucher – [Sometimes Things Just Keep Getting Worse](#)

In addition to the boost that James gave me, I got a reminder on how motion creates emotion from [Nina Yau](#). I skipped exercise and yoga practice the last two days. Reliving old emotional wars left me tense, weak, and exhausted. Ignoring the physical to combat the emotional is generally a losing battle for me. Please read this [brilliant post](#) about how helping your physical body will help your emotional body.

Both posts are extremely strong, and both came at the right time yesterday to shake me out of my slump. Bad decisions and circumstances from 20 years ago are not going to darken my skies in this timeframe.

I made a couple of small shifts in my ***Morning Success Ritual*** today that I want to share with you. I went back to old journals to reconnect with what I used to do to climb out of the deep dark hole that I had dug for myself. James Altucher's post was a reminder to stay in thinking mode not reaction mode.

I'm writing this at 6:45 am. That is considerably different than my recently normal 8:00 am. The buzz alarm on my phone was enough to wake me without waking the super hot lady sleeping next to me. I love Falia! How does she put up with me? I guess if I worked shift at a factory it would be the same, right?

Today I shifted my writing warmup from [Evernote](#) back to my Moleskine notebook. I've been keeping a written journal for over 17 years. Today the pen and ink awoke a different part of my brain than typing. I know this stuff, but it's easy to forget. I wrote in a stream of consciousness dump for about 600 words, then shifted into a Gratitude Exercise. I wrote for 5 minutes about a long list of what I'm grateful for in my amazing life. It's astounding how this wakes up your "eyes" instead of your "I's". I learned this about 15 years ago from [Jack Canfield](#) of Chicken Soup for the Soul fame. A terrific blog to discover this technique is Lindsey Fox's [Soulful Contrarian](#).

Then I wrote 10 headlines for 10 special reports. This game I learned from [Dan Kennedy](#) when I was in his Platinum Club a decade ago. The headlines are all "How To's" that are punchy, benefit-laden, curiosity-creating money machines. This limbers up the wealth attracting centres deep inside the brain. I'm pretty sure that 3 or 4 of them are going to be actual ebooks within a year.

Then I finished with writing "Seeds". Seeds are very short bullets that are ideas for later development. They might turn into a blog post one day. I wrote about a dozen. I always get a feeling of abundance when I have a pile of seeds. Writers block evaporates. I hand-wrote this process in my journal. Here it is for you.

My Morning Success Ritual – Revised 12/6/11

1. 6 am. Remember your water.
2. 12 oz. Coffee, ambient music from "*All Nature Music – Sky.FM*" on iTunes Radio

3. Hand write journal – Warmup 500 words.
4. Gratitude Exercise
5. 10 Headlines Exercise
6. Cool down with Seeds Exercise
7. Transition to daily blog content in Evernote

In less time than it takes to watch an episode of a rerun of Seinfeld, I have limbered up my entire brain for creating art simply by hand writing 2-3 pages in my notebook. This is in stark contrast to last week. I was guilty of rushing down to my office, coffee in hand and leaping directly into Evernote to start writing the blog. I felt rushed, pressured and not in flow.

Small, incremental shifts multiplied consistently over time. It seems so simple.

The last words I wrote in my journal this morning?

Trust the process.

When Experiments Fail

I set the alarm on my phone to wake me up at 7:15 am this morning. Just in case my own inner alarm didn't go off. My eyes opened on their own at 7:10 am.

The alarm was in case I overslept and missed my experiment. Last night I was [reading Leo Babauta's blog](#) and he wrote about walking. Imagine. An entire blog post about just walking. He inspired me to try something.

I'm subscribed to a pile of minimalist blogs. The central theme is sell your clutter, downsize the overhead of your life, and enjoy. Many minimalists live out of a single bag and [own less than 100 things](#). No car, no tv, no stacks and piles of stuff, simple, elegant, minimal.

I was a minimalist from 1988-1995 and didn't even know it. **All I knew back then was I was broke and miserable.** I wish someone had told me I was trendy and cool and to just relax.

That's what I like about Leo's blog. He has 6 kids. He seems relaxed.

Why was I so miserable back then?

The word "*miserable*" is simply a word. I have for some reason chosen that word to describe my emotional state. When I dig a little deeper I keep wondering why I struggled with internal conflict back then. Was it simply dissatisfaction with my perception of what wealth was, or something more?

My current personal definition of wealth is "*having enough*".

Enough time.

Enough money.

Enough freedom.

Enough health.

Enough joy.

Enough love.

Enough adventure.

Maybe my struggle for so long was simply to come up with a personal definition.

Wait. But what about today's experiment?

I failed at it. My plan was to wake up, pull on my clothes, and go for a walk. It's sub zero here.

I felt all groggy. I need to write my blog. It's a dumb experiment and I already own a car.

My monkey mind was hammering at me this morning. So I sat down to write this instead.

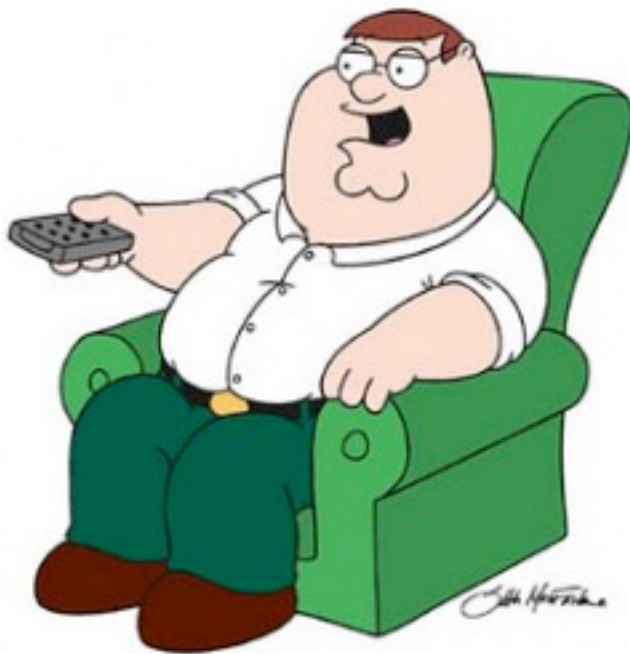
Experiment failed.

Once upon a time I walked everywhere. I had no car.

A 30 minute walk was nothing back then. Seriously. That was a stroll to the store to buy munchies. I can't remember the last time I did a 30 minute walk somewhere. I kid you not, it's been at least 5 or 6 years. Not counting the gym memberships to pay to go to a building to run on a treadmill or track. Sometimes I wonder if humanity has lost its mind, myself included.

Jogging doesn't count. Just plain old walking counts. I used to walk, a lot. Back in 2001-2003 I had a set of Tony Robbins tapes. One of his modules was a morning ritual using rhythmic walking, power breathing and affirmations.

Wow, it's been 8 years since I walked.



Forrest Griffin, Not Peter Griffin

I remember all those years taking public transit in the big city. I was frozen, bored, miserable. Looking back I could have learned a new language on audio, written a book like [Forrest Griffin](#), or fed my mind. I just didn't know any better.

If you don't know that you don't know, then you don't know.

Owning a car became part of the inner conflict. I drive everywhere because I can. Because of my definition of wealth. Because I believe I have to.

Like a good lifestyle scientist, I'm going to change the parameters of my experiment.

On Google Maps I see the nearest coffee shop to my house is 3.8 miles away. The map says it's a 42 minute walk. In a bright yellow box is a warning message from Uncle Goog.

“Walking directions are in beta. Use caution – This route may be missing sidewalks or pedestrian paths.”

Sounds perfect. Wish me luck. I'm off to save the environment. A small chunk of it at least. And to rediscover a piece of my humanity.

Well?

I learned to put **“Well?”** in the subject line of my emails about 14 years ago.

It is a jarring slap designed to cut through the fog and wake up the recipient. If you are going to use it, I suggest you use it sparingly. It's kind of like calling a 7 year-old boy by all three of his names.

“David Byron Ledoux wait until your father gets home!”

Byron. That's right. I was named after the famous Lord Byron. Don't hate. Dude had mad skills, yo.



Lord Byron - Renaissance Man

My adrenaline burst of last week has given way to the work. I realize the real craft is coming down to a chilly home office, seeing the ice fog hanging in the frosty winter air beyond my window, and firing up the laptop. I press on fighting boredom, fatigue, monotony and connecting with some mysterious source of creativity. Is it dwelling deep within me, or in a different plane of existence all together?

The craft, any chosen craft seems easy when momentum is on my side. Momentum is an almost magical force that bends the laws of time and space. When I have it gravity, time and other measured, quantified forces become suspended.

Momentum makes me look smarter than I really am.

Oh but my addiction to momentum is a fool's heroin. When I lose momentum every cell in my body screams in pain. My efforts become laboured, forced, and drained of life giving mana. A heavy coat of eye crust coats my lids after every sleep. The bed is a warm cocoon that mocks my efforts to escape.

I once saw a wiry ancient kung-fu master lift a concrete block with a chain tied to his scrotum. I'm sure using smooth momentum beats the herky-jerky start and stop technique. Smooth Momentum. Yes.



Remember To Breathe

When momentum leaves me the sky turns dark, the leaves fall and turn brittle, and real friendships are revealed. The sunshine relationships crumble under the pressure of inertia. An object at rest tends to gather no moss. Or something like that. Physics class was 5 presidents ago.

I have found the Big Mo, and lost her nearly a dozen times over the past 20 years. The grey hairs growing in my ears are trophies to my hard earned wisdom.

The next time I find momentum I'll be sure to let you know. I have a feeling that writing every day is helping. I can feel the muscle strengthening. You don't just walk up to a loaded bar and deadlift it. Training to succeed is an integral part of finding Mo and being ready for her.

I believe that today I chose to work on my craft. You'll find me at Coffee Culture with a yerba mate, headphones and a hooded sweater banging on the keys to my Commodore 64 around noon, just after I do my yoga.

Wish me luck. I wish the same for you.

Temporal Mechanics

Sitting here writing this I am mumbling to myself.

What was yesterday like in terms of fun? Work? Drama? Energy?

Self reflection is good sometimes. What was the high point of yesterday?

I

remember in high school how slowly the days would pass. Each day had sharp, distinct edges. Each day had a feel to it. Remember what Friday night felt like? How about Monday morning?

How about Sunday night?

My days are beginning to lose their distinct flavour. Being free means each day is each day. One of my good friends is 39 years older than me. I have learned an amazing amount of what the future holds from hanging around with him. It makes me feel good to know what life could be like in my eighties.

He grew up in Europe during World War II. He has lots of stories. His views on the passing of time is what fascinates me.

He measures time by day and night. Sun and snow. He's a farmer. The subtle difference between 2:12 in the afternoon and 4:45 is he can have a beer at Happy Hour.

I seem to learn the most from people much older than me, and much younger than me.

Who am I learning from recently?

The human GPS [Colin Wright](#) led me to the dynamic [Ash Ambirge](#) and enigmatic [Ev Bogue](#). Ev led me to the amazing [Gwen Bell](#).

It's funny. Twenty years ago everything I owned fit in a single suitcase. I travelled a lot. I just had no sense of self. I had no idea that I was free. I was so desperate to live out the illusion sold to me on the flickering monster called TV that I was driven, dissatisfied and miserable all the time. Robin Leech with his champagne wishes and caviar dreams on Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous told me that I would be judged by my clothes, car, and butler, so I better get busy.

Nowadays I see these 20-somethings surfing the world with their Macpacks (backpack and macbook), carving out digital income streams and it makes me smile. On November 3, 1994 I was making \$375 a week at my job. On November 4 1994 I chose to be free.

Read Ev's work. Embrace Gwen's magic. Colin and Ash are brilliant.

Friends in marketing ask me who I write this blog for. Who's my target niche?

Targeting niches to milk money out of them is so 2007.



Can Success Today Be Caused By Thoughts Tomorrow?

I am writing these words as a Tachyon Particle Beam. I am sending them 17 years into the past to the scared David. The frustrated David. The dissatisfied David. I am writing for myself at age 25, terrified and filled with doubt that the path of choosing freedom is the right one.

Am I messing with the Temporal Prime Directive? I don't think so. In the past 2 decades I have intersected with thousands of people with dreams of owning their own lives. Perhaps sending encouraging thoughts back through time was what nudged me to make the scary hard choice to be my own man and make my own path in life. And thereby affect thousands in return.

Perhaps all the success I've enjoyed over the past 15 years is because I wrote these words many years in my own future?

I wonder if I am sitting at some holographic keyboard in the year 2028 sending positive thoughts back in time to this exact moment, encouraging myself to send positive thoughts back in time to 1994?

Ah, temporal mechanics. It won't be taught in American high schools for another 300 years.

Just before the metric system.

What Fridays Are For

Friday is the most important day of the week for an entrepreneur.

Why?

I believe that Fridays are for working ON the business, not IN the business.

In his epic work [The E-Myth](#), [Michael Gerber](#) hammers the critical need for business owners to work on streamlining the systems that make a business run effectively. It's one of my Top 100 books of all time. I won't spoil it for you if you haven't read it yet.

On Fridays I don't slack off, or go golfing or drinking. I work ON my business.

One of the systems I am working on in my business is the writing down of brain-stretching ideas every single day on paper in a little black book. Sometimes monumental ideas come to me in the bathroom. Sometimes they come as an answer to a question.

I wrote this in my Moleskine:

"Imagine going to Vegas and deciding to try gambling for the first time. You walk up to a craps table. A man with a bow tie and curved stick hands you the dice and exchanges your last \$2000 in life savings for chips. Wouldn't you want to know the rules of the game before you play it? If the game is Capitalism, what are the rules?"

For the past 5 months globally it seems that society has been within a hair of anarchy. I see these disgruntled people marching in the streets trying to find someone who will listen to them. It certainly is a strange time to be a worker. I wonder if some of them learned the rules to a game that is no longer being played?



May You Live In Interesting Times

I write this question in my Moleskine.

"If I'm CEO of a huge dying dinosaur company, what would I do to change things?"

And then I write. And write. And write. Steam of consciousness stuff. No editing, no internal critic. I picture myself in a big boardroom with padded chairs and pale bloated lackies desperate to save their cushy titles as Vice President of Knobs sitting around the big table.

They stare at me with hungry gazes like wolves waiting to feed.

Do I sell off a profitable division?

Do I move even more jobs overseas?

Do I layoff 3000 workers to boost short term profits so we make our quarter and appease shareholders?

Do I renegotiate my 8 figure severance package and milk the corpse for taxpayer bailouts?

As I'm writing in my Moleskine my thoughts shift to the venerable phone giant, AT&T.

When was the last time I made a land line phone call? I remember it sounded like shit. 1950's technology. I use Skype and Facetime and G+ hangouts. Digital picture. 2-10 man group chats. Free or nearly free. I won't pay by the minute for analog ghosts of yesteryear. And neither will the next generation.

If I was CEO, how would I save AT&T? The 20-somethings will not pay you \$50 a month for a plastic toy phone stuck on the wall of their dorm rooms. AT&T will certainly die, just like Borders and Circuit City and Blockbuster. Widows and teachers pensions rely on their stock. Thousands and thousands of jobs will eventually be lost. If I was CEO of AT&T, what would I do?

It struck me in doing this exercise that a radical shift in thinking is the only chance to save not just dinosaur corporations but Western capitalism. Somewhere out there marching in the streets right now is a potential entrepreneur with an idea that could create hundreds or thousands of new jobs. She has no access to capital, no idea how to launch, and an earring through her lip. She never went to a prestigious business school, has no degree in finance, and has a dream and a neck tattoo.



Future CEO

What if dinosaur corporations shifted from a tollbooth position, charging massive fees for setup and per minute charges to a partnership-type model?

AT&T already has the wires laid. Why charge a start-up business thousands of dollars to stick a phone on a desk, and then dollars per minute for calls, plus a monthly rental fee regardless if

the phone is used or not? That's the old way of doing business that has stifled startups and killed innovation. That's why 20 year-olds are living on their iPhones in either free wifi zones or using flat rate data to make higher quality face to face chat calls instead of dinosaur tin can to tin can calls.

If I ran AT&T I would hire two dozen 26 year old venture capitalists and a half dozen greybeards to guide them. I'd set up a new division within AT&T that was a pure old school business incubator. Instead of gouging startups thousands to set up their communications plus an ongoing fee, I would do it for free. I'd give visionary entrepreneurs all the communication horsepower they could possibly want for free. I'd get them on a conference call with my wise grey beard advisors every single Friday. I'd release my squad of 26 year olds on the streets to go find budding entrepreneurs with a dream of making a difference.

Our Business Incubator Division would mentor these kids from business plan, to hiring, to cash flow to fundraising to scaling to public offering. And we'd supply the communication solutions and the human resources to guide them along. And we'd partner for a nice piece of the stock pie. Their success would be our success.

A hundred years ago the railway companies were fat with cash. They could have owned most of the trucking companies and the airlines. They didn't know what business they were in. The railway barons could have set up industrial incubators and made trillions by partnering with their eventual competition.

AT&T isn't in the phone business. They have a dwindling legacy cash machine that gives them the engine to change the world. If I was CEO I'd immediately partner with 500 or 1000 entrepreneurs. I'd help 200 of them scale to profitable enterprises that make actual things that employ people. I'd create 50,000 new jobs in a decade just from supporting the visionary entrepreneurs.

It's not just AT&T. What about Simon & Schuster? Vivendi Universal? Kodak?

Who creates jobs?

I believe entrepreneurs do. Not politicians. Not military. Not governments.

It starts with a dream.

The entire game is dramatically changing for music, entertainment, publishing, art, movies, TV, newspapers, and communication. When the game changes, it's imperative to learn the new rules.

I promise you this. There were people who went to school and paid good money to learn how to build buggy whips, vinyl records, betamax video recorders, black and white tvs, Commodore 64s, and Diet Cherry Coke.

As I finished thinking in my moleskine journal I wrote this line as my final thought as imaginary CEO of AT&T.

Become a leadership development factory disguised as an old world communications company.

If I made a billion per year in income I'd gladly give my partners and teachers and coaches \$990 million of it. That's the cool thing about creating champions. There's always more than enough to go around.

It's Friday.

A good day to work on systems.

A good day to stretch the brain.

If you were CEO of a dying legacy corporation, what would YOU do? [Join the discussion at G+.](#)

Secret To Sleep

Since 1999 I've been serious about sleep.

Not at night time mind you. That happens easily for me. No ... it's the kind of sleep during the day that I've been curious about.

Edison used to be a napper. Einstein too. So many historical figures enjoyed naps that I wondered if there was something significant about the practice that contributed to creative productivity.

I bought my first [light and sound machine](#) in late 1999. I fell in love with it almost instantly. I had a long purple couch in my home office with a little pillow and blanket neatly folded up behind it. Any day that I wasn't on the road travelling I'd put on the light goggles, pop in a subliminal success tape, and zonk out for an hour. The goggles would flash red led lights and the headphones would emit a droning hum-hum-hum noise similar to being a child in the womb. It was an amazing sensation.



Light And Sound Machine

Back then I was running the roads hard, driving 2 hours each way 5 nights a week doing meetings to grow our business. I would rarely get home before midnight. The afternoon nap seemed to dramatically increase my productivity in the late evenings. I used [the light and sounds machine](#) as my secret weapon for falling into deep alpha or delta rem sleep in under 3 minutes. I broke it accidentally in 2005. Then luck intervened.

About 6 years ago in Las Vegas at Jack Humphrey's internet seminar I met a talented marketer named Howie Schwartz. He impressed me with his unique approach to social media marketing. He was getting website hits in the tens of thousands per week from web 2.0 sites like Twitter and MySpace years and years before the mainstream had even heard of it. We became fast friends and he invited me out to Connecticut to attend one of his high level bootcamps on traffic generation.

Howie came up to me after the lunch break on the second day of the event and took me aside. He looked drained from 2 days of teaching. In a hushed tone he asked me if I'd teach the afternoon segment from 1:30 to 3:00. I guess he somehow knew I was the king of teaching training seminars with 2 minutes notice. I shrugged and said sure, no problem. I went up cold and winged it.

Howie vanished while I took the crowd on a historical tour of the internet. I showed them how to spy on their competitors legally using a tool that 99% of the internet doesn't know exists. Howie showed up on cue at 2:55 looking amazingly refreshed and ready to rock. I drank a venti latte while Howie finished up the afternoon.

On the dinner break Howie thanked me profusely for helping him out. He confided in me that he had to do his "Daily Dive" to reset his internal body clock and recharge.

Daily Dive?

Howie turned me onto an audio system that used binaural beats to quickly take a listener into a deep alpha state. The brain feels like 30 minutes of this controlled nap is like 3-4 hours of sleep. He called it Diving. I've been using binaural beats to hack my naps nearly daily for 5 years. I'm a huge fan. I get the same result as my light and sound machine using audio only. I love it.

I remember when I was in high school how boring advanced math was. Now I believe it was because it was from 1-2 every afternoon. I remember back in the early nineties when I had a job I'd fall asleep at my desk from 1-2 nearly every day. My body was giving me clues. Instead of listening to my body I'd try to power through the downturn in mental energy with coffee and red licorice. Being stuck in a desk was a big part of the problem.

To me, the afternoon nap is a symbol of freedom. You can't reset and recharge if you are enslaved in a job trading time for money.

If entrepreneurs had a flag, on it would be Edison napping in his laboratory.

Thinking Like A Scientist

I used to wake up in the mornings with a splitting headache. I felt hungover on cheap red wine ... except I didn't have a drop the night before. I got my 8 hours of sleep. What gives?



Time To Go To Work

One of the things I like best about [Tim Ferriss's books](#) is that he treats his body like a science experiment. I relate to that. I try to treat my life like one big experiment. I know there are routines, checklists and systems that I can create and follow to create a great life. Discovering these elusive patterns is the wonderfully adventurous part of existence.

There's a Simpson's episode where Bart needs to wake up at 4 am to create some mischief. He drinks 2 huge glasses of water before going to bed at 9 pm. Naturally his bladder acted like a primitive alarm clock. I saw that and laughed. I wonder how many kids are going to pee their beds at 4 am this week?

Then I asked myself that question that used to get me into so much trouble.

What if I tried that?

It works. And assuming you have a regular sized bladder with no issues, it works well. Interesting side effect. No headaches when I got up. What gives?

For giggles I looked up the [symptoms of mild dehydration](#). Headaches, irritability, foggy hungover feeling. As Jim Rohn would say, "*isn't that interesting?*".

I've developed two little routines around going to bed and waking up.

An hour before bed I bump my blood sugar with a few almonds and 8 oz of water. Upon rising the first thing I do is pee like Austin Powers getting unfrozen, then drink 16 oz of water before

even my first cup of coffee. Initially drinking a massive glass of water that early was gross. My stomach would distend blurring my 1-pack abs, and my brain would scream at me for some hot brown daddy juice.

No matter. I pressed on. I built my morning routine. No more headaches. Up before the sun. Smiling in the morning instead of a giant frown. No fake hangover.

I wish I had learned this in high school. I would be nearly faint at 11:00 am every morning with a pounding headache. I wonder if it's because I ate Cap'n Crunch for breakfast everyday? I might have got a better grade in my morning physics class.

Here's what's cool. When I switched my breakfast from a bowl of Corn Flakes and a piece of toast to 3 scrambled eggs I lost nearly 8 pounds of flab in 5 months with no other changes to diet or lifestyle.

There are little patterns out there that can create an amazing shift in the joy of life.

I love finding them.

And I love sharing them with my friends.

What A Cold Really Means

I got sick in October.



Sing Soft Kitty Please

I almost never get sick. I believe catching a cold is a significant event. I took biochemistry in university. There are viruses, bacteria, germs and nasties all around us, on us, and in us at every moment of the day. My immune system works for me like a key team member, protecting me and keeping me healthy. Until it doesn't. Being sick gave me time to reflect and ask questions.

- Did I do something differently?
- Did my diet change?
- My sleep?
- My exercise?
- My emotional levels?
- What changed in my world that weakened my immune system and allowed a cold virus to take hold?
- Was it the 6 sets of 20 front squats with a 44 pound kettlebell supersets with pushups to failure?
- Was it finding the hidden stash of Halloween candy and gorging like Homer Simpson?
- Was it the 3 consecutive sleepless nights tossing and turning?

Perhaps they helped to weaken my defences. But I suspect the true culprit was the emotional last leg of a 3 year journey wandering in the desert.

For most of my working life I would push, push, push until my engine caught fire and I spent 2 weeks in bed fighting the flu. It was amazing the pace I could keep for 12-18 months. I would take income streams from a scrawl on a napkin to four and five figures a month at warp factor 9. But invariably the fire would dim, enthusiasm would wane, and I'd kick into overdrive to push a little harder until I'd break.

I'd come back from illness with no passion and a resentment for what I had built. The last 23 years of my entrepreneurial life is littered with micro businesses that are either cold and dead, or give off passive cash flow as a mere shadow of what they once were.

I find a useful exercise is quiet contemplation and reflection. When I ask "Why?" I am often surprised at the answer. Freedom is at the very top of my hierarchy of needs. Any time a business venture threatened my definition of freedom, I would subconsciously retreat from the conflict. Working myself into sickness was a fine example.

In [The War of Art](#), Stephen Pressfield states that we are the most vulnerable when we are within sight of the finish line. That's what I believe got me in October. For 39 months I had laboured to rediscover my voice and passion. In order to create with fresh energy, I had to release the old stuff that I'd been dragging around for so long.

Working harder is usually my symptom.

I used to struggle with forcing myself to relax.

Resting and recharging is not supposed to be competitive.

I know I'm not the first to fight this battle nor the first to write about it. The great thinkers of history mention it in passing. Naps. Siestas. Mini-retirement. Sabbaticals. Untethering. Clearing the slate. Sharpening the saw.

Lesson re-learned.

I am grateful.

Building My Collective

I was out the door this morning an hour before I normally even wake up.



It's What Time?

I drove over to my friend Deni's house, a whopping 8 minutes away. He needed to borrow my car to drive to a gig in downtown Toronto. He's a [gifted musician](#) and a visionary producer.

Why would I get up early and lend him my car?

Yes, he's my friend. But it's deeper than that.

He's part of my "collective".

For 6 years I lived in Toronto. I didn't know a single neighbor. I had a loose collection of business associates within a 30 minute drive, but for the most part I lived a very private life. If I needed to borrow a cup of sugar, I had no one.

Who's fault was it? Mine, of course. I'm the one with the two decades of people skills training. I could have stuck out my hand and said hello to my neighbor at any time over the years. They left me alone and I left them alone. That's just the way it was in my part of the big city. I think it's just the way it is in many parts of many big cities.

Tolerating the status quo is my excuse.

Now I live in a small town. And I've been determined to build my "collective". I met 6 of my new neighbors within a week of moving into our new place. I made a decision to contribute and expand my local social circles. And I feel much more connected and grounded because of it.

Hey, I've even started writing again!

Today my wife is cooking pumpkin pie and cookies with two friends in our "collective". This Saturday I am watching UFC at the local tavern with 5 guys in my new "collective". If I need help roto-tilling the garden or plastering drywall, I have friends locally that will gladly assist. If they need a website updated or a blog installed I'd reciprocate gladly. That's the great thing about being in a collective. Each member brings different skills, experiences and energy to the mix. Relationships and friendships develop and expand with organic energy.

For years I had no desire or energy to write or create. I wonder if it's because I had no collective?

The Transition

Alexander the Great conquered nearly the entire world by his 29th birthday.



Alexander The Great

He died at 33. History will never learn what he would have become at age 65.

I know that medically and genetically speaking his testosterone and growth hormone levels were peaking when he died. He was looking forward to an ever increasing battle to get out of bed in the morning. His hardened muscle tone would fade and diminish by 1-2 pounds per year.

His warrior drives for sex, combat and competition would gradually ebb with each trip around the sun.

Alexander would notice year by year an increase in coarse hair growing in his ears. His eyebrows would become wild and gnarled. His back would ache after sitting for an hour or two, and old injuries from a decade of combat would growl with intensity when the weather was about to change.

With the change of every season Alexander would become a little less great. Every cell in his body would be locked in an epic battle to squeeze every drop of hormone that made him a man out of his bloodstream and deploy it to restore his youth. His rivals would watch Alexander's temples turning silver, his posture softening and wonder if Alexander's best days were behind him.

Would Alexander have transitioned from Alpha male to Beta?

Or from Alpha to Elder?

Alexander might have sadly lived out his remaining days with his tunic pulled up high on his waist, stooped with a cane, helping the women to collect wild plants and berries. He might have complained about the politics in Athens, argued about how Zeus was a cruel deity, and debated other broken old men about how things were different in his day. He would have died old, bitter, alone and mostly forgotten.

I like to think that if he had lived another 30 years that Alexander would have grown even more powerful. His warrior physique, albeit somewhat leaner, would still allow him to wrestle with men half his age. As he passed the crown of responsibility to his most worthy, trained and trusted commanders, his role would have transitioned from front line leader to valued advisor.

Like his own teacher Aristotle, Alexander's legend would have grown as ambitious students from as far away as Corinth, Persia and the arid steppes of Mongol would have made the arduous journey to study at his battle-wizened feet. His influence would have shaped the philosophy of all that intersected his path.

After summer comes winter, only a fool would argue otherwise. All of us will make the transition eventually if we don't fall in battle. Who I become is thankfully not up to the whims of Zeus, the foolish politicians in Athens nor my endocrine system. My personal transition from Alpha is simply a decision.

Success always comes down to the decision.

STOP!

Free Stuff!

The publishing world is changing, fast.

A book used to be printed on paper and would remain unchanged, perhaps for years or decades. Today, a book is much more than an old concept, it is an organic container. This digital ebook is simply a portal to access fresh content and new ideas for people like you and me.

I have created a **Private Member's Area** for you. I will continue to share fresh ideas, new training modalities, experimental data and the occasional humorous experience. Since you are a happy customer of this book you are eligible to receive access, for FREE! (*Cue the applause machine!*)

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EPILOGUE

I know I promised you **10 Quick & Easy Strategies For Successful Living**. Here's the funny part. I put 11 essays in this ebook.

For every 100 people who download this ebook, only 5 will read it past the 1st chapter. And of the 100 who read it past chapter 2, only 1 will read this paragraph. I figure you're roughly a 1 in 2000 person. Congrats.

As K Pattabhi Jois, the father of modern Ashtanga yoga says, **"99% practice. 1% theory....Practice, and all is coming."**

About the Author, David B. Ledoux

David B. Ledoux is the author of the best-selling books **How I Went From Welfare To Millionaire Without Winning The Lottery** and **How To Build A Humongous Downline In Network Marketing** available through Amazon. He has produced several audio training programs including **The Shifting Paradigm**, **A Dream Come True**, and **Million Dollar Secrets**. He authored, recorded and produced a dozen training programs in the **Phone Power Series**.

He has been featured on video and radio, and has traveled globally speaking to tens of thousands of entrepreneurs on the merits of the free enterprise system. His company publishes a daily tips newsletter for entrepreneurs to several thousand subscribers around the world at <http://DavidLedoux.com>

He and his wife Falia have built a multi-million dollar direct sales organization of over 71,000 associates in 19 countries, and own a variety of companies including internet, marketing and publishing interests.

The Ledoux's are very involved in charitable causes, including World Vision, the Canadian Heart & Stroke Foundation, and the MORE Project.