



'Don't Laugh At The Life Coach'

By

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The following were all posts that were originally published in Tims blog at www.adaringadventure.com/blog/wordpress/

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Shopping & Sulking Shenanigans

I made a horrible mistake yesterday. It was one of those mistakes that you know is coming, you can see it grinning at you on the horizon as it marches toward you confident in the knowledge that there is nothing you can do to avoid it. You can plan, you can procrastinate and you can sob your little eyes out but you have more chance of dodging a bank of fog than this little beauty. I did plan, I did procrastinate and I did try sobbing in front of my wife but she just laughed in my face like a Sergeant Major laughing in the face of a raw recruit that doesn't want to do push-ups. The laughing soon stopped though, because this was a military operation that required planning to the tiniest detail and she didn't want to waste that time on a loser like me.

Yes indeed we were going to the sales, but not any old sales, we were going to the Factory Outlet Sales! Quite honestly I think I would have rather put a metal bucket on my head and gone and played golf in a lightening storm for 9 hours than put myself through the kind of purgatory that entire books in the Bible are written about.

Fortunately I had 2 clients in through lunchtime so my chance to demonstrate my world-class sulking ability had to be put on hold for a few hours, but once they had gone I slipped into high gear. In fact short of walking round dragging one foot behind the other at right angles I'm not sure what else I could have done to register my displeasure. This was water off a ducks back to an old campaigner like my wife who had already been out for a 3-hour dummy run! She is a hardened veteran shopper that laughs in the face of anybody that can't pull off a ten hour shopping marathon without a cup of coffee. I kid you not, we could have 10 bags of shopping and she'd not allow me to hold a single one. I'm sure people have seen us and thought "Look at that chauvinist pig making his wife carry all those bags, I bet he's a life coach"

We arrived at 4.30pm knowing it would be quieter. Well yeh maybe it was but then again I hear the Normandy Landings were quieter on the second day so it's all relative. I don't like queuing to get into shops. I'm trying to give them my money and I don't really want to stand around wondering whether the sweat patch spreading from each arm of the guy in front of me is going to meet in the middle before I get through the door. It didn't by the way but it was a close call.

At one stage we were in Banana Republic and I said to Helen. "I don't think I have seen more than about 25% of the stuff that is in here in the real store. We shop there a lot and like it, but the stuff here looked like a blind duck on acid had designed it. I read some while ago that Ralph Lauren made clothing just to go to their factory outlets that never saw the light of day in a high street or mall store. If

it's true I'm not sure about the morality of that it seems that bargain hungry shoppers are being misled at best and lied to at worst.

After what seemed like an eternity of pain and suffering I struck a bargain with my wife that allowed me 10 minutes off to grab a beer. I noticed all the sad faced men sat around with beers in hand staring at the floor. These men were beaten down by life and shopping. Nobody was talking but I exchanged a few knowing looks from fellow victims. We were indeed brothers in arms for a few moments in time. When the bartender tried to hand my change to the guy sat next to me he was so wrapped up in his own world that he never even noticed. He looked more likely to burst into tears than burst into song. I wanted to put my arm round him and tell him everything was going to be ok, but I simply didn't know that. Maybe he had hours still to go and maybe heaven forbid he knew that he was coming back the following day. Maybe things weren't going to be ok.

We left not long after, or more to the point tried to leave. It was late now and everybody was leaving at the same time so we'd exchanged being jostled by people to being jostled by other cars. There was one guy that decided there was 1 more lane than reality suggested hitting his horn and another refusing to let him in and others trying to edge each other out and steal critical inches. I could deal with this though because I knew we were on the way out. I thought of Steve McQueen digging the tunnel, knowing that freedom could be just a sock full of dirt away. I then wished I'd not thought of that analogy because he got caught again. My mind tried to think "Could this be a trick do we pass any more Malls on the way home that would require a quick visit for that one forgotten gift?" There weren't any I could think of and I sighed. Yes I was almost home and dry and I finally felt confident enough to close my eyes and think of a calm place.

Oprah Winfrey Read My Book Last Night

I don't know anything about interpreting dreams. I know there are books out there that go into great detail and that Freud and Jung studied them, but I just have them. I rarely remember them unless I have eaten excessive amounts of cheese. I'm grateful, I'm not a mouse otherwise I'd be a basket case trying to decipher the meaning of some of the more, should we be kind and say exotic, productions my unconscious is hurling at me.

Yesterday I had a client that asked me about dreams. It's actually not the first time that has happened several clients have asked me the same question in the past, I guess that they think it would be a normal part of life coach training. Not sure about that, it's an idea for sure, but then again so is smearing yourself in salmon roe and playing taunt the bear during the spawning season, but I'm not about to do it.

So last night I had a really weird one and I can't really work out what it means. I'm tempted to say it means I'm mental but that would be an easy cop out, so in

an attempt to poke about in murkier parts of my mind I've decided to blog about it. Beware it's not for anybody clinging onto sanity by anything other than a fingertip or two.

I was on this very small island and peering into the water. I noticed a crocodile looking up at me and he winked. I thought this meant he was about to pounce so I ran through a knee-deep lagoon that led to another island (Hmm, so maybe that makes it an atoll and not an island but who's counting?). There were 2 Crocs sliding onto the island with me one from each side as I jumped onto dry land. Yikes I thought I'm off and went to the next island. I spotted a tree and decided to hide under it (maybe I thought it was going to start raining crocodiles I don't know). By now I could spot hundreds of crocodiles and my route to safety looked precarious at best. At that moment I saw 2 youths coming towards me riding yet another Croc like a surfboard but with a piece of rope tied around its nuzzle to steer it with. They were laughing and joking until they spotted me and a look of horror came over their faces. At that stage I realized the tree I had hidden under was a croc dressed up like a tree and he was about to eat me. I jumped onto the back of the Croc with the kids and we rode off.

Next thing I know I am at South African border control and my new friends are trying to get me out of the country. The official wanted my green card and UK passport and I handed them over. Then he asked for my library card and I said I didn't have one. He told me I couldn't leave unless I had a library card and at that point I saw him smile and realized that he was another...yes you've guessed it, bloody crocodile. That is ridiculous I said and punched him on the nose at which point he burst into tears. The two youths were yelling me to jump on the train which just happened to be completely made of chrome and was pulling out of the station. I just managed to get on as it crossed out of South Africa into the USA???? It seemed to cross thousands of miles, several continents and an ocean or two in about 12 seconds but I didn't really care because I was safe. Or so I thought

As we pulled into the station the train was stormed by militia looking for people that didn't like bananas. Oh god I thought, I hate bananas. They were asking people to eat a banana and anybody refusing was being handcuffed and dragged away screaming. I frantically looked round me and noticed that Oprah was behind me and she was reading MY book and laughing! Oh **** I thought I'm just about to get discovered and make millions as I get beaten to death for not liking bananas, that's not fair, not fait at all!

Then I woke up and apparently Oprah hasn't read my book. So what do you reckon, does it seem normal to you?

Turbot Charged Happiness

I was stood in line waiting to buy some fish today behind a lady that was placing an order for some fish she wanted for Christmas. I couldn't hear what the guy in the white coat said to her when she read out her order, but her response suggested she needed a whole team of men in white coats to help her out, and none of them would need any knowledge of filleting or skinning.

The lady suddenly said "I'm going to be cooking this Turbot on Christmas Eve, will I be happy with it?"

"What the "I thought. I looked at the fish guy intrigued to know how he'd handle this one. He looked blankly at her, then at her husband and then at me. His mouth opened but nothing came out.

I wanted to interject on his behalf and say "Madam how the *&#@ does he know if you will be happy or not, he's fishmonger not a soothsayer? Now if you mean will the fish be fresh, will it be what you want or will it perform 'Good King Wenceslas' for you, that's another matter, but ask him that and don't talk in riddles we're not filming an episode of Batman here we're trying to buy some fish."

I didn't though I just stared at my shoes as the fish guy meekly said "I think so

Click Here For Your Problem To Be Ignored

I had big plans for this blog, in fact I think it's fair to say it was going to be my wittiest, profound and damn right enlightening post ever written. Then Microsoft struck. My lack of posts this week has been because I'm back in the UK until tomorrow trying to sell my book 'Don't Ask Stupid Questions - There Are No Stupid Questions'. Well I say sell it, that may sound a bit grand, I don't mean I am bartering with several large publishers all vying for the sole rights. More attempting to get my friends and family to hand over some cash for something they foolishly thought they'd get for free. If truth be known, I've really nipped back to see my mom before Christmas but I thought if I could pretend otherwise then this post would be a great chance to mention my book that by the way, just happens to make a great Christmas present, so that it can get picked up by search engines. I'm just a Google whore!

Back to reality. I had this grandiose blog planned talking about what I miss about England (not that much actually), what life coaching would be like in the UK (difficult) and why Superstring theory is almost there but needs a little bit of tweaking.

Normally when I do a Blog I write it first in Word. The reason for this is that I have all my little personal words in Word, so that when I do a spell check I don't have to change all those little 'Englishism's' such as Englishism for example, because they are stored safe and sound and Word knows that my knowledge of the English language is purely coincidental at best. When I usually start typing anything on my pc a little box pops up and says 'Gibberish today Tim, or do you want to use real grammar?' I usually check the gibberish box.

So it was with all these grandiose ideas in my head that I set off to shock the world with a post of Shakespearean proportions. Then Microsoft Word basically told me to swivel. It wouldn't allow me to type anything into it and kept hanging around like the drunk at a Christmas party. I was reluctant not to use it because the spell checker in this Blog is so slow and as I said has none of my little peculiarities, but time after time it kept locking up. I must have clicked on the button that says "Would you like to report this problem to Microsoft so that they can do absolutely nothing about it?" button 5 or 6 times before I realised that I may as well be writing a personal letter to Bill Gates, tying it to the leg of a blind, one-winged rescue pigeon and wishing the little fella bon voyage as he stumbles from my 3rd floor hotel room window ledge onto the tarmac 25 feet below.

So there you have it. Instead of reading a post you'd look forward to telling your grandchildren about you've had to put yourself through this load of nonsense. On the other hand, think of the time you've saved.

Step Away From The Porcupine

The following post is a ramble. It has little or nothing to do with NLP, life coaching or self-development but it's fun so read it anyway. I was doing some research for a speech I was writing and found myself trawling the Internet. Before you jump to inaccurate and quite frankly slanderous conclusions, it wasn't *that* kind of a trawl. I was reading about strange laws that were still technical enforceable because nobody has bothered to remove them from the statute.

To me laws are just snapshots in time. What appears reasonable and just today may seem ridiculous in 100 years time. After all there were (enforced) English laws that taxed windows and beards and made being a Catholic a burning offense. I mean for goodness sake, not even Texas burns anybody as a punishment, do they? So whereas most laws are moral, ethical and just, some are quite obviously simply a microcosm of a particular age. For instance, in England under Queen Victoria only a century or so ago Opium was the drug of choice for the aristocracy and considered a cool thing to do. In fact, there was no law forbidding its use for a number of years after her death. Those whacky commie drug-taking Brits I bet you're thinking. Well HA! Is what I say, because Opium, Heroin and Cocaine were not made illegal in the US until 1914! Who's

the hippies now huh, my Woodstock loving friend? So one day taking these drugs was perfectly legal and even considered trendy. Yet the following day you could get rolled up in a mattress and beaten to a pulp by an over enthusiastic police officer, or maybe simply arrested and taken to trial, I really don't know what went on, for doing exactly the same thing.

Prior to moving to Florida my wife was also offered a job in Baltimore, Maryland. At the time we had decided against it because neither my wife nor myself liked the cold winters and on further investigation I think we made the right decision. Did you know that in Baltimore It's illegal to take a lion to the movies? That's outrageous and I am just glad for Leo our pet lions sake we didn't move there because the big fella loves his weekly trips to the movies more than going to the park and mauling the local kids. I was also disappointed to find out that it's illegal to throw bales of hay from a second-story window within the city limits. That's most irritating for the part-time farmers amongst us, how the hell are we supposed to get the hay downstairs?

As well as Baltimore my wife was also offered a job at UCLA. Now I liked this choice because one of the main reasons that we moved here is for the weather and there is actually a law in California that guarantees sunshine to the masses. I'm not sure whom you need to sue if it fails to materialize, but the thought is there. Whereas the guaranteed sunshine was a definite bonus it was tempered by the fact that you are not permitted to wear cowboy boots unless you already own at least two cows. I presume if you have two cows and somebody makes you an offer you can't refuse for one of them, you would have to do some kind of buy a cow get cowboy boots free kind of deal to avoid being locked up. I also noted that my annual trips to San Francisco may have to come to an end as 'Persons classified as "ugly" may not walk down any street'. How embarrassing would that be, getting arrested for being ugly? I'd almost rather be caught voting on American Idol.

So thankfully we found ourselves living in Florida, grateful that our State constitution allows freedom of speech, a trial by jury, and pregnant pigs to not be confined in cages. A fine law if ever there was one, although I was bitterly disappointed to read that having sexual relations with a porcupine is still illegal. Has anybody asked the poor porcupines what they think on the matter? I suspect not. I did notice that Florida is doing all it can to increase revenues from parking meters because if you leave your elephant tied to a parking meter, the parking fee has to be paid just as it would for a vehicle. I suppose that is because the Police were struggling to tell the difference between a Hummer and an elephant that had been sprayed yellow. So there you have it, a post about as pointless as a shaven porcupine and not nearly as cute.

Ways To Be Miserable

If you have tried to get depressed recently but found yourself slipping into happiness from time to time, don't despair help is at hand. A caveat before we get going though. Nobody is born unhappy. It's not our natural state at all. You weren't born with the kind of ugly scowl on your face that would offend a bulldog sniffing a skunk's rear end. Well maybe you were, but it wasn't there because kids of today have no respect or it was raining. It was more likely because you were covered in nasty tasting goo, absolutely famished and had no idea what in the hells name was going on. Consequently, there's no overnight success to being really miserable, you have to work at it.

So get that frown in place, have a quick grumble about the Government and let's get on with the business in hand.

Whine and complain about stuff that is out of your control. Great examples are the weather, other people's actions and the housing market. Don't ever miss an opportunity to remind people that life is much worse and much harder than they think it is. Then drive home your point by giving them a long list of examples of stuff that is wrong with the world.

Follow celebrity culture. We all know that celebrities lead charmed, perfect lives. They don't ever get sick; they have lots of money and are all perfectly balanced human beings. Read up on them, yearn to be them and above all, idolize them as the gods they are. Never forget that your life is a meaningless travesty compared to theirs.

Be a martyr and never ever put your own needs first. Make sure that you put your spouse, kids even the mail mans happiness above yours. These people are far more important than you, so show them that by neglecting yourself. Don't worry if you get sick and die because that will just cement your position in the martyr's hall of fame.

Berate yourself often. If you make a mistake, tell yourself. You know you're a jerk so tear yourself off a strip and do it in as an aggressive and condescending manner as possible. If you ever find yourself saying nice stuff internally, back up, delete it, and then say something along the lines of "You half-wit who the hell do you think you are?"

Judge others. Don't listen to people that say you can't judge a book by a cover. You haven't got time to read books so how else are you supposed to make up your mind than glancing at the cover? If they are fat then they eat too much, if they smoke they are stupid and if they are out of work then it's obvious they're lazy. Soldiers, surgeons and athletes have to make rapid decisions so why not you?

Keep updated on local news. Make sure you know who has murdered whom and more importantly, which drug-crazed lunatic is on the rampage in your neighborhood. Don't go to bed feeling cheerful when you can watch stories about the worsening economy, rising crime rates and foot tapping politicians hanging around in public bathrooms.

Eat junk food, drink lots of beer and never exercise. Fresh fruit and vegetables are for wusses that are scared to eat a triple pounder deluxe with extra bacon and 62 different kinds of cheese. Those same wusses probably can't knock back 10 beers a night and an 18" pizza. A good diet and exercise can help you feel good mentally and look good physically. Who needs that I ask you? Stick to your guns and ignore those fitness fascists like the plague. After all, if you get fit you have to stay fit and that requires time, time that you need to watch TV.

Watch more TV. If you are watching 8 hours per day try and edge that up a bit. Aim for a diet of reality TV, local news, soap operas and anything that humiliates people. Avoid programmes that are remotely informative like the plague, so PBS is right out, and anyway it's probably run by commies.

Refuse to see other people's point of view. If you have an opinion stick to it. You've probably spent years fine-tuning your belief system so hang on to it for grim death. Nobody likes a fickle, weak-willed, flip-flopper so don't let something as simple as contrary evidence persuade you that you could be wrong.

Catastrophize. You haven't had a bad day at work you've had a nightmare. You haven't been sick you have been violently sick. You haven't got a tough boss; you've got the boss from hell. Get the message? If something is worth feeling bad about then it's worth feeling really, really bad about. Never use expressions like "It's not so bad" or "There was a silver lining" They will only serve to lessen the impact of negative events and we need to ramp them up. When you get really skilled at this you can slip phrases like "I was violently sick and my boss from hell made my day an absolutely nightmare" into any conversation with aplomb.

Understand the grass is always greener. It doesn't matter how well things are going for you they should be going a bit better. Never ever be happy or grateful for what you have. Remember that story about a guy that found a bag of 100 gold coins, except there was only 99 or something like that. He spent the rest of his life bemoaning his bad luck and looking for the missing coin. Now that's what I call a devotion to being miserable. Model this guy whoever he was and whatever it was he did. I've no idea what I'm talking about so just Google 'gold' and I'm sure it'll be number one.

Defy the aging process. Ageing is for losers with no money. Book in as many body-altering procedures as possible and then book in some more. If any surgeon says you look like a trout and he thinks you have had enough, fly to Mexico and find a surgeon there that will take your hard earned cash without putting your health first. If your friends start to look strangely at you, don't worry,

it probably means you need one or two more ops just to tighten things up behind your ears a little. If you have no money, don't worry, you can do it yourself. There are bound to be explanations of what to do on the Internet so show a bit of initiative and dive in with enthusiasm. Note of warning. You may want to splash out on some rather large sunglasses and a big hat before you start, just in case.

Be jealous. If your friend gets a rise, inherits some money or wins on the lottery that means there is less for you. There is only so much money and so much good luck to go round you know. Seethe about their good fortune, whine to mutual friends about what a lucky ***** they are and try and make them feel bad at every opportunity by looking miserable. Just remember, if they were a good friend they'd give you all their cash and the deeds to their house anyway, so it's obvious they hate you.

One-up people. If you're in a group of people and somebody tells a fascinating story, one-up them with a better one. Try and make them look small and uninteresting compared to you. This works especially well when you have to invent stuff because you've never actually done anything of interest. In such cases, forget what you said and contradict yourself later on thus looking even more idiotic when everybody realizes you're lying through your teeth. Don't be bashful in pointing out you wrestled live crocodiles before that guy Dundee did, stormed the Normandy beaches solo the day before the Allied forces even turned up and would have been the first man on Mars if hadn't been for the 'bigwigs' getting cold feet when they heard of your prototype metal brain.

Laugh less. The world is a serious place and people need to understand that, so tell them. If somebody tries to make light of a situation with a joke tell them it's inappropriate and in bad taste. If it isn't appropriate or in bad taste don't let that stop you bringing everybody down. Ways to do so are; Butting in early with the punch line to a joke. Telling people that joke was funnier when you heard it 5 years ago or reminding them that some people can't laugh because they had their mouths sown shut during Government experiments that went wrong in the war.

I hope the above ideas are useful for you and you can start to implement the ones that you don't currently use into your daily regime. Remember that like happiness, unhappiness has to be worked at. It really doesn't come easy even though sometimes it seems like it does.

This Was Almost The Greatest Blog Ever

I took this afternoon off work because I am working all weekend and also it was one of those really glorious Florida days that we haven't had for a while. We have a convertible so as the humidity levels were lower and it was only in the mid 80's today was a perfect opportunity to take it out. I set off with the top down, my shades on and loud music playing. Yes, I am indeed that the kind of guy that people point out and say, "How old does he think he is? He must be 40 if he's a day, and he's listening to young peoples music, what is wrong with him?" Then they usually shake their head sadly and wonder what the world is coming to. Indeed, I think it's fair to say I would have ridiculed me if I'd seen me 20 years ago so I guess it is payback time.

Anyway, the point of this Blog isn't to humiliate myself I have been doing that all afternoon without the help of the Internet. Whilst I was driving around humming and looking cool (in my mind) I had a great idea for a Blog. In fact I think it's fair to say it was a humdinger, barnstorming wonder post the like of which would catapult me into the stratosphere as a blogging megastar overnight. "I'm so excited and I just can't fight it" hummed to myself in a horribly Pointer Sisters kind of way. Then some guy that wanted to turn left from the right hand lane of a 3-lane highway sidetracked me by screaming across in front of me narrowly avoided taking my fender, hood and life with him. I waved him merrily on his way with one finger and got back to my musings.

The idea had gone. I couldn't for the life of me remember what I'd been thinking about. My suicidal friend had done such a brilliant break state on me that he'd taken my idea along with about a year of my life with him. I spent about an hour trying to recreate the circumstances that led me to having my thought, but to no avail. Why didn't I stop and write it down I lamented? Well, for the same reason I never write stuff down because I'm too lazy and always think I'll remember.

Ranting on Red Light Renegades

Just recently I've noticed signs appearing around Windermere and also Orlando warning people that if they run a red light they may be fined \$187.50. Well the first thing to cross my mind was "How did they come up with a figure of \$187.50? Did somebody suggest \$175 and get shouted down by colleagues saying "That's not enough for such a heinous crime!" Then maybe somebody else said "Well how about \$200 then?" "Are you frickin crazy?" came the reply "You can't fine them that much. They're not made of money you know" Or maybe the law-makers had a lottery and wrote down every amount in 50 cent increments from

\$100 up to \$250 tossed them into a hat and then invited a celebrity to pick out the winning number.

The purpose of this post isn't to work out how \$187.50 came to be it's a bit more serious than that. It seems to me that running red lights is somewhat of a national pastime in America, or at least it appears that way in Florida and that is part of America, so I'm happy to make that irrational sweeping statement. I pity the poor tourist that doesn't understand the rules of the game and dares to stop at an amber light, because he is going to get a surprise up his rear end, and not in a good way.

Yesterday I was sat at one of these lights and admiring the new sign when it came time for me to go. I knew this because my light turned to a lovely vibrant green color and the guy behind me was hitting his horn because I was a nano second slow in reacting. I started to move off at the same time that a lady in an SUV the size of a small county came across in front of me. She was chatting on her cell phone and I could see her kids in the back seat hitting the carp out of each other. Obviously the light had been green when she crossed the State line so that was all that mattered really. She was driving a car that I reckon cost about \$80k so I am guessing she wasn't too short of cash and I don't think it would have ruined her afternoon too much if she'd been fined \$187.50. It would have ruined mine if she'd taken my front end of my car with her though.

If you are trying to sell a product or service one of the most important things is demonstrate the value. When I started life coaching I did it for free and I had more problems then with people not turning up than I ever do now. That's because there was no perception of value on something that was free.

Trying to get people to realize that it's lunacy to drive a one and a half ton truck loaded with kids and gas across an intersection when it's not your turn to go by saying "we gonna fine you \$187.50 if you do it" is absurd. In fact it's tantamount to saying it's not really a problem because look at the fine! A piddling \$187.50! If you told people "We're gonna fine you \$350 the first time and if you do it again we're gonna take your license off you for 6 months, then that sends out a different message and it would at least make people think twice. Rant over.

Are You An Axe-Wielding Maniac? No Problem, Become A Coach

I was searching the web this week looking for some statistics on life and business coaching when I stumbled across a company that offered training to become a coach. The problem with coaching in the USA is that it is unregulated and as such anybody can set up a company to train coaches and knock out an impressive looking certificate from their inexpensive laser printer. Of course, there are also a lot of highly reputable and professional companies that require

dedication, commitment and no little amount of time, but it is the former organizations that concern me.

So anyway, I was looking at this site when I saw a 'free test' section. Sad though it may seem I am a sucker for these things and always have to have a go. In fact it could have been 'see if you are the ideal candidate for receiving anesthetic free brain surgery and I'd have been ticking away at those boxes with gusto to see. This one was to decide whether I would potentially make a good coach so it was fairly pertinent and not an unreasonable use of my time. Quite frankly if it had come back with 'You are not suitable for life coaching, please take up sewer maintenance' I'm not really sure what I would have done. Of course it didn't, it told me I was highly suited to hand over all my money to them and train to be a life coach.

I was relieved, but then a thought struck me. I wonder if they ever say that somebody is unsuitable. I tried again and changed my scores somewhat and still got the same answer. Once more I did it and quite frankly gave ridiculous answers such as 0 on a scale or 0 –10 on my ability to listen and 1 on the same scale for an ability to show empathy for people in difficult situations. Congratulations! You are an ideal candidate to become a life coach! I wanted to type back, "Are you serious, I'm quite obviously as mad as a hatter that has been on a mercury drinking binge?" But they missed out that box.

I guess my naivety caught me out once more and even business's in this industry are not afraid to rip people off. So the moral of this story is that if you want to become a coach, research the company that you are thinking of using, and research them well. On the other hand, if you just want to work with a coach make sure he doesn't spend all his days filling in stupid online questionnaires.

It's Not A Life Coach You Need

As a personal coach I get asked some strange questions and I also get some even more bizarre answers to questions that I supply. I thought I would relay some of those to you today to make you realize that no matter how bad you are feeling, there is always somebody else worse off than yourself.

Caller: I suffer from bad procrastination

Me: Well it can't be that bad otherwise you'd never have called me.

Caller: True, but I'll probably not turn up for the meeting. Should we put something on the calendar?

Me: Er, what do you think?

Caller: Is that the life coach?

Me: Yes, this is Tim

Caller: Can you make me stop smoking?

Me: Well only you can do that really...

Caller: (click)

Me: Do you like Yoga?

Client: Yes very much

Me: Do you think it is good for you?

Client: Absolutely

Me: Do you have time to do it?

Client: Yes

Me: So will you do it?

Client: No

Caller: Are you a Christian coach?

Me: No but I do believe I am spiritual coach

Caller: God told me I had to have a Christian coach

Me: Well we'd better not argue with the big fella then

Caller: Have you any plans to open a Life Coaching office in South East India?

Me: Er.....not really

Me: Ok you can have absolutely anything in the world, what would it be?

Client: To get promoted to store manager

Me: No seriously, you can have absolutely anything you want?

Client: I'd be happy to get promoted

Me: But you will get promoted anyway, what else would you like, think big, really big?

Client: I'd quite like a new TV

Caller: Is that the Hypnotherapist?

Me: Yes it is

Caller: Can you hypnotize my wife to stop nagging me?

Caller: I just read the back of your car and see you do stress management

Me: That's right. Are you particularly stressed at the moment?

Caller: No

Me: Do you get stressed regularly?

Caller: No, never really

Me: Er, I'm not sure what it is you want?

Caller: Nothing really I just read the back of your car and thought I'd see what you did.

Me: Trust me, it's not a life coach you need

Caller: Do you travel to see people for coaching?

Me: Occasionally, if it is more business coaching and the client is prepared to pay expenses, or if somebody lives very close by I may travel where are you?

Caller: Ghana

Me: What, Ghana in Africa?

Caller: Yes.

Caller: Hi, I wondered if you realized that you are not making the most of your search engine optimization?

Me: No I never knew that, so how did you get my details?

Caller: Oh, I did a search for a Life Coach on the Internet and your name came up.

Me: So you phoned me to tell me that I wasn't optimized properly and yet you found me by using a search engine?

Caller: I guess so.

Me: Is this your first day at the job?

That's your lot! Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed it and will check out more of the same at my Blog. Better still, subscribe via e-mail or RSS and not even have to remember. Easier than a \$2 whore as my old grandpappy probably never said.

Now forward it on to a friend or maybe even somebody you don't like.

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