

Zero to Beero



How I Turned
Nothing Into
Beer Money...
And Then Quit
My Damn Job!

Lee Murray

Intro...

Can Lee Murray limit an e-book to under 20 pages with all of his hippity-hypity-hooplah and rip-roarin' rhetorical literary lunacy? Well, not with a freakin' start like that he can't!

So let's sink our teeth right into the fresh, warm, still-screaming-in-financial-ecstasy flesh that is Zero to Beero, shall we?

I've decided to write this sucker on the fly, because I've never actually created a case study as a product... and I thought I could just spit it out all quick-like, while still providing an unbelievable amount of authentic value to you.

In all of my other training programs, I've combined various strategies, and essentially shown you what my latest and greatest feats of innovation (he says with only the utmost humility) have been. And those are actually really cool, if you don't mind me saying so.

Mighty effective, too! ;)

But I wanted to strip things – no – I wanted to “dumb” things down a bit, and create a product in hours, rather than weeks. And I wanted to do this for two reasons:

1. My other courses are extremely involved. There are tons of moving parts. While some folks don't mind digesting 100+ pages of content, following multiple steps, and setting up giant mounds of tech-heavy infrastructure to make things work out... many people do mind... a lot. Just callin' a spade a spade, ya know?

2. I just finished reading a very simplistic e-book that was under 20 pages... and I quite enjoyed it! I'm now inspired to produce something similar. Not in content, but in stature.

Alright, so this is very much a case study. I'm sorry I can't share a lot of screen shots of old earnings, click rates, and so forth. These images were actually captured and stored in my old iMac, which I “lost” when “she” decided to leave me for being a “hopeless dreamer.” Why that dirty, no good, double-crossin'... ;)

Aaaanyway... I'll just have to work from memory on the exact steps I took. But really, the jist is what matters. You can follow in my footsteps just fine without every little detail being recounted. This is simply the story of me following some very basic fundamentals, which I executed with tons of passion and trust.

I'm just showing you what I personally did to go from being a thirsty, destitute wannabe

(literally broke off my ass... no job, zero income, no food in the house, and no cold, frosty suds to numb the depression created by the aforementioned realities) to a fella with a belly full of sustenance and a head full of happy...

And eventually to the full-time Internet marketer, product creator, and high-ticket success coach that I am today. I'm not saying I'm “all that” or whatever. But I'm certainly no longer on the outside looking in, you know?

Some of what you'll learn about my path may not apply to you. You may not be a writer like I am. You may not be so loose with the tongue or “careless” with your approach to the market. And that's okay. We all have our own unique ways of doing things.

This short guide may or may not be your ideal blueprint. It may or may not be “the one” that transforms your income. Maybe it's not meant to be THAT product for you.

Perhaps it's going to entertain, enlighten, inspire, and motivate you. Perhaps it's just here to serve as a shining example of what you can do with empty pockets... and a full heart.

I dunno.

Maybe it will be the exact blueprint you need to follow in order to turn your entire reality on its head and set yourself up for a whole new life of financial mastery and ultimate confidence.

I'm not even really going to consider either of these possibilities as I write. I'm just gonna share. I'm simply going to challenge myself to reveal to you the exact path that I took (to the best of my recollection) which has led me to a fantastic ongoing income... starting with jack shit... and to do it in fewer than 20 pages.

Here's what I can tell you, though...

What I did then still works every bit as well today. I know this from experience. I'm still doing essentially the exact same thing, only today I'm doing it better. But then again, I had to build up an army of products, affiliates, and JV partners in order to get it to the point of being better. But the “easy” stuff I did then can still make you a great income!

If it's daily beer money you want, then I'm convinced that “Zero to Beero” can take you there in as hassle-free a way as there is. If it's a full-time living you'd like to be earning, then this funny-titled guide can take you there as well. It's all just a matter of scale.

Let's begin.

Zero to Beero: How I Rose From the Ashes...

In telling my story, I'm actually going to skip ahead a bit. Some of my initial online ventures (back in 2008 and 2009) relied heavily upon “bum” marketing, sniper sites, and other things that worked pretty well in those days, but that are far less effective and pretty much irrelevant now. And that wasn't even the extent of my experience.

I also had some pretty good success with Adsense arbitrage and posting classified ads on Backpage and Craigslist. Until my accounts all got banned. But I'm not talking about that crap either. Anyone who knows me online knows that I'm a list building guy. To me, if you're not building an email list, you're wasting your damn time... period.

So my first introduction to list building came from a gentleman named Socrates Socratous. Smart fella with some really high-powered websites and great training. He was the first person who ever exposed me to the concept of sales funnels.

From him, I learned about giving something away for free, collecting an email address, and then presenting my new subscribers with paid offers immediately upon them opting in. He had some step-by-step instructions that I just couldn't WAIT to act upon.

In fact, I was so sure this would work that I was literally vibrating with excitement!

The problem? I was flat broke. Rent was overdue and I couldn't pay it. I'd lost my restaurant job because I had a major gout attack and couldn't work for weeks. One thing I really hated doing was writing for other people, but I had no choice. I had to come up with 350 bucks for rent immediately. (We'd already paid the landlord \$200 of the total.)

I was actually sitting at my computer in a mad panic, when there was a knock on the front door. The panic immediately went from a 7 to a 9. My lady and I were both too chicken shit to answer it, but we knew who it was. After enough time had passed and we knew the coast was clear, we finally opened our front door.

As expected, there was a “3 Days to Pay or Vacate” notice taped up on it for all to see. My baby mama wasn't working, and I literally HAD to do something to keep a roof over my son's head. There was baby food and formula in the house, but nothing for the adults.

Things had never been so bad.

But I was absolutely convinced that this list building thing would work out... and work out extremely quickly. So I had a crazy, super risky idea.

I would offer my writing services to earn some list building capital... then I'd quickly make enough to cover the rest of our rent. Remember, we had three days to pay or vacate. So I needed to make a little more than \$115 a day.

I advertised a cheap article service on Craigslist. I created a tiny sales page with a Paypal button on a subdomain of one of my failed EMDs (exact match domains). Don't ask me why, but the domain I put it on was called FleaPill.net! :D

It was something like articles.fleapill.net or something stupid.

But it was just a cheesy little sales page on a generic sales page theme for Wordpress.

This page told the world that I would write 400-word articles for \$6 each, or 10 for \$50. I also advertised a rewriting service... \$4 each or 10 for \$30. WAY too cheap!

I got one writing client from my Craigslist ads. And I had posted in all sorts of cities, including NY, LA, Chicago, Las Vegas, Portland, Seattle, Austin... no takers but one. He asked me for three articles, which would have been \$18 in my pocket. But I talked him up to five for \$25. And here's the reason I was committed to upselling him...

The Warrior Forum has a little section called "Warriors For Hire." And in this section, people advertise writing services to other marketers. Now at the time, this was the only marketplace of its kind that I knew of. I'd never heard of Fiverr or anything.

The problem? In order to post in the Warriors For Hire section, you've gotta pay the forum admins 20 bucks. My Paypal account was tapped out, down to just a few cents. \$18 wouldn't do it. \$25 would let me pay the admins, cover my Paypal fees, and get my lady and I each a McDouble from McDonald's.

Yum yum, get you some!

And that's exactly what happened. We ended up with three burgers, actually. And I ended up with enough money to place an ad in the Warriors for Hire section.

This is when I went from being terrified, to being absolutely elated, to being completely and utterly overwhelmed...

Work requests started flying in. 10 rewrites here, 10 unique articles there. And the money was hitting my Paypal account like you wouldn't believe. In a matter of a few hours, I found myself in a situation where I had 90 pieces of content to get through.

The good news was... I could pay my rent!

The bad news was... there was no way in HELL I was gonna be able to complete everybody's work in a timely fashion. The worse news... after paying my rent, there still wouldn't be enough to buy what I needed to begin my list building career...

Until I received yet another order. And this order came from big-name marketer Russell Brunson, who needed a whole buffet of writing projects completed. I think I ended up making another 500 bucks from him alone!

Here's where the details become a little vague. But the bottom line is that I took on a shitload of writing projects, paid my rent, fed my family, and put a case of beer in the fridge for celebration!

Despite my other-worldly work load, I was still happy. Daddy saved the day with his writing skills, marketing skills, quick thinking, and perseverance.

Ha! Yeah right, homie! It was desperation that really saved the day. But I was still proud of myself, whether it was justified or not. And a few cold beers were certainly in order!

Over the next few days, I pretty much worked around the clock. I was super eager to get started with list building, but it just didn't seem feasible. I could hardly find the time for a restroom or meal break, let alone embark upon a whole new business undertaking.

But then I got a pretty smart idea. I found some decent writers on oDesk who were willing to take some of my workload off my shoulders. I used part of the 500 bucks I earned from Russell to pay these writers. This reduced my own labor by 60 or maybe even 70 percent! Ah, sweet relief. And plenty of money left over to start list building!

Once I had gotten through all the writing work (and the beer), I invested in some of the tools that Mr. Socratous had recommended, including:

- An Aweber account
- A new domain name
- A master resell rights Adsense e-book to give away.
- A suite of squeeze, OTO, and download page templates.
- Another MRR Adsense product (a few of them, actually) to use as an upsell.
- Training on how to put this all together.
- Three solo ads.

I followed his instructions to the letter, spent about \$100 on solo ads, and then sat back with more eager anticipation than I had experienced in a very long time... just waiting

for that first solo ad to go live and for the traffic to start rolling in.

Long story short, the traffic did come in. I received over 120 opt-ins and made four OTO sales. Each sale was for \$17! So I had earned 68 freakin' dollars. Ultimately, I spent about \$30 to put 120 leads on my brand new list. Now I was buzzing with excitement.

And then my grandma died.

She was really more of a mother to me. She was the person who showed me the most love and affection. I had been booted from my home at the age of 16. Moved all over the country throughout my life. Attended nearly 20 elementary schools, 3 middle schools, and 5 high schools. I never had stability in my life... and I always felt horribly unwanted.

Except when it came to my grandma. We were extremely close. Very much like-minded. She told brilliant jokes and was always on her game intellectually... and comedically. Sharp as a razor, that woman. And a true example of human kindness, generosity, care, and overall good-nature. Her passing devastated me.

I left \$100 with my lady and baby to cover their food. With what little I had left, I flew to Salt Lake City to join my family in celebrating her life... and spreading her ashes in one of the most breathtaking landscapes I've ever had the privilege of surrounding myself with... the incomparable Bryce Canyon.



I returned home to Spokane flat broke. My son's mother couldn't find work, and I was having a difficult time walking. My gouty foot had already been very sore and tender prior to all the walking that I had done at Bryce. Now I was essentially immobile.

And just like that, we found ourselves in a rotten situation again.

To make matters worse, one of the writers I had hired on oDesk returned plagiarized work to me. And the person I owed the work to was not happy with me... to say the least. So I was stuck writing articles for essentially no reward. And I was having writers block.

I just wanted to say “fuck it” and quit. I really did.

I was broke, incapable of getting a job, trying to support a woman and child in addition to myself, and couldn't even get disability insurance because I opened my big mouth and told them about the \$1000+ I had just made from home. Oy vey. Dumb.

All this on top of the fact that I was still grieving in a big way.

But I didn't quit. My son was far too important to me. I sensed that my relationship with his mother was coming to an end. She had never been thrilled about me trying to make money online. Her mind was very closed to something that she considered to be a scam.

She didn't understand the world that you and I live in, my friend.

But I would never quit on my son. Perhaps even more importantly, I would never quit on myself. I thought that my parents, or my girlfriend, or the economy, or my even my damn foot could quit on me. But I would NEVER quit on myself. NEVER.

It was then and there that I developed the mantra that would carry me through to the level of success that I enjoy today. A simple mantra really...

“The Only Way to Fail Is To Quit.”

I repeated that mantra all day every day. When times got the toughest and it looked like nothing was ever going to go my way, I repeated it with particular passion and gusto.

Sometimes I didn't buy it. Sometimes I argued that the only way to succeed was to quit doing shit that required so much effort and immersion, yet that produced such paltry results. But then I considered the immense scope of the Internet, how much money was

being spent each day, how many multi-millionaires were being created...

Basically, I told myself to stop thinking like a damn quitter. Because I do believe to my very core that, in the world of online business anyway, the only way to fail is, in fact, to quit. So I dusted myself off and got my ass back to work. And here's what I did...

I made a decision.

The decision I made was to become a public badass.

I thought of all the great IM successes I knew of. Frank Kern, Mike Filsaime, Travis Sago, Lee McIntyre, Alex Jeffreys, Tiffany Dow, Mike Long...

And I asked myself, what do all these people have in common? Besides the fact that they're all great marketers with effective strategies and giant email lists... what do they all have in common at the most fundamental level?

The answer: I knew who they were. They were all essentially public figures.

They had effectively branded themselves. And this branding made all the difference in the world. These weren't just people who were able to pay a few bills with their online earnings. These were people who owned nice homes and cars, and who could go on luxury vacations, thanks exclusively to the incomes they were generating online!

I made the decision simply to join them.

I knew this meant that I had to create products. And I wanted to be in the IM space. The problem I was faced with was that of niche selection.

I had made decent money in the past from article marketing and running classified ads, but these business strategies seemed to be on the decline. I was particularly disillusioned with SEO, as I had been burned one too many times by Google and her ugly pets.

I considered creating a product about becoming a freelance service provider... namely, a ghostwriter. But I HATED that line of work, and didn't really have the passion, or the heart to teach others how to enter a world that I thought was substandard and fruitless.

List building?

Ah, that was the thing I most believed in. It was maybe the most exciting thing in the world to me, really. But I hadn't yet succeeded with it. The extent of my experience was that solo ad blast, thoseplr Adsense products, the 120 subscribers, and the 4 sales.

I had subsequently tried sending out promo emails – two of them, actually – and I made exactly zero sales between the pair. I had pretty much let that list die.

So how in the name of Ron Jeremy's lucky moustache was I ever going to create a product on a topic that I couldn't confidently teach from successful experience?

...I'd create a mutual enemy.

And at the time, the easiest target in the world was Google. It was organic traffic. I decided to write a book about the sheer evils of the SEO game. In fact, my main “angle” when I wrote my very first product, “The White Hot List,” was simply this...

Screw SEO!

And I used a great pro-list building, anti-SEO quote from the great Mike Filsaime as the pre-headline to my WSO sales page. Then guess what I did. I didn't sell it at all.

I gave it away. I used it as my own bait product to start building my own list... and to begin the branding process. Between the forum traffic and buying solo ads (which I was able to do with the instant affiliate commissions I earned when people bought my recommended “OTO”), I grew my list to over 1500.

I couldn't believe it. I was finally starting to make a name for myself. And I was smart enough to know that a good name is worth a lifetime of ongoing income.

Now don't get me wrong, The White Hot List wasn't all just about how lousy and unpredictable SEO was. I did teach list building. And to gather my content, I watched videos... lots and lots and lots of videos.

Folks like John Cornetta, Lee McIntyre, Mike Cowles, and Ron Douglas have hours of list building content out there for free. I just absorbed it all, took dozens of pages of notes, and then compiled what I believed to be the very best of the best.

But Let Me Back It On Up for a Second...

I didn't do this from home. In fact, I no longer had a home. My woman left me, and moved herself and my son into a relative's home in Idaho. One of the saddest moments of my life. She was committed to having a blue collar man in her life. I wasn't going to be that man. It ended amicably, but abruptly... and I had nowhere to go.

My trip to Bryce wiped me out. Rent was coming due again. I had nothing. I could

barely walk. My Internet got shut off because the bill was overdue. “No wonder she left me,” I thought. “I can't provide shit right now.”

I ended up at the Union Gospel Mission in downtown Spokane. I had a duffle bag full of clothes in one hand, and my bigass, not-all-too-light iMac in the other. I still had it in its original box, with a beautiful photo of the computer on its exterior. Nothing like walking into a homeless shelter with a \$1500 computer in tow.

Luckily, they had a pretty well-guarded storage there. So what I did was store it during the night as I slept, and then I pulled it out of storage during the day. The bus picked me up directly across the street, and I lugged my “Big Mac” to the public library, where I created “The White Hot List.”

I honestly couldn't stand being at the shelter. Too much depression. Too many people who had totally given up on themselves. It seemed to me like everyone was so busy trying to “get right with God” and “adopt positive mental attitudes to cope with their misfortune,” but nobody was actually taking any action to improve their circumstances.

Moreover, I couldn't stand being away from my boy. I missed him something terrible. That's my best friend, you know? Yet he was the very person who I was willing to suffer and struggle my ass off for. My goal was to be a successful entrepreneur... to show my son that a man can, indeed, forge his own path in this world.

I was going to show him that “determination,” “perseverance,” and “vision” weren't just great tongue-in-cheek slogans used to make good posters with pictures of cute kittens on them. That these were real values that can ACTUALLY take you where you want to go in life. And if I had to endure a whole lot of hardship to reach this goal, then so be it.

A Bittersweet Grand...

Just as I was finishing up TWHL, I received a Facebook message from my recently departed grandmother's new husband (they had wed just 3 years prior to her death) stating that she had left me \$1000 in her will. She wasn't a woman of great means, so this small inheretence actually came as a major surprise to me.

He was gracious enough to send me the thousand dollars via Paypal.

As luck would have it, my child's mother also contacted me (the very same day) saying that she and my son were trying to get into a new house. When I told her of my good fortune, she told me that if I could help her out with the \$750 that she was short, then we could all live together again. I was on an Idaho-bound Greyhound within an hour.

I thought about my dear grandma on that trip. Her final act of kindness was reuniting me with my family. Pretty cool, isn't it?

Unfortunately, the situation was anything but poetic. My ex made it clear right from the beginning that we weren't, in fact, back together. But that we could coexist as friends and co-parents. Not ideal from my perspective, but I wasn't going to argue. This was a great opportunity to be off the streets and with my son. It was still a pretty sweet deal! ;)

I actually began looking for a (gasp) job, but in this particular small town, I could find nothing. A few promising leads, all of which turned out to be nada. So my determination caught fire. I was going to finish The White Hot List and make a fortune.

So now we'll jump back up to me building that list of 1500 subscribers.

Things were rolling along smoothly. She was working in a restaurant as a waitress. I was working at home as a professional email marketer. Our cost of living was quite low, so we were able to keep our heads above water, despite our low incomes.

I had initially set up my Aweber autoresponder to send out daily emails. Now I myself didn't write these emails on a daily basis. Sometimes I'd go a full week without writing an email. But when I did write it, I set it to go out one day after the last (for all future subscribers). Almost all of these emails were promotional in nature.

At the same time, I began setting up my blog, <http://ListBuildingWithLee.com> -

As time went on, I started sending more and more of my email traffic to blog posts, which is still a strategy that I recommend to my customers and students today. On a blog, you can say what you want, be who you want, do what you want, and monetize however you want. It's total freedom. It's your own turf. And getting comments is great!

On a daily basis, I was bringing in anywhere from \$10 to \$40. Usually, it stayed in about the \$20-30 range. This sounds like a great way to start building a business, doesn't it?

The problem was, I never got to keep or save my money. There always seemed to be an emergency. A bill that needed immediate attention. Diapers for the baby. Gas for the car. The truth was, my tiny income was desperately needed to keep the household afloat.

I helped with food money, gas money, bill money... and on occasion, beer money. She was responsible for the rent. Unfortunately, she couldn't always pay the rent, as she was an undisciplined spender throughout the rest of the month. Hey, I'm not pointing fingers here... I'm by no means the king of self-discipline myself. Just tellin' it like it is.

So... areas of semi-heated contention began to arise. She and her family began telling me I needed to stop dreaming and go get a job. When I tried to convince them that this thing was perfectly scalable and that all I needed to do was feed new leads into the funnel, they looked at me like deer in headlights, put their fingers in their ears, and shouted “LALALALALALALALALALA!” They didn't even acknowledge my success.

It sucked. Bad.

So I went back out trying really, really stinkin' hard to land a job. Any job. And I simply couldn't. The town was small, and businesses weren't only not hiring... they were laying people off! “Nice timing, recession,” I thought. The crappiest thing is that I had always been a restaurant guy. And restaurant jobs were usually so EASY for me to get!

But not this time.

We found ourselves in another crummy “pay or vacate” situation. And we both had incomes! We owed \$750 for rent... and had zero of it. She was earning about 20-30 bucks a day in tips. I was earning about 20-30 bucks a day in commissions. It should have been enough. But it wasn't.

Long story short, the stress crippled us. She blamed me for everything, telling me I should have given up this stupid dream a long time ago... and that I should have been working a blue collar job actually providing a real life for my family. I got the “lalalala” treatment whenever I tried to explain that we just had to endure... and that I would be making more money than any blue collar person she knows in next to no time.

(I remember her once telling me how disappointed her dad - a heavy equipment operator - was in me. I asked her how much money he made. When she told me, I told her I'd be making twice as much - online - within a year. It felt so good to make that happen! ;)

I Got Kicked to the Curb!

Her dad told her he'd pay her rent, but only if she “dropped that bum.” So she did. She had no problem sending me packing. The problem this time was that I had very little money in my Paypal account. And no computer. I had actually pawned my iMac just days before... to contribute \$250 toward back rent. It was a desperate act.

I had all but killed my golden goose.

What was even worse is that my Aweber bill was overdue, and I was at risk of losing my 1500-subscriber list. Oy vey. What a toxic situation.

All alone, duffle bag in tow, I walked (sold car for rent months before) about 5 miles to the local Greyhound station, spent almost the last of my money on a ticket, and headed back to Spokane to stay at the homeless shelter... again.

When I got there, I was suicidal. I stood by the Spokane River going through the pros and cons of throwing myself in. With my eyes full of tears and my chest full of pain, I was barely able to speak to my brother when I called him. Through a constricted throat, I informed him of what had just happened. He saved the day.

He sent \$100 into my Paypal account... and he booked me a hotel room. The next day, he flew to Spokane from Portland. While my situation was dire, my heart was also broken. **I had just lost my family.** In the process of kicking me out, my ex had informed me that she'd met someone new. My dumb ass has still been holding out. I just knew she'd come around once she saw all the success I was in the process of building for us.

But she had other ideas.

This didn't just add to the misery of being in a dire situation. It actually overshadowed it. I dreamed about her and “another man” every night. And when I woke up, I couldn't enjoy the relief of knowing it was only a dream... because it wasn't.

This really compromised my ability to make effective decisions and take action.

My brother gave me \$800 cash. He told me he had all the faith in the world that I would turn things around. Good kid. I love his rotten guts. I was sad when he had to fly back to Portland. But I was pretty excited to prove what I was made of.

So I went to a dirty, dingy weekly rate motel where the drugs and hookers flowed like water (not in my direction, mind you... I don't participate in either activity). I got myself a room for three weeks. It was \$163 a week, after tax. So just under \$500.

I then took a city bus up to a reputable pawn shop and bought myself a new-ish Acer laptop... the very same computer that I'm writing this book on today!

The computer cost me a little more than \$200.

With the rest of my money, I bought food and brought my Aweber account back to good standing. Now, fearful that three weeks wouldn't be enough time to rely solely on my online income (motels are unforgiving... no three days to pay or vacate there... you don't pay the day it's due, you're on your ass, Jack), I went out to get me a job.

Spokane has a population of about 400,000 people. Surely, it would be much easier to

find a job here. And luckily, I didn't have to look far. I immediately contacted my old boss, who immediately gave me a job waiting tables.

The job sucked... like really, really bad.

This was apparent right from the beginning. Management was rude. Coworkers were like zombies. Morale was bitchy and low. But it got so much worse...

They would call me in for work. I'd show up. I would actually go and sit in the basement, on my own time – totally off the clock – often for HOURS – just to see “if” they were actually going to get busy enough for me to take tables.

This practice is totally illegal, not to mention highly unethical. But it happened just about every single shift. Believe me, my friend. I'm not exaggerating when I tell you that sometimes I would spend six hours at this restaurant... and only get paid for 2 of them!

This pissed me off mainly because it was cutting into my IM time.

But I had a job, and apparently this was a good thing. Now people were starting to treat me with respect. My family would say things like “I'm glad you finally came to your senses and stopped trying to get rich on the Internet.” and “See, doesn't it feel better when you actually have a job like a regular person and you can provide for yourself?”

Seriously, what the fuck is wrong with people?

How is being another person's little bitch more prestigious and noble than working for yourself and living the “American dream?” Can YOU explain this to me? If so, please email me at lee@listbuildingwithlee.com and let me know. I sincerely don't get it.

So let me speed this up, okay?

A few months passed at this job. During this time, I wasn't doing a lot of email marketing to my list. I was burnt out on writing emails for 20 bucks apiece. My list was getting tired of being promoted to. Responsiveness was declining. And my messy-ass funnel wasn't strong enough for me to buy solo ads. All my testing indicated this.

So...

I decided to scrap the whole damn thing and follow my friend Rob Stafford's advice. I started writing e-books that I could actually SELL! What a concept, right?

I wrote “Sales Funnel Supreme,” “Your Squeeze Page Is Bananas!,” “Buyers List

Bonanza,” and “JV Double-Down.” I had written these based on the experiences of other successful email marketers, as well as confirmation I had gained trying them in my own business. To me, the fact that I had been making 20-30 dollars a day doing this stuff qualified me to share with others... and to get paid for it. I felt good about this.

So I offered all of these products in a bundle. I created a WSO where I would deliver these books, and others like them, each and every week to my customers via email. I called it the “List Building Book of the Week Club.” And the cost was \$19/mo.

This was my very first WSO. Would you like to know how many of these subscriptions I sold? Go ahead, guess.

The answer: 1

I sold one single subscription. In fact, in my WarriorPlus stats, the conversion percentage was officially 0%. Talk about a potentially demoralizing situation.

But I hated my effing job SO much (it wasn't just a bad job... it was pure, tortuous, agonizing hell at every single turn... just an awful, awful freakin' experience), that I wasn't going to be thrown off-course for a second.

All I did was decide to sell ONE of those books as a stand-alone WSO. I simply picked the one with the highest page count (Sales Funnel Supreme), created a sales letter on the fly, and launched that sucker within two days of my original flop. I had also created another sales letter for my remaining three books, an upsell (OTO) that I called Trifecta.

I priced SFS at only \$5 (and Trifecta at \$19.95)... I offered affiliates 100% commissions on the front end and 50% commissions on the back end. I wished and hoped with everything I had that I would get a few sales. Just something to lift my spirits.

Within 24 hours, this product was awarded WSO of the Day. The sales started FLOODING in! I could literally just keep hitting the refresh button on my browser, and have more sales than I did a few seconds ago. I seriously felt like I had won the lottery!

I sold over 1000 copies of Sales Funnel Supreme. The attention I got from the WSOTD award brought in floods of additional, high-quality affiliates. I had earned thousands of dollars (OTO sales and affiliate commissions). I then sent out a promo email to this new buyers list, just to test. A single little email earned me over \$650 on the spot.

I offered to start coaching people on setting up effective sales funnels. I sent out an email saying I would do this for \$500. I got eight coaching clients within hours!

And from there, my friend, I've never looked back. I immediately quit my job. I immediately called my ex to rub it in her face. And I immediately became that “public badass” that I had sought to become. Now to this day, I'm still not at the same level that many of my personal role models are at. I may never be. Who knows?

But what I can tell you in no uncertain terms is that my mantra, “The Only Way to Fail Is to Quit,” has truly led me to a level of success that I am thrilled beyond words with. And I'm so grateful. I'm so grateful to my mentors, to my customers and students... and to the Internet itself. Without these, I'd be... yuck. Let's not even talk about it.

So you, my friend...

What's it going to take to get you to succeed on your own terms... in this business?

Well, first of all, let me say this... I sincerely hope that your situation isn't anywhere near as bad as mine was. I hope you're not going through a major breakup, missing your child, living on the streets, suffering from a debilitating health condition, mourning the loss of your most beloved relative, and working in a literally abusive environment.

I hope you're not. And I hope you're not completely destitute financially. I hope you've got food in your cupboards, clothes on your back, and maybe even a little beer in the fridge, if that's your thing.

But let's assume that you're starting from ground zero like I was. Knowing what I know now, here's exactly what I would do...

Step One:

Offer a service online. If you can write, offer to write articles. If you can do web graphics, offer to help people with their sales pages. If you can talk to people, offer to handle vendors' customer support. Whatever you want. Check Fiverr for ideas... but don't run your offer on Fiverr, unless you really want to make a career out of it.

Instead, start a thread on the Warrior's For Hire section of the Warrior Forum. Tell people what you'll do and how much you'll charge. Look around to see what your competitors are doing. See how much they're charging. Do NOT make the same mistake that I did and short-change yourself. If you're good, charge like you're good!

Step Two:

Start building your list straight away. Use your service income (if you've chosen to go

that route) to fund your business. The majority of your money should go into advertising. If you need to outsource anything, then that's where the rest of your money should go. I have no way of knowing YOUR specific situation, so I can't really elaborate on what percentage of your budget should go for what.

Now, I do have an incredible (which, it would seem that I do, in fact, say so myself) list building guide that is so packed with virtual vitamins and minerals that I should sincerely be charging \$47 for it. But as a thank you for reading "Zero to Beero," I just wanna give it to you for FREE, if you'll allow me to do so.

The guide is called "The White Hot List 2," and I'm also including a couple really powerful bonuses with it. Again, I'd like you to have this... my compliments. Just please promise me that you'll actually take action... and that you'll never quit!



>> [Click Here to Get The White Hot List 2 For FREE!](#) <<

Step Three:

Reinvest your profits for explosive list growth.

Step Four:

Create your own products showing people what you did to earn your money. I'm sure that you'll pick up a few of your own distinctions and tricks along the way. Just get your butt out there and do this stuff. You WILL innovate... it's just a natural byproduct of having your own business. Then, you share your innovations with others and...

You get paid really well to do so!

In Conclusion:

Ah, sweet freakin' success... I kept it under 20 pages! I truly hope that my story hit home for you. Hopefully I've given you some inspiration, and maybe a few ideas of what to do next. Your success is extremely important to me, especially if you're in pain... like I was.

To make sure you understand the four simple steps I've just given you, I'll summarize...

1. Get your funding in order. Offer services, if need be.
2. Start building your list immediately. Download [The White Hot List 2](#) for direction.
3. Reinvest your profits into your business to grow it to the moon.
4. Teach others how to do the same by creating your own products.

That's the formula I followed. And it actually does get a little deeper. I would say that a fifth step you could take would be to follow my "21 And Done" formula to continually promote the products that you create. This is covered in your free copy of TWHL2.

Listen, I hope you've enjoyed this short book. I really enjoyed writing it for you, even though it did conjur up a few rather disturbing memories. But I guess we've all got 'em.

Just remember, no matter if you're looking for a few bucks for beer, or a few thousand bucks for a new car, you really can make it happen on the World Wide Web. I'm living proof of that. Above all else, always remember that the only way to fail... is to quit.

Never quit!

- Lee Murray

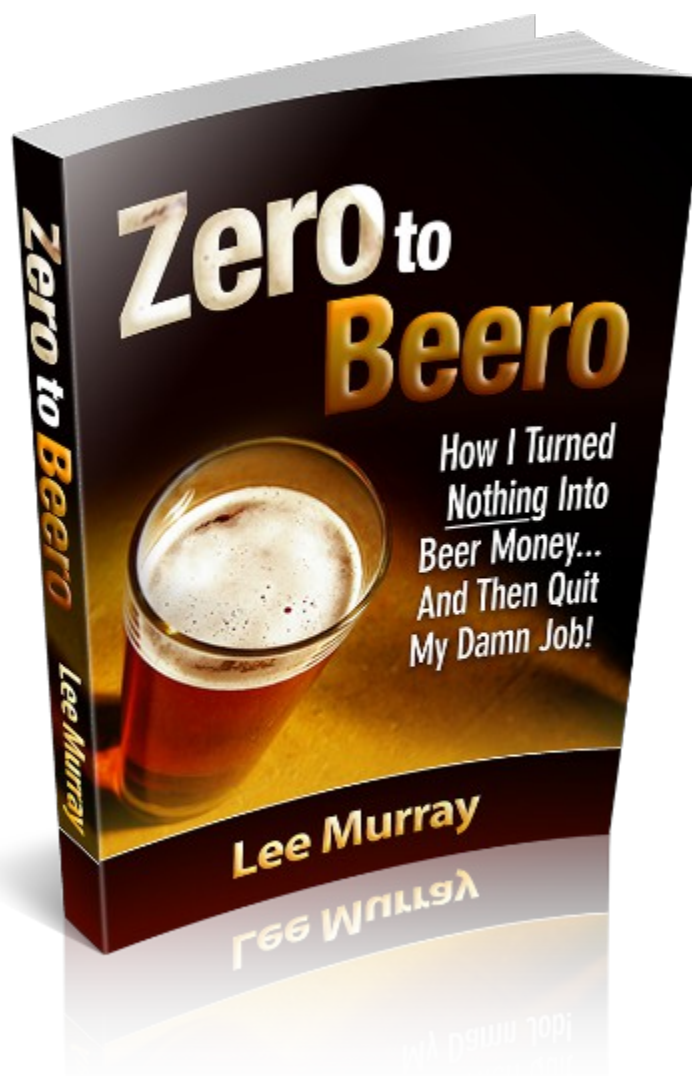
Wanna Give “Zero to Beero” Away?

You are absolutely welcome to use this report as a freebie through which to build your list... or as something nice and inspirational to give your existing list for free.

If you're an IM niche affiliate, feel free to offer “Zero to Beero” as a bonus to people who buy through your link. Are you a product creator/vendor? Again, this will make a dynamite bonus offer! Use this report in place of any crappy plr you may be using!

All I ask is that you don't edit it in any way. You get something of incredible value to help you build a list and/or relationships... I get some quality branding. We all win. :)

Here's the cover image, if you'd like to use it...



(Right click, save image as... you know the drill!)