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MAKE MILLIONS SELLING ON

QVC

Insider Secrets to Launching Your Product on Television
and Transforming Your Business (and Life) Forever



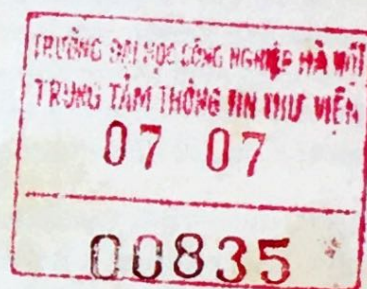
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NICK ROMER

Make Millions Selling on QVC

INSIDER SECRETS TO LAUNCHING
YOUR PRODUCT ON TELEVISION AND
TRANSFORMING YOUR BUSINESS
(AND LIFE) FOREVER

Nick Romer



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Introduction

I just might be the person sitting next to you on the train as you read this. I might be the man next to you at our children's school function. I might be the man you see pumping his own gas at the gas station as you pass by. For I am an everyday person, with everyday needs not unlike any of your own, and I do everyday things with my family and friends, just like any other person.

One day though, in the course of a regular day, a remarkable thing happened to me. I invented something. It all started when a friend asked me to go to lunch with her. During the course of lunch she pulled out a shoebox filled with colorful envelopes. I have a very diverse background, so it's not uncommon for one of my friends to seek me out for advice.

The envelopes were quite different. Other than the hand-decorated envelopes I used to receive from one of my high school friends after we went off to college, I had seen colored envelopes only around the holidays.

The envelopes she showed me that day weren't just a solid color, though. They contained popular cartoon characters and other fun images. She was thinking about starting a business and wanted to know my opinion about whether she could sell the envelopes she had made.

The problem with her envelopes was that they contained characters that were trademarked and protected by law. It would involve getting in contact with the various companies and entering into a licensing agreement, a process a little more involved than going to the local church fair and setting up a table.

But as she was putting them away she said, "That's okay; it takes me forever to make one anyway." And in a flash, I saw a shape in my mind's eye. It looked like a baseball diamond with a rectangle cut out of the middle. The image wouldn't go away.

After I came home, the shape was still haunting me, so I made one out of cardboard. I literally cut it out of a manila folder and began tearing up whatever magazines and paper were near me to see if it would work. When I obliterated my immediate supply, I turned to the corner of the living room, where my roommate had piled magazines from various subscriptions. I couldn't resist. In seconds I was at it again, cranking out unique envelope after unique envelope until I could hear the chirp of morning birds and saw the sun coming through the windows. By this time I had made about five hundred amazing one-of-a-kind envelopes. I was addicted. I needed more paper. In the kitchen I found some old newspapers and an old calendar and got back to business.

When my roommate woke up that morning and came into the living room he found me sitting at the table still going at it, a mess of shredded paper in my midst. Rubbing his eyes, he took it all in. As he looked around the room he spotted the empty corner and asked, "Where are my magazines?" I smiled a mile wide and handed him my colorful stack of envelopes. "You're looking at them. Aren't they cool?" I said. He smiled back, nodding his head, understanding fully what I had done. He totally got it, and didn't mind at all. We still laugh about it to this day.

The tool was magic. Soon I had some made out of plastic and started selling them at a nearby shopping mall, along with my friend who I had had lunch with that fateful day. Then one day soon after, another friend told me to go to the local rubber stamp store. I didn't know what my friend was talking about. I had never heard of a rubber stamp store before, but apparently there was one in my town, so off I went.

The store owner, Helen, was amazed. She said she wanted to stock them, but not with all the paper and stickers I had by then put in a box to be included with each one. Then, she had a thought. She was having a small open house that weekend in her store and wanted me to come. She told me, "Bring as many of those plastic things as you can."

I showed up with sixty five. I was led to a room packed with eager rubber stampers, all women. I looked at Helen and wondered aloud if I was in the wrong room. She said, no, they were there to see me.

She explained that not too many men show up to these things unless they're dragged.

This I understood all too well. I didn't know a thing about this rubber stamping thing—or crafts, for that matter—and seeing this room filled with what I thought were crazed women, I wasn't sure I was in the right place. I was, after all, interested in sports and the normal guy things, not paper crafts and rubber stamping.

When the time came, I nervously began my demonstration. With the first tear of paper, one of the onlookers yelled, "How much?" I hesitated. I was unraveling as fast as a ball of yarn in the claws of a skilled kitten. I was just getting started. I remember thinking to myself, what did I get myself into? I continued working the magical template and ignored the question.

Then another yelled again, "How much?" I thought I was being heckled. This time I answered, "They're five dollars each but I only have 65 of them with me." And with that it was as if I was one of the Beatles. There was a sudden rush of women hurling themselves in my direction. In a matter of seconds, I found myself stuffed in the corner of the room until Helen rushed to my rescue and told the ladies to settle down, there were enough for everyone.

I ended up calling my two little pieces of plastic The Kreate-a-lope® Envelope Maker. It is a template system that shows anyone how to make an envelope out of any kind of paper in seconds. I bill it as The Fastest Envelope Maker on the Planet!™ And it really is. I can make an envelope in 11 seconds!

At the time I was working in the field of energy conservation for a subsidiary of ALCOA, the Aluminum Company of America. We would go into commercial buildings and retrofit their lighting and heating systems with new technology and, in the process, save the occupants as much as 70 percent on their utility bills. I had recently started a new sales territory for the company in the Washington, D.C./Baltimore area.

Additionally, I was flipping real estate on the side. I would find dilapidated homes and refurbish them to either rent or sell. Since then, and much in part to the recent real estate boom, this form has been popularized with more than one television show on the subject.