

PRAISE FOR ROBIN SHARMA AND

The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

'Robin Sharma's books are helping people all over the world live great lives.' – Paulo Coelho, #1 bestselling author of *The Alchemist*

'Robin Sharma has the rare gift of writing books that are truly life-changing.' – Richard Carlson, Ph.D., author of the #1 *New York Times* bestseller *Don't Sweat the Small Stuff*

'Nothing less than sensational. This book will bless your life.'
– Mark Victor Hansen, co-author, *Chicken Soup for the Soul*

'A great book, from an inspirational point of view.'
– Carlos Delgado, Major League baseball superstar

'This is a fun, fascinating, fanciful adventure into the realms of personal development, personal effectiveness and individual happiness. It contains treasures of wisdom that can enrich and enhance the life of every single person.'
– Brian Tracy, author of *Maximum Achievement*

'Robin S. Sharma has an important message for all of us – one that can change our lives. He's written a one-of-a-kind handbook for personal fulfillment in a hectic age.' – Scott DeGarmo, past publisher, *Success Magazine*

'The book is about finding out what is truly important to your real spiritual self, rather than being inundated with material possessions.' – Michelle Yeoh, lead actress of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, in *TIME Magazine*

'Robin Sharma has created an enchanting tale that incorporates the classic tools of transformation into a simple philosophy of living. A delightful book that will change your life.' – Elaine St. James, author of *Simplify Your Life* and *Inner Simplicity*

'Sheds light on life's big questions.' – *The Edmonton Journal*

'The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari is coherent, useful and definitely worth reading ... It can truly help readers cope with the rat race.' – *The Kingston Whig-Standard*

'Simple wisdom that anyone can benefit from.' – *The Calgary Herald*

'This book could be classified as The Wealthy Barber of personal development ... [It contains] insightful messages on the key concepts which help bring greater balance, control and effectiveness in our daily lives.' – *Investment Executive*

'A treasure – an elegant and powerful formula for true success and happiness. Robin S. Sharma has captured the wisdom of the ages and made it relevant for these turbulent times. I couldn't put it down.' – Joe Tye, author of *Never Fear, Never Quit*

'Simple rules for reaching one's potential.' – *The Halifax Daily News*

'Sharma guides readers toward enlightenment.' – *The Chronicle-Herald*

'A wonderfully crafted parable revealing a set of simple yet surprisingly potent ideas for improving the quality of anyone's life. I'm recommending this gem of a book to all of my clients.' – George Williams, president, Karat Consulting International

'Robin Sharma offers personal fulfillment along the spiritual highroad.' – *Ottawa Citizen*

PRAISE FOR

Leadership Wisdom from The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

'One of the year's best business books.' – *PROFIT Magazine*

'Very informative, easy to read and extremely helpful ... We have distributed copies to all our management team as well as to store operators. The feedback has been very positive.'
– David Bloom, CEO, Shoppers Drug Mart

'Robin Sharma has a neat, down-to-earth way of expressing his powerful solutions for today's most pressing leadership issues. This is so refreshing in a period when businesspeople are faced with so much jargon.' – Ian Turner, manager, Celestica Learning Centre

'This book is a gold mine of wisdom and common sense.'
– Dean Larry Tapp, Richard Ivey School of Business,
University of Western Ontario

'A terrific book that will help any businessperson lead and live more effectively.' – Jim O'Neill, director of operations,
District Sales Division, London Life

'Sharma's mission is to provide the reader with the insight to become a visionary leader, helping them transform their business into an organization that thrives in this era of change.' – *Sales Promotion Magazine*

THE
MONK
WHO SOLD HIS
FERRARI

Jangal Publication

Also by Robin Sharma

Leadership Wisdom from The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

Discover Your Destiny with The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

The Secret Letters of The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

Life Lessons from The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

Family Wisdom from The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

The Greatness Guide

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Robin Sharma asserts the moral right to
be identified as the author of this work

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To my son, Colby,
who is my daily reminder of all that is
good in this world. Bless You.

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Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

George Bernard Shaw

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Chapter One

The Wake-Up Call

He collapsed right in the middle of a packed courtroom. He was one of this country's most distinguished trial lawyers. He was also a man who was as well known for the three-thousand-dollar Italian suits that draped his well-fed frame as for his remarkable string of legal victories. I simply stood there, paralyzed by the shock of what I had just witnessed. The great Julian Mantle had been reduced to a victim and was now squirming on the ground like a helpless infant, shaking and shivering and sweating like a maniac.

Everything seemed to move in slow motion from that point on. "My God, Julian's in trouble!" his paralegal screamed, emotionally offering us a blinding glimpse of the obvious. The judge looked panic-stricken and quickly muttered something into the private phone she had had installed in the event of an emergency. As for me, I could only stand there, dazed and confused. *Please don't die, you old fool. It's too early for you to check out. You don't deserve to die like this.*

The bailiff, who earlier had looked as if he had been embalmed in his standing position, leapt into action and started to perform CPR on the fallen legal hero. The paralegal was at his side, her long blond curls dangling over Julian's ruby-red face, offering him soft words of comfort, words that he obviously could not hear.

I had known Julian for seventeen years. We had first met when I was a young law student hired by one of his partners as a summer research intern. Back then, he'd had it all. He was a brilliant, handsome and fearless trial attorney with dreams of greatness. Julian was the firm's young star, the rain-maker in waiting. I can still remember walking by his regal corner office while I was working late one night and stealing a glimpse of the framed quotation perched on his massive oak desk. It was by Winston Churchill and it spoke volumes about the man that Julian was:

Sure I am that this day we are masters of our fate, that the task which has been set before us is not above our strength; that its pangs and toils are not beyond my endurance. As long as we have faith in our own cause and an unconquerable will to win, victory will not be denied us.

Julian also walked his talk. He was tough, hard-driving and willing to work eighteen-hour days for the success he believed was his destiny. I heard through the grapevine that his grandfather had been a prominent senator and

his father a highly respected judge of the Federal Court. It was obvious that he came from money and that there were enormous expectations weighing on his Armani-clad shoulders. I'll admit one thing though: he ran his own race. He was determined to do things his own way – and he loved to put on a show.

Julian's outrageous courtroom theatrics regularly made the front pages of the newspapers. The rich and famous flocked to his side whenever they needed a superb legal tactician with an aggressive edge. His extra-curricular activities were probably as well known. Late-night visits to the city's finest restaurants with sexy young fashion models, or reckless drinking escapades with the rowdy band of brokers he called his "demolition team," became the stuff of legend at the firm.

I still can't figure out why he picked me to work with him on that sensational murder case he was to argue that first summer. Though I had graduated from Harvard Law School, his alma mater, I certainly wasn't the brightest intern at the firm, and my family pedigree reflected no blue blood. My father spent his whole life as a security guard with a local bank after a stint in the Marines. My mother grew up unceremoniously in the Bronx.

Yet he did pick me over all the others who had been quietly lobbying him for the privilege of being his legal gofer on what became known as "the Mother of All Murder Trials": he said he liked my "hunger." We won, of course, and the business executive who had been charged with brutally killing his wife was now a free man

– or as free as his cluttered conscience would let him be.

My own education that summer was a rich one. It was far more than a lesson on how to raise a reasonable doubt where none existed – any lawyer worth his salt could do that. This was a lesson in the psychology of winning and a rare opportunity to watch a master in action. I soaked it up like a sponge.

At Julian's invitation, I stayed on at the firm as an associate, and a lasting friendship quickly developed between us. I will admit that he wasn't the easiest lawyer to work with. Serving as his junior was often an exercise in frustration, leading to more than a few late-night shouting matches. It was truly his way or the highway. This man could never be wrong. However, beneath his crusty exterior was a person who clearly cared about people.

No matter how busy he was, he would always ask about Jenny, the woman I still call "my bride" even though we were married before I went to law school. On finding out from another summer intern that I was in a financial squeeze, Julian arranged for me to receive a generous scholarship. Sure, he could play hardball with the best of them, and sure, he loved to have a wild time, but he never neglected his friends. The real problem was that Julian was obsessed with work.

For the first few years he justified his long hours by saying that he was "doing it for the good of the firm," and that he planned to take a month off and go to the Caymans "next winter for sure." As time passed, however,