

Bungy Jump to Internet Success

By Ante Miljak

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Thin air and the occasional wisp of water vapor from the majestic Victoria Falls fills the 111-meter gap that separates the swirling waters of the Zambezi and the steel-girded bridge spanning the river.

A similarly tenuous and invisible medium, vision and determination, bridges the gap separating the average Internet business from a \$100 000 income.

A pedestrian crossing the bridge connecting Zimbabwe and Zambia would hardly notice the slight protrusion on its edge, if it weren't for the feverish crowd that perpetually mobs the narrow platform. They congregate here for the thrill of watching those foolish, or brave - always matter of opinion - that plummet into the abyss with a rope tied around their ankles.

The Webmaster who finds a way to attract an equally feverish crowd to their website, will see money flow into the bank like the gushing waters of the Zambezi below the bridge.

But to create a thrill you have to jump!!!

Standing at the edge of the narrow platform I was preparing to do just that...jump. But the anticipatory thrill of the dive was being overwhelmed by the intense sensation of fear as the moment drew near.

While the jumpmaster was adjusting the rope around my ankles, I stared at the wild waters below...and thought.

'What if the rope snaps?'

Perched at the edge of the abyss with an inch thick rope - or a sensible decision - separating me from eternity, wasn't exactly the appropriate moment to think of the consequences.

"Will I ever learn?"

I did the same with the Internet. Lured by promises of overnight riches by marketing "gurus", I jumped headlong into Internet business. It costed me a lot of pain, heartache, disappointment and money. It came close to costing me everything that I had worked for my entire life.

"Well, I survived that one."

That thought comforted me a little and shifted my mind into a more philosophical mode.

"What drives a human to do this crazy thing risking death or injury for an act that serves no purpose, or to leave a perfectly good business to plunge into the hazy world of the Internet?"

"Should I turn back?"

Hundreds of spectators lined the rails of the bridge and the fringes of my life. The embarrassment would be too great.

The jumpmaster stopped fiddling with the rope and stood up.

"Ready?" He asked.

"Ready." I replied. My voice shook a little.

He extended his arm towards the horizon - that's where I was supposed to look - and started counting.

10...9...8. The crowd counted with him. I had about seven seconds to change my mind. Remnants of the thrill were snuffed out of my mind by relentless fear.

3...2...1...bunggyyyyyyy. The roar of the crowd was frenzied.

I leaped. The acceleration of my falling body astounded me. Instinctively, I extended my hands in front of me to brake the fall. An irrational and futile gesture.

The surging waters of Zambezi were meters from my head when the elasticity of the rope catapulted me back towards the bridge.

Hidden somewhere in the pages of a capacious dictionary, there is probably a word describing a sensation of intense fear and immense exhilaration. If there is, I certainly missed it. But that's what I felt.

I did it.

I had no problem finding a word to accurately describe my next feeling. "Triumph" described it very, very accurately.

Now I had the answer to the questions that tormented my mind while perched at the edge of the abyss. Now I knew why I had to jump and why I had to take the uncharted Internet road.

In both cases I needed to reaffirm myself. I have reached a point in my life known to the unenlightened as "middle age." And I am not talking history here. I am talking about the age at which society casts people into a narrow groove of outdated perceptions.

That is why I had to test the edges of my courage and the edges of technology. That's why I needed to jump both ways. I was jumping out of the straight-jacket that a narrow-minded society tries to pull over my mind. Now I control the time. It can no longer pass me by.

The road to freedom and independence is now open. There might be some rocky stretches ahead. In fact I am sure there will. But the worst is behind me and I now have the ultimate weapon to overcome any obstacle ahead - a reaffirmed belief in myself.

I now thank those Internet "gurus" that lured me into business by false promises. To earn a few dollars they nearly ruined my life and if I had not persevered, they would have. They would have unmercifully killed in me the most potent force in any person's life - confidence and belief in themselves.

On reflection I realized that they didn't con me into Internet business. To any sensible individual it is obvious that what they promise is too good to be true. They just told me what I wanted to hear and I believed it because I wanted to believe. I yearned to fulfill the deep-seated human need of freedom, self-affirmation and total independence.

The Internet offers this, if you do it right. And this is not hype.

When you bungy jump, your chances of surviving are greatly increased if the rope around to your ankles is chosen and tied by responsible professionals. You have to do some research. Your life is at stake.

In Internet business you have to choose products that are not as ephemeral as the mist that floats above the Victoria Falls gorge. You have to do some research. Your life is at stake.

There is no formula for success. Whoever tries to sell it to you is trying to cheat you out of your money. You are a unique individual. There are principles that we all use in our unique ways. If you apply them to your visions and persevere, you will succeed.

It is your vision that liberates the powerful forces that lie within you. It is just as awesome as the mist exploding off the mighty falls of Mosi oa Tunya - The Smoke that Thunders.

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Author of Click & Grow Rich, the business that integrates products, traffic-generation programs and marketing strategy. All you need to do is Click & Grow Rich. <http://www.clickandgrowrich.biz>

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