

# Marlon's Marketing Minute

July 28, 2012

Support M-F 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. CST.

## I've Got To Tell You This Before It's Too Late

Hello,

Marlon here.

Today's issue is simple: It's something I've got to tell you before it's too late.

**CUSTOMERS: The 14 Minute Marketing Funnel is \$17. Do it this weekend!**

<http://askmarlon.com/14min>

## Affiliates - Promote the \$17, 14-Minute Marketing Funnel

New Affiliate Promo -- Get 75% on High Converting Offer

Your affiliate link:

<http://www.getyoursales.com?p=YOURID&w=14min>

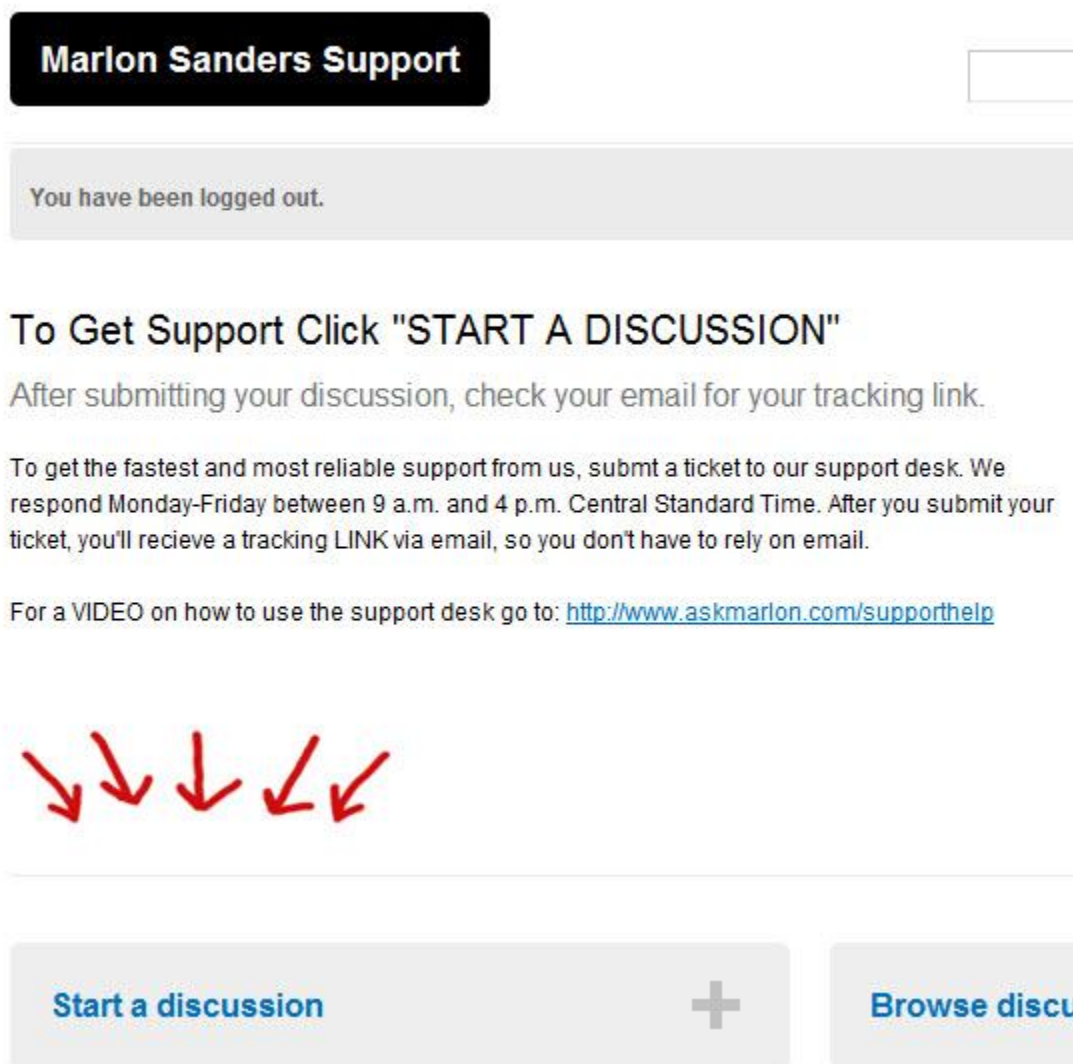
Remember to replace YOURID with your actual ID.

The URL for promo details:

<http://marlonsanders.com/14min/affiliates.html>

## How to Get Support

All you do is go to <http://www.getyoursupport.com>, click to post a ticket to the support desk then Start a Discussion.



The screenshot shows the top of the Marlon Sanders Support website. At the top left is a black navigation bar with the text "Marlon Sanders Support" in white. To the right of this bar is a search input field. Below the navigation bar is a grey banner with the text "You have been logged out." in the center. The main content area has the heading "To Get Support Click 'START A DISCUSSION'" followed by the instruction "After submitting your discussion, check your email for your tracking link." Below this is a paragraph explaining the support process: "To get the fastest and most reliable support from us, submit a ticket to our support desk. We respond Monday-Friday between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. Central Standard Time. After you submit your ticket, you'll receive a tracking LINK via email, so you don't have to rely on email." A link is provided: "For a VIDEO on how to use the support desk go to: <http://www.askmarlon.com/supporthelp>". Below the text are five red arrows pointing downwards towards the "Start a discussion" button. At the bottom of the screenshot are two buttons: "Start a discussion" with a plus sign icon, and "Browse discu" (partially visible).

On WEEKENDS, we don't typically have support. Now, to today's content....

# I've Got To Tell You This Before It's Too Late

I just swallowed half of some pill.

A metro something or the other. It makes your heart consume less oxygen.

If you wake up in the morning, it's a good day. If you know what your name is, it's a better day. I learned that when my mum had Alzheimers.

Fortunately, I was able to help my dad get her the medical help she needed to get her a little pill gave her a lot of her memory back. At least she always knew who I was.

So I guess as time goes on, sometimes you pay for the sins of your youth. Not that I had those kinds of sins. Actually, unbelievably, I didn't.

My sins were of a different sort. The kind of sins that eating way too many State Fair 6-pack corndogs drowned in mustard causes. The kinds of sins you get from making your "good" meal of the day the one at the \$1.97 Burger drive through on Greenville Ave. in Dallas.

Or the ones caused by the late night Taco Cabana drive through to get the chips and cheese.

See, today, I can sit down with my laptop at Starbucks, or a creek, swimming hole, beach, Starbucks or anywhere type out words, click send and have money within minutes.

It's a hecka feeling to be able to do that. Can you imagine what it'd be like if you had a bill to pay to sit down, spend 15 minutes typing some words, hit a button and have the bill paid within 15 minutes?

Or have \$120,000 in sales come in one month. Or \$10,000 and \$20,000 days.

Can you imagine writing at Starbucks and getting \$750 for every page you typed out. There are 300 words on a page so that's \$2.50 per word.

Or deciding to vacation in Hong Kong and Thailand with 4 days notice?

Well, it wasn't always like this.

I remember now.

My dad said I had to go. I had to leave. Bless his heart, he really regrets it now. Not that I blame him.

I mean for gosh sakes.

It was 1982. I'd just spent way too long in college getting 3 degrees. The oil market had gone to hades in a handbasket.

I didn't understand why when I interviewed for jobs, people were laughing at me – because they weren't HIRING! They were laying OFF. The only job I could get was one selling on 100% commission “retirement programs” which were actually whole life insurance.

But I was young and naïve then. I loved sales and marketing. But had no natural ability or understanding for either. Nope.

Nada.

I was more a thinker and a performer. I did magic shows starting in the 7th grade. About drove my poor momma crazy hauling me around to perform and children's birthday parties.

I laugh about it now. I even had rabbits in the show and hamsters. My poor mum! Have you ever seen the mess rabbits in a cage make, especially when cared for by a seventh grader with no knowledge of rabbit-raising?

Whew!

And I was a thinker. I won my high school chess championship. And me and the Cambridge Springs offense were a pretty potent force. When you destroy someone on the chess board, it's an intoxicating feeling. I once wiped the chess champion of Oklahoma off the board in a devastating

attack that had an entire chess team standing around the board with their jaws dropped. Ted Gross. An amazing 16-year old that I'm sure went far in life, although we long since ago lost touch.

Where was I to go or stay in 1982 when there were no jobs in Oklahoma City to be had? Well, I could've been a counselor in a prison I guess. That's about all I was qualified for.

Robert K. My best friend. He'd high-tailed it to Dallas when the oil market crashed went bonkers because Dallas had jobs. He lived in an apartment off 635 with cars in the parking lot on blocks.

I told him I was just visiting for 2 weeks. But it was longer than that.

I had this dream, this vision of being a copywriter of direct response sales letters. Because in 1978, a few years before, I'd read this book by Benjamin Suarez.

He learned how to do this thing called sell via direct response. And a guy named Gary Halbert had taught him to write letters that brought in thousands of dollars on demand.

On particular letter brought him \$78,000 almost overnight. That story stuck in my brain like super glue and I couldn't get it out.

I had this goal. To be a direct response copywriter. I didn't know exactly what that meant. Never met one in my life. Not sure Dallas even had one. But that's what I dreamed of with every cell in my body.

There I was. Dallas, Texas. I'd walk in for interviews. Boy, it was brutal. For one thing, I was never on time. Let's just say in Oklahoma City they didn't have traffic like Dallas. I'd never seen a parking lot of cars that was supposed to be a highway before.

I'd never been driving 70 mph and then notice that all the cars in front of me are at a dead stop.

How I'm alive today, I don't know. My guardian angel worked overtime many a day.

There were no jobs for direct response copywriters in Dallas in 1982 or 3. Not that I knew of then. Not that I know of now. There was one company in San Antonio, Texas who hired 'em. It was USAA insurance.

I'll never forget sitting in the sandwich shop across the street eating a sub. I'd never tasted anything like that in my life. They didn't make 'em like that in Oklahoma City.

I don't know what the guy said or asked during the interview. Whatever it was, I had all the wrong answers.

Somehow I paid some bills and managed to get out on my own. As I recall an mlm company hired me to write their company newsletter. The Dynasty System in Arlington, Texas.

\$18,000 a year.

That was a lot better than the timeshare sales jobs I'd been at on 100% commission. Or the smoke-drenched telemarketing rooms.

How was I EVER going to be a direct response copywriter? There were no jobs doing it. No one KNEW how to do it.

There were only several books on it. You had the Ultimate Sales Letter by Dan Kennedy, which is actually a sales pitch for Dan's writing services but virtually no one I've ever talked to is savvy enough about marketing to even realize that.

If I was marketing smart in those days, I would've written a book too.

You had Tested Advertising Methods by John Caples. You had Vic Schaub and few others. I subscribed to Jerry Buchanan's info marketing newsletter and bought anything by Dean Dax Duvall I could find.

It's what pisses me off about people today. They bitch, moan, whine and complain about all the "gurus" selling them stuff.

Well try having NO GURUS to learn from or only 3 or 4. And try having virtually no courses or books to buy or learn from.

How would I ever learn to be a copywriter? Or a speaker or consultant, the other things I'd heard about from some dude named Steve Nowlin who sold a course I bought.

One day a thing came along called AOL. Aol, Prodigy and Compuserve. I had this 386 computer my dad bought me from the Dax catalog. And an ink jet printer, which beat the thing at typed on at my writing job that would only show you 1 line of text at a time but beat the crap out of manual typewriters.

I started placing free ads on AOL. I'd bought resell rights to these books that would be "dropshipped" for me for 50% of the profits. I wrote up my OWN sales letter and mailed those suckers out when people responded to my ad.

One A-hole (forgive the language) wrote me back and said it wasn't good enough and "go back to school." I don't know if he meant college or learn more about writing sales letters.

You have no idea how much that hurt at the time.

Who was this jerk who had the gall to write something like that? Apparently it was some smug person who was better at direct response than I was.

All I knew was what I'd read in a few books. It was the school of hard knocks x trial and error.

I was living out of a 600 square foot apartment on Spring Valley Rd. It wasn't all bad. I had 3 movie theaters close by and 2 shopping malls. But the walls were thin and dogs barked all the time.

Depressed. Yeah. I don't even remember all my feelings then. Only that it seemed somewhat hopeless. I'd thought more than once about suicide.

I don't know if you've ever wanted something so bad you could taste it. But by then I'd sacrificed years of my life trying to learn how to be a direct response writer, a speaker, a consultant.

And I had jack to show for it. I had too many corn dogs, too many microwave burritos, too many burgers and fries for days, weeks, months and now years.

Sometimes there's a price you pay for success...for following a dream, a goal, a vision that drives you. I'm an idealist I guess. Somehow I was determined.

My ads on AOL got responses but my letters cost me a fortune to mail out and didn't come back with money.

My car smoked like a bomb. No, really it did. And I had a date with a model once. The Kim Dawson agency was the big one in Dallas and still is. That's who she worked for.

She was 6 feet tall. Gorgeous. The valet guys were laughing at my car when I got out....until she stepped out.

Drop dead stunning.

But that was our only date.

One day it happened.

The thing that eventually changed everything.

It was 16 sheets of paper. 16 sheets I still own. They're beat up, water stained, torn and tattered. Marked up all over them.

But have them I do.

I don't understand people online. They complain that they tried something for 30 days and it didn't work. Try years and years.

They complain that something costs \$20 or \$50. Try \$500 or \$5000. I mean, when you really want something, when it almost means life or death to you to get it or not get it....

When it's what you got to know, to do, to have, to be.

Whatever price it is, you pay it.



On those 16 pages were 11 words.

Without those 11 words, I might still be running Podunk ads, not making crap, driving a smoke bomb car, depressed to no end, having never accomplished anything, never travelled anywhere, never meeting the incredible people I have, never tasting food in the Phillipines, the sugar sand in Roatan, body surfing in Australia, eating noodles in Hong Kong, driving the twisted streets of Bermuda, sucking down coffee in the parking garage in Seattle, speaking in Wembley arena where rock stars perform.

I'd be nothing. A nobody.

Maybe I'd be doing magic for birthday parties. I don't know.

Remember my friend I moved to Dallas to stay with?

Well, he wasn't lucky like me.

We had that in common you know.

That drive to achieve. The need to.

But it wasn't happening for him. The last I heard he'd tied a rope around his neck and it broke. He was in counseling.

We were best friends.

I don't think he made it. If only he could have hung on 5 years, I could have shown him the way out.

When I listen to Paradise by the Dashboard Light by Meatloaf, I always remember him. That was his favorite song. We used to really crank that puppy up.

So at the end of this ezine sometimes I publish a little Irish Blessing about May the rode rise up to meet you. May the wind be at your back. And until we meet again, may God hold you softly in the palm of his hand.

That poem is for many. Some friends along the way who didn't make it.

I wish anything I could have told him then what I know now. That I could have shown him then what I know now.

I think I have an obligation, a duty, to share this before it's too late. Before the sins of my youth, of my vision, of my goal catch up to me.

The greatest sales person who ever lived, Ben Feldman said, "No man has a lease on life. One day you walk out the door and you never walk back again. Can you guarantee me you'll wake up in the morning?"

Ernest Bud Weckesser. Dollars In Your Mailbox. He originally wrote the headline in that ad. I Have To Tell You This Before It's Too Late.

I think he got it from Joe Karbo. One of the founders of modern day info product direct response.

16 pages. 11 words.

Set my life in a new direction.

Want to know what those 11 words were?

Tomorrow I'm going to send you part two and let you know what those 11 words were.

Until then,

Marlon Sanders

May the road rise to meet you,  
May the wind be always at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
The rains fall soft upon your fields.  
And until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.

May God be with you and bless you:  
May you see your children's children.  
May you be poor in misfortune,  
Rich in blessings.

May you know nothing but happiness  
From this day forward.

May the road rise up to meet you  
May the wind be always at your back  
May the warm rays of sun fall upon your home  
And may the hand of a friend always be near.

May green be the grass you walk on,  
May blue be the skies above you,  
May pure be the joys that surround you,  
May true be the hearts that love you.

Best wishes,

Marlon Sanders  
MarlonSanders.com

**When Paul writes something and actually SELLS it instead of giving it away in his ezine, it is REALLY extra gold.**

<http://www.talkbiz.com/contentcash/?=7>

[How to Get Product Ideas and Deal With Competition](#) – This shows how to target overserved, underserved and non consumer markets, then how to find white space so you aren't competing head on. The pitch isn't that great but just 2 weeks ago a customer told me this was going to totally change his business.

[How to Learn The Basics of graphic design and putting up websites](#) – All the screen caps are updated and the steps are updated. This is serious training for newbies on designing graphics.

Traffic Dashboard really works: <http://www.thetrafficdashboard.com>

**Notes About The 14 Min. Marketing Funnel To Buyers**

**The files are zipped.**

If you see a lock on it, that folder is zipped. In Vista and Windows 7, right click and EXTRACT ALL. In XP use Winzip or 7 zip to unzip the files.

On my Mac all I do is double click and it unzips.