



BRIGHT IDEAS

To DOUBLE YOUR SALES
FROM

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Sales and Marketing

COMPLIMENTARY ISSUE

How Mr Choleric did himself out of \$125

By nature choleric people are head hunters. They eat people without chewing.



When choleric people get upset they usually do some damage. It's usually fast and furious and sounds and looks worse than it is. The sounding and the looking however, leave a lasting and horrible impression.

I recommended my favourite tyre retailer to a friend. My friend is noted for his strength of purpose, his strong will and his iron determination. He's brilliant. He is also very generous, very thoughtful, and he's always keen to help a friend.

He's very choleric.

He called into the tyre retailer on a Saturday and ordered a tyre for his car. It was to be fitted at his convenience on the following Tuesday at 8.00am. The appointed hour arrived but the tyre didn't. The retailer said fairly casually, "I'm sorry. We forgot to order it. But we'll have it



for you later. Can you come back?"

Mr Choleric hit the roof. He told the chap what he thought of him— (and me!). He asked why he hadn't been phoned and gave the store owner several pieces of his mind—all of this in front of five other customers. Big drama! Talk about the theatre of retail!

He stormed out of the store and called me to tell me how useless these guys were. It looked like the retailer had bungled badly.



Later that morning I bumped into the retailer at a conference. He said, "Your friend Mr Choleric was in this morning. It was a pretty bad scene! I've never been so scared in my life. I wanted to lend him my (high performance) car for the day and bring his car back to his office but he wouldn't let me get a word in!"

"I've told my assistant that when he comes back, he is to give him the tyre for free and also give him a free wheel alignment. I mean, we stuffed up. We should have called. I tried to tell him, but he just kept shouting. I was so embarrassed."

"Too late for that" I said. "He's gone off and bought his tyre from



your opposition."

"Pity", said the retailer. "If he'd calmed down and waited he could have saved \$125 on the tyre with the wheel alignment."

At lunch time, I rang Mr Choleric and explained the story. By this time of course he had settled down. I asked him to speak to the retailer. He did. He apologised. The retailer offered to do his wheel alignment anyway. Mr Choleric made him laugh.



I doubt though whether he'll ever forget his short walk in the valley of the shadow of death

Bright Idea:



If you have choleric friends - love them for their energy, vision and passion, but be prepared to act as their PR team from time to time.



More Oomph for the Ordinary!

I'm recovering from meeting Perry Cross.

It's an awesome experience.

A quadriplegic, still in his early twenties, he's the only speaker who is out of hospital and attending university on full life support. His wheel chair is fitted with a battery operated ventilator. If the battery fails or the throat tube pops out, Perry's a goner! He moves the chair by controlling it with his chin and mouth tube. He has a team of twelve 'carers' who live with him in shifts, twenty four hours a day —every day. They even sleep with him.

At 19 he was fit, fast and fabulous. He was six feet four and was built like a bomb shelter. His life was sport, sport and more sport, and working in his parents' carpet retailing business.

Then in a flash his life changed for good. He was trying out for the Gold Coast Under 19 rugby team and in a freak accident he suffered a broken neck.

He says he knew instantly that his life as he'd known it was over. He couldn't move, couldn't feel and couldn't breathe.



Perry Cross

Two weeks later in hospital he discovered the weird sense of humour of other members of the 'club' as the other patients called their fellowship of immobility.

One of the 'club members' asked him a totally distasteful riddle; one I won't repeat and one best left for you to hear from Perry yourself. When he tells the story it is hilarious. The joke isn't important. Perry's comment is.

"I realised then, that life wasn't so bad after all!"

Give me strength! Not so bad!?! He'll be in that contraption totally dependent on others until he's an old man or until someone finds him a reversal process. Self pity is his undeniable right!

That's not how Perry sees it though.

"I've got so much potential" he says. "There's so much I can do. There's so much I can achieve. I want to share that message with everyone."

I felt like a fat forty nine year old failure fooling around with my future and fussing about my frailties.

I took a deep breath of clean free air, all by myself, and decided to forge on.

Ask for the order

This year I've been mystery shopping the way a company answers the telephone.

We laid a path for the mystery shopper to follow so that our approach would be consistent.

- If the company closed for an appointment we would say we wanted to get two estimates first.
- If they gave us a benefit to stay with them we would be agreeable.
- If they closed a second time we would make the appointment.

The company has been training in the area of closing and asking for the appointment for twenty five years so you would expect great results wouldn't you?

Not so!

The training is fighting the culture. Australians do not ask for the order, the appointment or the referral. It goes against our 'culture of fear'.

In 196 calls, only 4 asked for a specific appointment and only 3 asked twice after handling our objection. On further examination we discovered we'd phoned one of these good people twice. So that means only two sales people or 1% of the sales force can ask for the order.

I'll bet most sales teams are worse.



Bright Idea:

Count your blessings one by one and then ask yourself as you look at your totally able body and ample opportunities, "*So what's your excuse?*"



Bright Idea

Ask for the order — you'll double your sales overnight.