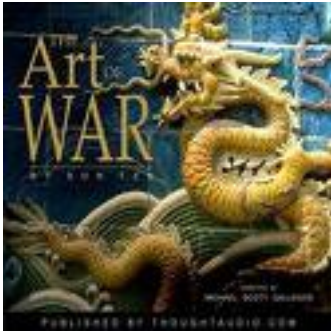


## Dirty Job

Written by Conrad Romo

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Conrad Romo can also be [found here](#). His series on Scientology [can be read here](#)



Before Gordon Gekko, the general public never heard of the The Art of War, by Sun Tzu. The movie Wall Street came out in '87. I read the book in '73 as part of my sales training. I was told about the book by an Sea Org member, who would become one of my mentor

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Scientology  
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ed to be a recruiter, the guy that would get people to commit to billion-year contract  
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When he wasn't recruiting, he was a reg, the guy that sold Scientology services. He told me that The Art of War wa

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like the CIA of the Church. Now it'  
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t cliché to hear  
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someone in a film or TV quote The Art of War.

You've heard it in the Soprano

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, Star Trek, 30 Something, Gho  
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enger 57, The Rock, Die Another Day and Gigli to mention a few, but it wa

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My first job was innocent enough. It was selling hot pretzels off a cart. I would venture to guess that the pretzel cart

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aw a single cart out here before the Scientology company that I worked for had 'em on the

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t day I made \$140.00. Everything I learned about  
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I got from Scientologi  
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. I learned deception and mi  
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direction among other thing  
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That job led me to selling meat door to door and to my mentor, Larry W.. When I first worked with Larry we were

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elling neatly cut plastic wrapped  
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in nice 10 # boxe  
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t a big room with freezer  
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My very fir  
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t day working with Larry and the crew, he had me on the floor pitching and  
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ide him. We had a couple of de  
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" working too. Their job wa  
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tribution center and walk them into our  
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tore.

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We were kept bu  
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y.

After a few hours of non-stop hustling on my first day, this big-armed, red-faced woman walked into the place, yelling loud enough to drown out everyone.

“Larry!”

The store was absolutely packed, but it suddenly got real quiet. The whole room in unison turned in her direction.

“Those steaks you sold me last month all shrank!!”

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You could feel the tension in the room and I wondered what kind of guys I'd gotten myself mixed up with and what kind of trouble thi

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would bring. The box of Delmonico

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teak

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I held and had been pu

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hing to a group of potential buyer

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began to feel heavy. A ripple of

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weat ran down the

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ide of my face.

Then everybody looked at Larry and he let the

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effect for a beat or two.

In The Art of War, Sun Tzu says, "the clever combatant imposes his will on the enemy, but doe

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not allow the enemy'

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ed on him. If we do not wi

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h to fight, all we need do i

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way."

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Larry fired back, "You dummy! I told you not to wash those steaks in hot water before you cooked them!" And he let that take it's effect, then he

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tarted to laugh and the whole room laughed too and he

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aid, "C'mere hon let me take care of you."

And after maybe ten minutes he interrupted me in the middle of a sale to ask me if I could help the lady to her car, which I did, weighed down with enough boxe

s

to feed an army.

Larry was damned good.

□