

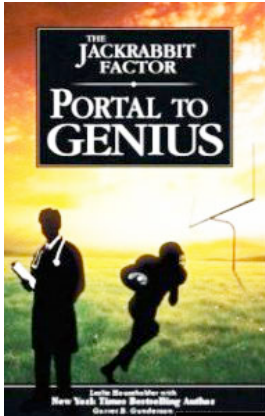
# Portal to Genius

By Leslie Householder and Garrett B. Gunderson

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# The Jackrabbit Factor: Portal to Genius

Follow Richard and Felicity, who are at the end of their financial rope, Morgan who needs a medical miracle, and

**Ray who needs to find \$4.5 million dollars by Wednesday**

...As they each discover their *Portal to Genius*.

Built on the premise that the solution to every problem is only an idea away, Leslie Householder (award-winning best selling author of *The Jackrabbit Factor: Why You Can*) and Garrett B. Gunderson (*New York Times* best selling author of *Killing Sacred Cows*), bring you an experience you'll never forget through this brilliant work true to its name.

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## Introduction

John W. Sims, a highly successful businessman, spoke of a time when he was traveling with an associate. The associate said, "John, aren't you going to put on your seatbelt?"

John replied with his raspy tenor voice, "Why, are we going to get into a crash?"

"Well, no, but you know, seatbelts save lives..."

John retorted abruptly in his usual blunt way, "Seatbelts don't save lives."

"Of course they do! See, I was driving down the road with my family and something told me to make sure everyone was wearing their seatbelts. So I turned around and had the family get all belted up. Right after we turned a corner, there was another vehicle coming straight at us in our lane; it was a head-on collision, and we all survived because of those seatbelts!"

John was firm, "No, the seatbelts didn't save your life, whatever told you to put them on saved your life."

Probably a decade has passed since I heard John relate that story. Leaving a lasting impression on my husband and I, its message has deepened and taken on new meaning. The more experiences we have, the more profound the idea becomes. He is right. It wasn't the seatbelts that saved their lives. True, they played a part in the actual physics of keeping the bodies secure during impact, but the credit belongs to the voice of warning. The "life-saving" seatbelts were there during the entire trip. But the timeliness of the prompting, and the man's response to it, changed the would-be tragedy into a miracle.

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This reminds me of a time when I and a friend of mine planned a date for my future husband and another young man back when I was in high school. Earlier in the week, with the intention to take them to a picnic, I and the friend prepared a recording, which described our every move as we traveled from the starting point to the final destination.

When it came time for the event, the young men waited at a payphone for instructions as to where to find a hidden audio tape player. The instructions over the phone told them to “Turn it on and follow the directions explicitly.”

At the end of the journey was the picnic fit for a king. But along the way, we followed them, incognito. The most hilarious moments came when they tried to follow the instructions on the recording, but in the wrong places. Having accidentally fallen out of step, they found that the description of our actions no longer suited their surroundings and to us, it became absolutely laughable. If they had only known where we were trying to take them, they could have improvised and found their own way without us stepping in to point them in the right direction.

While this type of activity is good, clean fun for teenagers going to a picnic, it’s an entirely different story when applied on life’s journey to happiness. Yet, in actuality, this kind of nonsense happens all the time.

Sometimes we look at others who have reached an admirable destination in their life, and proceed to imitate the same steps that they took in an effort to achieve the same results. While we may learn a great deal from people who have what we want, we must realize that we are not always on the same sidewalk, so to speak, as they were on when they began their journey to the picnic. We also must not be so surprised when we end up with different results after duplicating their actions.

Have you ever seen the disclaimer attached to their success stories, “results not typical?” Believe me; I know that legitimate programs are truly fabulous, for we’ve had a number of them work wonders in our life. But, why aren’t the results typical? What about the people who followed the directions perfectly but failed to enjoy remarkable results? How can we know if a “get wealthy,” “get skinny,” or “get happy” program is going to deliver in our life?

If we want the same results as someone else, we shouldn’t so much do what they did, but rather learn how to think like they do. What they did may very well be exactly what is required to achieve the same success; but we each bring with us different life experiences, and a different variety of baggage. These elements make a difference in our results.

Therefore, we must discover the little voice inside of us that helps us get the direction and the timing right. If we have our eyes on the picnic table, and it is in clear view, then instinctively we will know how to get there. If we meet with an obstacle and cannot make it on our own, then inspiration will lead us to the right instructions designed perfectly for us, to take us from where we are, to precisely where we want to be, at a pace that is right for us. We can enlist the “inner voice” to help us find our way simply by keeping a clear image in view of exactly where we’re trying to go.

By learning to recognize the voice, and submitting to its advice, soon enough we become the latest success story and provide the next inspiring testimonial for the fabulous “get happy” program. Is the ‘program’ responsible for our success? Not

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any more than the seatbelt was exclusively responsible for saving the family from death.

Success comes as a result of preparing oneself for inspiration, and then being willing to pay attention to it and do what it says.

I've learned that before I make big decisions, I must first have a clear picture in mind and on paper of the outcome I am seeking. What is the lifestyle I am after? In what kind of home do I want to live? What kind of relationships do I want with my family members? What kind of friends do I want to have? (Which picnic would I like to attend?) I must answer these questions in detail and actually commit the answers to paper. Then, and only then, do I look for the inspiration to direct me. That is when I'm ready to listen to and consider someone else's advice. That is when I am the student who is ready for the teacher to appear.

However, since every idea that comes our way may be either a proverbial lifesaver, or actually the gate to a path of devastation, who can know the difference? It's therefore completely natural to be paralyzed with fear and remain with the misery, which is familiar to us, rather than to take a risk and hope for the best.

The message in this book will teach you how to take the risk out of taking risks. You will be able to move forward with confidence in pursuit of your dreams. You'll know who to listen to, and you'll be able to trust what they say. In short, you'll be able to proceed methodically toward your worthy ideal, whatever it may be.

You might be thinking: How could anyone be so certain? If that's your question, this book is for you. This particular story is about one man's struggle to thrive financially, but the principles apply to any objective a person might have. Having enjoyed a measure of financial success with the principles contained in this book, we've also applied them to more trivial things, such as locating a roll of lost packaging tape in our utility closet, or obtaining the perfect parking spot in a time crunch. These principles are even effective in simply finding the answer to a pressing question on my mind. Bottom line, it works. All we have to know is what we really want. In other words, the first thing we must do is simply "pick our picnic," so to speak.

*Portal to Genius* is a modern-day allegory, presented in two parts: Part I is a nearly exact copy of the original award-winning, best selling story, *The Jackrabbit Factor: Why You Can*. It has undergone some minor updates and revisions, while Part II is presented as its sequel. The original story is included in *Portal to Genius* so that readers who are unfamiliar with it will have the proper foundation for what is to come.

*Leslie Householder*

## Excerpt from Chapter 22 - Relationship Capital

...Richard knew that depending on his response in this moment, this conversation with Felicity would either turn into one of the most fun and memorable moments of their marriage, or one of the worst evenings in the history of the Goodman family. Carefully choosing his stance and beaming with good humor, he replied, “Guilty as charged.”

Scoffing, Felicity backed up and exclaimed, “I can’t believe you just did that! You are *such a jerk!*”

Richard just grinned, and noticed that as much as she wanted to be angry, she couldn’t help but smile back instead. Finally he spoke, “Felicity, I’m sorry—I couldn’t help it. I was just in such a good mood about some things that happened today, I guess my playful side got the best of me.”

“Well, how did you get the bump on your head then?”

“I blacked out and hit my head on the wall after the president gave me a scary challenge, a raise, and a new executive-style office.”

“You *what?* He *what?* What scary challenge? What raise?”

Felicity seemed to have already forgotten Richard’s prank, and with hidden relief for the miraculously smooth transition he responded, “Yeah, they asked me to do a presentation for their sales team next week—and they’re giving me a 25% raise.”

“Wow.” Felicity sat on the edge of the end table and looked thoughtful. Before long, she grabbed a pencil from the table and started scribbling figures. “Okay, does that mean 25% above your original salary of \$28,000 bringing you to... \$35,000, or 25% above your salary *after* the 25% cut, which would be something more like... \$26,250? Huh,” Felicity sneered, “if that’s the case, then that isn’t a raise at all, and not even back to what it was before!”

Richard’s head fell forward and shook from side to side. Bringing it back upright he whined, “Oh, for heaven’s sake, Felicity.”

“No, I’m serious! How do you know if this is really a raise? What if they’re just yanking you around? How much are you really going to be making? It’s probably only the \$26,250, huh.”

No longer interested in trying to keep the conversation positive (since it never seemed to do any good anyway), he faced her squarely, audaciously leaned forward, and frankly declared: “I—don’t—know. *Deal with it!*” With that, Richard stormed out of the front door and let it slam behind him.

Watching the door hit the frame and jumping with the sudden crash of some silverware falling into the sink, Felicity began to cry. Running to the bedroom, she pulled out her journal and wrote:

*Why did I do that? He brings home a ‘raise’ and I can’t even offer my congratulations. Why can’t I get it right? He needs support, my unconditional love; I’m behaving like a horrible wife but I don’t know how to ‘just be okay’ with these pathetic announcements of good news,*

*which are never really good news at all! AAAARRRRGGGHHH! Am I going crazy? I must be crazy. I don't even know whether I am angrier with him, or just mad at myself.*

~~~~~

Richard drove toward Andover, trying to pretend his wife was proud of his accomplishments. Before long, he was rolling up to the home they hoped to live in one day. It was amazing how difficult it was to pretend everything was okay when all the evidence pointed to a relationship in serious trouble.

He breathed a heavy sigh. *Something isn't right about trying to imagine this. I can't pretend she's okay—she's NOT okay. She's really struggling, but I just don't know how to help her.*

He pondered the situation for a long time in front of the stranger's house. Refusing to let go of the hope that he and Felicity could be happy together, he rejected the intruding thoughts that pointed to irreversible relationship failure.

Fortunately his desire to be happy was stronger than the temptation to entertain defeat. His determination to win swelled up in his chest and mixed with the residual anger he felt toward Felicity, resulting in a magnified rage of passion toward conquering this dragon that threatened to destroy everything he cared about. The problem was he found it difficult to identify exactly what this intangible dragon was.

Thoughts from a past conversation returned. *Mental capital... Relationship capital. I'm building really great relationship capital with my boss and the team, but what for, if I have a miserable relationship with my own wife? Is it worth it—to be so focused on my work? Is it right that all I have for Felicity is a seemingly eternal promise that things are going to get better, when no matter how good things get, she keeps finding something wrong with them anyway? What else am I supposed to do?*

*Relationship capital*, Richard repeated in his mind. Then he admitted it to himself: *I'm in debt. I'm in debt with my most important relationship. I keep thinking my success at work is what will solve my relationship with Felicity—but if I'm in debt with her, and if financial capital is a byproduct of mental and relationship capital, then I'm really in trouble.*

Richard's thoughts bounced from optimism to discouragement like a birdie in a badminton tournament.

*But it isn't like I haven't been trying! I've been bending over backward to make sure Felicity's complaints are satisfied, but no matter what I do, it's never good enough!*

Back and forth, Richard argued with himself until well past eleven. There was a strong temptation to end the evening angry, feeling completely justified for how he had spoken to her; but a purer part of him wanted to be able to just cherish her the way she was, even if she didn't cherish him back. No, more accurately it was that purer part of him that wanted to *want* to cherish her the way she was. Deep down, he knew that's exactly what she needed from him, but did he really have it in him to serve it up without condition?

When Richard slipped in the door just before midnight, he stopped at the kitchen counter to write a personal message in a card he picked up on the way home. His time away and feeble efforts to think right had helped it be just a little easier to see Felicity with a small measure of unconditional love, compassion and patience. Ironically, though, buying the card wasn't the *result* of compassionate feelings; it was simply a *choice* that helped him *develop* the compassion he was hoping to feel.

Dear Felicity,

I'm sorry about tonight. I know you deserve better than this. You're a great mother, and a wonderful wife. Thank you for being patient with me. I know I'm not perfect; I'm still a work in progress. Please forgive me for not being more of what you need. I believe in our future—and am just sorry it hasn't already arrived. Please just don't give up on me yet.

I love you,  
*Richard*

Felicity was already fast asleep, so Richard tucked it under her journal on the nightstand and quietly climbed into bed, counting on the hope that even the smallest, most pathetic gestures would eventually add up to make a difference in their relationship. Something inside told him that patience and compassion was what she needed, but he wasn't sure he was even doing it right.

At the very least, even without a positive response from Felicity, and even without evidence that his gesture would do any good at all, he fell asleep feeling just a little bit better about *himself*.

## Chapter 23 - Choosing a Salary

Early in the morning, being careful to not stir Felicity, Richard gathered his things and headed back to work. He felt she needed time to discover the card and think things through on her own, so leaving the issue behind for now, his next task was to figure out how much of a salary he should ask of the president.

Chuckling aloud as he drove, he shrugged and sarcastically muttered out loud, "No big deal. It's just my *marriage* that hangs in the balance, depending on how I do this today."

Feeling the constant burden of the task heavy on his mind, he arrived at his office and collapsed into his chair, burying his head in his hands.

After regaining his emotional composure he sat erect with his mind still full of anxiety. Pulling out a notepad from the top drawer of the desk, he roughly

calculated their household expenses, added an extra \$300/month for miscellaneous unknowns, and came up with nearly \$32,000.

But then he glanced at one of those images on his wall: the one of the gorgeous brick home in the suburbs. He paused to take it in, to fool his subconscious into believing it was his reality. Suddenly \$32,000 didn't seem all that big. No longer did it feel like a skyscraper to be looked up to, but something like an appliance box to be looked down upon.

He figured the house alone could easily cost an additional \$23,000/year just in mortgage payments. *Holy cow, that's insane!* Recalculating his expenses, the new figure needed would be more than double to \$65,000.

*\$65,000! What would that feel like to see that much in a year?* Richard tried it on for size. It wasn't easy, but the more he worked on coming up with an experiential answer to the question, "How would it really *feel?*" the more believable it felt. He was actually getting good at the imagination thing, because he ultimately managed to conclude: *Humph. \$65,000 is really not that big of a deal.*

He had begun to suspect that in effective goal setting, feeling the victory ahead of time wasn't really the hardest part. He began to realize that the hard part was *holding on to the ideas* long enough for them to materialize *without* kicking them out as preposterous.

But then he thought that perhaps even *harder than that* was taking whatever action steps were required, no matter how scary or absurd, so the success *could* materialize. With his recent experiences at work, he was becoming well acquainted with feelings of discomfort that would always accompany the process of breaking out of a comfort zone and moving into better conditions.

However, in this case, thinking on the \$65,000 was not really a conscious effort to obtain it; it was just a playful exercise of his imagination. He only regarded it as a fantasy. In fact, he had no reason to doubt the image because he had no expectation for it to come true this soon in his career, anyway. That would be for another season to come.

For now, \$32,000 was feeling like just the right amount to ask for—to push him out of his comfort zone. It was certainly a step up from the \$26,250 he assumed he had since his recent 25% pay cut. With that in mind, he'd be thrilled, actually, with thirty-two grand.

Approaching Linda's desk, Richard rubbed his hands together and took a deep breath. Linda looked up and he asked for Mr. Stillwater, assuring her that he was—*sort of*—expected.

"I was supposed to come back when I was ready to answer one of his questions."

She pushed the intercom announcing Richard's arrival, and Mr. Stillwater said, "Send him back."

Richard entered his office and noticed Ray was there, too. "Hey, you feeling better after your fall?"

Smiling sheepishly, he greeted them both with a nod and a "Yes, thank you", and shook their hands. Assuming it was okay to bring up his salary with Ray there, since he had been there when it was discussed before, he sat and began, "I've thought about the salary thing..."

Morgan smiled, "Oh? And what have you come up with?"

Ray stepped from the wall where he had been leaning and moved to where he could more easily see Richard's face. In a moment of unexpected anxiety, Richard's face turned pale and his brow suddenly furrowed with concern. "Um, can you excuse me for just a minute?" Putting his finger up and standing from his chair he said, "I'll be right back."

Before the men could ask if he needed help, and without waiting for anyone's permission, Richard disappeared down the hall to the restroom where he barely arrived in time to hurl his partially digested breakfast into the first stall.

As the men uneasily waited for his return, Morgan broke the awkward silence. "You think we need to go check on him?"

Ray replied, "No, I think he's fine. Let's preserve his dignity and give him a little more time. I have to be honest—I'm really enjoying watching Richard peel away his cocoon. That boy is wired for success, and it's only a matter of time before he'll be doing amazing things. You know it, don't you? I get the sense he is a rare and valuable asset to our cause."

Just then Richard returned with an embarrassed grin, and parked himself back in the chair he had left only a few minutes before.

"You okay?" Morgan showed concern.

"Yeah, yeah. Fine." Richard took a deep breath through his nose, so it wouldn't be so obvious he still needed the extra oxygen. Holding resolutely to images of his family life with more freedom, he responded. "I'm ready to talk salary..."

"Okay," Morgan's inflection invited Richard to simply continue.

Nervously, Richard continued. "I've decided to ask for thirty-two..."

There was a long pause, and Morgan and Ray glanced at each other saying nothing.

Richard had trouble reading their blank stares. He had obviously said something off base, but didn't know what. He thought that asking \$32,000 would be a reasonable jump from the \$26,000 he thought he had now, but something about their response left him convinced that his proposition must have been out of line.

Morgan raised his eyebrows and looked at the table with a brief chuckle, but still said nothing. Ray simply grinned and nodded politely as if he hoped someone else would be the first to speak.

*Have I asked too much? Do they think I've asked too little?* Richard was perplexed. Then it hit him. *Maybe my pay cut never took effect! Maybe Felicity was wrong, and my salary was already \$35,000! Oh, no! If that's the case, then asking \$32,000 makes me look like an idiot!*

At a complete loss for how to recover gracefully from his blunder, suddenly the same audacity that swelled up inside of him during the meeting in the cafeteria returned. Knowing his current salary worked out to be under \$20 as an hourly rate, he felt that if he asked for \$32 an *hour*, whatever it worked out to be annually, at least it wouldn't be a *pay cut*.

So finally, he relieved everyone in the room by speaking up. The men listened intently as he completed his unfinished request of "thirty-two..." with the grammatical modifier, "...*an hour*."

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The men relaxed. Morgan smiled politely and did some quick calculations on a device he pulled out of his pocket. “Thirty-two dollars an hour? That works out to be, about sixty-five thousand annually.” Ray and Morgan passed an embarrassed glance at one another.

Again, the blood rushed to Richard’s face when he realized how audacious his request really was, yet he responded courageously with, “Yes, that’s right.”

*What have I just done? Sixty-five thousand? Breathe, Richard, Breathe!* He coached himself.

Morgan replied, “Well, that’s a little steep for our company right now, especially until the valves hit the market; but would you be willing to take forty? I realize it’s not even close to what you’ve requested, but we could include in the agreement that if our sales force generates more revenue after taking your training, you could get a percentage—like a commission. Depending on their results, your salary plus commissions could reach as high as seventy thousand or more.”

Richard was still spinning from what had just occurred, a little embarrassed for asking so boldly. But with Mr. Stillwater’s reaction came tremendous peace and gratitude, because he *had* asked largely, and the achieved results were much better than he originally expected. *Better to shoot for the stars, he thought, and hit the moon, than to shoot for the moon and miss it completely!*

“Now, how about you go finish up your preparations for the presentation on Tuesday.” Morgan smiled. “We’re all looking forward to it.”

Richard’s elation fell in an instant like a ball of lead; there couldn’t have been a quicker way to destroy his glorious moment of victory than to remind him of the looming responsibility to now prove he was, indeed, worth the higher compensation.

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Read the rest of this story to find out how Richard discovers his path to wealth, how Morgan discovers a medical miracle for his son, and how Ray finds 4.5 million dollars by Wednesday.

**Find out why it’s not as hard as you may think to *discover your own Portal to Genius!***

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